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THE
CANADIAN CHRISTIAN EXAMINER,

AND

PRESBYTERIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.

NOVEMBER, 1840.

No. XI.

CHARACTER OF THE LATE MRS. WILSON, OF BOMBAY.

[FOR THE CANADIAN CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.]

Mrs. Wilson was the wife of Dr. Wilson, of Bombay, and the daughter of the late Rev. Kenneth Bayne, of Greenock, in Scotland.—Her life, which has been written by her husband, is a noble tribute to the memory of one of the best of wives. It is not, however, our intention at present, for reasons which it is not necessary to state, to give anything like a full review of this work. Suffice it to say, that the memoir is written with ability. The materials are arranged with much ingenuity. The style is simple, clear and energetic. The work has been so favorably received in Europe, that it has already gone through several editions.—We regret that it is as yet but little known in America. One main object of this article is, to induce persons of taste and piety, to become possessed of a work replete with instruction, and which cannot fail in affording to such, the richest gratification. We hardly know any book that can be read with greater advantage by those already engaged in missionary labor, or such as are looking forward to this sacred employment. All female missionaries ought to read the memoir with the greatest care. To such it is literally invaluable. For next to the character of their Divine Master, and his immediate Apostles, we do not know what character, in the whole range of Church History, they can study with more advantage than that of Mrs. Wilson. Christian Missionaries, distinguished for their piety and their labors have, in several instances, contributed by their bright example, to revive religion through-

out the visible Church. In this way they have possibly been as great benefactors to the Christian as to the heathen world. There can be no question that the memoirs of Branard and Martyn have tended to purify and warm many hearts,—have excited professors of religion to greater diligence and self-denial, and have contributed in no small degree in forming the character of not a few who have become useful ministers at home, or valuable missionaries of the cross in heathen lands. The amount of good which eminent christians are the means of accomplishing, is not to be measured by the mere product of their actual labor. Their career may be short, or the difficulties which they have to encounter may be such as to prevent them achieving much; but their patience, faith, love, self-denial and perseverance, may in their short career have been vividly brought into view, and these graces may just have been the more strikingly displayed by the very difficulties which embarrassed and retarded them in their work, and which not unfrequently rendered their labors abortive in the eyes of those who do not see the end from the beginning. It was not so, however; they lived to God, and though dead, they yet speak, and the lessons they utter are invaluable to the christian world.

We shall merely attempt a few strictures on the character of Mrs. Wilson. These, although imperfect, may afford some pleasure to such as love to contemplate the finer specimens of christian and intellectual worth.

Although education cannot confer talents, it

has a tendency, as every one knows, to give to the original powers of mind, a degree of strength and grace, which they otherwise never could possess. Mrs. Wilson's education appears to have accomplished all this in a high degree. She was indeed, in the fullest sense, an educated woman. Her learning was extensive, solid and useful. Such an education as this is by no means commonly furnished in our fashionable seminaries. It is true, female education has for some time past been undergoing a very salutary change. There is still, however, abundant room for improvement.—The great object hitherto, both with parents and teachers, has been, to quicken the secondary powers of mind, and give a high polish to the surface of character. It is sufficient to say, of such a plan of education, that it is both metaphysically and morally wrong. It is neither fitted to call into action the native elements of the mind, nor does it furnish motives of sufficient strength either for bearing the trials, or for performing the duties to which women are especially called, in the various relations of life. The resources of the human mind can be developed only by a thoroughly intellectual training. Solid information, and christian principles can alone invigorate and properly direct these powers when called into action. Not that cultivation of fancy,—for it is rather this than taste,—and the acquisition of the lighter graces are entirely useless. Much of the happiness of social life depends upon things abstractedly of little value. Minds of refinement feel sensibly the want of ornament; yet mere ornament cannot satisfy persons of sound judgments and just moral perceptions. What is real and solid, and in the proper sense, useful, must form the basis of character; and just for this plain reason, that qualities of this sort can only be of essential service in life. And surely it cannot be affirmed, that those who are destitute of substantial excellence, can be in a rational sense, objects of interest, love or esteem.

Nor should it be overlooked that the educating of the *secondary powers* does but imperfectly cultivate what is properly called taste. On this matter a great deal of error and misconception prevail in society. With many, refinement of taste will, in truth, be found to be but sickness of imagination. Weakness is mistaken for refinement, and a morbid sensitiveness for delicacy of feeling. While it not unfrequently happens, that the cultivation of the *secondary powers* produces an affectation of

character which, as it but poorly hides, so it never fails to increase the depravity of the heart. Persons distinguished for this sensitiveness or affectation, have often as little claim to genuine taste as they have to good sense and sincere piety; and are indeed as incapable of relishing the higher productions of mind, or admiring *honestly* what is beautiful or grand in nature, as they are of ministering comfort in the hovel, in which sickness and poverty languish. In fact, education must reach the understanding and conscience, before the heart can be improved. What we desiderate then, in female education, is the substantial, as well as the ornamental,—a thorough training of the thinking powers; so that young minds shall see things as they really are, and shall realize vividly at every point, their obligation to the various duties which they owe to God and their fellow-creatures.

If we are to judge by the fruits of her mind, as well as from what is stated in the memoir, Mrs. Wilson's education must have embraced all that is needful, to give to the female character vigour, purity and embellishment. Although she enjoyed all the advantages of the best public seminaries, yet there is abundant reason for concluding, that her domestic advantages were those to which she was mainly indebted for the development of her peculiar excellencies. She was blessed in parents remarkable for their piety, social worth, good sense and intellectual endowments. It was unquestionably under the parental roof, that this excellent woman, as well as other members of the family, acquired those lofty sentiments, that sincere love of truth and ardour of feeling, which through the divine blessing have been of so much service in the Church of Christ. Her father was a man of genuine piety and of great vigour of mind; and as he was peculiarly careful in educating his daughter, there can be no doubt, that under God, to him she was chiefly indebted for those acquirements which made her the most accomplished female missionary of modern times. Little do parents know to what extent their good instructions may reach. Millions may have been directly benefitted by the precious lessons which have been taught around the hearth of *one godly family*. It were well if all parents would deeply ponder how much Providence in giving them children, has committed to their care; and how little indeed can be done for the young, by out-door appliances, if domestic education be neglected.

Mrs. Wilson's education seems to have been

so thorough, that every power of the mind appears to have been cultivated with equal care and success. This uniform culture of all the powers, gives to the mind the fullest advantage for producing fruit. When she began to read and think for herself,—and this was at a very early period,—her active mind took in a wide range, and gathered information with wonderful avidity from almost every source.—Such a mind soon collects materials out of which the wealth of wisdom is extracted. But not satisfied with an intimate acquaintance with the common and popular branches of knowledge, and that sort of information which ordinary minds may by diligence acquire, she turned her attention to these severer kinds of learning, which are supposed, in their higher departments at least, to belong exclusively to a select circle of literary men. To the higher metaphysics, mathematics, astronomy, and other kindred subjects, did she devote herself with such ardour and ability, as to have made very high attainments at a comparatively early period of life. This keen attention to science was afterwards regretted by her, as she thought it interfered with her spiritual duties, and the exercise of her christian affections. The balance, when disturbed in such a mind, is soon righted. It was righted in her mind, as we think, not by loving science less, but by loving the Saviour more. The throne of her affections she gave to her Redeemer,—the fruits of her genius and labours she laid at his feet. Yet doubtless her intimate acquaintance with the abstract sciences invigorated her mind, and enabled her to think and write with a degree of perspicuity to which she otherwise might never have attained. Intimately acquainted with English literature, in the legitimate sense of that pregnant phrase, and having mastered several ancient and modern languages, she was enabled to draw with facility on all the grand sources of wisdom. And possessing the most ardent thirst for all sorts of information, it is not wonderful that she should have acquired a great mass of varied and useful knowledge.—Her knowledge was so completely digested, that every part of it had become truly her own, while the whole was so thoroughly systematized that it seemed to lie all at once under the eye of her intellect, so that she could at any moment command whatever was required for argument or illustration. Yet she was far too humble, and may we not add, too learned, ever to make any formal display of her acquirements. Hence her learning is never obtruded on the

reader's notice, yet it is ever visible; he meets with it in every paragraph, and finds it often in the most incidental allusions. Certain proof this, in either speaker or writer, of an active and well furnished mind. It is not the exaggeration of praise to affirm, that few women have ever possessed a richer stock of knowledge, nor do we know any female author that has thought more profoundly, or has written with greater force and beauty. One is at no loss to perceive, that this accomplished female was not only indebted to the sacred volume for the peculiar grandeur of her sentiments, but also in a great degree for the singular elegance of her style.

Her letters,—and the greater part of the memoir is made up of these,—are the most interesting productions of the kind with which we are acquainted. They possess all the ease and simplicity of epistolary composition, with all the precision and strength essential to the elaborate treatise. Indeed many of her letters are finished treatises, in which some interesting topic is taken up, and very fully discussed; yet while the reasoning is close, and the conclusion irresistible, there is nothing of technicality, and extremely little didactic stiffness. Let those who regard with contempt,—the contempt can hardly be too strong,—that mass of inanity by which our literature is disgraced, under the title of epistolary correspondence, read with candour the letters in this work, and they will hardly fail to come to the conclusion, that in what form soever persons of piety and genius choose to express their sentiments, they are always instructive and entertaining.

It is genius that can alone give to any work a high and durable interest. But as mere learning is not intellect, so learning and intellect together will not constitute genius. The capacity to produce great and original sentiments, to place these in a new and striking light,—or to form vast and beneficial undertakings,—to point out the way by which these may be accomplished, demands indeed a rare combination of mental elements. This combination is genius. Learning may help to bring the fruit to maturity, but the seeds of genius must be implanted in the mind by the Creator. Mrs. Wilson possessed all the elements essential to genius. Her understanding was active and powerful, her memory retentive, her fancy creative, and her affections pure and ardent. The few specimens of her poetry which have been given to the world, possess the various attributes which are considered peculiar to the lofty

est sort of verse. The piece on the death of her father is distinguished by justness of conception, pathos and sublimity, which remind one strongly of some of the best passages in Thomson or Pollok.

But not less from her prose than from her poetry, it may be warrantably inferred, that had she given herself up entirely to literary pursuits, she would have secured a high rank among the writers of her age. Those who question this, have either not read what she has written, or have formed a very imperfect conception of the depth and originality of her mind. But she chose a far different and a far more noble task. And who that loves the souls of their fellow men, and desires the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom, does not rejoice, that this gifted woman chose rather to devote her great powers to the instruction of the depraved and pagan daughters of Hindostan than to afford mere literary entertainment to the polite readers of Europe. Had she devoted herself to the interests of the latter, she might have secured their admiration, and the former would probably never have heard of her name,—a name now respected in India, and at no distant day to be regarded as one of the most sacred,—when eastern mothers shall teach their daughters to lisp the language of gratitude over the graves of those who were the means of carrying to that heathen land the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. To see a female of the most polished tastes and lofty attainments, for years going through the drudgery of a common school, and laboring incessantly to imbue the minds of some hundreds of heathen girls with the pure truths of the gospel, is a sight of far deeper interest, than to see her crowned with literary honors.

But although Mrs. Wilson was not a professional writer for the public, yet she has written a good deal in which the christian public must ever take a lively interest. But whether she wrote for Hindoos or Europeans, her simple aim seems to have been, the glory of God in the good of her fellow-creatures. Those who write for human applause, seek but the gratification of their own vanity, and prostitute the talents with which they are entrusted. If this be not less criminal in men, it is assuredly more loathsome in the other sex. We would not be thought insensible to the great good which has been accomplished through the press, by some women of genius. Our language has been polished, our stock of thought increased, and the better feelings of the heart not a little improved

by this class of writers. Yet while there are many subjects on which women may write with much advantage to all classes, and in no way compromise any one feminine grace, it is plain, there are topics, and not a few, as foreign to their character, as the profession of arms, or the pursuits of navigation. Nor will it be hastily denied, that a fondness for authorship may have a tendency to create indifference to the claims of domestic life, and may prove extremely injurious to meekness, delicacy and retiring modesty,—excellencies which no woman ought for a moment to put in peril. But she has done more than to put these in peril, who manifests a greater anxiety to secure the compliments of her Reviewers, than the good opinion of her husband; and is more cast down at the neglect of the public, on the appearance of her new work, than by the loss of domestic affection. Vanity under any form is bad. But the vanity that lives on popular applause, or greedily seeks this, is the curse of domestic happiness, and will assuredly ruin all the amiable graces in any mind.

The individual whose character we are attempting to delineate, was not more remarkable for the lofty attributes of her mind, than for the tender and amiable graces of her heart. If we admire the greatness of her attainments, her moral courage, perseverance and firmness, we are not less delighted with her tenderness, meekness, patience and simplicity. While her society was courted, and her talents admired, by persons of the greatest distinction, she was meek and humble as a little child. And when disappointed in her efforts to do good, oppressed with labors, and vexed and grieved with the sins and follies of others, her gentleness was scarcely ruffled, and her love suffered no decay. What destroys the superficial graces in worldly minds, but tended to give to the graces of this pious woman additional freshness and beauty. It is easy to labour in the midst of difficulties, and draw from pride, the worst of passions, a stimulus to perseverance; but nothing short of heavenly principles can preserve all the tender affections in full and healthy play, when labors of benevolence and charity have to be gone through, with a suffering frame, a perplexed mind, and the endurance of neglect and scorn from those we wish to serve. This has indeed been but once, or in one character, perfectly exemplified. "Ye daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me but for yourselves and your children," was the language of the blessed Jesus, when feeble with scourging, pierced with

the crown of thorns, and weary under his cross. And while he hung on that cross, in unspeakable agony, he ministers comfort to a dying penitent, and prays for his murderers. The compassion of the Saviour, was indeed divine; and strictly speaking, no one can ever manifest such tenderness as he manifested. Nevertheless, all his people resemble him in this, as well as in all other graces. As Mrs. Wilson possessed much of the spirit of her Master, she resembled Him in his meekness, patience and love.

Her heart indeed literally overflowed with love. Her admiration of natural scenery, which was extremely ardent, was but a mode of the holy passion of love as it existed in her bosom. She loves all that is beautiful, for in every beautiful feature of nature she sees a ray of the divine glory, or a beam of her heavenly Father's goodness. Her affection for her relatives was uncommonly intense. The letter on the death of her sisters, and that written on her own death-bed to her children, have, we doubt not, drawn tears from the eyes of many readers. In these touching pieces, one is at a loss whether most to admire the writer's faith, her love, or her wisdom. For the perishing heathen her love was such "that many waters could not quench it." It was literally "stronger than death." For in the hour of death she prays earnestly for their conversion; she urges her excellent husband to labour for this, and almost with her last words consecrates her children to the missionary work. Here indeed was the love of the saints,—somewhat of that which angels feel, when they rejoice over the conversion of sinners.

We confess, that we delight to dwell on the fine combination of the severer virtues, with the amiable graces, which renders the character of this good woman so pregnant with instruction, and such an excellent model for imitation. What is great in intellect may compel our admiration; but it is the heart full of affection, that can alone secure our love and esteem. No attainments in a female can atone for the want of *this*. Without tenderness, her character is not only defective, but loathsome and frightful. Tenderness of heart is the glory of woman. It is true, the high and severe elements of mind, are sometimes possessed by men who have little amiability or gentleness. If such persons do good, the sphere of their operations must not be among the frailties of humanity. To be greatly good, demands not less tenderness than force of mind. Without

the gentle and lowly graces, a man is no otherwise great, than a barren mountain or desert,—it is elevation without beauty, and magnitude without fertility.

The intelligent christian can be at no loss in accounting for the gentle graces in this devoted servant of God. Her heart was warmed, and every affection elevated, by the love of the Saviour. Her excellencies were just the graces of God's spirit. The hypocrite and formalist are alike strangers to the work of the Spirit. While the man whose religion has taken but a feeble hold of his mind, can hardly go further than just to admit the great truth, and sometimes express a quivering hope that he may yet know more of it. Something altogether superior to this is felt, and joyfully confessed by those who walk closely with God, and exercise strong faith in the Saviour. The understanding of such is enlightened, and the heart in the noblest sense, regenerated. In the language of scripture, the heart becomes the temple of the Holy Ghost. The image of God is restored to the soul. Such a heart must be truly the abode of all that is noble in sentiment,—for the truth of God is there; and of all that is lovely in feeling,—for the love of God is there. But this love is not only a refining, it is also an animating principle. The soul not only acquires moral beauty from it, but motives, for the right employment of all its powers.

If we can only act from motives, and just in proportion to their influence, then assuredly the christian possesses means for action, such as other men never can possess. "The love of Christ constrains him." This is the grand motive. Regeneration fits the soul for feeling its force. And were the love of the Saviour fully realized, it could not fail, but bring every faculty of the mind under its influence. Alas! let it not be asked, how then is it, that many christians do so little for their Redeemer? Is the mighty motive not influencing them? Are they not fitted for feeling its influence? Painful questions these; yet very needful to be put to those whose religion is but a name. In their formality, and in *our* feeble and low christianity, the just solution will be found. For true it is, that the love of the Saviour is the grand motive to duty, as his love to us is the grand support under trials. The unspeakable toils, self-denial, and joyful submission under sufferings, which have distinguished many christian missionaries, but no one more than Mrs. Wilson, were the proofs and splendid demonstration of the power of the Saviour's love over the

human heart. And if we are to judge by the results, how ardently must this excellent woman's heart have burned with love to the Saviour. Yes; and this fully accounts for the maturity of her graces, her wonderful labours, her patience under suffering, and her triumph in death. In

fine, we regard the memoir as furnishing one of the finest specimens of the christian character. It gives decisive proof, if proof were needed, what religion can accomplish in the human mind, and what the mind is capable of, when fully under the influence of religion.

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY'S FIVE SCHEMES.

In the last number of the *Canadian Examiner*, we gave an analysis of the contents of the *Record* for the month of September. The number for October month is now before us, and we shall therefore proceed to submit to our readers such extracts as appear most interesting and worthy of notice.

EDUCATION.—The following is from a paper written by the Rev. Mr. Clerk, of Duirnish, in Skye, on the state of education in the Highlands of Scotland:—

“The Educational Statistics of the Highlands, which were laid before the public some years ago, by the General Assembly's Education Committee, disclosed the melancholy fact, that there were in that part of the kingdom, 80,000 individuals, that is, *one-fifth* of the whole population, so ignorant as to be unable to read or write; and notwithstanding the many efforts which have been made of late to diffuse knowledge over that dark territory, I fear that an accurate inquiry would still show the same deplorable amount of ignorance to exist. But what I would wish to be particularly noticed is, that they who are taught to read, (and thus classed by many as *educated*,) receive only a very scanty measure of information, while intellectual and moral training is utterly unknown to them.

“Now, assuredly it is the duty of every christian, and of every patriot, to use his best endeavors for rescuing the rising and future generations from this worst of thraldoms—ignorance,—for saving them from perishing through ‘lack of knowledge;’ and I trust the following remarks on the causes of ignorance in the Highlands, and on the best means of removing it, may have the effect of directing still more attention to the subject than has been hitherto bestowed upon it.

“The two most obvious causes which retard education in the Highlands, are the *scarcity* and *inefficiency* of schools.

“It is evident to any one at all acquainted with the country, that very many more schools

than are at present in operation, are necessary, for placing the means of education within the reach of its inhabitants. In the parish of Acharracle, where the population is only 2000, there are nearly 200 children to whom a school is inaccessible. In the parish of Duirnish, where the population is little more than 3000, there is an equal number similarly situated; and while I give these as individual instances, I am well aware that I might quote scores of other parishes which are not in any measure more favorably circumstanced.

“When I speak of the *inefficiency* of Highland schools, I by no means bring a charge against any class of their teachers, and least of all against the teachers on the Assembly's scheme, who, considering the many difficulties by which they are surrounded, deserve the very highest praise for industry and patient devotedness to the duties of their calling. But they are placed in circumstances which render the labors of the ablest teacher comparatively unavailing.”

The following is an important testimony in behalf of education, as tending to the improvement of man's physical lot:—

“If the people were educated, they would discover many avenues to comfort and independence which their ignorance now shrouds from their view. They would improve their circumstances in their own land, or they would seek other lands where it would be easier to do so. I was struck with what one of my parishioners, a poor, but very shrewd man, said to me lately on this subject. I was urging him to send his children to school. He replied, that if he were to give them *learning*, they would soon go away and leave him; that all the young men in the country who had got *learning*, went to the south, or ‘beyond the seas,’ and their parents had no more pleasure in them. The first part of his remark is perfectly true. If the Highlanders were educated, they would go the south, and ‘beyond the seas;’ they would go north and south, east and west, in search of a livelihood, and they would

speedily rise to comfort. This is a consideration well deserving the attention of our political economists—of all true philanthropists.”

It appears from this valuable paper, which we would have willingly presented entire to our readers, had space allowed, that the Roman Catholics are beginning to do what they can to exclude knowledge from the people;—but we trust the times of ignorance are fast passing away. The friends of scriptural education are much indebted to Mr. Clerk, for the information he has given as to the destitution of his countrymen. The disease must be discovered before a remedy will be applied,—and he is the true patriot who thus acts.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.—A letter has been received from Dr. Duff, Calcutta, of date 6th July, 1840 :—

“ My Brethren and myself,” he says, “ are delighted to learn, that such a man of God as Mr. Braidwood has been appointed to a station so large and worthy of being cultivated as Madras; and by means so fraught with fruitful promise to our church and nation, and through them to a benighted world. The great work is *one*, however widely scattered the labourers may be;—the field is *one*, being the world;—the soil is *one*, being the human heart universally diseased;—and the Master whom we serve is *one*, being at once God, our Creator, Preserver and Redeemer. But while we thus do rejoice with all our heart at such an appointment, we cannot help reminding you that this is not only the first, but as yet, by far the largest and most advanced station—a station therefore imperatively demanding a proportionably large number of labourers. We plead for the appointment of at least one additional labourer to the Calcutta station. And the woes and the miseries of the surrounding heathen—daily obtruded on our senses—will not suffer us to relinquish the appeal, till the people of Scotland allay our importunities by the presentation of another colleague to this huge overgrown parish of Calcutta and Bengal, with its thirty millions of immortal souls.

“ On the Sabbath morning I meet with 20 or 30 of the most advanced youths, at six o'clock. Our theme is the book of the Prophet Isaiah. So intensely interested do they become, and so rivetted is their attention, that it is often ten o'clock before we can separate. My colleagues, too, have their private meetings with different sections of the young men. In these more private as well as public ways, is divine truth continually poured into the minds of numbers who receive it into a soil which has been greatly cleared of the jungles of superstition, idolatry and prejudice. And shall the seed be thus sown in vain? Oh! Eternal Spirit, take thou of the things of Christ, and show

them with life-giving efficacy to these youthful, opening and ingenuous minds! What a pleasure! how inexpressible! to be even able to pour out one's whole heart and mind into the hearts and minds of others born and brought up amid the abominations of a detestable idolatry! especially when it is a heart and mind prayerfully desirous of breathing nought but what accords with the mind of the Spirit of God!—Oh, there are fine touches and images in holy writ, which at times seem to kindle into fire the cold apathy of the Hindu, and soften into tenderness his hardened caste-bound bosom! And nowhere more copiously than in the Prophet Isaiah. The reading of a portion of the Hindu Vedas,—which I sometimes do in English on the Sunday morning,—presents so strange a contrast to the noble strain of the Hebrew prophet, that it serves as a dark background to enhance the brilliance of the fair and beauteous colours of divine truth; and thus becomes a resistless species of internal evidence to magnify the unrivalled claims of God's holy oracles. Yesterday morning I happened to read to those present, the sublime representations of Isaiah and other inspired penmen, of God as the *Creator*, summoning all things out of nothing into being, and thereby throwing an impassable gulf between the Creative source and the thing created. Turning next to one of the best of the Hindu Vedas, I thence read the account of the Supreme Being. After representing him (*i. e.* Brahm) as “ without origin, colour or magnitude—as everlasting, all-pervading, omnipresent,” it is added, that “ it is he whom wise men consider as the origin of the universe;” that “ in the same way as the cobweb is produced and absorbed by the spider, as vegetables proceed from the earth, and hair and nails from animate creatures, so the universe proceeds from the Eternal Being. Here the *creature* is so palpably set forth as an *education* or *emanation* from the very substance of the *supposed Creator*, that the two are imperceptibly blended and confounded. All seemed instinctively to raise their hands in amazement at the contrast thus furnished between the Bible and the Hindu Shastras' representations of the Supreme Being. But it would require whole sheets to record the exercises of a few hours. For the present therefore I must forbear. If such notices prove at all acceptable, they may be supplied in abundance.”

A letter from the Brethren at Bombay has been received. They are still assiduous in their work of preaching the gospel to the Heathens around them. Mr. Mitchell, who, with Dr. Wilson had proceeded on a Missionary tour to the north of Bombay, met at Dees, a native of the name of Narotum, who had been converted to the faith of the gospel through the instrumentality of some tracts given him six years ago by a soldier. This case is inter-

esting, as showing the silent progress of the Gospel in India:—

“He had since then read the Scriptures in Gujarathi, reflected, and prayed; he had earnestly sought for a teacher, and Providence had thrown in his way a convert of the Serampore Mission, who was employed as a catechist. Narotum's doubts were soon confirmed into conviction that Hinduism was a fable; that Christianity, so far as he knew it, was altogether worthy of God; and with these impressions did this Hindu, in a place far remote from any Christians who could hold converse with him, and teach him more perfectly, openly abjure Hinduism, and assume the character of a Christian *Phagat*, or devotee. He devoted himself to reading the Scriptures, and giving instructions, so far as he knew the truth, in the doctrines of Christianity. He has, as he informed us, upwards of one hundred hearers, or persons whom he instructs, in various places at Deesa, and the country adjacent; and about seven who are fully convinced of the folly of Hinduism, and the excellence of the religion contained in the *book* or Holy Scriptures. Dr. Wilson is much interested in Narotum's case; and will write, I doubt not, a full account of all the particulars. All that we saw of him was favourable; and the truth of the leading points of his history which he gave, has received abundant confirmation on our farther inquiries. A case like this is interesting, not only from the hopes which it warrants our forming regarding Narotum himself and his followers, but as it encourages the belief that there may be many similar instances, in which, unperceived by us, the Divine Word may be working like leaven in the mass of the Hindu population; and it is interesting, from the resemblance it bears to some occurrences during the spread of the Gospel in early ages. Undoubtedly it is a loud call on all who disseminate copies of the Scriptures, and religious books, “to thank God and take courage. Even should some erroneous opinions be embraced by those who read religious books, where there is no living teacher to explain them,—and this may very possibly take place,—such involuntary ignorance is *teachable*; and altogether unlike that wilful blindness that hateth the truth, and warreth against it. Narotum himself had adopted some erroneous views. He was like Apollos, who was “fervent in spirit, and taught diligently the things of the Lord, knowing only the baptism of John.” He required to hear the way of God expounded to him more perfectly; and he most readily and gladly listened to that exposition. All our Christian brethren in Bombay are interested in the facts I have mentioned, and you may depend on hearing the result of our farther inquiries. May the teaching of the Holy Spirit be richly communicated to Narotum and his friends; and may they be the first fruits of an abundant harvest in the wide regions where they dwell!”

Another Missionary, Mr. Braidwood, has been ordained for the Madras station. He is to be supported by the Edinburgh Theological Students. The ordination took place in St. Andrew's Church on the 3rd of last month—and Mr. B. has since embarked for India. The following is copied from a letter received from Mr. Anderson, at Madras:—

“The troubles to which I alluded in my letter to you of May last, have happily almost blown over; though our loss has been considerable. This ‘shaking,’ as usual, has proved a winnowing time; and has shown us how the difficulties tell on our best youths, and those of the greatest promise. This fiery trial for them has, we trust, deepened their convictions, and sensibly taught them what it is to give up all for Christ. It has shut us more simply up to God's purpose and grace; and has made us painfully feel how utterly powerless we are in what can only be wrought by the mighty power of God. Slanders on every side, falsehoods and monstrous lies in regard to us and our schools, were published in the native newspapers, to turn the people against us, and to frighten away our monitors. But God has confounded these councils, and turned them into foolishness. We are again nearly as strong as we were in the middle of March. Upwards of two hundred interesting young innocents are again within our influence daily; and with only two exceptions our monitors are all again at their posts. * * * * This is our great strength, as well as consolation, that our blessed Master, Christ, is invested with all power in heaven and in earth; and His glorious Word is not only fitted to stir, from its lowest depths, the mind of the Hindoo, to elevate his sentiments, and to call forth his noblest sympathies, but sharply to pierce his conscience, and to save his immortal soul. The longer we try the Bible, it becomes dearer and dearer to us. * * * *

R. C. Naarainsawny, our monitor at Conjeveram, has entered the public service in the Zillah of Chingleput, as a deputy translator. He was with us last Sabbath, and is still under our influence. Another of our youths is at present teaching the school there, which is going on very prosperously. A school-house is erecting, which will cost us 1,000 rupees. Mr. Freere, the collector, kindly granted the ground, in a beautiful central spot, upon condition of our paying to Government one rupee per annum. We expect the house to be finished before the monsoon sets in.

CHURCH EXTENSION.—Under this head, we find it intimated that the 11th of October had been appointed for a collection in behalf of this fund throughout Scotland. It appears that 210 new churches had been projected—but of these only 152 have been brought into existence. The remaining 58 are still outstanding.—And to finish these, the Committee solicit the sup

port of the Christian public. The Committee's attention continues to be directed to the spiritual destitution of the people in diverse parts of the country. The two following cases may be taken as specimens :—

“Callernish and Breasklet in the parish of Uig.—The parish of Uig is 30 miles long by 12 broad. The district which it is proposed to erect into a separate parish, with its additional church, contains a population of 1252, and extremely poor. The nearest of these are separated from the present parish church by an interval of fifteen miles, 12 of which are across an arm of the sea; the most remote not less than 20 miles.

“Carloway, in the parish of Lochs. The parish of Lochs is 35 miles long by 13 broad, and contains 3432 inhabitants. The district of Carloway has a population of 1100, who are at the distance of 20 miles from their parish church.”

New Churches have been opened in the parish of Bonhil, and in Camelon in the parish of Falkirk. The foundation-stone of a new Church at the Greenhead of Glasgow has been laid by Mr. Collins, in presence of the Directors of the Church-building Society and others. It “is intended to supply in part the deficiency of the means of religious instruction and pastoral superintendence in the populous suburbs of Mile End and Calton, and is the tenth new Church added by the Society to the Barony parish.”

COLONIAL CHURCHES.—The most important document under this head, is a letter from the Rev. James Forbes to Dr. Welsh, giving some account of the Aboriginal population of New South Wales. The subject is of so much interest that we shall give Mr. Forbes' able letter entire :—

MELBOURNE, PORT PHILIP,
New South Wales, 19th March, 1840.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have delayed writing to you for some time, in the hope that I should receive some definite information respecting the proceedings of the Colonial Committee with reference to our affairs, more particularly as affecting this district. An opportunity now presenting itself of sending direct from this port to England, I proceed to submit my promised remarks on the state of the aboriginal population.

The native inhabitants of the Australian continent are universally known to be among the lowest and most degraded branches of the great family of man. They roam over their vast plains and through their deep forests without fixed habitations, without agriculture, almost without clothing, with scarcely any semblance

of government. Their huts are mere temporary shelters from the elements, somewhat in the form of a half-moon, having the convex side towards the wind, and on the other, or open side, a large fire. These huts are formed of boughs, bark, and leaves of trees, and when once deserted are never again occupied. The food of these people consists of kangaroos, opossums, a few birds, some roots and grubs. In the various tribes, personal prowess is the only thing that gives an individual any superiority over his fellows. The sole authority exerted among them is by the head of a family over his wives and children. Polygamy exists among them; but as there seems to be a considerable disproportion of the sexes, many of the men are unmarried. They are divided into tribes, each of which has certain territorial limits, upon the whole pretty well defined. Each has its own dialect, and, as might be expected, is generally in a state of hostility with its neighbours. Religion they have none. The only idea they have at all like a religious one, is a kind of vague notion of an evil spirit, an object of fear, particularly by night. They also practise certain mysterious rites or incantations, to which, however, they attach no clear meaning. Of these, the most probable explanation is, that they are the remains of some forgotten system of superstitious worship, continued after the origin and objects of them have been lost sight of. These remarks apply to all the New Holland tribes of which we know any thing. With regard to those in the Port Philip district, their whole numbers have been calculated at from 1500 to 2000, in five or six septs or tribes.— Since the introduction of the whites, their condition and character have been much debased and deteriorated. They are rapidly decreasing in numbers. This is more especially the case with the two tribes, within whose limits are the sites of the two principal settlements, Melbourne and Geelong. For the last two years there have been few births. Many have perished by disease, brought on by the use of European articles of food, and of rum; and it is to be feared, not a few have met their end in a manner more directly discreditable to the British government and the British colonists. Like most other savages, they at first, evinced great repugnance to ardent spirits; but as in the case of all others, that repugnance has given way, and they have been taught eagerly to desire them. It is also a humiliating consideration, that European intercourse has rendered them, in other respects, more impure and depraved than they were before. The first specimens of our countrymen they met with are the convicts and stockmen,—persons who have generally been convicts, though in most cases, now emancipated; by these men they are uniformly corrupted, frequently ruthlessly destroyed.— Every day they are becoming more degraded and debilitated; a listless languor has taken the place of the energy they once displayed;

this, in conjunction with the other influences at which I have hinted, is thinning their numbers and hastening their general decay.

Such is a faint and imperfect sketch of the present condition of the aborigines of Australia. The question now suggests itself, are they improvable? Do they possess the faculties and capabilities of men, or is it really true that they are a kindred race to the orang outang? On this subject I have formed a very decided opinion,—an opinion held, I am happy to say, by most of the more sensible of the colonists.—They are susceptible of cultivation. I do not consider them by any means so discouraging or so forbidding materials as the Hottentots and Borjesmen, on whom the experiment has been successfully tried. Many of the men are really good-looking specimens of human nature, with foreheads and eyes that betoken intelligence of no common order. I am not a professed phrenologist, but I feel confident that many a New Hollander's head presents more favorable indications than do those of the generality of the sons of Europe. They have memories accurate and retentive,—powers of imitation remarkably great. They can draw inferences with striking shrewdness and acuteness. There are not wanting evidences of the strength of their gratitude and the warmth of their affections. In short, they give sure proof of their possession of all the powers of our common nature; I need not say how fully they evidence its deep depravity. For the amelioration of their condition, it is unnecessary for me in addressing you, Dear Sir, to say that christianity is the engine that must be employed. Perhaps you will bear with me while I advert to some of those peculiarities in their circumstances which will modify the manner in which this engine is to be applied. They are essentially, many have said irrevocably, *cratic*, literally vagabonds on the earth. They wander, sometimes in whole tribes, sometimes in small detachments, sometimes in single families; sometimes an isolated savage roams the wilderness solitary and sullen. This migratory propensity cannot, it is obvious, be eradicated at once; probably, in the present generation of adults, it can never be more than imperfectly restrained. It may, however, be greatly counteracted.

And here I cannot but observe, that the present state of the aborigines of Port Philip affords a fine illustration of that beautiful feature of the Divine economy, whereby good is educed from evil,—whereby the wrath and other sinful passions of man are made to praise the Lord. The measures which the christian feels to have been all along desirable for the sake of the blacks, are now felt by every one to be necessary for the sake of the whites. Aboriginal aggression is a constant subject of complaint. A few days ago a meeting was held at Geelong on the subject; and an energetic memorial to the Governor was agreed on. In

this document it was recommended, that suitable portions of land should be reserved within the territorial limits of the certain tribes; that depots should be formed therein, for supplying the natives with food and clothing; and it is gratifying to add, a decided opinion was expressed, that christian instruction, by missionaries taking a deep interest in their temporal and eternal welfare, forms the only means of civilizing them. The duty of supporting the original occupants of the soil, was urged upon the government by the consideration, that the presence of the colonists abridges their means of subsistence, while it affords an immense revenue to the crown, which has seized their lands, and has never, as yet, offered those who formerly possessed them any thing in the shape of an equivalent. Some such measures as those just mentioned must be soon adopted, otherwise the extinction of the aboriginal race is inevitable. Our sheep and cattle have driven away their game and eaten up their roots.—They cannot therefore obtain their finer articles of food. They cannot retreat to the regions of the interior, into which Britons have not yet intruded, for these are occupied by hostile tribes. From these causes, as also, no doubt, from the superior attractions of flour and mutton, they are led sometimes to beg, sometimes to steal from the stores and folds of the settlers. A criminal commerce, in the meantime goes on with the shepherds and others, of a nature too well understood to need minute specification; and the whole frequently terminates in bloodshed. For the sake, therefore, of both races, it is desirable that the blacks should be fed, and that in such a manner as will do away with all occasion for intercourse between them and the whites.

It is now easily seen that, if the plan above sketched be adopted, either by the Government or Missionary Societies, or by the combined efforts of both, an immediate arrest is put on the locomotiveness of the aborigines, and thus the great barrier between them and the efforts of the messenger of peace is broken down.—They can now be subjected to the influences of that glorious gospel which its Divine Author commanded to be preached unto all nations.—From what I have said, some provision for supplying them with food must enter into every scheme for aboriginal instruction. The expense of this would, however, be much less than might at first sight be imagined. A large field of potatoes, a garden well stocked with vegetables, with perhaps the addition of a small flock of sheep, would form the chief part of what is necessary for a whole tribe. In a short time an establishment of this sort would do much towards its own support. Nothing should be given to the natives except in the shape of reward for service performed. Experience fully proves that they will work most diligently for a time, either when influenced by their own caprice, or by very slight induce-

ments held out to them by those in whom they happen to place confidence. No man who will show the Australian savage that he is his friend, need hesitate to confide in the constancy of his attachment, nor will he find any difficulty in rendering him tractable and serviceable. There will, it is true, be a fitfulness in his efforts, there will be a want of steady perseverance; but even his whims and his restlessness may be taken advantage of, and by taking care not to exact too much, and to vary the objects of his application, the black man will be found a pupil as apt as he is interesting. It is true the toil submitted to must be great; the difficulties to be contended with are many, and I am conscious I have not enumerated them all; but I feel confident they are not greater than those which have been already overcome in Southern Africa.

At the risk of being thought tedious, I shall now mention the agency which is at work for the christianization of the natives of the Australian continent. There are three Missionary Institutions—the Church of England Mission at Wellington Valley; the German Mission, at Moreton Bay, formed under the auspices of Dr. Lang; and the Wellington Mission, about 40 miles to the westward of Geelong. The first of these has been established several years. It has had to struggle with many difficulties, as may be seen from the reports of the Church Missionary Society. The last two are only in the course of establishment. The latest accounts I have seen respecting the Moreton Bay Mission, come down only to the period when the Missionaries were occupied with providing habitations for themselves and families. The Mission last mentioned, though only in its infancy, promises to be of immense value to this part of Australia. The labourers employed are two Missionaries of the Methodist Society, (a body of christians who, to their praise be it spoken, seem of all others most clearly to understand the aggressive character of the christian church), and a lay assistant. Towards the support of these three missions the government contributes. To the two recently formed, its aid is given “on condition of an equal sum being raised by private contributions. I must not presume to dilate farther on this subject.— Shall I venture to enquire whether Scottish christians will do any thing for the aborigines of Australia? Is there among your candidates for the holy ministry any one who will give himself to do the work of an evangelist among this interesting and injured race? If there is, I would observe, that the most promising scene for a commencement seems to me to be somewhere near the junction of the Hume or Murray, and the Murrumbidgee, where there is a large black population, as yet unaffected by European association.

At present I shall say little of the matters appertaining to the white population. The town population of Geelong is still small. It is not

as I had anticipated, yet ripe for a schoolmaster. In the event, therefore, of one coming with the view of settling there within the next few months, we must retain him in Melbourne, where there is a most inviting opening for a select school, for those children whom their parents are unwilling to send to an Institution intended for the benefit of the mass. This leads me to observe, that it would be desirable to bring this subject under the notice of any gentleman qualified to take charge of a boarding-school. Many such there are, I am sure, of our countrymen, particularly in North Britain; they might transfer their services hither, with much advantage to themselves and to the present and future generations of this nascent empire. The remarks on the qualifications, &c., of both preachers and teachers, in the memorial from Hobart Town, published with the report of the committee for 1839, are remarkably judicious, and cannot be too carefully attended to. I need scarcely add, that a boarding-school can be most satisfactorily conducted by a married man. It will of course be understood, that schools of this description receive no Government aid; but a zealous teacher, properly qualified, would nevertheless be amply remunerated.

We are in daily expectation of the Rev. Mr. Love from Adelaide, at which place I have heard of his arrival. A welcome reception awaits him at Geelong. Have the goodness to offer to the Acting Committee my most sincere thanks for the prompt and christian manner in which they have responded to my appeal. This district promises to be a most important scene for the labours of ministers of the church of Scotland. There is a large number of most respectable Scottish settlers; and there is also the prospect of a very large emigration of the working classes from Scotland. I was much delighted with the attention shown by you to the continuation of the emigrants leaving the Scottish shores. Only one government vessel, the *David Clarke*, from Greenock, has arrived in this port. It may be useful to state to your committee, what is only an act of justice to a highly deserving officer, that Dr. Gilchrist, R. N. who had charge of that ship, paid the most praiseworthy attention to the people on board, and did every thing in his power to compensate for the want of a chaplain. The selection of the emigrants by that vessel is in every way creditable to Dr. Boyter. He must have exercised great care; and he is entitled to the thanks of the inhabitants of Port Philip, for the very valuable adaption he was the means of making to their numbers. The next thing to be done for them, and for others, is to provide them with the ministrations of the ordinances of religion. For those scattered over the country, as many now are, this can only be done by establishing an itinerant ministry. As there are now many Highlanders here, and as I presume Mr. Love, like myself, is unacquainted

with the Gaelic language, it is to be desired that the next minister sent hither be able to speak in that venerable tongue. Itinerants are a class of labourers hitherto unknown in New South Wales, the want of them is, consequently, not so much felt as it ought to be: and if I may be allowed to throw out a suggestion I think they ought to be the parties principally aided by your funds. Fifty pounds to the support of a pious and zealous minister of Christ, in a place and among a people who, without such aid, would have none to care for their souls, must be instrumental in doing much more good than three times the amount expended on brick and mortar. Many influences draw from people money to assist in the erection of their religious edifices; scarce'y any thing but a desire for the bread of life would draw from them the funds requisite for the introduction and maintenance of a travelling mi-

nister. I need not point out the important service likely to be rendered by such men, in breaking up the virgin soil in the many rapidly increasing hamlets and clusters of population, which are ever and anon springing up over the face of this vast territory.

CONVERSION OF THE JEWS.—Mr. Duncan of Milton Church, has been appointed a Missionary, by the Committee of the General Assembly, to this people. Mr. Candlish submitted this appointment to the Presbytery of Glasgow, and prayed that he should be loosed from his charge. On the motion of Mr. Burns, the document was allowed to lie on the table till next meeting. It appears that Mr. Duncan has all the learning needful to fit him for disputing with the Masters of the Jewish Synagogue. We take this as a token for good.

I R E L A N D .

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,—MISSIONARY SCHEME.

The Synod of Ulster has now embarked in the missionary cause. And as a portion of the *Record* is about to be set apart for the correspondence of her missionaries, we shall thus be able to present our readers from time to time with extracts from the same. The same number of the *Record* to which we are already so largely indebted, contains a letter from the Rev. Mr. Morgan of Belfast, Secretary of the Missionary Committee,—his letter gives a sketch of the rise of the missionary spirit in Ulster, and of the steps which have subsequently been taken in giving it effect. Our brethren in Ireland appear to have embarked on this glorious undertaking with much zeal and christian wisdom:—

“We have selected, says Mr. Morgan, “two of our most approved brethren, men beloved and useful in their parishes, fit for labour in any locality, and richly endowed with gifts and graces.

“It so occurred, that the very time when these two brethren were to be set apart to their missionary work, was that of the meeting of the Synod for the consummation of its union with the Secession body in Ireland. This was considered most auspicious: and arrangements were made, that, as soon as the union was formally declared, the first public act of the united

body should be the designation of the missionaries. That arrangement was carried forward; and the Rev. Messrs. Glasgow and Kerr were set apart as missionaries to the heathen, in the district of Katiawar in India, by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland. That is a day to be remembered. Its impressions will remain while memory endures; and old age will often recall it, and tell what things were done upon it to generations yet unborn.

“On the day of the appointment of the missionaries there were no funds in readiness to send them forth. We had reckoned, that if God gave us men he would soon give us money; and our faith was not exercised in vain. A subscription was set on foot in the Assembly, and the members contributed about £500. An appeal was made to the congregations in Belfast, which produced about £600. Several congregations in the country sent forward contributions of their own accord. Our Secession brethren had a little stock of near £200, which they cast into the common treasury; and thus, in two months, there were raised about £1500 to commence our missionary enterprise. With this sum we have been enabled to defray the outfit of our two missionaries and their wives, to pay for their passage from Liverpool to Bombay, and to advance their salary for the first 12 months. Their allowance is the same as that usually given by the Church of Scotland. The

power and the presence of God were so manifested in all that has taken place, that our hearts have been filled with joy. All seemed to have caught the holy enthusiasm of the missionary cause. God gave it favor on every hand. For the money accommodations of our banking company there was no charge. Our missionaries and their wives were carried hence to Liverpool, without price, through the generosity of the steambot proprietors; and in short, all who make any profession of regard for the truth seemed anxious to bear some part of the duty, while the enemies of our common christianity appear astonished and confounded.

On Saturday last, the 29th of August, our brethren sailed hence for Liverpool, after a deeply impressive service on board the steamer, where many were assembled to testify their sympathy and love, and take an affectionate farewell of their beloved friends. They are now in Liverpool, waiting the hour of their departure by the *Wave*, the vessel that has been engaged to carry them to Bombay. At Bombay Dr. Wilson waits their arrival, and their instructions are, to seek his counsel, to co-operate with the mission of the Church of Scotland so far as may be practicable, to become acquainted with their plans and operations, and imitate them as closely as they can, and as the peculiarities of their situation may allow.

“Whatever may be the future influence of our mission, unspeakable good has already been effected at home. Our Churches have been awakened and roused to a spirit of sympathy far beyond what could have been anticipated. The Lord has already given us a token for good, in the liberality, the earnestness, and the prayerfulness of the people. Previous to the departure of our brethren, notice was given of a meeting for prayer in Belfast, and one of our largest churches was filled to overflowing, while the people poured out their hearts in supplication for our missionaries and their work. — When God commanded Jeremiah to proclaim his judgments, he gave him for a sign ‘a rod of an almond tree,’ which is explained to signify, ‘I will hasten my word to perform it.’ The almond tree bloomed early and speedily, emblem of a speedy accomplishment of the Word of the Lord. And surely we, too, have had our sign—a token for good—an earnest in the spirit which God has given his people at home, that he will prosper and bless their work abroad—that he will hasten his word of mercy and of promise to perform it.”

The embarkation of the missionaries took place, it will be seen, on the 29th August. The following is the description of that affecting scene, given by an eye-witness. May the Lord abundantly bless these devoted men and the Church, by whose missionary zeal they are sent forth:—

Belfast, Saturday, Aug. 29, 1840.

The missionaries to India are just gone.—

* * * * About half an hour before sailing, a considerable number met in the cabin of the steambot, which was kindly granted for the occasion, when the Rev. Mr. McNeely of Ballymacarrett read a portion of that beautiful and appropriate chapter, the twentieth of the Acts, and afterwards Dr. Cooke joined in prayer, consigning the brethren, and tender but devoted sisters, to the care of him whom the winds obey. Never shall I forget the scene, in the steambot on that day. Often had I read, and had endeavoured to realize the whole of that touching event in Paul’s history, which is here recorded in the Acts, and have felt that it was one which was calculated to make his, perhaps few and lonely followers, to weep when they thought they would see him no more; but to see now palpably before me almost a similar scene re-enacted, brought home to my feelings the event of the apostle’s departure, clothed in all the vividness of experienced reality. And here were we now, like them of old, parting with our beloved friends, in circumstances almost completely similar. The very similarity of the scene made the departure of our friends even more tender and more affecting—so much so, that I believe there was not one in that cabin, during Dr. Cooke’s beautiful prayer, who did not shed tears; nay, I have heard it said since, by some gentlemen who were there, that they thought before this that there was no earthly circumstance could make them weep, and yet they found they were unable to restrain their tears. A short time after this the boat sailed. In order to be with these dear brethren as long as possible, there was a party of six of us who went down the lough in the vessel with them, and after leaving, we returned in a boat which we had brought along for the purpose of conducting us back. We gazed after the vessel, and we thought of the precious burden which it was the means of waiving away to another part of the world. There were none of us superstitious; but when we looked up and saw such a delightful day, and looked around and saw the hills waving with the luxuriance of harvest, and when we remembered that our friends were departing on such a day, and amid a scene betokening such beauty, perhaps it was weak on our part, but we were struck with the omen. We thought with ourselves, that perhaps that vessel, as we watched at last its very smoke receding from our view, was laden with the germs of the subsequent evangelization of India; and the remote consequences of this scene might equal, perhaps surpass the ardency of that hope in which, for the time being, it pleased us to indulge. At all events, we felt rejoiced at the thought that our brethren were borne away on the prayers of the good and zealous through the churches of our own province, and remembered in the petitions of the friends of this good cause throughout the world.

REVIEW. "SORROWING, YET REJOICING."

BEING "A NARRATIVE OF RECENT SUCCESSIVE BEREAVEMENTS IN A MINISTER'S FAMILY."

There are many reasons why parents should be careful to teach their children the way of true religion,—and perhaps there is none, next to the reasonableness of the service, better fitted to shew the importance of the work, than a sense of the uncertainty of their lives. The arrows of death fly quickly around, and it is not always the man of mature years that they strike,—they descend on the young as well as the aged,—the child of a year old; as well as the man of three score and ten. It is a common feeling that there is some respite to youth,—they have many long years before them, and they need not yet be concerned about the things of eternity. There will be time enough for these things afterwards. It would be cruel to disturb so much gaiety with the gloom of religion. There is a season for everything, and let youth be devoted to folly. But many are the memorials shewing that human life even in its most promising aspect, is uncertain—and so reading a lesson to parents to make duty of training up their children in the fear of the Lord. The small work at the head of this article, reads a solemn lesson of the uncertain tenure on which the young as well as the old enjoy the present life. It is written, as we have understood, by the Rev. Mr. Beith, of Stirling, formerly of Glenelg, in Scotland, and is the record of a series of afflictive dispensations in his household. The first passage refers to a little daughter who died in April, 1837:—

MATILDA.

"It was a day or two after I had left home, that Matilda disclosed, for the first time, the whole state of her feelings. Occasional expressions had fallen from her to myself before, which, with her intelligence, and the general tenor of her conduct, had produced in my mind the happiest anticipations; but the unreserved avowal of her experience had not been made till now.

"Her mother had concluded their usual exercise of reading the scriptures, and had sat down beside her. Matilda began by saying, that she had for some time back been anxious to open her mind to her, but that she could never find resolution to do it. This she deeply regretted; and particularly that she had not spoken to me before I left home. She stated,

that she had now made up her mind not to defer it, as she considered it sinful to have concealed the state of her feelings from her parents so long. She then lamented, in bitter terms, her being a sinner, and that she could not keep from sinning.

"'When I think,' she exclaimed, 'that God cannot look upon sin but with horror, is it not dreadful that I cannot keep from sinning; and when I think of God's love towards me, in not sparing his own son, it grieves me sorely and wounds my feelings that I can so sin. Doesn't it hurt your feelings, mamma?'

"'It ought certainly to do so,' was her mother's reply, 'but I am afraid it does not enough.'

"She then said 'We are poor, weak, sinful creatures, but Christ will do all for us.'

"Her mother remarked, that it was through Christ alone the pardon of sin could be obtained; to which she replied, 'O yes; and I am constantly praying that my sins may be washed away in the fountain of His blood. I have often had convictions before, but they were not permanent,—now I cannot avoid having before my eyes, day and night, what a sinner I am. I am so ignorant I require a great deal of teaching; and I hope you will every day be speaking to me on these subjects. I hope you will be praying for me too; and I am sure my dear papa prays for me where he is.'

"On the succeeding day, her mother and she had engaged in reading, as usual, when she again spoke with great feeling of the evil of sin; and deplored her condition in the sight of god.

"'How harrowing to my feelings,' she exclaimed—the large tears rolling over her face, 'that I cannot keep from sinning! When the Lord is pleased to restore me to health, I trust I shall live differently from what I have done hitherto. And when papa comes home I am resolved to conceal none of my feelings from him. I know my great ignorance and how much I require to be taught. He and you will be teaching me,—and we shall be so happy together, speaking of spiritual things; for although I know a great deal of the scriptures, I do not understand them as I ought.'

"Her mother spoke to her of the freeness of the gospel, and of its glory,—Christ being willing to receive the chief of sinners, when she listened with most marked delight; and seemed to derive comfort in the highest sense, from looking to Jesus as a crucified and exalted Saviour.

"'Have you any doubt, my dear,' her mo-

ther asked, of Christ's willingness to receive you?

"O no, mamma!" was the immediate reply; "think of his own beautiful words, 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest; and again, 'Ho every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money come buy wine and milk, without money and without price.'

"These passages were quoted by her with such emphasis, and her whole manner and expression so struck her mother, that, for the first time, an idea took possession of her mind, that probably the Lord was preparing her for an early removal from the world, and that in her youth she might be called away. This solemn reflection produced a pause in the conversation. After a little, her mother said to her with caution, that she might not be startled, 'Matilda, do you think yourself dying?'

"No," was the reply; and with a somewhat alarmed look, she asked, 'Do you think me dying, mamma?' She immediately continued, without waiting for the answer,—'but nobody can say how any sickness may end.'

"One of her prayers was—

"O Lord, I am unworthy, but I believe that for the sake of Christ thou wilt hear and answer me. O wash me in the fountain of his blood. Give me a new heart to love and serve thee. I would give myself up to thee, spirit, soul and body; and I beseech thee, O Lord, to let me rest satisfied with nothing short of thyself. Sanctify unto me this sickness, and give me patience to bear it. Bless my parents, my brothers and sisters, with all that are dear to me in the whole world. O give me thy blessing, and accept me for Jesus' sake. Amen."

"Her mother, (for her father had left the manse for Glasgow) became apprehensive that Matilda's life was in danger; she accordingly declared aside, to the medical attendant, that she could no longer defer telling her child that her dissolution was near. He had formerly dissuaded from this course, with the humane intention of sparing his patient's feelings; but the time now was evidently short, and he gave his ready assent.

"My darling Matilda," her mother then said aloud to her, "Jesus is coming to take you to himself—the hand of death is on you!"

"For a moment she seemed startled and alarmed, but speedily recovered her composure.

"Does the Doctor think me dying?" she asked.

"Yes he does," was the heart-rending reply.

"How long do you think, doctor, I can live?"

"I cannot say how long my dear,—the God who gave you life alone knows."

"On this she turned to her mother, and with a look of earnestness and solemnity, the most

striking, which awed and went to the hearts of all present, she said,—

"Mamma, I have concealed nothing from you—you know the whole state of my mind, and all about me,—do you think that I am resting on Christ?"

"Yes, my dear," was the answer, "I do believe that you are. You know that you have often told me that you felt, and were assured, there is no salvation but to be washed in His blood."

"O yes, I have!" she said; and lifting up her hands with great solemnity, added, "well, then, I am not afraid to die; I love Jesus, and I know that he loves me!"

"Another spasm ensued, and she was in great anguish. The other children had been introduced at her request, that she might see them, but they were withdrawn, as the room became overheated. Her mother's grief which she laboured to conceal, compelled her to retire for a few minutes. When she again appeared, the sweet child said, 'come near me, my dear mamma, till I tell you how much I love Jesus. Ye;' she said in an under tone, when her mother sat down beside her, 'yes I love Him.'

"When she had recovered breath partially, she said, 'I should like to see the rest, perhaps I could say something to them.'

"The children were accordingly brought in. When they were all arranged near her, she said to them, with a tone and manner full of affection and pathos, 'children, I am going to die, and I am not afraid to die; for I know that Jesus loves me, and I love him. O! see that you be good children and love him too.'

"The servants on this came into the room, when she addressed them much in the same strain, informing them that she was dying;—that she had no fear; and that her confidence arose from depending upon Christ alone. One of them who she knew did not understand English, she addressed in Gaelic, solemnly warning and entreating her and all of them to go to Christ.

"When they had quitted the room, her mother asked, 'What shall I say to your dear papa from you when he comes home?'

"After a short pause, during which she was much affected, she replied, with great tenderness of manner, 'You will tell him that I think I am united to Christ; that I love Jesus, and know he loves me.'

"Will I give him your love?' 'O yes,' was the reply. She then said, 'Mamma, I am not sorry to leave the world, but I am sorry to leave you all;' on uttering which her heart seemed bursting. The last, the only tie which bound her to earth was being broken. The enemy could not destroy her, but this one opportunity more was left to inflict a passing wound ere she entered into endless joy. The wound was given, but it was quickly cured.—Her Friend was at hand, and peace could not be distant.

"You remember, my dear," her mother said, "the chapter I read you lately, about Christ's second coming, and how we shall all meet there!"

"She was instantly comforted, and her countenance brightened,—'O yes,' she answered, 'we shall all meet again.'

"A dreadful spasm immediately ensued,—'Oh!' she cried, after a short interval, 'I am in great pain—how I desire that he would come and take me to himself!'

"After a few moments' silence she made a sign with her finger, saying, 'Doctor, as if wishing to speak to him. On his approaching, she could no longer add, *'speechless,* and without a single throbbeth breathed her last; her redeemed soul quitting its frail tabernacle, and entering into the joy of its Lord. Her mother laid her hand on her eyes, and they were closed on this world for ever."

The father returned in time to attend Matilda's funeral; the following are some of his remarks under the bereavement:—

"In its simplest view, the saving work of the Spirit consists in convincing of sin, and leading the soul, under this operation, to an implicit and exclusive reliance upon Christ for salvation. There is a clear perception of the evil lusted, and also the humiliation which this must ever induce, connected with a most hearty concurrence of God's appointed way of deliverance—a joyful acceptance of the truth that reveals it.—and a steadfast regarding of the object of faith, Christ, for all the soul requires. Be the course of the believer long or short, in passing through this wilderness, such is his experience in the beginning and to the end of his pilgrimage, embracing continued discoveries of his own unworthiness on the one hand, and of the mercy of God in Christ on the other, his life being a life of *faith* in him 'who loved him and gave himself for him.' And be he young or old, under the influence of this knowledge of himself as a sinner, and of God as his Saviour, sin is crucified, and spiritual graces grow and abound; he lives to Christ, and he dies in the Lord. Judging by this rule, we believe our dear child was born of the Spirit, and that she now inherits the promises. A sense of sin humbled her in the dust, but a knowledge of Christ produced the lively hope which belongs only to them that are his.—She lived, yet not she, but Christ lived in her."

JESSIE.

An interval of four days from the burial of her sister had scarcely elapsed, when Jessie, the youngest, a child of two years old, was removed. It appears the worthy parents were enabled to say, with great resignation—"it is the Lord's, let Him do what seemeth Him good."—but a third trial was soon to follow.

ALEXANDER.

He was two years older than Jessie. "His appearance was highly prepossessing; and his

generous disposition and vivacity made him a universal favourite. Strangers will naturally be jealous of a parent's description; but such as knew him will not deny that he was a lovely and an engaging child. His robust constitution had resisted the effects of whooping-cough, so that he suffered little from it. The subsequent fever lay long upon him; for his natural liveliness made restraint of any kind considerable, that he could with great difficulty be induced to submit to the necessary confinement. He had, however, but for weakness, nearly recovered his usual health.

"On the day on which Matilda's coffin was brought to the manse, when I went to the door to meet the tradesman, I found Alick standing there. The weather was piercingly cold, with sleet and high wind. He had escaped unobserved from the nursery, and, with childish curiosity, was gazing on an object which to him was new. The consequence dreaded ensued,—he had caught a slight cold, and next day suffered a relapse of the fever. He was confined to bed, and we hoped that, under the simple remedies employed, this new indisposition would soon disappear."

It began to be understood that the disease was what is commonly called 'water in the head.'

"The remarks which I have ventured to introduce in the beginning of this narrative were now, as at other seasons of our affliction strongly suggested, viz. the possibility that true religion may exist in the soul of a child, whilst his natural vivacity and very childishness conceals it from the view of human eye, until disease comes, and the flow of animal spirits, subsiding under its influence, gives opportunity to the latent grace to appear.

"More than a year before the period of Alick's illness, a little incident occurred in the nursery, which, as it produced a strong sensation there, and deeply affected him, may be related. It was soon after the recovery from measles, already alluded to. One night, a sister, about double his age then, was observed to be pensive and much dejected. She was asked what was wrong. Her answer was, can you tell me what a soul is? Her oldest brother began to explain that it is not the body, although residing in it,—that when the body dies the soul continues to live,—and that the souls of good people go to heaven, but those of the wicked to hell. She became much agitated, and cried, 'Oh, what shall I do, what shall I do? I told a lie, and my soul must go to hell!' As she was in real distress of mind, and wept bitterly, the attention of all the children was attracted to her, and to the subject under discussion. The offence to which she alluded occurred more than a year before. She had by accident burnt her pinafore, and on being charged with it, denied the fact. When the truth was discovered, she was brought to me, and in warning her of the nature of her offence, I quo-

ted some of the passages of scripture which speak of the doom of liars. Her brother endeavoured to appease her, by telling her of pardon by the blood of Christ, and assuring her, that if she asked, she would obtain forgiveness.—Next morning the incident was related to mamma; and as the child's distress continued, she spoke to her on the subject. She confirmed what her brother had stated, but added, that the pardon was not all that was required. She must ask and receive a new heart and right spirit, which Christ was as willing to give as the pardon of sin. 'But, mamma, I do not know how to pray for it,—will you teach me?' She fell on her knees, and having gone through her usual prayer, raised her eyes earnestly to her mother, saying, 'Tell me now mamma.'—This was accordingly done in a few plain words; and both during the continuance of this impression, which lasted long, and since, they have been in constant use. The other children were solemnly affected, and none more than dear Alick. Never thereafter did he lay his head on his pillow, or arise from sleep, without lisping, 'O Lord, create a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me; take away this hard and stony heart, and give me a heart to love and serve thee, for Christ's sake.'

"The stupor, symptomatic of his direful complaint, did not make its decided appearance until the last week of his life; but for eight days before he expired, he had not above one, or at most two, short intervals of consciousness. Previous to these days, he often asked his mother to read 'pretty story from the Bible,' and would listen with a pleased and happy temper to all that was said to him on spiritual matters. Again and again did he request to hear about the 'little boy who had sore head,' as he expressed it,—the Shunamite's son, the mercy shown to whom seemed to fill his mind and to delight his heart. He dwelt on the thought that 'God had made him well;' and in his own affliction, we believe he looked to the same source,—his hope and expectation,—as a child might do.

"It is difficult to say how small a portion of the living seed seen in a child's soul the Eternal Spirit may render effectual, and to what degree he may sanctify such afflictions as our dear boy experienced. To us it was, indeed, consolatory to see his eye turned towards 'the light shining in a dark place;' to the Word of God; to all the truths extracted therefrom,

which, in various shapes he had committed to memory, and to perceive also the peace and patience vouchsafed whilst the heavy hand of approaching dissolution was laid upon him. In the heart of a child so young, there could, in such circumstances, be no guile; and if sincerity reigned in his feeble efforts to embrace the Saviour—that Saviour who rebuked his disciples when they forbade such to be brought to Him—may we not believe it was heaven-born and accepted?

'If babes so many years ago,
His tender pity drew.
He will not surely let me go
Without a blessing too.'

"Before the lethargy had exerted its full influence over him, and when he had become so feeble that he could no longer place himself upon his knees, evening and morning he was heard whispering his infant supplications as he lay in helpless exhaustion on his uneasy bed.—At last, when his mind became enshrouded in increased darkness, he seemed incapable of retaining the ideas, and forgot even the words so often used by him, and in this painful state he would say to us, with a melancholy tone, 'Tell me my prayers,—not know what say,' and would repeat after us as we directed him."

Alexander was buried on the 17th of May, but the trial was not yet completed,—a fourth affliction was at hand.

ANN.

She was nine years of age.

"She had suffered little from whooping cough and the subsequent fever, and until the close of Alick's illness, was considered quite recovered. The fluctuation of feeling, of hope and fear, which agitated us with regard to Alick, was not communicated to the other children; for it was evident that they all began to tremble as if they were set apart to death; and to feel as if one after the other was to be smitten down. We sought to cheer them and to support their minds, as we best could, by referring to His grace and mercy, in whose hands their life was: but at length it became impossible for us to conceal our own dejection and uneasiness about their dear brother."

On the whole, this little work seems to be for general edification. It might be read with advantage, by children as well as parents,

REVIEW.

MANNERS AND TRIALS OF THE PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANS.

BY THE REV. R. JAMIESON, OF CURRIE (SCOTLAND.)

The systems of ancient religion left man as they found him, or rather they had the effect of rendering him a more dangerous being than before. If there was aught in them to lay an arrest upon the evil passions of man, it was easy to trample it in the dust, for they had no well authenticated evidence, and any one might ridicule the whole as a system of priestcraft.— Their moral precepts, however, were conveniently vague, requiring piety to the gods, but no specific line of duty, and scarcely deigning to forbid any sin. Then the character of their divinities was not superior to that of men.— They could engage in intrigues and in crimes, and yet their great temples remain, ay, and victims innumerable bleed upon their altars.— Could the idolatrous cities of Greece and Rome be seen as they were in the days of Paul,— could their devotions be seen though but for a day,—the sight would be enough to dissipate the long dream of many an amiable enthusiast, who can see only departed glory in the downfall of those nations. Men's passions are furious enough of themselves, but how much more so, when incited by the imagination that gratifying them was to do service to the gods of heaven. No wonder that history should speak only of oppression and outrage walking the earth, and that in the ruins of ancient cities, we should see only monuments of the gigantic pride and superstition of their founders.

The equity and self-denying spirit of the gospel was not more removed from the injustice and self-indulgence of heathenism, than heaven is distant from the earth; and it might truly be said, that in publishing such a system of truths, the early Christians became a spectacle to men and angels. It was something to have lived in the days of the apostles, and to have heard those preach the gospel who received it from Christ. Augustine, though living nearer those times, had this wish. There is an expression in the epistle of Peter, which serves to remind us of the vividness of their views of Christ and of his kingdom,—“whom having not seen ye love.” Their love to Christ was fully evidenced by their trials, and yet they had

never seen him,—the apostle thus contrasting their case with his own. Were we to paraphrase the passage, we might suppose the apostle to say,—“We held converse with the Lord; we were witnesses of the grace and glory that were manifested in all he said and did. We listened to the wisdom that fell from his lips. We were witnesses of his unwearied beneficence to men. We heard him sigh over their afflictions,—we saw him weep over their distress. We saw him put forth his hand to heal. We saw him entering the houses of the poor and of the afflicted. We saw him receive the deaf, the blind, the maimed, and those possessed with devils,—we witnessed the tenderness of his love, we saw the glory of his power. We knew his person,—we were familiar with his mode of address. We knew his kinsmen and mother. We sat beside him at meat, and heard him explain the parables he had spoken to the people. We heard him talk of the sufferings that he should endure, and of the glory that should follow. We saw the joy that beamed in his countenance when he spoke of the generations that should arise to praise the name of the Lord. We saw his countenance shining like the sun, when Moses and Elias conversed with him on the Mount. We saw his trouble in the garden of Gethsemane. We saw Judas betray him with a kiss. We saw his meekness, while he stood before Pilate. We saw him smitten on the face and crowned with thorns. We stood at his feet while he hung upon the cross. We saw the blood stream from his wounds. We saw him in the agonies of death. We heard his cry when he gave up the ghost. We saw him after he had risen and come forth from the sepulchre, and we ate and conversed with him, and we saw him when he departed from the midst of us and ascended into heaven. You to whom I write have not seen Christ in the flesh, as we saw him, but then, though you have not seen him, you love him with a love equal to ours.”

It would appear it was an interesting sight to the apostles who had known Christ in the days of his flesh, and who loved him with a

love which was proved to be stronger than death, to see themselves surrounded by men in whom the same principle of love existed, and who, though they had not seen the Lord of their salvation, yet rejoiced in him with joy unspeakable and full of glory. It must have brought a joy to their minds not easily apprehended by us, to see a holy family arising around them, and bound by the same tie of love to that Master who had left the earth, before they had been brought to know him, and to apprehend his glory. Peter and the rest had seen the Saviour,—the young converts had not seen Him,—thus far they differed; but in this they agreed,—they both loved him. They both sought supremely the advancement of his glory,—and the difference of their condition, in the estimation of Peter, only made their relation to Christ more interesting and worthy of his regard.

In this country, where the influence of Christianity has been long felt, the depravity of men's minds has been retained by a morality that requires at least an outward respect from all,—the lives and properties of men are so fully secured by equitable laws, that a man may openly profess the gospel, without suffering violence either in his person or property. But it was not so in the first ages of the church. The heathens had the whole executive power in their hands, and they had no code of morals to restrain their resentments. And thus it happened, that the early Christians were beset on all sides by a multitude who were ready on every occasion to rise up against them,—while at the same time, the laws which should have been their defence, were often framed for the purpose of rendering their extermination more general and more certain. In these circumstances, when a man avowed himself to be a disciple of Christ, it was needful his love should be of that kind which many waters could not quench. When on earth, the Master had often warned his disciples of what they would have to expect from the world. "In the world," he says, "ye shall have tribulation. If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you." And again,—"then they shall deliver you up to the afflicted, and shall kill you, and ye shall be hated of all men for my name sake." And the history of the Church shews how awful a fulfilment these words received, after the Lord departed from the earth, and his disciples had gone forth to publish the gospel among the nations. The language of Christ, on another occasion, shews us what was the condition in

which the early christians were placed, when they avowed their allegiance to him in the face of a sinful world. "Behold, I send you forth as lambs in the midst of wolves." They came forth with the meekness of the lamb, but with all its defencelessness. They came forth clad in that armour which the Saviour had purchased with his own blood,—and wearing this armour they sought no other. They were like warriors prepared for battle, for they had a girdle around their loins, but it was the girdle of truth, and they had a breastplate on their breasts, but it was the breastplate of righteousness,—and they had a shield on their arms, but it was the shield of faith, to quench the fiery darts of the wicked. And they had upon their heads a helmet, but it was the helmet of salvation. And they had a sword in their hands, but it was the sword of the spirit, which is the word of God. All these pieces of armour, defensive and offensive, they possessed, but it was, that they might contend against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.—The Lord had not provided them with armour to war against flesh and blood. They were exhorted only to be wise as serpents and harmless as doves. Such was the manner in which the Lord thought meet to send forth his disciples in the midst of the nations, and they received that treatment which He had foretold. They were reviled because of the name they bore. They were esteemed turbulent men,—disturbers of the world,—haters of mankind.—They were spoiled of their goods, under the mockery of the laws,—they were imprisoned and put to death in every way that the fury of their enemies could devise. And hence we find it recorded of the early christians, that they took joyfully the spoiling of their goods, knowing in themselves they had a better and enduring substance. And not only so, but so searching was the ordeal by which the love of the disciples was tried, that we find it compared to the intense heat which purifies the gold of its dross and alloy. "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, although some strange thing happened to you." And that the fiery trial to which Peter refers, did come, history informs us,—for it was at this crisis the apostle was cut off by an ignominious death. It was at this time, that the Emperor Nero, who sat as head over the idolatrous nations, assisted by multitudes as blood-thirsty as himself, persecuted and laid waste the Church of Christ. The Lord had

given a command, that when persecuted in one city they should flee into another; but their enemies who could wield the power of persecution in the most distant cities in the earth, and could seize them in whatever quarter of the world to which they might flee, had rendered the privilege of flight from one city to another of little avail,—for we are informed “they were persecuted from city to city;”—they were accounted the filth of the world and the offscouring of all things. Their’s was not a profession that might be assumed without prejudice of their worldly interests,—but with their profession was involved the safety of their possessions and of all earthly good. When they resolved to attach themselves to the cause of Christ, they had before them the prospect of losing all that is held most dear among men,—their standing in society,—their friends, yea, and their own lives also; and by so doing, they proved that their love to Christ was pure, that their profession of his gospel was sincere.

We know no argument more fitted to quicken us in these latter days, than to read of the doings and sufferings of the early Church;—and we may be allowed to say, that Mr. Jamieson, in compiling these illustrations of the manners and trials of the primitive Christians, has done good service to the cause of godliness,—illustrations not of apostolical succession, a deceitful figment which would lead men into the broad way of destruction, but of apostolical religion. Illustrations of this sort, assuredly have no tendency to gender strife and vain boastings, but rather lowliness of mind and godly edifying,—for what section of the church is not behind their primitive brethren? The following passage exhibits their fervent charity to their poor and afflicted brethren:—

“But the primitive christians were not content with conveying their alms through the public channels of the church. To them it appeared a sacred duty to countenance the poor with their presence and their purse in their own homes, where they could make more minute inquiries into their wants, and tender them the comforts of christian sympathy and counsel, which, by the brethren, both of high and low degree, were more highly prized than even the open-handed benevolence that ministered to their temporal necessities. This pious office was more especially delegated to the female members of the community, as it was thought, both from the delicate nature of the embassy, and from the jealous spirit of ancient society, they possessed facilities of access to the domestic privacy of all classes, denied to their brethren of the other sex. And exemplary

was the prudence and fidelity with which they discharged their trust. Every moment they could spare from the prior claims of their own household, the christian matrons devoted to those errands of mercy; and while they listened to the widow’s tale of other days, and her traits of the friend who had gone to his rest,—or saw the aged in their hut of poverty, bending under the weight of years,—or sat by the bedside of the afflicted, and those that were ready to die,—or found, as was frequently the case, the helpless babe, which the frigid heart of a pagan mother had exposed and forsaken in the lonely path, they provided for the wants of each, and administered appropriate comforts both for the body and the soul. But these were light and easy attentions compared with the duties which their charitable mission frequently imposed on them. In those days there were no public institutions for the reception of the poor, and for the medical treatment of the diseased; and, as there were few or none among the heathen in private life, who ever thought of entering the abodes of poverty and sickness, and helping their neighbours,—such was the cold and unfeeling selfishness of the heathen world,—the christians were never without objects, in every form of human wretchedness, towards whom their benevolence was required. Indeed it is almost incredible to what offices the ardour of their christian spirit led them to condescend. They, though all of them were women moving amid the comforts of domestic life, and some of them ladies of the highest rank, never inured to any kind of labour, scrupled not to perform the meanest and most servile offices that usually devolved on the lowest menial. Not only did they sit by the bedside of the sick, conversing with, and comforting them, but with their own hands prepared their victuals, and fed them,—administered cordials and medicine,—brought them changes of clothing,—made their beds,—dressed the most repulsive and putrefying ulcers,—exposed themselves to the contagion of malignant distempers,—swaddled the bodies of the dead, and, in short, acted in the character of once of the Physician, the nurse, and the ambassador of God.—Their purse and their experience were always ready, and the most exhausting and dangerous services were freely rendered by these christian women. In process of time, however, as the christian society extended its limits, and the victims of poverty and sickness became proportionally more numerous, the voluntary services of the matrons were found inadequate to overtake the immense field, and hence, besides the deacons and deaconesses who, at a very early period of the church, were appointed to superintend the interests of the poor, a new class of office-bearers arose, under the name of Parabolani, whose province it was to visit and wait on the sick in malignant and pestilential diseases. Those, whose number became afterwards very great,—Alexandria alone, in the

time of Theodosius, boasting of six hundred,—took charge of the sick and the dying, under circumstances in which, while it was most desirable they should have every attention paid to them, prudence forbade mothers and mistresses of families to repair to them, and thus, while the heathen allowed their poor and their sick to pine in wretchedness, and to die before their eyes unpitied and uncared for, there was not in the first ages a solitary individual of the christian poor, who did not enjoy all the comforts of a temporal and spiritual nature that his situation required."

In modern times through our familiarity with having in our houses the Holy Scriptures, we are prone to be forgetful of the privilege. It might lead to a better feeling, if it were kept in remembrance how much the early christians prized that blessed book, and what sufferings they underwent to hand it down to the generations who should follow after. The following passage is instructive in this respect :—

"One peculiar feature of this persecution merits notice,—the destruction of the Scriptures. Formerly the heathens had directed their vengeance exclusively against the lives of christians, flattering themselves that, by the removal of the living friends of the gospel, the cause itself would receive its death-blow. The experience of two centuries having made them better acquainted with the habits of the new sect, taught them that, so long as the Bible existed, the seed of the Word would raise a new succession of believers to increase and perpetuate the worship of Christ in the following age, and that nothing promised to effect the complete and universal suppression of christianity, but the destruction of the Sacred Volume. In the blind and impetuous prosecution of these views, they not only issued the most positive orders for the delivery of all copies of the Scriptures belonging to churches, but employed inquisitors to search the houses of all known or suspected christians for the prohibited book. The execution of these orders gave rise to some most interesting traits of attachment to the truth. The Bishop of Carthage, the moment the edict for the burning of the Sacred Volume was known in that city, repaired privately to his church, withdrew all the copies of the Scripture thence to his own house, and left in their room the writings of some contemptible heretics. The inquisitors, whether from indifference, or ignorance, seized these as their prey, and carried them off. In this case it is probable the governor was not very strict; at all events, as no questions were asked, the Bishop cannot be charged with any breach of christian propriety. On the refusal of another African minister to part with the Scriptures, the humane inquisitors insisted on his delivering to them his superfluous writings, evidently wishing, by the manner in which they made

their demand, to afford him a way of escape.—But all governors were not equally lax, and all christians did not so easily retain the precious treasure of their divine books. At this time, when a copy of the Scriptures was valued above jewels, and christians were afraid to hazard the loss of so precious a treasure by the open and indiscriminate display of their possession, it became a very general practice to conceal the Sacred Volume in some secret place—in some useless and neglected chest, that would excite no suspicion—within a covered hole in the walls of their chambers—beneath the hearth, or in the corner of their gardens. One copy was reserved for the use of a neighbourhood, and the christians of the place met in the house of a common friend, who read aloud to the company the words of eternal life. In a country town of Numidia, where a company of this description were assembled, the reader had not proceeded far in his much-valued office, when their seclusion was disturbed by the appearance of a military party, who, each seizing his man, led the whole group to the tribunal of the proconsul. Undaunted by the painful situation in which they found themselves, the prisoners cheered themselves by the way with singing the songs of Zion; and amid the profane mirth or blasphemous threatenings of the guard, encouraged each other 'not to be cast down, or disquieted within them; but to trust in God, who would yet be the health of their countenance and their joy.' Arrived in the presence of the governor, the burden of undergoing examination fell on the reader. 'Why did you harbour these?' was the first interrogation of the proconsul. 'I could not decline to receive my brethren,' was the calm reply. 'The imperial edict,' it was again insisted, 'ought to have outweighed these considerations.' 'Have you the holy Scriptures?' 'Yes,' was the answer of the martyr, 'but I have them in my heart.' Similar was the fortitude of Felix, the African believer. Being asked whether he had the Scriptures, he acknowledged he had. But to the demand for their delivery to the hands of the proconsul, he resolutely replied, that he would not part with them but with his life.—On another occasion, a company of about fifty persons who were apprehended, were, in consequence of their refusal to surrender their bibles, subjected to the utmost severity of treatment. 'Why do you keep the Scriptures, when they are forbidden by the emperor?' 'Because,' they unanimously exclaimed, 'they contain the words of eternal life.'"

The last passage we shall subjoin, is a narrative of the escapes of Dionysius, one of the Bishops of Alexandria, who, for his fidelity in preaching the word, incurred the hatred of men in power :—

"A third was Dionysius, Bishop of Alexandria, who, as well from his presiding over the largest and most flourishing church in the

world, as from his own personal eminence, was an especial object of the emperor's hatred, and suffered severely in the general calamity, although the good providence of God preserved a person of so much usefulness, from the premature fate of martyrdom. An episode in his history, connected with the troublous period of the Decian persecution, may, by its tragi-comic nature, relieve the painful interest of these anecdotes. So strict and particular were the instructions sent to Sabinus, the Governor of Egypt, to apprehend and dispose of the Bishop, that without a moment's delay, he despatched an officer to surprise him before any suspicion of immediate danger had alarmed the church for the safety of their beloved pastor. The messenger never dreaming that at such a time of uncertainty and trouble, when almost all the ministers of the christians had betaken themselves to flight, Dionysius would be quietly resting at home, waylaid every place, and searched every corner of the city in vain, except the house which the Bishop and his family inhabited. Four days had he remained there, awaiting the fate which he thought was inevitable, till at length yielding to the importunate entreaties of his friends, he left the place, accompanied by a few of his christian friends and favourite domestics, to consult their safety in a distant land. They had not proceeded far in their midnight expedition, when they were overtaken by a military party, who, as usual, were prowling the country to seize all christian fugitives they could meet with; and having discovered what a valuable prize they had in their prisoner, led him under a strong escort to the nearest centurion, who, with his five inquisitorial colleagues, soon passed on the Bishop a sentence of death, and ordered him to be conveyed to a little seaport, at a short distance from Alexandria, to prevent any popular tumult which the death of so eminent a man might occasion. It happened that, while the military guard were conducting their prisoner to the scene of execution, they were met by a man on his way to a marriage feast, who learning to his deep sorrow, the name and the fate of Dionysius, told the sad story to the marriage company on his arrival. The mournful intelligence threw a gloom over every guest, and at length, fortifying themselves with wine, they, with one consent, rushed out of the house, entered the town, and, uttering the most vocifer-

ous yells, attacked the doors of the cell where Dionysius was confined till the morning. The soldiers on guard, hearing the clamour of many voices, were panic-struck, and betaking themselves to flight, left the prisoner in the hands of the assailants, who, having gained access to the chamber, found the good man in his bed, enjoying a tranquil slumber, as if nothing more than ordinary was to befall him the ensuing day. Being thus suddenly awakened, and finding himself surrounded by a body of armed men, he concluded they were robbers, and handing them his clothes that were lying beside him, bade them take what little money they could find. Without disclosing their intentions, they commanded him peremptorily to rise and accompany them; and, while he was remonstrating with them, and beseeching them in the most importunate manner, not to embitter the few hours he had yet to live, two of them approaching his bed, laid hold on him, and dragging him to the door, disappeared as suddenly and mysteriously as they had come into his presence.—His fellow-prisoners, however, who had been apprized of the stratagem, found him in the fields adjoining his late prison, and after offering a short but united expression of thanksgiving for so strange a deliverance, placed him on his ass, and withdrew with him to the deserts of Egypt, where they remained till this sad season of trial to the christians was over, and happier times restored Dionysius and other exiled Bishops to the communion of the brethren, and the privileges of christian citizenship in their respective churches in all parts of the world."

We observe from the Edinburgh newspapers, that the author of this book is one of a number of christian men who were engaged sometime ago delivering lectures to the mechanics and others, demonstrating the harmony between science and theology. Here, however, Mr. J. has a higher end in view, even to lead the sincere believer to imitate the graces of those who have run the christian race, and obtained the prize of their high calling,—a comprehensive work truly, and one in which we cordially bid him God speed, to vindicate the credentials, and to throw light upon the contents of the Sacred Volume.

A DIALOGUE ON SLAVERY.

[FOR THE CANADIAN CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.]

A. Let us take a walk into the country,—the season is pleasant. The Indian summer is now come. The toils of harvest are over, and the woods and fields have prepared themselves for the approach of winter. Now is the most delightful part of the year. The warmth of summer, and the coolness of autumn, are found blending together to produce a season agreeable to all. Indeed I never enjoy an Indian summer without being pleased that I crossed the Atlantic for Canada.

B. I shall gladly accompany you, but you will allow me to choose a topic of discourse, as I have just been reading about slavery, and have felt a peculiar interest in it. This will afford us matter for conversation, and I confess I like a walk all the better that one has something instructive to converse about. And I shall relish this topic more highly that I know you have made it, in all its bearings, the subject of careful study.

A. You much over-rate my fitness to act as your instructor, but I shall gladly communicate to my friend my sentiments on the great question, the lawfulness of slavery. At the same time, I fear it is too deeply rooted in the world to be removed by the plainest arguments concerning its injustice.

B. But does my friend take for granted, that slavery is an evil,—for my part I had always understood there were many weighty arguments that might be urged in its behalf; and I have heard of slave-holders who professed a great zeal in the cause of religion, and who considered those as dangerous men who broached the idea of slaves being set free. I should wish my friend, therefore, to lay aside all idle declamation, and prove to me that slavery is opposed to the word of God. I disregard clamour on a matter of such grave importance, and will admit no lower standard than this in estimating the character of slavery.

A. I agree with you my friend, in your views as to the Scriptures being the standard whereby all controversies ought to be decided. At the same time there is such a principle as equity, which mere natural conscience requires to be observed in all transactions between man and man, and I know few

grosser violations of natural equity, than to claim the same right of property in a man's person, which one does in the case of an inferior animal. If this be equitable, it would be equity in another man to apply the same rule to the master, and reduce him to a state of servitude,—and thus, on the principle that might is right, every enormity may be vindicated.

B. I must confess I always looked upon arguments deduced from abstract reasoning as devoid of authority, and inefficacious in the settlement of questions where human interests and passions are involved. They may have all the aspect of soundness, but they want force, and men brush them aside as the cobwebs of sophistry, and go on in their usual course notwithstanding. So, if my friend would wish to carry my faintest convictions along with him, it will be needful to shew, on scripture premises and arguments, that slavery is opposed to the mind of God.

A. My friend observed that African who has just passed us,—well, let us suppose such a man in the presence of a jury of honest and intelligent citizens, to urge the plea of natural equity. To raise that arm with which his Creator has furnished him as well as his white brother, and in which the life-blood circulates with the same healthful play, and to plead the equity on which his claim to participate in the freedom of the commonwealth, rests,—and I am persuaded my friend would admit the equity of the appeal, and would feel, too, that there was no want of authority, save in the seared consciences of the holders of the slave. But, coming to the argument from Holy Writ, I suppose my friend will admit, that man's title to possess the things of this world, is rather of the nature of a chartered, than of an absolute right.

B. You mean to state, that the absolute right belongs to the Creator of all things, and man's right is a derived one, and must be discovered from the terms of the grant.

A. My friend has stated the distinction I intended to draw. The earth with its fulness belongs only to God, and his right to all things is absolute. Man's right of proprietorship must be limited, by the obvious interpretation of the grant. Had God granted to man only one out

of the innumerable class of good things which the world contains, even in this case he had been under the highest moral obligation to confine himself within the defined limits,—much more when the earth and its productions are given for his use and enjoyment.

B. And truly, if you produce a charter defining man's right to the things of this world, —I shall consider the subject in dispute capable of an easy settlement,—but though I have often read through the bible, I never remember to have met with such a document.

A. And yet with all deference to the discernment of my friend, I apprehend the essentials of a bequest may be found in the narrative as given by Moses,—and in which the right of possessing a property in man having no place, it must needs be a usurped right, and therefore of no force or efficacy at all.

B. Let my friend make good his assertion, that there are the essentials of a charter declaring the extent of man's right to external things, in the writings of Moses; for this must be the criterion of the validity of the title to a property in man, and not the abuses of subsequent generations.

A. Be pleased then to peruse with care the grant made to Adam of all the trees of the garden, with one exception, for his use, together with the earth itself. And of the renewal of the grant to Noah, after the flood, of fish, fowl and cattle, in which, as is manifest from other passages of scripture, minerals and other substances are included. And though man is here mentioned, it is not in such a way as to sanction the argument of the slave-holders, that he too may be converted into an article of property.—

On the contrary, the very thought of such a mode of dealing with a brother-man, is to fly in the face of Holy Writ. "And God created man in his own image; in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them. And God blessed them; and God said unto them, be fruitful, and multiply and replenish the earth and subdue it; and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowls of the air, and over every thing that moveth upon the earth." Silence concerning the right of property claimed by the slave-holder, I think, is here equal to a positive disapproval.

B. I confess I never thought of man's right to the use of earthly things being limited by the grant of the Creator. And yet I think your views might be confirmed by the moral precepts of other parts of Scripture, wherein the equity and tenderness which should charac-

terise all the transactions between man and man, are largely insisted on. And though it is true, Noah is soon after represented as denouncing a curse upon Ham, this is rather as speaking prophetically of what should come to pass in after times, than as justifying the persons who should be guilty of introducing or of supporting slavery in the world. And there is a striking proof to this effect, in the fact that God punished Edom, Assyria, and other nations for the evils they had brought upon Israel, though they were only fulfilling prophecy in what they did. -

A. My friend has fully anticipated my views. It is a proof of the weakness of the arguments that are used in defence of slavery, when one hears the prophecy of Noah adduced for this end. In reference to the sin of Ham, which brought on him the prophetic denunciation of his father Noah, the punishment of this belongs to God, and not man. And without doubt, the words which the prophet addressed to the cruel adversaries of Israel, may be applied to those men who enslave the posterity of Ham. "I am very sore displeas'd with the heathen that are at ease, for I was but a little displeas'd and they help'd forward the affliction."—Zech. 1, 15.

B. But can my friend give no farther illustrations of the views of Scripture on this important matter, affecting the interests of so large a portion of our brethren of mankind. I confess I feel a deeper interest in the discussion, from the views my friend has unfolded. And this leads me to desire some farther elucidation of what may be gathered from Scripture, condemnatory of the long oppressions that have been practis'd upon our sable brethren, the Africans.

A. Has B reflected on some of the qualities of slavery. I forbear to speak of the power which in such a state of society is given to individual men over the persons of helpless women and children,—a power which is the fruitful source of confusion and wickedness. I would direct my friend's attention for the present, to the power vested in the owner, of disposing of the slave by sale,—and yet this power is an element implied in the thing called slavery. It is not enough to say, that all slave-holders do not dispose of their persons for money. It is enough that they uphold the right to do so, by alleging a right of property in the person of a fellow-creature. And can such a thing as slavery, which in its essential character supposes the right of selling men, women

and children, as brute beasts are sold, be in conformity with the pure principles of the word of God. Looking at the principles of God's word apart altogether from any positive prohibition of slavery, I should say *a priori*, that the system of holding such a property in man, was opposed to the mind and will of God.

B. I should take this as a token of the humane feelings of my friend. But here stands the matter; the apologists for slavery demand a positive prohibition, and nothing short of this will bend them to give up the hold they have of their African brethren. And it is but justice to say, that I have heard of slave-holders being such kind friends to the slave, that he has become perfectly satisfied with his condition.

A. Doubtless there have been humane pirates too, but did this circumstance justify piracy. My friend seems to think, that the slave-holders are such men that they are only waiting for farther light on the path of duty,—so that, when it is received, they will readily set at liberty their families of bondsmen. But does my friend remember the conduct of a royal slave-holder recorded in Scripture. He received a positive injunction concerning the Israelites in their bondage within his dominions. But did Pharaoh of Egypt obey the divine command? I true not. The clearer it was, he hardened his heart the more, and refused to obey. So is it with the slave-holder. The Scriptures give evidence enough to shew that the right of property in the Africans, is a foul usurpation on the part of their masters. And yet it is maintained,—yes, and will doubtless be apologized for too, until these modern tyrants receive an overthrow akin to that of the ancient taskmasters of Egypt, in the Red Sea.

B. Is not, then, the Lord's deliverance of Israel from the bondage of Egypt, a testimony against the lawfulness of slavery? There was no necessity for this act, had slavery been a thing of indifference. The Lord might easily have accomplished all his purpose concerning Israel, though in a state of servitude. But the fact, that he saved them from slavery, and placed them in a state of freedom, seems demonstrative enough, that the conduct of the slave-holder is opposed to the mind of the merciful God, who hath made of one blood all the nations of men.

A. My friend has made something like a near cut to the argument I was about to advance. I confess I like what he has said regarding the deliverance of Israel from the Egyptian bondage, as bearing upon the ques-

tion of slavery,—seeing it goes to shew that there is a warrant for a christian legislature abolishing the whole system. The slave-holders and their friends are fond of arguing that Scripture leaves the slave holding form of society entire, and only presents motives to the hearts and understandings of christians, urging to acts of honesty and kindness; but your argument goes to shew, that though Israel were not all converted men, yet, that God in mercy to them as a nation, struck off their fetters and set them free.

B. The wise man has said, "iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend," and such I have experienced at this time. Your conversation has given me so much new light on this subject, that I must acknowledge the obligation to be wholly on my part. I had often heard it asserted, that Scripture was entirely silent about the framework of society, and that it was a matter of indifference whether men were in a state of slavery or not, but certainly the deliverance of the Israelitish nation from Egyptian slavery demonstrates the erroneousness of such a view. However, as my friend has promised something farther, I shall gladly listen to whatever argument he may adduce, by way of exposing the true nature of this moral pestilence, which has so long afflicted a large portion of our race.—But has my friend ever reflected upon the fact, that the Jews were allowed to make slaves of the nations round about?

A. As my friend has manifested so much of candour in this discussion, I should wish the more earnestly to expose the baselessness of the whole fabric of slavery. The heathen nations in and around Canaan, were accounted the enemies of God, and the Israelites were commanded to destroy them; but surely this commandment can never be pleaded as an abolition of the anterior law of God, forbidding the shedding of man's blood,—and with as little reason can the permission allowed to the Jews, of enslaving the captives of the nations round about, be pleaded as a reversal of the anterior law of love and equity to our brethren of mankind. The answer given by Christ on a like occasion is fully in point,—“from the beginning it was not so.” It is vain, therefore, to plead the permission given to the Jews, of making slaves of the heathen, as warranting a similar permission to the Gentiles, of making slaves of each other. A Jew may rightfully plead this apology for slavery, but in the mouth of a Gentile it is absurd.

B. Most certainly; but how were Jews required to act in reference to each other?—Was a Jew not permitted to make a slave of one of his own religion?

A. *Without his own expressed consent*, when an awl was thrust through his ear, no Jew might be made a bondsman. The Lord was pleased to give an express prohibition to the nation of enslaving any of their brethren.—That my friend may distinctly understand the nature of the law on this point, I shall quote the following words from the book of Leviticus. “And if thy brother that dwelleth by thee be waxen poor, and he be sold unto thee, *thou shalt not compel him to serve as a bond servant, but as a hired servant, and as a sojourner shall he be with thee*, and shall serve thee unto the year of jubilee, and then shall depart from thee, he and his children with him, and shall return unto his own family, and unto the possession of his father’s shall he return, *for they are my servants which I brought forth out of the land of Egypt, they shall not be sold as bondsmen, thou shalt not rule over him with rigour*. My friend will observe, that the reason here given, defines the application of the law. This reason is the redemption of Israel from Egypt,—and who does not know that this work was only the shadow of a greater work which God accomplished for all nations? And if the lesser work could be made the basis of a local prohibition against slavery, so must the greater work be of a prohibition co-extensive with the world itself. Had no reason been given for this prohibitory law, there might have been some doubts whether it was to be enjoined on christian nations, but when a reason for it is discovered in the redemption by Christ,—one more stringent than that which imposed it upon the Jews, the law must be acknowledged in its fullest import, as binding on all people.

B. But ought nations to enforce this law?

A. Undoubtedly,—it is as much binding upon them as upon individuals. Each individual is bound to observe it, and the corporate body, in their legislative and judicial capacity,

are bound likewise. From this they cannot free themselves without lying open to the charge of national infidelity.

B. I remember a few passages of Holy Writ, which I think may well be written under that beautiful testimony which my friend has adduced against modern slavery, the prohibition to the Jews of enslaving their brethren, because the Lord had brought them out of Egypt. “Thou shalt not defraud thy neighbour, neither rob him, the wages of him that is hired shall not abide with thee all night until the morning.” “Woe unto him that buildeth his house by unrighteousness, and his chambers by wrong,—that useth his neighbour’s service without wages, and giveth him not for his work.” “Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.” Compared with Luke x, 29—37.—These texts, and others that might be given, demonstrate, that slavery, by whatever nation it may be practised, is a violation of the revealed will of God. There is still one particular on which I desire the opinion of my friend—May a nation not gradually abolish slavery?

A. No. God hath spoken in his word, and the obedience thereto ought to be prompt and immediate. Prudent measures ought assuredly to be taken, but the abolition act ought not to be delayed. All history bears testimony to the truth, that righteousness exalts a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people. And let those who would follow a temporizing expediency, be warned by the fate of Pharaoh. All the arguments they bring forward in favour of keeping in bondage their brethren the Africans, could have equally been urged by him in favour of keeping the Israelites in bondage,—he could have spoken of the rude violence done to private rights,—of the disruption which their liberation would make in the centre of his kingdom,—he could have said, also, that he was not the author of slavery; but all this availed him not, and heathen though he was, he stands out a fearful example to rulers, of refusing obedience to the commandments of God.

NOTES OF A MISSIONARY VISIT TO DARLINGTON.

In last number of the *Examiner* a notice was inserted concerning the Presbyterian Church in the above township. But as a desire had been expressed for some fuller account, the writer has been led to revise the notes which he took at the time, and to present them entire to the reader. And he does so the more readily, because however brief and imperfect, he hopes they may be the means of stirring up his brethren in other destitute localities, to seek the establishment of word and ordinance among them. It is of importance, that congregations should be organized, even though they should be left for a time, in a great measure, to the care of one or more ruling elders. In this way, the people are kept together, and a certain amount of pastoral superintendence (a matter of much avail in suppressing the spread of Sabbath-breaking and irreligion) is provided by the occasional visits of ministers and preachers.—Indeed I have known great benefit arise from the labours of faithful elders. I have known such men preserve congregations for years from falling away among other sectaries, to the real advantage of the people themselves, as well as of the Church at large, of which they were members. What hinders, therefore, that Presbyterian elders communicating with a neighbouring minister, or with the Presbytery of the bounds, should gather together the scattered sheep of the flock, and engage every Sabbath in prayer, praise, and the reading of the Word? In this way they would be an unspeakable blessing to our people, at present in great destitution in consequence of the unequal distribution of the funds set apart for the support of a Protestant Clergy. And they would have moreover the approbation of their own minds in having done what they could to advance the cause of Christ in the land.

October 1, 1840.—At the request of Mr. Alexander of Cobourg, made to me some months ago, I set out for Darlington, to assist in dispensing the Sacrament, to a newly-formed congregation in that township. I intended to have begun my journey yesterday, but the weather was so wet and stormy, that however anxious to be on the road, I could not have proceeded half a mile without being drenched by the rain. I may observe, that in this country I have sel-

dom found an engagement interrupted by rainy weather. In the Old Country, one could seldom find a day for a journey, without the unpleasant anticipation being present to the mind, that it would probably be a bad one. But in Canada, whatever other discomforts the emigrant may experience, there is in this matter a considerable improvement. For months together, it may not be his lot to be interrupted in his journeyings abroad, by an inclement sky. I have not at present beside me the data to state the relative proportions of rainy days to dry, in the two countries, but I am sensible it is considerably higher in the Old Country than in this. And a small anecdote may shew that I am not singular in this impression. An acquaintance who had spent a winter in Scotland, not long ago, was so much surprized at the inferiority of the climate, that when he returned, and met a countryman, who could not be supposed to require information on such a point, addressed him in these words: "Ah, sir, it's a wretched climate,—it's always raining!" Allowing something for the hyperbole, the traveller, it appears, wished to congratulate himself that he had at length got to the wind side of those clouds which had so besprinkled him on the other side of the Atlantic. But to proceed,—in consequence of the rain which had fallen, the roads were so bad, that for a great part of the way, I could proceed at no greater speed than a walking pace. It was, therefore, late in the evening before I reached Whitby. Here I was entertained by Mr. D——, a good friend of our Church, and in correspondence with some of her leading men,—a gentleman whose varied information, natural eloquence, and sound constitutional principles, would fit him for serving his adopted country in the senate, as well as in the office of a local magistrate. Mr. D——, however, labours under an affliction which he bears with a cheerfulness which the hopes and consolations of religion alone can inspire.—Here, partaking first of that beverage "which cheers but not inebriates," the inmates were assembled, and after reading a portion of the sacred volume, and singing a psalm, we bent around the family altar, to supplicate those blessings, without which, all others are only vanity,—realizing, I trust, the truth referred by the poet:—

"There's mercy in every place,
And mercy, encouraging thought,
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot."

It happened I had with me some religious newspapers, containing information concerning the struggle in which our Church at home is engaged, to uphold the privileges secured to her by the constitution, as well as by the word of God; my friend was so deeply interested in finding those principles he had so long advocated in Scotland, making progress in the northern parts of the country, where moderation had prevailed, that we continued reading and discussing these matters until a late hour. Having rode nearly forty miles, however, I was glad to retire to rest.

October 2.—I started early this morning, and set out for the place of appointment. The morning was cloudy, and I was at first afraid we should have a return of the heavy rains. It continued fair, and by twelve o'clock I arrived at the house of Mr. B. an elder of the Presbyterian Church in Darlington. Mr. B. came to this country eight years ago. I received a truly christian welcome from him and his family. In the afternoon we took a walk down to the side of Lake Ontario,—for his farm, of some 200 acres, bounds with that noble expanse of water. The wind was high, and the waves rolled and roared, dashing themselves on the extended shores, that I could scarce feel otherwise than if on the shores of the German or Atlantic ocean. Mr. B. is a specimen of the Celtic Scots,—a hardy race of men, whom the present, it is to be feared, degenerate chieftains are driving from their native mountains, to seek a home in this part of the western world. It is no enlightened patriotism which conducts this movement. It is nothing else, we fear, than luxury and the love of money. A higher rent given by a new tenant, is motive enough to influence the proprietor in dispossessing a tenant, whose gallantry in the battle-field has never been sullied, to make room for herds of cattle and sheep. The Lord, however, has overruled the doings of the proprietors for the good of the people,—and many an emigrant comes to find in his experience, that the country of his adoption, in which he has been forced to hew out his inheritance with his own hatchet, is a good land,—thus making the avarice of man the vehicle of forwarding the designs of his mercy. We walked along the steep banks of the Lake, meditating on the change which the course of a few years had produced on this

country. Then, the wild woods covered all these fertile enclosures,—and the naked Indian sunned himself on these shores. The deer drank out of these crystal waters, with little fear of the few wandering tribes,—the inhabitants of the land; and the bear and the wolf had not yet fled away into their fastnesses from the deadly rifle. It is seldom that one can get an extended view in this country. It is a land better fitted for the useful labours of the agriculturist, than for the less profitable work of the painter,—and yet there are few sights so sublime as a bird's eye view of the Canadian forest. Last summer I had stood on a hill in Caledon, and looked abroad over the tops of the trees. They were then covered with foliage of the richest green, far as the eye could see, until the circling horizon enclosed the magnificent wilderness. The labours of man, though not inconsiderable, were scarce to be traced,—it was a garden which the Lord, and not man, had planted, and it reflected back the wonders of his hand. And now again, at this time, standing on an elevated platform, and looking abroad over the forest, I could not but admire the change which had passed over it,—the tops of the trees had become yellow under the influence of the season. The deep verdure of summer had merged into the melow tints of autumn. The same law which had whitened a field of wheat, had whitened the amplitudes of the umbrageous forest. And I saw that greatness was only relative, and in reference to the power of the Almighty, great things and small were alike. The same Lord who covers the valleys with corn, covers Lebanon with cedars. There is a harmony between what is visible in nature, and what is written in the Scriptures. And could we look on creation, not with a cold sceptical gaze, but habitually with the eye of a humble and believing faith in the Creator, we should be better fitted for discerning the superior glory that shines in his Word. Infidelity would appear what it is, most foolish and wicked. Men would come to see such a grace and majesty in the Scriptures, as is visible in creation,—and the same conviction would be forced upon them, that they have God, and not man, for their author.

October 3.—Rode over with Mr. B. to Bowmanville. Here I met Mr. Alexander, who had been visiting during the greater part of the week, and catechising the people, previous to their admittance to the holy ordinance. I felt it a great comfort in coming so far, to find such an able and faithful coadjutor,—for the dispen-

sation of the Lord's Supper, to a people dwelling in the back woods of Canada, is a very responsible task. They may have been attended to at home,—but their circumstances are very different after coming to this country. Their regular seasons for labour and recreation are all broken in upon by the toils incidental to a first settlement,—their neighbourhood too is changed, and not always for the better,—with but little restraint from minister or elders. Considering these things, and remembering the natural depravity of the heart of man, there is no wonder that there should be often a falling away of our Presbyterian population, on coming to Canada. Mr. Alexander had kept a list of all those, whom after examination, he judged qualified to partake in the ordinance. They amounted to upwards of one hundred members. And yet these people, though truly desirous of receiving the bread of life, have been left to wander as sheep having no shepherd. I preached from Matthew, xiii, 44,—and though the roads were bad, and the clouds threatening rain, there was a good attendance. The church wherein we met was yet unfinished. The plan of it altogether is good, and the appearance handsome, but for the want of funds, it will be sometime before it is completed. Such as it was, however, I have seldom preached with more comfort to my own mind, and I would hope and pray, with some benefit to the people. After the service had closed, tokens were given to the intending communicants, prayer being first offered up for the divine blessing. Mr. S. and others who were elders in Scotland, have done much for this infant Church. And I was pleased with their pious care, manifested in a small matter indeed, but not on this account the less interesting. The pulpit was only a temporary erection,—and many would have said, “leave it alone,—it will do well enough as it is, for a time.” However, our friends reasoned more justly,—for I found them after the people had retired, preparing a covering of green freeze, which they had just purchased, to conceal the somewhat rustic workmanship. I need not say, that the pulpit was much improv-

ed when the work was done; and I could not help thinking, that the principle on which these excellent men acted, was worthy of imitation, and that a little labour on the part of a people, might be often so far desirable, as to render a sanctuary, wherein God is worshipped, more decent and more comfortable.

October 4.—The day was beautiful and clear,—and on coming up to the Church with my friend, we found it filled with a most attentive audience. The service began at half past ten o'clock, A. M. Mr. Alexander preached the action sermon, from John, xii, 26. The sermon was able, practical, and imbued throughout with evangelical principle. The congregation manifested, during all the religious services of the day, the greatest attention,—not a few of them tending forward in simple earnestness to hear from the Speaker the word of life, and turning up the passages in their bibles to which reference had been made. The table services were three in number,—and the communicants, while coming, while seated, and retiring from the table of the Lord, shewed a special regard for the apostolic injunction, to “do all things decently and in order.” After an interval of 20 minutes, I preached in the afternoon, urging on the people the obligation of improving their privileges,—and at five o'clock in the evening, the congregation joined in singing the words of a Psalm often used on like occasions in Scotland:—

The city shall be flourishing,
Her citizens abound
In number shall, like to the grass
That grows upon the ground.

His name for ever shall endure,
Last like the sun it shall,
Man shall be blest in him, and bless'd
All nations shall him call.

After which, with the apostolic benediction, the congregation was dismissed; and I would humbly trust, that this day's work will be found in the experience of many, as well as in the Church in Bowmanville collectively, to be as life from the dead.

Y—,

THE SOCIAL ECONOMY OF THE BEE.

[FOR THE CANADIAN CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.]

The natural history of the Bee has furnished materials to diverse writers, of reading important lessons to man living in society. Some seeing a queen set over the little commonwealth, have deduced an argument in favour of monarchical institutions. Others, in the fact, that the honeyed stores are defended by armed myriads, have seen the wisdom of supporting a military force, for the security of a nation's wealth. Others, admiring their providence and industry, have pointed to them as reading a practical lesson to man, of the necessity of cultivating these virtues. What the wise man said of another insect, is true of the bees, they "are a people not strong, yet they prepare their meat in the summer." They are small insects, but they are of special service to man. The honey they gather, serves him with food of exquisite delicacy. It is used, moreover, to a considerable extent in medicinal preparations. Their wax, too, is if possible, more valuable.—It is used for making candles, and much of it is used in the practice of surgery, in the composition of ointments, plasters and the like. Though a considerable quantity of this substance is produced in Great Britain, a late writer has stated, that nearly £80,000 worth is imported annually from other countries.

There are three classes of bees occupied in the hive,—the queen bee, the drone, and the working bee. The queen bee is easily distinguished from the rest of them, by her size.—Her wings are much shorter in proportion to her body, and for this reason she flies with less ease. In common with the working bee, she is armed with a sting, but her sting is bent, while their one is straight. She is less irascible than the working bees, and does not use her sting so readily as they do. The department of labour assigned to the queen bee in the small commonwealth, is that of laying the eggs,—and in doing this she is so prolific, that naturalists judging by the number of eggs found in the ovarium after dissection, have calculated that she may produce ten or twelve thousand bees, or even more, in the space of two months. The presence of the queen is indispensable to the well-being of the hive, so much so indeed, that should it happen she is killed or taken away,

and no young queen can be found to succeed her, all things go to confusion,—the work ceases, the stock of honey is consumed, and the workers are dispersed.

The drone is smaller in size than the queen bee. It was for some time a matter of doubt to what sex the drone bee belonged, but the dissection of it by naturalists, aided by the microscope, has proved that it is a male bee.—Drones are found in the hive from the middle of May to the end of June. Their numbers are said to be very irregular, varying according to some from six to seven hundred to two thousand. The proportion, it may be observed, is not fixed by the largeness or smallness of the hive, for a small hive may have many, and a large one only few. The drone has no sting, neither has he the proboscis of the working bee for gathering honey. Until Huber's time, it was the opinion of naturalists, that the drone bee impregnated the eggs in the cell, but that eminent naturalist appears, by a series of experiments, to have demonstrated the erroneousness of this opinion, and that the drones pair with the young queen in the air, shortly after swarming, which intercourse is sufficient to render all the eggs she lays for two years afterwards productive.

The working bee is admitted by all to be of neither sex,—and hence it is also called the neuter. There are some, however, that suppose they were originally females, and only became neuters in consequence of the manner in which they are bred and nourished when in the comb. The number of workers in a good hive amounts to fifteen, twenty, or even thirty thousand. The department of labour which belongs to them in the hive, is to build the combs, store them with "the sweet food" which gives bees all their value, and to wait upon the young. The substances collected by the working bees, naturalists divide into three, pollen, propolis and honey.

The pollen is found in the cups of certain flowers, being a sort of farina or powder. This the bee brushes off, and after collecting it into two balls, which are grasped by its hinder legs, it carries them into the hive. This substance is also called bee bread, and some hives are

computed to collect a hundred weight of it in a season. Naturalists assign two purposes to which pollen is applied,—*first*, when mixed with honey and water, it is used in feeding the larvæ in their cells,—and *second*, that after being eaten and digested by the working bees, it is afterwards disgorged by them and wrought up into combs.

The propolis is a kind of gum of a reddish colour. It is collected, according to some, from the buds of such trees as the birch, the willow and poplar,—it has a pleasant smell when warmed, and is much more tenacious than the wax. It is used in filling up seams or crannies in the skep. No sooner is the young swarm placed in their new domicile, than their first care is to make a survey of it, and to stop up every place that might admit either cold or insects, and this substance is used for that end. In short, it forms the plaster of the skep, as lime does of a house, and like the pollen, it is carried by the bee on its hinder legs.

Honey is a substance not made by bees as many suppose, but found ready made in the flowers of plants, or on the leaves of trees,—this substance it laps up with its proboscis, and conveys into its stomach,—and thus concealed, returns with it to the hive, and disgorges it into the cells fitted up for its reception. Part of this is reserved for food to the young, or to the hive generally, in case of bad weather, and part is sealed up with wax for the use of winter, when the flowers have withered and the leaves have fallen from the trees.

The eggs are laid by the queen bee in cells appropriated for them. The egg of the bee is about a twelfth of an inch in length. It has one end thicker than the other, and both ends are rounded. On the third or fourth day from its being-laid, the larva or maggot appears, and is fed by some of the workers, for the queen takes no farther notice of the young, save the laying of the eggs. The food used is bee bread and honey masticated by the nurse bee, and this liquor being infused into the cell, surrounds the larva, so that it seems to float in it. When the larva is first produced, it lies in a curved position, but when fully grown, it lies straight in the cell, having its head turned to the mouth or opening. The workers now cover the cell with a lid of wax, and the larva prepares for its transformation. It spins a sort of web after the manner of the silk worm, and this forms a lining to the cell, or downy nest, in which the transformation may be more easily effected. In the course of a few days the larva is transform-

ed, into a nymph, which, when grown, bites through the covering of the cell and comes out a perfect bee,—for two days it stands about the mouth of its cell, where it is fed with honey from the mouth of the nurse bee, and after this it is able to join the swarm in their work.

The same process is observable in respect to the rearing of drones and queens. The egg of the drone is larger, and when in the nymph state, it may be known by the covering, which is convex.

The cells in which queens are reared, are different from those of the working bee. They are generally placed at the side of the comb, and have something of the appearance of a pear,—the wider end, which forms the bottom, is uppermost, and the narrower, which forms the mouth of the cell, is turned down. In such a position it might be thought, the larva would immediately fall out, but it is retained by the glutinous nature of the substance which supplies it with food. There are several royal cells erected, sometimes, we are told, from two or three to twenty, but rarely so many as this last number. And now when the larvæ in these royal cells are about being transformed, the old queen becomes agitated and seeks their destruction. She would, to accomplish this end, tear open the coverings and bite or sting the larvæ to death, but the working bees defend them and beat her back. The queen thus repulsed, runs up and down over the royal cells and communicates her agitation to a large proportion of the other bees, which, forming a new society, composed partly of young bees, and partly of old, fly off from the parent hive in quest of a new abode. In this way the old queen is the leader of the first swarm.

The nurse bees continue to watch the royal larvæ, which, as the eggs were laid at intervals, they do not come to perfection on the same day. One it may be, has been covered up for seven days, and now in the shape of a young queen, she puts forth her horns and would be free from her confinement,—the nurse bees, however, will not permit her to come out until she is able to fly; and it is supposed they judge of her capability by her voice. No sooner does the young queen come out than she manifests the same desire with her predecessor for the destruction of the royal larvæ. She runs over and over them eager to sting them to death, but being beaten back, she also becomes agitated, others participate in it, when a portion of the bees leave the hive and cluster on the outside.

(*To be continued.*)

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

BY JANE TAYLOR.

Blind to ourselves,—to others not less blind,
 Who slowly learns to understand mankind.
 Saugine and ardent, undi-po-ed to hold
 The cautious maxims that our fathers told,
 We place new objects in the fairest light,
 And offer gen'rous friendship at first sight.
 Expect, (though not the first-rate mental powers)
 A mind at least in unison with ours;
 Free from those manner faults that most conspire
 To damp our love, if not put out its fire.
 Cold o'er the heart the slight expression steals,
 That first some trait of character reveals;
 Some fault, perhaps, less prominent alone,
 But causing painful friction with our own.
 Long is the harsh reluctant note suppress'd,
 We drive the cold suspicion from our breast;

But when confirm'd, our gen'rous love condemn,
 Turn off disgust'd with the world and them,
 Resolve no more at Friendship's fanc to serve,
 And call her names she does not quite deserve.
 But this is rash—Experience would confess
 That friendship's very frailties chill us less
 (Sincere and well intention'd all the while)
 Than the world's complaisant and polish'd smile.
 With other chaucels, n' m'less in my verse,
 Friends must be held "for better or for worse;"
 And that alone true friendship we shall call,
 Which undertakes to love us, *faults and all*;
 And she who guides this humble line could *prove*,
 There is, there is, such candid gen'rous love,
 And from the life, her faithful hand could *paint*
 Glowing exceptions to her own complaint.

REGISTER—ANCASTER, 1840.

DATE.	Thermometer.		Barometer.		WEATHER.
	9 A. M.	9 P. M.	9 A. M.	9 P. M.	
Oct. 1	56 °	56 °	29.02	29.09	Misty.
2	57	58	.05	29.73	Do. windy, rain at night.
3	43	48	28.86	29.03	Partly cloudy, windy.
4	57	59	29.04	.02	Fair and cl. ar.
5	60	60	.00	28.94	Do. do.
6	55	55	28.96	29.10	Do. do.
7	52	50	29.13	.13	Do. dry haze.
8	56	65	.10	.15	Do. do.
9	47	48	.30	.31	Rainy, a. m., cloudy, p. m.
10	46	52	.26	.11	Cloudy
11	57	58	28.76	28.73	Do. a little rain, a. m., windy.
12	50	44	.86	.97	Do. do. do.
13	51	54	.97	.93	Fair and clear.
14	52	45	.98	29.10	Do. do.
15	44	43	29.20	.28	Do. do.
16	40	41	.35	.28	Do. do.
17	43	50	.16	.19	Misty, drizzling rain.
18	52	55	.18	.12	Dense fog, rain at night.
19	62	56	28.94	28.99	Windy, rainy.
20	50	51	29.12	29.15	Fair and clear.
21	48	45	.07	28.96	Cloudy, some rain, p. m.
22	41	51	.08	.91	Partly cloudy.
23	50	39	28.80	.97	Do. do. windy.
24	37	40	29.18	29.16	Do. do.
25	39	33	28.97	28.95	Snowing, a. m., cloudy, p. m., lightning at night.
26	33	31	.91	29.15	Partly cloudy.
27	35	40	29.12	.07	Mostly cloudy, slight shower in the evening.
28	44	46	.00	.01	Misty, some drizzling rain, a. m.
29	44	43	.00	28.86	Misty, rainy.
30	42	40	28.86	.88	Cloudy.
31	40	43	.90	29.06	Fair, partly cloudy.
Means,	47.84	48.68	29.035	29.043	

Mean temperature of the month, 48.26 °,—highest 73 °, lowest 27 °.