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THE GOSPEL TRIBUNE,

FOR ALLIANCE AND INTERCOMMUNION

THROUGHOUT

Evangelical Christendom.

VOLUME II.]

MARCH, 1856.

[NUMBER 11.

“ONE IS YOUR MASTER, *even* CHRIST: AND ALL YE ARE BRETHREN.”

CLOSE OF VOL. II. OF THE GOSPEL TRIBUNE.

As the next number will be the twelfth and *last* of the current Volume, it will contain the requisite title-page and table of contents. *The first number of Vol. III. will be issued in May.* In relation to the success which has attended the Journal, it is only necessary to state, that the quantity printed of each monthly number of Vol. I., was 4,300 copies—of Vol. II., 6,700 copies—while, of Vol. III., arrangements are now making to print of each monthly number an edition of 8,000 copies. Remittances are already being sent in for the coming Volume. These prepayments are put down to the credit of the senders, as gratifying assurances of their confidence in the *Tribune*, and of their determination to award it an open-handed and generous patronage. If all the decided friends of the Journal only knew, or could in any way be led to understand the extent to which they would promote its usefulness, by immediately remitting prepayments in like manner, there is no doubt that it would be done by them at once, and the requisite effort and sacrifice most cheerfully made. That an increasing number of subscribers are giving pleasing proof of a growing willingness to assist, is cause of much thankfulness. All who have sent prepayments, and those who shall have done so before the issue of the May number, will find, on its receipt, all their remittances duly acknowledged by the appropriate attitude of their symbolic letters or figures,—the symbols of all the others will be turned down or inverted, to remain so, till payment is made.

Let those who have not yet paid for Vol. II., consult the blank form of account, as seen and explained on the last page of the cover, and remit as soon as possible in accordance therewith; in order that they may avoid the cost of collectors' calls as they will be in the field forthwith. Let those still owing for

Vol. I. do likewise, as it will cost them less to settle their accounts by letter than otherwise.

THE BINDING of the *Tribune* will still be executed by Mr. WATSON, of the Wesleyan Book Room, for 1s. 3d. per Volume, where the numbers have not been cut into leaves; when so cut, for 1s. 6d. cr'y.

Each Volume is always commenced with the full number of copies expected to be necessary to supply all the subscribers obtained up to the very close of the Volume. This is done from a firm conviction, that it is for the interest of every subscriber to secure the whole of the back numbers, in every case; the work being conducted on the principle of excluding from its pages every article the utility of which is considered *short-lived* or *local*, admitting such, and such *only*, as are obviously of permanent value.

Those who are now subscribers and have read the *Tribune* up to this date, are prepared to decide if they, and their respective households, are able to derive, annually, five shillings worth of information and comfort from its pages. If convinced of this, the reason of all such subscribers, will, of course, prevent them from interdicting the monthly visits of this Journal. Yet as, while doing the best possible to meet the reasonable expectations of all, it is probable that some will deem it a duty to discontinue, it is desirable that such should know the best method of doing so, and therefore they are requested not to write a letter, as that method requires them to spend *three pence* in prepaying the postage—neither should they send back a number of the *Tribune* if it is paid for, as that method breaks the Volume; it being only necessary that they should strip off the outside leaves or cover from any number—write on it, in a plain hand, the NAME and Post Office of the sender—(nothing else)—then fold it up, and tie around the same a strong thread or light cord, and mail it, addressed to the *Tribune* Office, Toronto; nothing more is necessary—the name will be removed from the subscription list if *no arrears are due*.

Moral and Religious Miscellany.

From a Thanksgiving Sermon by the Rev. John Thomson, D.D.,
of New York.

BRITISH AND AMERICAN ALLIANCE.

Look ye for a moment to that great tract of country—itsself a little continent—stretching from the Mediterranean away eastward and northward to the Caspian Sea. It is the very heart of the Eastern hemisphere; and in the keeping of an enterprising and ambitious people, it would be the key to one grand Eastern empire. With its lofty mountain ranges, its broad and deep rivers, its far-stretching and fertile plains, that country is destined to be, even as the ruins of ancient splendour testify that it has been, the abode and the nursery of a mighty people. There, however, dwell a slothful and effeminate race, nominally for the most part Christians, but in all things "too superstitious," and, until late years, wholly surrendered to the evil influences of an ecclesiastico-political despotism. The Greek Church, of which not only within his own territories, but also within those of other and dissimilar nations, the Russian Emperor claims to be regarded as the Head and Protector, is the prevalent Church there. The Greek, the Turk, the Muscovite, the Kurds, dwell there amid scenes of ever-recurring strife and contention. There, and amongst these tribes and peoples, American men—men of God—men, with the weapons of truth and love—men, with hearts big, and bold, and all-embracing, have planted anew the vine of Gospel doctrine, fresh from God's own Word, and blessed, and abundant above all expectations, are the fruits which are being gathered there. Almost the entire country belongs to Turkey, and is subject to Turkish rule; but to the zeal, and faithfulness, and piety of American missionaries, Turkish antipathy to Bible doctrine has been, in the providence of God, compelled to yield, and must yield yet more, for the law that pronounces death upon the convert from Mohammedanism, *must be repealed*, even as has the law of excommunication, with all its pains and penalties, against every convert from a lifeless superstition to the life and invigorating power of a truly Christian profession.

The labours of our missionaries in the Turkish dominions, and the success with which, with God's blessing, they have been attended, have attracted towards them the attention not only of the British Churches, but of British statesmen. In a speech delivered in the House of Lords, little more than a year ago, the Earl of Shaftesbury most honourably testified to the great change in Turkey, inchoated by the missionaries from the American Churches—spoke of their Bible distribution, their large tract-printing operations, and their zealous and effective evangelistic labours; and by the assembled peerage of Britain, the accounts of this great moral conflict in the East, waged by our own brethren, were received—O, not with jealousy nor with freezingly suspicious—but with unfeigned gladness of heart.

The effect of this too upon the British Churches, it is equally pleasing to contemplate. Recognising the whole land as already occupied and zealously cultivated by our American missionaries, they sought not to interfere with their operations by the establishment of rival organizations, but resolved, through their leading men, upon the formation of a society to aid our brethren in still further extending their labours. The society was formed, and is now zealously pursuing its honourable and noble course. And thus is there in operation an alliance in heart and in ac-

tive labour between the Christians of Britain and America for the regeneration and the elevation of the Turkish people; an alliance that offers them a security against Russian aggression more durable by far, and more highly to be prized, than that of trained and disciplined armies, though well found in all the munitions of war. There is not, indeed, about these silent operations, the glare, and the romance, and the pageantry of war, but the result of such operations will not be disputed by those to whom the recent elevation of the Sandwich Islanders is known. Is it not the phenomenon of the age, that while the united armies of Britain and France are engaged in bloody and fierce conflict with the sworn aggressor upon Turkish liberties, expending treasure and human life to an extent which the world has seldom if ever seen, with the determination to secure freedom for all that eastern land, the Christian Churches of America should be engaged conquering that land for Christ—in instructing and educating its various tribes and people for the appreciation and improvement of the liberties which the allied armies are now endeavouring to secure for them?

If it be remembered that the Russian Emperor claims the protectorate of the whole Greek Church, and that the refusal of Turkey to accede to this claim was the ground of the present disastrous conflict, who can fail to see that every member of that Church, delivered from its soulless and debasing superstitions, and joined to the Protestant community, now fully organized and amply secured in the possession of all rights and immunities, is just so much subtracted from the moral territory to which the unjust demands of Russia extend. If it be kept in view that this work is advancing with most astonishing rapidity, and that its ultimate success is now, in the good providence of God, placed beyond all hazard, and beyond all doubt, who does not see, if he have the Word of God in his hand, that the Christians of America have commenced a work which will, with God's blessing, fit the people of that glorious land for preserving and maintaining their own rights, and which will place the cope-stone of peace and tranquillity upon a work whose foundations have indeed been bathed in blood; and then from that very land, so near to the cradle of the human family, and itself the first resting-place of undefiled religion, shall go forth 'the true light,' both among the barbaric tribes of the north, and south, and east. 'The mountain of the Lord's house shall be established upon the tops of the mountains.' This mighty engineering work, in which the Churches of America and of Britain are now happily engaged, is indeed 'a drying up of the River Euphrates, that the way of the Kings of the East may be prepared.'

Thanks be to God that he gave to American Christians the prescience of that land as a grand and fitting field for evangelistic labour, for it is the key of the great Eastern hemisphere. Thanks be to God for the success that has attended their efforts. May that success be an incitement to increased liberality, and to more earnest and importunate prayer. Thanks be to God for that now visible alliance between the Christians of America and the Christians of Britain; between all that is noble and good on this side of the Atlantic, and all that is noble and brotherly on that—an alliance of loving and kindred hearts—an alliance that will baffle the intrigues of revengeful men—that will put to silence the malicious sayings of the mere politician, and that will crush in a moment, by the weight of its own innate worth, the attempts of either Government to fasten a quarrel upon the other, and to plunge the two nations into the horrors of a murderous and disgraceful war.

From the News of the Churches.

MARIOLATRY REBUKED BY A ROMAN CATHOLIC.

We extract the following from the *Observateur Catholique*:—

"Much is now said of the erection of a colossal statue of the holy Virgin on a rock in the diocese of Puy. It is a good work to raise a statue to the holy Mother of Jesus Christ, but we regret that that of the diocese of Puy should be the symbol of a dogmatic definition which we must regard as erroneous. We could, moreover, have desired that it should not have been so coarsely affirmed that the new statue will be the 'fortune of the country,' by the concourse of pilgrims which it will be the means of attracting to it. The idea is truly somewhat earthly, and might suggest a surmise that the (ostensibly) religious act is designed to veil a business speculation. We certainly desire the prosperity of Velay (the country which surrounds Puy), but this country would appear to us somewhat audacious to aim at such an end by means of a statue erected to the holy Virgin. The triumphs of 'La Salette' must not disturb the repose of other pilgrimages. That of Puy has been renowned for a lengthened period. We do not think that Velay ought to feel the need of a new consecrated rock; it is, however, true that the new dogma creates new necessities. The pilgrimage of Our Lady of Puy doubtless required to be made an actual fact. But if a pilgrimage more novel than that of Our Lady of Puy be positively desired, the spirit of commercial gain must not be allowed to insinuate itself into a project, which, from its very nature, ought to be simply religious. Moreover, this idea of a statue in honour of the new dogma, has not been first conceived by the Bishop of Puy. Pius IX has set the example, and, in some localities, the zealous are leaving no stone unturned to make this example contagious. They call loudly for money, and propose subscriptions backed up by the most high-sounding appeals. The men of business are outdone."

THE ARCHBISHOP OF VENICE AND THE CONCORDAT.

The following circular letter has been addressed by the Archbishop (Patriarch) of Venice to all printers, booksellers; and venders of prints residing within his diocese. It is regarded as a still more important document than that recently published by the Archbishop of Milan:—

"*Pietro Aurelio Matti, by the Mercy of God Patriarch of Venice, &c., to our beloved Sons, the Booksellers, Publishers, and True Believers residing in our City and Diocese.*

"Innumerable are the complaints which, for a long time past, have been made to us by laymen and ecclesiastics of all ranks of the countless works which are published to the detriment of religion and morality; and, in truth, the harm which they do to society at large, and to each single family, cannot be sufficiently deplored. Such works neutralize all the care of good parents and tutors.

"When the youth of the country first make their entrance into the world they meet at every step with bad, loose, immoral books, which, like lurking serpents, are prepared to inject their venom into their innocent minds. But at length God, who directs the hearts of kings, inspired (*ispiro*) our most pious Monarch with the idea of the Concordat, the object of which is to protect all believers, and particularly the

Catholic youth, against the attacks of the impious, and the dangers of temptation.

"Already have we frequently reminded our beloved sons in Christ of the holy laws of the Church, and have warned them against books which are dangerous to religion and morality, at the same time making known to them the very strict regulations of the Council of Trent on the subject, but now it is our special duty to see that those regulations are observed. The Concordat gives to all Archbishops and Bishops the full power and right to use their own authority in this matter, and also promises that the Government will employ the most efficacious means for preventing the spread of the plague of bad books throughout the Empire. Although all ecclesiastical ordinances relative to this matter are in full force, we will at present do no more than mention some few of the conditions of the same, and more particularly those which must be literally and punctually obeyed.

"No one, be he priest or layman, will be allowed, without previously obtaining permission from our ecclesiastical 'censure,' to publish—either as author, printer, or vender—any work, either directly or indirectly, touching on religion or morality, or specially treating of the Liturgy, or of any other subject.

"It is also forbidden to introduce any book whatever from other countries, without having applied for, and obtained, the approbation of the ecclesiastical 'Censure-office,' excepting in cases where the book has been marked as being among the works which are permitted.

"Should any person dare publicly or privately to sell books, prints, or paintings which are prohibited by the Church, or could be prejudicial to religion or morality, be it known unto him, that we will not only suppress such illicit sales ourselves, but will also call in the arm of the civil power, which the Monarch has placed at the disposal of the Church, to our assistance.

"Most beloved sons, as you well know that we have no other object in view than the welfare of your immortal souls, and your eternal salvation, we reckon on your strict obedience, and so doing we wish you all health and happiness in the Lord.

"Given in the Archiepiscopal Curia, at Venice, Dec. 31st, 1855.

"P. AURELIO MATTI, Patriarch.
"D. GIOV. GHEGA, Chancellor."

"As the foregoing document tells its own tale," says the Vienna correspondent of the *Times*, "it is but necessary for me to remark that the Concordat gives the Roman Catholic hierarchy no right to introduce a 'preventive censure' into Austria. Count Leo Thun, the Minister for Ecclesiastical Affairs, has reminded the Italian bishops that the 'censure' has been totally abolished in Austria; but they are not likely to take any notice of his remonstrances, as he is, so to say, the father of the Concordat. It was expected that the convention with Rome would give internal peace to the Empire, but there has seldom or never been such a general ferment in the country as now. In Bohemia the indignation of the Catholic population is so great that the authorities are astounded, and at a loss how to act. A person, whose words deserve full credit, assures me that if the police were to undertake to arrest all those individuals who in Bohemia openly rail against the Concordat, they would have to incarcerate half the population of the province. In the Italian provinces the state of public feeling is quite as bad, and the disaffected have now a new grievance. Until now the Hungarian bishops have remained quiet, but you may be sure that they will soon be up and doing."

The *Cattolico* of Mantua has the following: "In the conference of the bishops of Lombardy, just held at Rho, it has been decided to give the most rigorous interpretation to the new Concordat, in conformity with the pious wishes of his Apostolic Majesty; hence the Imperial *placet* is declared to be no longer necessary for the institution of benefices, of whatever kind they may be; the sub-econom, or deputy-treasurers, being no longer appointed by Government, are to be placed under the sole direction of the bishops; all works contrary to the Catholic dogma are to be prohibited by the same authority, and the bishops at Vienna are requested to use their utmost endeavours to obtain from Government the restitution of such ecclesiastical property as still remains unsold, in order to employ it in the re-establishment of monasteries and religious communities of various denominations. Questions relating to matrimonial impediments revert under the sole control of the episcopal sees. Meanwhile, hymns of thanksgiving are being sung in all the parishes for the restoration of the ancient state of things."

The Superior Courts of Lombardy have addressed a memorial to the Government of Vienna, setting forth that they have reckoned up no less than 2,735 laws, decrees, and judicial decisions, diametrically opposed to the new Concordat, and requesting explicit instructions for their conduct in respect to the cases which may be brought before them. The Austrian Government, this letter states, has told the judges to administer the law as they understand it, and as if the Concordat did not exist.

Correspondence of the Morning Star,

A METHODIST LOCAL PREACHER.

Sabbath, A. M., we attended church with the colored people at "Asbury Chapel" (not spelled Asberry, but like Bishop Asbury for whom it is named). Rev. Mr. McGee is the preacher in charge, but has also another "preaching-place," so they are left to pick up preaching half the time. They say this congregation does not dwindle under such arrangement. We presume as much could not be said of a white congregation under the same circumstances. One of the colored "elders" of the church lead in the pulpit exercises, and Mr. Collins, a young local or licensed preacher, gave the sermon; text, Ex. 14:15, "Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward."

With but little critical knowledge of the meaning and grammatical arrangement of words, still this preacher showed a familiarity with scripture facts and incidents that might well make some of our white "grammar" preachers blush! His description were graphic and forcible: and if his eloquence was *unrefined*, it was also *untrammelled*, showing the grain and color of the granite, if not the polish of the sculptor. When he described Joseph sold, and carried away into Egypt, there were no tearless eyes there; and his portraying the cruelty of the task masters, stirred the very souls of his hearers into groanings and sighs like these. "surely"—"too bad"—"shame."

Moses, in the little ark, was brought so vividly before the mind, that at least a dozen mothers exclaimed, "I'll save him"—"catch him"—"don't let him sink!" He closed his introduction by huddling the Hebrew captives together on the bank of the Red Sea. 'Now,' said he, "what will you do? The dashing waves of the sea before—the impassable mountains on this side and on that side—and Pharaoh's chariots and men of war pursuing with all fury." Here there was a general outcry through the congregation—"Go

forward!" "go forward!" "We'll go forward!"—"Stop!" "stop!" said the preacher. "Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord" first. "If you go in your own strength, you will perish in the sea." Do you see Moses? Do you see the rod in his hand?—See that rod stretch out over the sea! See the waters go back! see the dry ground—see it—Do you see it? Right there, under Moses' rod! "Well, now, come on!" said he, "Hurry—don't wait—Pharaoh is after you! Don't mind the waves on the side—God has piled them up!" Here followed the greatest excitement throughout the assembly, with exclamations,— "Ooh!" "ooh!" "Here we go!" "Good!" "All safe!" "Yes, all safe," cried the preacher—"but here; look back there. Do you see that old rebel—do you see him and his chariots and men of war? See them, plunging and splashing and drowning! Well, now mark, that's because God did not say to them, "Go forward!" "Learn from that, brethren, to follow Jesus," and not go in your own strength. When you "see the rod," and hear Jesus say "go forward," then put to it for your lives, and you will soon be singing on the opposite bank. He closed by saying, "Brethren, as this year closes, and you begin another, 'go forward.' Don't stop, grumbling about the roughness of the way. Don't grumble at your brethren and sisters. Don't grumble at your minister. Don't grumble at the Lord, but keep low—see where the 'rod' is stretched out, and 'go forward.'" "DANIEL."

BLESSING OF INFANTS BY THE GERMAN BAPTISTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN TIMES.

SIR,—I have the permission of the Rev. G. W. Lehmann, of Berlin, to give publicity to the enclosed extract from a letter of his to myself. It has struck me that such an example of honest desire to adopt what is praiseworthy in others, while retaining our own conviction of truth, may be of much use to us all. Everything which brings real Christians nearer together in the present time is very valuable in itself, and is a happy omen for the future.

Your faithful servant,
C. E. EARDLEY.

Torquay, Jan. 16, 1856.

Finally, I come to the subject which engaged our attention in our conversations at your hotel in Cologne—I mean the *blessing of infants*, on which you desired me to make some statements. I would say, that when the question about the true and scriptural mode of baptism was mooted, among the many discussions against Baptists' views, this was also a very important point—what should be done with infants, seeing that with the Jews there was a ceremony at their birth observed (indeed only with males), and the Christian feeling seemed to require a similar one in our time and circumstances. The passage, Mark x. 13—16, of course was urged to the uttermost; but it would only prove that the Saviour spake on that occasion a blessing on those children. It appeared to us, then, in yielding to Baptist views that such an act (of laying on of hands on children and "praying over them and speaking a blessing on them), though not directly instituted by the Saviour, yet could not be against his intentions, seeing he himself had acted in this rule. Accordingly we agreed upon such a practice, and at the beginning of our Church in Berlin, nearly twenty years ago, it was introduced, and many doubts and scruples, especially of twelve mothers, were thus calmed. We indeed enjoyed much

blessings on such occasions, and I am happy to say, that at the present revival among our children which the Lord vouchsafes to give us, most of the now converted and baptized children are such as were in that way consecrated to the Lord—indeed, the very first which was converted was one of those. However, there was prevailing with us a feeling of a want of explicit institution, and therefore a danger of falling into our own devices, which feeling was with various of us so strong that they abstained from the mentioned practice. Gradually, the growth of our Church from a very little band of twelve or some twenty to three or four hundred made the performance in a Church meeting inconvenient and much likely to re-constitute infant baptism. Therefore we ventured to perform the act of blessing our infants not any longer in our meeting-place, but in the bosom of the family. There, generally, the babe lies on his mother's lap, and a number of relatives and members surround her. I then induce the father to pray first, give an address on an appropriate Scripture passage, and laying on of hands. I pray myself, and close with the benediction. But I ought to state again, that a goodly number of our members do not invite me for such a performance. How far this practice is followed in other Churches, I cannot say, but I believe that those in Prussia, which mainly sprung out of our Church in Berlin, follow our example.

From the Times.

ALLIANCE MEETING AT TORQUAY.

The first meeting for the season of the Torquay sub-division of the Evangelical Alliance was held on Wednesday in last week. The attendance though very good, was, owing to the unfavorable state of the weather, not so numerous as on former occasions.—Sir Culling E. Eardley, Bart., the President of the British Organisation, presided; and on the platform were also—the Rev. David Pitcairn, Rev. R. DeBurgh, Rev. J. W. Kings, Rev. Mr. Harris, Rev. W. B. Young, Rev. Mr. Dore (Ashburton), and Alex. Ferris, Esq. The Rev. D. Pitcairn having given out a hymn, and read a portion of Scripture, the Rev. Mr. Dore offered up prayer.

The Chairman then addressed the meeting at very considerable length. Truth (said the honorable baronet) was irresistible; but then it must be "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." He was, no doubt, speaking in the presence of persons of science, who knew something of the atomic theory, which taught us that all the ingredients of matter in the world might be resolved under some fifty or sixty names; and the same persons would be aware that subsequently to this qualification of matter there had been a belief that several of these ingredients were capable of transmutation—of being changed into one another, so that the number of the whole had been thought reducible to a much smaller number; indeed, some had been sanguine enough to believe that everything we saw, or felt, or came in contact with, might all be brought into one name.—Now, that which was uncertain, and on which he didn't venture to pronounce an opinion, in nature, was true in religion. There might or might not be a something which constituted matter; but there was a something which constituted Faith. That something might be more or less mixed up with other ingredients—it might be more or less pure. Between the silver ore of America and the material out of which silver was produced in various parts of Europe, there was a vast difference. At Chilli or Peru we found a per centage of silver in the ore that was not

found in the lead mines of Germany; but there was silver in all. He witnessed, only a few months ago, the operation of extracting the silver from the lead ore of a part of Germany. A whole week's smelting of several furnaces had turned out a certain proportion of lead, and then a certain proportion of the finest of the lead was brought together, and out of that again, as the result of a whole week's work, there might be brought 2lbs. or 3lbs. of silver; but there was silver in the coarser element—in the coarser material, as well as in the finer; it ran through it all. Now, if they had been able to gather the idea in his mind, they would perceive that he was thinking of the Alliance as an alembic to ascertain and bring out the silver that ran through the ostensible, the apparent Church of God. He begged not to be misunderstood; he was far from saying that the members of the Evangelical Alliance were the silver of God's Church. They were only the silver-smiths. They didn't pretend to be better than their neighbors, but they did pretend to know something about the universal pervasion and extension of the silver metal through all classes and all sections of the Christian Church. And then when God had enabled them to find out what that was in the objective faith of the Church which was held in common by all, it was a corollary to learn what was the common subjective truth,—i.e. who were those whom the common faith up on high had touched here below, and had made one body in Christ. Let Christians be Tractarians in the best sense. Faith was valuable, but so was the Church; and if they only had the truth without the Church, they only had one half of what God had given them. The truth, indeed, would take them to heaven, but if they wanted to be happy as Christians, they should have the whole truth, which was not only the common faith, but was the one Church. But he was anxious to bring them down from the high regions of abstract philosophy, to the more practical regions of actual fact. The moral—the spiritual examiners of the religious atomic theory he had been speaking of, had been engaged during the past year in more places than one, and he was anxious to tell them a little of what they had done, especially at the last meeting of the Alliance in England and at the recent extensive gathering of Christians from almost every part of Christendom, at Paris. Two important subjects, peculiarly English in their character, had occupied the attention of the English Alliance during the past year—one relating to the Sabbath-day, the other to the University of Oxford. The lamentable fact that there was a vast amount of union, at the present moment, on the wrong side, was especially the case with reference to the former subject. There were a great number of persons who, making no secret of their hostility to the Divine Revelation, were conspired together to make a dead set on the old English Sabbath, and whose exertions, whilst immediately directed to the opening of the Crystal Palace, the British Museum, and places of that description, unquestionably involved the principle of opening every description of amusement, on the Sunday. Then there were a large number who thought that the Sabbath was not the Lord's-day, but the Church's day, and that the Church might allot such portions as it pleased for pleasure, and such portions as it desired to be applied to decent and respectable worship—persons, in short, who would re-enact the book of Sports. In short, Popery and everything that approximated to it, held out its right hand to the left hand of infidelity, and in particular was perfectly ready to co-operate for the abolition of the English Sabbath. Then there was a third class of worldly, indifferent men, who,

whilst neither abstract infidels nor Papists, were ready to unite for the same object, and who were going to make a dead set upon the Sabbath at the next meeting of Parliament. He did not dare to say that they were bad men in a moral sense who wished these things—on the contrary he believed they were actuated by kind and generous motives—but yet he could not help saying in the words of the old Proverb, “When bad men (in a religious sense) conspire, good men must unite.” It was felt at the last meeting of the Alliance, an especial duty to take active steps in order to maintain the British Sabbath for the country. The result of a communication with a Society, sustained by members and advocates of the Established Church, for the observance of the Lord’s-day, was the appointment of a committee at a public meeting, which was now actively engaged in promoting the object in view, and would within the next six weeks make an urgent appeal to English Christians to rally around the English Sabbath. The second English subject to which he had referred was the state of the Universities, more especially that of Oxford. God be praised whatever was the fault of the nineteenth century, it was not that of hypocrisy—men speak out what they mean. Mind was very active at this moment in the Universities, and thoughtful men were exhibiting their own real feelings. We had and always would have, in our large national institutions, many variations of mind, which were more or less reducible under three heads—those who believed too much, those who believed too little, and those who believed what was right: and now these were showing themselves. We had men, of whom two or three hundred had already gone over to Rome, and many hundreds of whom would do far better to go to Rome than remain where they were; on the other hand, men, some of them amiable and noble men, who, whilst accepting and swallowing the whole of the Thirty-nine Articles, attached no importance to them, and made no secret of their indifference to the religious element of the education they imparted to the young. But God be praised, there was also a class of men between these two—good men within the fortress of Oxford, and a vast number without it, and who were determined to be in it. A plan was now being agitated, owing to the door being partially opened the last session but one, by which it was hoped and expected would be established at Oxford—always more or less representative of the English mind—the common faith of the Reformation—*i. e.*, the common faith of the New Testament. By that means, not only would persons hitherto excluded, be able to enjoy the benefit of the splendid education which was imparted there, but the fountain-head of English life would be itself purified—by which the very centre, from which had flowed out so much semi-Popery and Infidelity, would be the rallying point of God’s truth—by which the rising generation, destined for the ministry of the Gospel, or for the Legislature, would be brought to a manly reverence for, and attachment to the common Christianity, and thus, our whole country, in all its departments, would receive the benefit. Sir Culling then proceeded to give many most interesting details connected with the meeting at Paris, in the end of August and beginning of September last, at which between one and two thousand persons, representing no fewer than fifteen distinct nationalities, were present. One of the most interesting scenes was the closing of the proceedings by the celebration of the Lord’s Supper. The few words preceding its participation were spoken in seven or nine languages, and never should he forget the thrill of joy which involuntarily filled the hearts of all present as our own

mother tongue, the elegant language of France, the soft tones of Italy, hitherto so much associated with Popery, the more rough and manly phraseology of Germany, as well as the languages of Denmark, Sweden, and other countries which he could not then call to mind, successively uttered the common faith, spake of the common Saviour, and of the common bond which unites Christians—never should he forget the scene, so long as he lived! He hoped that was on a small scale of what we might all speedily hope to witness in a far grander extent. It was impossible to anticipate the present momentous crisis in Europe. Certain it was that wherever else the present “tide in the affairs of men was carrying us, this at least was as sure as that he was standing in that room, that the time was coming when men would forget their languages, sects, and prejudices, when those who had been able at an early stage to anticipate that issue would praise God that they had been empowered, sooner than others, to grasp the idea of the Church’s unity. The meeting at Paris took steps to solicit simultaneous prayer throughout Christendom on a given day in the week, on a given portion of the day, and for a given subject, and it was an interesting circumstance that every Monday morning Christians in all parts of the world were mutually praying for the spread of Christian union, and for the overthrow of obstacles to the Gospel. The moral condition of most of the nations of Europe were fully investigated. Referring to the recent apprehensions of war with America, Sir Culling stated that the English branch of the Alliance had addressed letters to the Committee of the Alliance in New York, and to the great American Missionary Body in Boston, expressing their earnest desire that the common Christianity in both nations would prevent the possibility of such an outbreak. The reply, in most touching terms, declared that American Christians would rather cut off their right hand than be parties to a war with the mother country, and referred to the noble manner in which English Evangelical Christians had assisted, rather than supplanted, the missionary efforts of the Americans in Turkey, as a proof of the love which existed between the two countries. About thirty Americans were present at the meeting at Paris, and Dr. Baird, on the day devoted to that country, gave a very interesting and impartial bird’s-eye view of the state of religion there. After referring to the Alliance work which was doing in Holland, in Belgium, and in Sweden, Sir Culling said the subject of united Christian missionary action was discussed at Paris, and the idea of a visit to all the fields of missionary labor in the world by some thirty or forty representatives of different nations was very cordially received. He then gave a most interesting account of the proceedings at Paris relative to the subject of the conversion of the Jews. Many non-Christian Jews had been attracted by motives of curiosity, some from great distances, to the meeting on the day devoted to that subject, and the effect the proceedings produced upon their minds was truly encouraging. They frankly declared, both before the assemblage and in the French and English Jewish organs, that they were completely surprised at the affectionate, as well as earnest, manner in which the subject had, contrary to their expectations, been taken up. He trusted that these most favorable impressions were fermenting in the Jewish mind, and would bring forth good fruit. The result of an interesting discussion with the Jews on that occasion, in the *salons* of a lady of distinguished piety and wealth, was the complete establishment of the fact that much of the Judaism of the present day was equivalent to unbelief in all

Revelation—some of them having denied the corruption of human nature and some of the first principles of the old dispensation. In connexion with this subject Sir Culling referred to the virtual failure of the Jewish scheme for the colonization of Palestine, and frank acknowledgement of many Jews that the plan, to be successful, must be carried out by Christians; and, having also alluded to some interesting details which were brought out at Paris relating to the religious condition of England and Ireland, the honorable baronet promised, after a short break in the meeting, to afford some information respecting the subject of religious liberty in Turkey, Germany, Italy, &c.

From Macaulay's England.

THE TOLERATION ACT.

This approaches very near to the idea of a great English law. To the jurist, versed in the theory of legislation, but not intimately acquainted with the temper of the sects and parties into which the nation was divided at the time of the Revolution, the act would seem to be a mere chaos of absurdities and contradictions. It will not bear to be tried by sound general principles. Nay, it will not bear to be tried by any principle, sound or unsound. The sound principle undoubtedly is, that mere theological error ought not to be punished by the civil magistrate.—This principle, the Toleration Act not only does not recognize, but positively disclaims. Not a single one of the cruel laws enacted against Nonconformists by the Tudors or the Stuarts is repealed. Persecution continues to be the general rule. Toleration is the exception. Nor is this all. The freedom that is given to conscience is given in the most capricious manner. A Quaker, by making a declaration of faith in general terms, obtains the full benefit of the act without signing one of the thirty-nine articles.—An independent minister, who is perfectly willing to make the declaration required from the Quaker, but who has doubts about six or seven of the articles, remains still subject to the penal laws. Howe is liable to punishment if he preaches before he has solemnly declared his assent to the Anglican doctrine touching the Eucharist. Penn, who altogether rejects the Eucharist, is at perfect liberty to preach without making any declaration whatever on the subject.

These are some of the obvious faults, which must strike every person who examines the Toleration Act by that standard of just reason which is the same in all countries and in all ages. But these very faults may appear to be merits, when we take into consideration the passions and prejudices of those for whom the Toleration Act was framed. This law, abounding with contradictions which every smatterer in political philosophy can detect, did what a law framed by the utmost skill of the greatest masters of political philosophy might have failed to do. That the provisions, which have been recapitulated are cumbrous, peurile, inconsistent with each other, inconsistent with the true theory of religious liberty, must be acknowledged. All that can be said in their defence is this: that they removed a vast mass of evil without shocking a vast mass of prejudice; that they put an end, at once and forever, without one division in either House of Parliament, without one riot in the streets, with scarcely one audible murmur even from the classes most deeply tainted with bigotry, to a persecution which had raged during four generations, which had broken innumerable hearts, which had made innumerable firesides desolate, which had filled

the prisons with men of whom the world was not worthy, which had driven thousands of those honest, diligent, and God-fearing yeomen and artizans, who are the true strength of a nation, to seek a refuge beyond the ocean among the wigwags of red Indians and the lairs of panthers. Such a defence, however weak it may appear to some shallow speculators, will probably be thought complete by statesmen.

From the North British Review

HOME REFORMATION AND CHRISTIAN UNION.

The work of the various Societies aiming at Home Reformation, is one that must be done in some way, either by individuals, or the churches, or the State. We trust that individuals and churches will still vindicate to our country its noble characteristic, of doing always, by the free benevolence of its citizens, what in other countries is effected by enforced taxation, and that instead of waiting for Government support, free private efforts will give to all these institutions the expansion which they require and deserve. Had only those vast sums that have been squandered in all that is ostentatious in religion—empty imitations of the dead work of past ages which can never live again, tawdry memorial windows, hideous monumental brasses, and trash and trumpery of every kind—been employed as they might have been, in building from living stones a living temple, and bringing back the bloom of spiritual life on those wasted faces where God's own image has been defaced by sin, we should not have to lament that all Christian enterprises are languishing which have no outside show. But we feel confident that the public mind in England is returning from its long wandering after what is dead and outward, and that we shall not be any longer content with what has satisfied us for the last five-and-twenty years.

But there yet remains to be considered the deeper moral, and the more distant tendency, of these combined missionary efforts. It has been remarked by many that there is contained in them steady gradual progress towards Christian Union. In 1804, a body of Christians, of many denominations, agreed to combine to translate, print, and circulate the Bible. Such a combination seemed to many a preposterous idea; and it was prophesied that their united action would prove impossible; yet, like many other supposed impossibilities, this when tried, was found practicable and easy. This body has continued to work, with perfect harmony and great success, a machine of enormous power, until this day. In 1790, a body of Christians, similarly composed, had already taken a still bolder step. They agreed to create a popular religious literature; they resolved to print a variety of tracts and books in which the questions disputed among the Protestant denominations should be suppressed, and nothing taught but those simple truths in which they all agree. The Society thus established has become the most influential distributor of religious publications in existence; it is the only one that has succeeded in marching with the times; and its committees work without quarrel or disunion, and without any attempt to intrude their Shibboleths. In 1835, the City Mission came into being, its object being to evangelize the poor by teaching them all in the Gospel that is necessary or saving. This Society thus enunciates the basis of its teaching:—

"As the object of the mission is to extend the knowledge of the Gospel, it is a fundamental law that the following doctrines be prominently taught by the agents and publications of the mission. They

are given, 'not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth.' 'All have sinned and come short of the glory of God.'— 'In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us.' 'Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God.' 'The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth from all sin.' 'Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.' 'Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.' 'Without holiness no man shall see the Lord.' 'Ye are sanctified—by the Spirit of our God.'"

We do not know whether the City Mission would wish this to be considered its creed, but it certainly partakes of that nature. It is its formal summary of essential doctrine. However that may be, the Mission feels rightly, that in this freedom from dogmatic fetters, and this simplicity, it has found its strength. While its contemporary, Puseyism, which sought to attain union by imposing additional shackles on the mind, is now dead, or dying; this champion of free and combined religion has gone on increasing every year, and is even yet in its merest infancy. A few years later, in 1844, the combined efforts of a union of denominations began to bring into extensive use a scheme of Education, for the lost and outcast children, whose whole scheme and basis was religious, and which looked for success to religion only; yet taught no point of dogmatic theology debated in the great body of English Protestants. This, too, has been found sufficient for its end. Places of Repentance have been founded on the same principles, for adult sons and daughters in vice. And these, without touching on disputed doctrines, have contained sufficient religious teaching, and inculcated religious motives sufficiently strong, to restore the outcast to society, and even to raise him up to God.

We ask, then, in conclusion, what office of the Church remains which these combined Associations have not been able to effect with their simplified Theology? They have proved themselves able to keep, and circulate, the original doctrines of the Christian faith. They can form and spread very varied religious literature, adequate for the wants of any simple-minded religious man. They can choose, and examine, and send forth successful evangelists to preach the gospel to the poor. They can conduct schools of religious education, for those young persons to whom religion is, beyond all others, the all in all; and they can open a place, and show a way, of repentance to the returning penitent. Have those not the genuine medicine of the Great Physician, who have proved that they can heal those whose disease is sorest? Are these no ministers of reconciliation, when they can point to thousand whom they have reconciled? Surely they possess all the inward life, and all the influential motives of Christianity? There is no work of the Church which these combinations of denominations cannot do.

Let them work on a while, for a common good, against a common enemy—forgetting ancient antipathies, as the French and English are doing before Sebastopol. Perhaps, after a while, another question will come upon the carpet:—What further need is there of denunciations? Separate independent organizations, on the same soil, may be, and perhaps are desirable; but why need they be bitter to each other? nay, why need they not feel and act in everything like full Christian brethren? Why may they not recognize the approval, which the unseen Eternal Spirit has already pronounced, in the life that he has

shed, and the blessings he has given, to the exertions of all? Why may they not cast away their exclusive pretensions and longing for sectarian pre-eminence; join in each other's prayers or liturgies; sit, or stand, or kneel (as the case may be) at the table which each spreads before the common Lord of all, and so, by that simple act of charity, be ONE?

From the Literary Gazette.

WESLEYAN MISSION IN DAHOMI.

WESTERN AFRICA.

Before the abolition of the slave-trade, the advocates for the traffic pretended that it saved the lives of multitudes who would otherwise be butchered by their own chiefs. In one of the debates, when this argument was used, Mr. Fox said that it was no business of ours to be the executioners of the King of Dahomi. There is a prospect of this notorious centre of the slave trade being laid open to lawful commerce and Christian civilization. Mr. Freeman, a Wesleyan missionary at Cape Coast, after several visits to Dahomey, or Dahomi, as it is now written, obtained, in 1854, permission from the king to establish a mission in Whydah, the great mart of the slave trade of these regions. The king guarantees to the missionaries and their followers the same privileges as the Portugese and other residents, and to his own people he allows perfect liberty to attend the services. A church and school, under native missionaries and teachers, are to be established. The population is estimated at about 18,000. At several other places in the kingdom schools are already in operation, and the missionaries have every encouragement to continue and extend their labors. The king has recently sent for Mr. Freeman, along with the British consul at Cape Coast, to visit them at Abomi. Mr. Dawson, the native missionary, states, that the king is anxious to substitute regular commerce for the slave traffic with Europeans, and he has sent for Mr. Freeman and the consul to confer with them on matters of interest to himself and his people. An appeal has been made by the Wesleyan Mission directors in London, supported by Sir E. N. Buxton, Bart., and others interested in African civilization, for funds to establish a church and schools at Whydah, an object which will deserve public sympathy and support.

WESLEYAN MISSION IN CAFFRARIA.

FROM THE DIARY OF THE REV. MR. SHAW.

On the 15th of May we reached Butterworth. The sight of this abandoned mission was very painful to me. When I remembered all its past history, and that in three successive Caffre wars, after building up the station that number of times, we had been three times obliged to abandon the place, when, according to Caffre custom in war, it was each time burnt and destroyed,—it was impossible not to feel the discouraging nature of such occurrences. In 1851, when last destroyed, here was a fine flourishing native village. A well-attended church and school, described in glowing but not exaggerated terms, in the printed journal of the Bishop of Cape Town, who visited it in 1849. Now only a few ruined and blackened walls were visible, besides the numerous fruit and other trees which were many years ago planted by the resident missionaries. Sir George Grey hoped we would re-establish this mission; but when I intimated some doubt and hesitation, on the ground that we had been *three times* burnt out, his excellency

pleasantly said that he had never heard of a mission station being *four-times* burnt! Indeed, I should like to have the means of re-establishing this mission; but at present we have neither a missionary nor money available. This is to be regretted, as Butterworth is a fine central site, close to the neighborhood which has always been regarded as the head-quarters of the Hintza family. It is central to the whole of Krieli's people, a tribe of some 50,000 souls, among whom there is now no mission. The Bishop of Graham's Town, however, possessing very large means, supplied from England, proposes to occupy this and several other fields on this border with Episcopalian or Anglican missionaries."

The Shawbury station is situated much further inland on the higher part of the Unzimvuba, but on its western side, on one of its largest tributaries, called the Tsitsa, a noble stream, however unknown to song." The village is only two miles above a celebrated waterfall, which has now been ascertained to be three hundred feet high, over which the whole river precipitates itself, forming a beautiful object in the landscape. The present station is, in reality, the last established of all our missions in this part of the country, as it was removed a few years ago from the original and unfavorable site. I was much pleased with the progress of affairs at this place also. Besides building himself a suitable cottage, the chatechist, Mr. Hulley, had superintended the erection of a commodious chapel. These buildings stand on some elevated ground at the upper end of the station, while the houses of the native inhabitants are built on two ridges facing each other, with a small stream running below the mission premises, and between the ridges occupied by the natives.—After crossing the Tsitsa, the approach to the mission is up the small valley formed by the stream above mentioned; and altogether the effect is pleasing. The population here is already very large, probably larger than at most of the other stations. The natives have built improved huts, with upright walls, but covered in a manner similar to their own huts. As they have white-washed the walls, the appearance is much cleaner and more pleasing than the native Caffre hut, upon which it is a great advance. When it becomes general at the scattered kraals over the country, as at the Undumbi settlement, where the British resident has induced more than one hundred kraals to adopt this improved style of hut, it entirely changes the appearance of the country; for the traveller sees the white walls of these dwellings dotted over all the lands, in the scattered manner in which the Caffre kraals are placed, and thus the scene becomes at once more lively and pleasing. I attach a good deal of importance to these things. It seems to me that we ought to stimulate the native mind, and spread a love of improvement among them. It occupies their thoughts with new and useful subjects, and tends greatly to weaken their strong prejudices in favor of ancient and superstitious habits. But, nevertheless, I do not put these things instead of the gospel; they must arise out of the new ideas which the preaching of the gospel has introduced into the minds of the people; and it is only that portion of the natives who have come more or less under the influence of the gospel, that show any inclination to adopt these improvements. The chapel at this place also was crammed to excess by the native congregation, even after the children of the school had been turned outside to make room. There was also here an attendance of about one hundred members at the society meeting.

It is impossible for all the people who wish to reside here to find pasture for their cattle. Hence Mr.

Hulley has advised several parties of them to settle at localities which are within convenient reach of the station. By this means there are two or three sub-stations, visited on the Sundays by the native local preachers; and I feel assured if these arrangements are properly superintended, a great extension of the work will result. The people who live in these parts are a different tribe to those under Faku; and, unfortunately, in consequence of old native feuds, the tribes occasionally make predatory attacks on each other. At these times many lives are sacrificed, and much property carried off or destroyed. It is a great mistake to suppose that the tribes live peacefully together, when undisturbed by European intruders. On the contrary, the ordinary state of things in Caffraria among the tribes is to be 'hateful and hating one another.' To the missionaries, whose commission extends to them all, this frequently occasions much embarrassment, as even the people who reside on the missions naturally sympathise with the tribes to which they respectively belong.—While the country is governed by heathen chiefs, there is little reason to hope that native forays will entirely cease. All that the missionaries can do is at all times, to advise the chiefs to live in peace; and as to the Christian natives, at least to impress upon them the propriety of their confining their warlike efforts strictly to *defensive* acts."

"When a mission has been established in these parts, its progress, during the first few years, has usually been surprisingly rapid. A congregation has been collected, a church organised, and a village erected, where, before, nothing was to be seen but unmitigated savagery and heathenism. But in a few years the population of the village becomes so large, and the stock of the people increases so much, that there is no longer sufficient pasture for their herds; hence a material difficulty is placed in the way of further accessions to the population, while the residents feel a temptation to go to other places to depasture their increasing herds. In a country like Caffraria, other places can always be found. Now it has ever appeared to me that, when this state of things arises, the resident missionary should select and obtain suitable spots within a reasonable distance, and dividing the station people from time to time, should form sub-stations, with a school and chapel at each, erected, *at first*, by the people, as the condition of the missionary's arranging all their affairs for them. Then, by an active system of itinerancy, the missionary should visit each one of the sub-stations once a fortnight at least. Under this system, I doubt not but that each station would continue to multiply its numbers, and extend its means of usefulness; for it is obvious that each sub-station would, in its locality, form a new and separate centre from which light would spread amongst the surrounding heathen. These are not new views with me. I have always advocated them, but some of my brethren have not quite agreed with me. It is right to say, there are some difficulties and objections to the plan, which I do not underrate, but I think they are not of sufficient importance to be set against the obvious advantages of the above mode of operation.

The chiefs living in this neighborhood urgently requested me to send a missionary here, so as to enable Mr. Hulley to go with them to a fine part of the country further to the northward, and establish an additional station there. When I told them that we could not afford the expense of buildings which would be required, even if a missionary could be obtained, they readily offered to contribute a sufficient number of cattle to pay all expenses of that kind.—If we can by any means accomplish this object, it is

highly desirable to do so. There is a vast population; they perfectly understand our object and aims, and there is no other church or society likely to care for them if we do not. But, alas, the number of the missionaries is so small, compared with the wants of the district, that I know not how we shall be able to meet the wishes of the heathen, who earnestly ask us to send them a teacher.

On the 3d of July, according to appointment, Mr. Sargeant held a missionary meeting. The Rev. Mr. Laing of the Free Church, and the Rev. Messrs. Kayser, sen. and jun., of the London Missionary Society, all attended, coming from their stations for that purpose; the Rev. John Aylif, from Heald Town, also came, together with several other European friends from Alice and elsewhere. The meeting was numerously attended by the Caffres, the missionaries, and several of the natives, spoke with great effect. The chief Kama addressed his people in very appropriate terms, pointing out what a blessing the gospel had been to himself and his tribe. He said, 'When I was baptized, many of my heathen friends said, 'What a fool he is! He has now thrown away his chieftainship. He will never be regarded in Caffreland as anything, now that he has become a Christian.' 'Now,' says Kama, 'is this true? Have I lost my chieftainship? On the contrary, you know I have a name in the country, and my followers have greatly increased. I know that this is not attributable to me, but it is the Lord's doing.' By many more words to the same effect, he strove to impress the people that they were under the greatest obligations to the gospel and its missionaries. The collection was a respectable amount. It had been in the heart of Kama and others to propose a general contribution of cattle through his tribe, towards paying the cost of a large and substantial chapel, which it is requisite to build in this place; but the late dreadful epidemic among the horses and cattle has fallen with peculiar severity upon him and his tribe. I feel assured that they have already lost stock which cannot be valued at less than from £15,000 to £20,000 sterling. The cattle are still dying; both the Caffres and the colonists are alike appalled at this dreadful scourge. Under these circumstances it seems advisable to postpone for a time the application to the tribe for a general gift of cattle to pay the cost of their chapel. But this involves a serious difficulty, since it is highly desirable the chapel should be erected without further delay, as it is very much needed. There is every probability that this station will become a most important one in its bearing on the spiritual welfare of this part of British Caffraria."

From the Ohio Journal of Education.

THE STAMMERING STUDENT—A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

Upon the gentle slope of a hill—one of those which stand like sentries along the banks of the beautiful Ohio and stretch far back into the country—stood a comfortable-looking log-house. A set of bars occupied the place of a gate, in front of the house, and leaning against them stood a pale-faced boy. He had seen some fourteen summers, but looked as if he might count no more than ten. He was gazing listlessly along the road toward the place where he would catch the first sight of his brothers coming with the loaded wagon from the hay-field. There was no very definite expression on his face, but he looked as if the joyous mischief of boyhood was almost foreign to his nature.

Presently his mother came to the door and called out, "Henry, where's father?"

"He's gone to the b b—barn," he would have said, but the effort to articulate the word was vain, and he could only point despairingly to the open doors of the barn, which stood still further down the slope.

"Dear me!" said the mother, half in pity, half in impatience, as she went back into the house, "I wish you could talk like other folks."

Henry turned again and leaned against the bars; but if there had been no expression on his face, there certainly was now. "Like other folks!" The words smote heavily on his heart. He had known from infancy that he was not like other folks." His tongue had always refused to perform its office like the clamorous voices of his brothers, and many an hour he had passed in silence because he dreaded the laughter which his attempt to talk called forth at school, and still more the impatient inattention with which they were received at home. His physical frame was slight, and he never undertook to join in the sports of his companions without being reminded by a twinge of pain in his side and limbs, or a throbbing in his head, that he was not like other folks. His schoolmates sometimes called him stupid, and he half believed he was—he certainly was not like them. But they were mistaken. Unlike them, and far inferior in physical powers, he had a mind in that frail casket that was as far above the common standard as the tall pines around his home towered above the shrubs at their feet. This, however, was not yet to be seen, or only showed itself in the morbid sensitiveness with which he shrank from everything said to him, and buried himself in a reserve very naturally mistaken for stupidity. He had undertaken to assist in the hay-field the day before, but his father had said that morning at the breakfast-table, "Henry need not go into the field to-day. He worked himself sick yesterday without doing any thing at all. He was sure he did not know what the boy was ever going to be good for. If it was not for his tongue he would try and make a school-master of him." Oh, how this grated on his ears, and his mother's sigh as she stooped over the kettle made his heart ache.

So he staid at home and helped his mother, and at sunset he leaned against the bars and thought of himself as a useless, dependent being, and almost wished that he might die; and for a few minutes great tears blinded his eyes and rolled without restraint down his cheeks.

Five years passed away. Our poor boy had grown tall, and increased his knowledge of books much faster than his brothers. But he was still pale and sickly, shy and a stammerer, and very few realized how much of a mind he had. His father sometimes said, "Henry ought to know something by this time; he is always studying; it is a pity he cannot turn it to some account." These words, despairingly as they were uttered, gradually became the star of hope to Henry. He had no idea, it is true, how it was to be done, but still he felt sure he might make something if he could only be cured of his stammering. He did not know that he could be cured; he had never heard of such a thing; but he determined to go ahead in spite of it, and sought and obtained his father's permission to enter the academy at G. All seemed new and strange to him as he entered the sombre-looking room and looked upon the crowd of half grown boys and girls, and the pale-browed man who presided over them. He took his place to read with his class for the first time, with a heart beating terribly between his dread of exposing himself and his determination to persevere. He undertook to read, but while his flushed face and swollen veins

showed the effort he was making, only one or two inarticulate, half-choking sounds escaped him. His classmates laughed, and poor Henry felt the old despairing thought coming back with ten fold force, that he should "never be like other folks." The teacher saw the difficulty and came at once to the rescue. "Let me read that for you," said he, "and then you must take a full breath and read it just as I do." Henry obeyed, and to his utter astonishment read through the section, sentence by sentence, after his teacher, without hesitating on a single word. It was something he had never done before, and it seemed as if a miracle had been wrought upon him. After school he sought the teacher to know how it had been done. He explained the matter to him, and he learned with unspeakable delight that his stammering could be cured. And many an hour after that the teacher, when the wearying labors of the day were over, in spite of the cheerful fireside at home, and sermons waiting to be prepared, (for he was pastor as well as teacher,) staid in the school-room and toiled patiently with his unfortunate pupil. In this he was rewarded by his gradual but sure improvement. In this manner several months passed away. Henry went quietly on with his studies. The young men laughed at his slow and somewhat awkward manner, and the girls listened when he talked, ran giggling away whenever he undertook to show them any little politeness. But Henry minded but little about this. He was not like other folks, but the germ of hope had been planted in his heart and he was willing to "bide his time." At length the twofold duties of pastor and teacher destroyed the health of his patient instructor, and he was obliged to bid scholars and people farewell.

Another period of four or five years passed away and we find the Minister, with health partially restored, presiding over a church in one of our busiest Western cities. He bore the heat and burden of the day, and sometimes felt almost discouraged with sowing beside all waters and seeing little or no good result from his labours. One day, however, a bright reminiscence of the past shone in upon his weariness, and gave joyful promise of light in the future. A stranger came to his study-door, made himself known as his former pupil, and thanked him with all the fullness of heartfelt gratitude for his instructions. "You made me all that I am or ever shall be." It appeared, as he related his story, that he had gone on with the impetus given him in the old Academy, taught school for the means, finished his education, and became a preacher of the Gospel.

He was an humble, yet successful labourer in the vineyard. Not like others to be sure, but fully satisfied to be different, he could say, with the beloved Apostle, "Now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is."

From Roman Catholicism in Spain.

PERNICIOUS INFLUENCE OF THE DOCTRINE OF PURGATORY.

"On the day of All Souls (*el día de difuntos*) in Spain, we find exhibited in the churches the most disgusting representations, such as human bones, skulls, and entire skeletons. The churches are kept in profound darkness; and nothing is omitted to inspire terror and move the hearts of the devout. In the middle of the church is placed a large table with a silver plate, two immense wax candles, lighted, and some of the figures just alluded to. A priest, seated

by the table, is imploring, in the most pitiful language, the generosity of the attendants. 'He who puts a half-dollar in this plate,' said the priest in one of the churches in Cadiz, 'draws out a soul from purgatory.' An Andalusian, as great an epigrammatist and jester as are generally the natives of that agreeable province, on one of these occasions took from his purse his half-dollar, and put it on the plate, saying that his intention was to rescue the soul of his father. At the end of a moment or two he asked the priest if the soul of his father was not drawn out of purgatory, and on being answered by the oracle in the affirmative, very quietly took possession of his coin, with this pungent observation, 'Very well then, my father is not such a fool as to return to purgatory after having succeeded in entering heaven.' Ridiculous and irreverent as this incident may appear, it cannot be denied that the logic contained in it is irresistible.

"In every parish in Spain there is a confraternity of souls (*hermandad de animas*), whose treasure is composed not only of the contributions of the faithful, but of vast properties and metallic recompenses called *censos*, which always, in fact, consist of available money. The pious legacies (*mandas piadosas*) which abound in all the provinces of Spain, form a capital of incalculable amount. They call *mandas piadosas* those rustic or urban securities which have been left by testators with the sole object of investing their products in masses to be said for the dead. The church receives these proceeds, and pays for the masses. It often occurs that the number of those masses is so immensely great, that there is not a sufficient number of priests in the neighborhood to discharge the duty of saying them; the incomes, therefore, received by the clergy accumulate, and are disposed of for other purposes. Thus the church becomes a debtor to purgatory for thousands of masses which, though paid for, remain unsaid. In these cases the clergy have recourse to the Pope, and demand a bull called *bulia de composicion*, for which the datary at Rome exacts a considerable sum of money. In fact, this bull is to compress, by a science which appears very like that of chemistry, the virtue of four or five thousand masses unsaid into only one which is said; so that if four or five thousand or more souls ought to be drawn out by means of the like number of masses, one single mass alone, through the medium of the bull, produces this grand result; and by this homoeopathic process the consciences of the debtors are pacified.

"It may easily be imagined that these practices lead to the greatest abuse. Before the suppression of the friars, the convents were the great depositories of this species of treasure. The bishops, and even the government itself, have often desired to look into these accounts, in order to see whether the will of the testators had been exactly complied with, in the application of the funds to their intended purposes. But the prelates of the respective orders have always most tenaciously resisted any such encroachment on their faculties and jurisdiction. It is quite certain that the incomes from these *mandas piadosas* were frequently laid out in repairing convents, erecting new chapels, celebrating religious feasts, and purchasing rich ornaments, and other precious objects, for augmenting the splendour of the sacred rites and ceremonies. When, at the end of the year, the account came to be stated of this branch of the church's industry, and there appeared to be a vast disproportion of masses said in comparison with the sums received, the procurator of the order in Rome solicited a bull of composition. The account was thus balanced, and everything nicely adjusted.

"Although, on every day in the year, the suffrages of all classes may be offered in favor of souls in purgatory, there are some days especially privileged and set apart in the calendar for the purpose, with this note affixed to them, *dia de anima*, (Soul-day), and on which the effect of the suffrage is supposed to be infallible; that is to say, that each devout person draws out as many souls from purgatory as pieces of money which he draws out of his purse to pay for the like number of masses, or other acts of devotion to be performed. On those days, a large placard is erected at the church-doors, and bearing this inscription, '*Hoy se saca anima.*' (To-day souls are drawn out). The churches are full of people, and the contributions of money are numerous and abundant.

"The prayer especially consecrated to the drawing souls out of purgatory, and which forms an essential part of the office for the dead, is called in Spanish *responso*. It is composed of three anthems taken from the book of Job, a paternoster, and a collect, and ends with the formula, *Requiem eternam dona eis, Domine*. When the prayer was in favour of all souls, the *eis* remains in the plural; but if it is in favor of one particular soul, then the singular *ei* is used. On the day of All Souls, when an innumerable crowd of people assembles in the cemeteries, the priests also attend in great numbers to say *responso*s, at so much a piece, for those who desire them. In a certain Spanish city, which we forbear to name, we have seen these priests rival each other in lowering the prices current of these precious performances. One was crying out, '*Digo un responso por una peseta,*' (I say a *responso* for tenpence); and another, '*Yo lo digo por media peseta.*' (I say it for fivepence.) This may appear incredible, but it is an undeniable fact.

"In all Roman Catholic churches there is a *cepillo* (alms-box,) nailed to the wall, and having this inscription upon it, '*Para las benditas almas del purgatorio,*' (For the blessed souls in purgatory,) for the reception of contributions: and the circumstance has given rise to an operation of a mercantile character which is certainly very ingenious, and to which some Spaniards attribute the origin of bills of exchange. The priest of a parish of Andalusia, for example, has occasion for a certificate of the baptism or of the burial of some person in a parish of Arragon or in Navarre. The fee for this document is usually two pesetas. As it is almost impossible to send so small a sum from one extremity of the Peninsula to the other, the priest of Arragon or of Navarre draws two pesetas from the *cepillo*, or alms-box of his parish, and the Andalusian priest puts the same sum into the *cepillo* of his parish, or he says two masses as an equivalent. In this way purgatory is converted into a kind of clearing-house, which wonderfully facilitates the transaction of business in the funds of the ecclesiastical market."

THE FIRST STEP.

Reader,—I believe there are many persons who have real desires for salvation, but know not where to begin. Their consciences are awakened. Their feelings are excited. Their understandings are enlightened. They would like to alter and become true Christians; but they do not know what should be their first step.

Reader, if this be the state of your soul, let me offer you some advice. I will tell you what step you ought to take, and may take this very day.

In every journey there must be a first step. There must be a change from sitting still to moving forward. The journeyings of Israel from Egypt to Canaan were

long and wearisome. Forty years passed away before they crossed Jordan. Yet there was one who moved first when they marched from Rameses to Succoth. When does a man take the first step in coming out from sin and the world? He does it in the day when he first prays with his heart.

In every building the first stone must be laid, and the first blow must be struck. The ark was 120 years in building. Yet there was a day when Noah laid his axe to the first tree he cut down to form it. The temple of Solomon was a glorious building. But there was a day when the first huge stone was laid at the foot of Mount Moriah. When does the building of the Spirit really begin to appear in a man's heart? It begins, so far as we can judge, when he first pours out his heart to God in prayer.

Reader, if you desire salvation, and want to know what to do, I advise you to go this very day to the Lord Jesus Christ, in the first private place you can find, and entreat him in prayer to save your soul.

Tell him that you have heard that he receives sinners, and has said, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

Tell him you are a poor vile sinner, and that you come to him on the faith of his own invitation. Tell him you put yourself wholly and entirely in his hands—that you feel vile, helpless, and hopeless in yourself—and that except he saves you, you have no hope to be saved at all. Beseech him to deliver you from guilt, the power and consequence of sin. Beseech him to pardon you and wash you in his own blood. Beseech him to give you a new heart, and to plant the Holy Spirit in your soul. Beseech him to give you grace, and faith, and will, and power to be his disciple and servant from this day forever. Oh! reader, go this very day and tell these things to the Lord Jesus Christ, if you really are in earnest about your soul.

Tell him in your own way and your own words. If a doctor came to see you when sick, you could tell where you felt pain. If your soul feels its disease indeed, you can surely find something to tell Christ.

Doubt not his willingness to save you, because you are a sinner. It is Christ's office to save sinners. He says himself, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." (Luke v. 32.)

Wait not because you feel unworthy. Wait for nothing. Wait for nobody. Waiting comes from the devil. Just as you are go to Christ. The worse you are, the more need you have to apply to him. You will never mend yourself staying away.

Fear not, because your prayer is stammering—your words feeble, and your language poor. Jesus can understand you. Just as a mother understands the first babbling of her infant, so does the blessed Saviour understand sinners. He can read a sigh, and see a meaning in a groan.

Despair not because you do not get an answer immediately. While you are speaking, Jesus is listening. If he delays an answer, it is only for wise reasons, and to try if you are an earnest. Pray on, and the answer will surely come. Though it tarry, wait for it. It will surely come at last.

Oh! reader, if you have any desire to be saved, remember the advice I have given you this day. Act upon it honestly and heartily and you shall be saved. Do not say you know not how to pray. Prayer is the simplest act in religion. It is simply speaking to God. It needs neither learning nor wisdom nor knowledge to begin it. It needs nothing but heart and will. The weakest infant can cry when he is hungry. The poorest beggar can hold out his hands for an alms, and does not want to find fine words.

The most ignorant man can find something to say to God if he has only a mind.

Do not say you have no *convenient place* to pray in. Any man can find a place private enough, if he is disposed. Our Lord prayed on a mountain; Peter on the house-top; Isaac in the field; Nathaniel under the fig-tree; Jonah in the whale's belly. Any place may become a closet, an oratory, and a Bethel, and be to us the presence of God. Do not say you have no time. There is plenty of time if men will only employ it. Time may be short, but time is always long enough for prayer. Daniel had all the affairs of a kingdom on his hands, and yet he prayed three times a day. David was ruler over a mighty nation, and yet he says:—"Evening and morning, and at noon will I pray." (Psalm lv. 17.) When time is really wanted, time can always be found.—Reader, salvation is very near you. Do not lose heaven for want of asking. Go this day and take the first step.—*Rev. J. C. Ryle.*

BEGINNING OF A RELIGIOUS AWAKENING.

"This change of ideas is one of the most striking facts of the present age, and more especially when it is considered that it is taking place at this instant by a spontaneous movement, which installs itself in different parts of the Peninsula; not, as in other ages and nations, in consequence of a proselytism headed by an apostle or a reformer, but of a *necessity strongly felt*, and which imperiously demands the object that alone can satisfy it. In Spain,—yes, in Spain,—the Bible is read, and people write and speak freely against the errors of the Church of Rome; nay, the Cortes denounce the vices of the clergy, and defend liberty of conscience; they propose means, which, a few years ago, would have been visited with the most cruel persecution, and with the *brutum fulmen* of anathema. The government expatriate reactionary bishops without so much as a murmur from the people against these strokes of severity; many priests enlisted under the banner of Carlism, have been taken by the troops, and shot as common culprits, without a single voice having been raised in their defence. The new doctrine, on the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary, has been attacked with irresistible arguments in a pamphlet published in Madrid, without either the authorities or the clergy having offered the least obstacle to its circulation.—The law authorising the sale of the church property is executed with the general consent and approbation of the nation. Finally, the efforts made by certain well-intentioned Englishmen to propagate sound doctrine in the Peninsula have been generally received, not only with a becoming appreciation and gratitude, but with an eagerness and relish approaching to enthusiasm; and the persons who have set on foot this pious undertaking receive, almost daily, letters from Spaniards of all classes, urging them to persist in a work which, manifestly, has a direct bearing on the minds and manners of the people.....

"We have already alluded to the state of abasement and degradation in which the clergy of the Peninsula now find themselves,—clergy who, for many centuries, swimming in opulence and surrounded by a splendor which almost eclipsed the throne, have been the true regulators of the public spirit of the nation, the keepers of all consciences, and who formerly composed the most influential and powerful among all her social categories.—these clergy who, to-day barely maintained by the public treasury, have been reduced to impotence, and become, as it were, a nullity,—they are excluded from all social intercourse with the elevated classes, and are depri-

ved of all means of recovering their ancient predominance. With this decay of the depositaries and agents of the papal authority and of the ultramontano ideas, other circumstances, which it was impossible to foresee, co-operate, in order to destroy these two scourges of humanity,—circumstances which promise better days for evangelical truth in that nation, so long enslaved by superstition and fanaticism. Not only does the actual government harbor ideas of religious liberty, and endeavor, by all possible means, to curb the pride and reactionary spirit of the bishops, but many of the most elevated public functionaries abandon the Popish creed, and openly favor the propagation of the Bible and of the different writings which have been recently published in London in the Castilian language, and in which the doctrines and practices of the Roman Church are attacked with the arms of logic and erudition. One of these publications, entitled '*El Alba*,' which is issued in numbers at indeterminate periods, finds so much favor in all classes of Spanish society, that its editors are constantly receiving letters of encouragement to persevere, such as those already alluded to, from many cities in the Peninsula, as well as reiterated demands for supplies of the work. '*El Alba*,' is read publicly in the guard-house of the national militia of Madrid, and has, it is said, been reprinted at the common expense of the journeymen printers of that capital, without the least obstacle."

BUENOS AYRES.

"While the spirit of inquiry advances in Spain, the republics of South America, formed out of the fragments of the ancient colonial power founded by Charles V., enter simultaneously into the religious movement, without any previous concert with the ancient metropolis. These dispositions manifested themselves in Buenos Ayres from the earliest days of its independence. The Protestants, without the least difficulty, obtained permission to have a cemetery for the burial of their dead, wherein are publicly performed the funeral rites of the Anglican Church, at which ceremony may be seen assisting, very often, not only the Roman Catholic inhabitants of the city, but even the clergy and friars of the dominant church. Under the government of the illustrious Don Bernardino Rivadavia, these good tendencies towards religious liberty acquired greater force and development, and Protestants are able to meet together on Sundays to celebrate their worship without that circumstance causing the least surprise, or even exciting the curiosity of the people. Rivadavia, in 1828, founded in the vicinity of the capital a colony composed entirely of Scotch families, who were permitted to erect a chapel in a building expressly set apart for the purpose, and there was not so much as a murmur against the project. The iron despotism of Rosas could do nothing against this bias given to the public opinion; and although the colony dissolved itself in one of those political convulsions so frequent in that country, the Protestants of the city still preserved their privileges. Rosas did not show himself much disposed to tolerate the abuses of the power of the Roman Catholic clergy, and he banished the Jesuits, in whose hands was placed the education of youth. The bishop of Buenos Ayres has been, during the dominion of that extraordinary man, *entirely subservient to his power.*"

PERU.

"In Lima, the capital of Peru, a city abounding with convents, and celebrated for the wealth and

power of its secular clergy, Dr. Vigil, a priest of irreproachable conduct and profound learning, has published a voluminous work, in which he attacks and pulverises the pretensions of the Roman Court, defends the independence of the bishops, and demonstrates, in the most luminous manner, the necessity of an ecclesiastical reformation, differing but very little from that which was most dextrously and successfully headed by Luther. That work of Dr. Vigil was condemned, and its author excommunicated by a pontifical bull; and yet, despite this circumstance, the book circulates from hand to hand freely throughout Peru, and the doctor himself lives in perfect tranquility in the midst of his fellow-countrymen, respected by all, and employed by the government in the distinguished post of director of the national library."

From the Morning Star.

CHRIST IN BUSINESS.

There are some, and it is to be feared no small number, who appear to believe, at least, act as though they believed, that religion has nothing to do with our worldly business. They are strict and conscientious with regard to reading the Scriptures, social, family, and perhaps secret prayer, observance of the Sabbath, and attendance upon the appointed means of grace. No one can bring aught against what is called their religious character. Besides they are benevolent, kind to the poor, of large charity. But inspect the business character of these same men, and you will find that they are the veryest worldlings. They scruple not to practice any art known to the most selfish to drive a bargain, get the advantage in a trade, in a word to make money. Evidently they live in two very different spheres, one pertaining to the Sabbath, the sanctuary, devotion; the other to their worldly profession or calling. The class of whom we are speaking are included in no one department of life, but is found in all—that of the merchant, the farmer, the mechanic, the learned professions. It would be difficult to say where they most abound.

But all this is wholly opposed to the requirements of the gospel. The spirit of its teachings is: Whether ye eat or drink, or *whatever ye do*, do all to the glory of God. It allows us to be selfish no where, at no time. To practice fraud, injustice, oppression is as much sin, as the violation of the Sabbath, profanity, or skepticism. Not only so, but the Gospel requires consistency in its votaries. He who undertakes to carry religion in one hand and the world in the other, is either deceived or a deceiver. Ye cannot serve God and mammon. Whosoever will be a friend of the world must be the enemy of God.

We do not mean that it is incompatible with Christian character to be a good business man.—Energy, diligence, foresight, shrewdness, are entirely consistent with the Christian religion. It is no sin for a man to be rich, no sin to acquire property.—Such have indeed temptations and besetments somewhat peculiar; and so have the poor, the unfortunate, the unsuccessful. It may be laid down as a general rule, that the more means one possesses, and the more successful he is in business, the more aseful he is, provided he is truly a Christian. And we know not that it is any harder on the whole for a successful business man to live religious than for an unsuccessful one.

Let any one make religion secondary, and put the world uppermost, let him sacrifice Christian principle under any circumstances to worldly policy, and he is not a Christian. Christ must reign supreme in the

heart or not at all. We repeat, it is not having wealth or acquiring it that is condemned; but having or acquiring it *not by right*, trusting in it, setting the heart upon it. It is not difficult to find professed Christians who are supremely selfish and worldly; yet do not prosper in worldly things. Indeed we believe such more commonly fail than otherwise.—There is a god above, a Providence that directs; and it is fit that one who proves a traitor to religion, should be followed with a blight upon his worldly concerns. Rarely is a Benedict Arnold prosperous or happy any where. Yet that the wicked, and even hypocrites, sometimes have prosperity in the earth, no one can doubt.

On the other hand, it is not difficult to find men of large means, and many cares, not only faithful to the performance of the ordinary religious duties, but showing that piety pervades their entire conduct—that they are the same Christians in the market, the field, the forum, as in the house of prayer. The number of such is too small, it ought to be larger; the more one has to do in this world, the more need he has of the direction, support, and consolation of the Christian religion.

These remarks find an illustration in the late Samuel Budget of England. He embraced religion in early childhood, and his path was that of the just, as the morning light shining more and more until the perfect day. Commencing business in a little village in the vicinity of Bristol, to which latter place, in a few years he removed, by a happy combination of sagacity, intelligence, energy, and piety, his business increased and prospered, until he became the mercant prince of the southwestern part of England. And this he accomplished by no infringement of equity, by no unfair management; but by an earnest application of great business powers.

Go into his great central establishment, where hundreds of men are employed. There is no fuss, little noise; there is no haste—no time for it. Mr. Budget is the mainspring of the whole. He sees everything, knows everything. He speaks a word of encouragement to the active, sends an electric look to the indolent. "Bungling of no sort, be it from want of power or want of will, can live in his glance: he can detect falsehood lurking in the depths of an eye, and veiling itself in the blandest smile; he has a tact and ready invention which find a quiet road to every secret: only perfect thoroughness of work, and perfect honesty of heart can stand before him.—Yet the kindly and approving is evidently his most natural and cherished look; he speaks many a word of sympathy and kindness; the respect and perfect deference which wait on his steps are tempered by affection."

He felt that his workmen were men, immortal beings, and he treated them as such; ever on the lookout for their spiritual as well as for their temporal interests. He used all suitable occasions, now by a word, again by a brief conversation individually to urge upon them the claims of religion. A man once sought employment from him: the wife thus relates the incident: "I shall never forget my husband's feelings when he came in after having seen Mr. Budget for the first time. He wept like a child; indeed, we both wept, for it was so long since any body had been kind to us. Mr Budget had been speaking to him like a father; but what affected him most was this—when he had signed the agreement, Mr. Budget took him from the counting house into a small parlor in his own house, and offered up a prayer for him and his family."

God and religion were everywhere uppermost.—His biographer, Mr. Bayne, to whom we are indebted

for these extracts, says: "The young men resident on the premises have separate rooms, for the express end that they may be able to seek God in private.—There is daily prayer on the premises; every day, in the morning, the whole concern is, as it were, brought directly under the eye of God. His authority over it recognized, and his blessing invoked." Every year, on taking account of the stock, while in company with his brother, it was observed, that after the state of their account was ascertained, the two brothers went into a private room, and there joined in prayer. They were Christian merchants.

Mr. Budget was no miser. The same tact which he used in acquiring property, he employed on devices for doing good with it. He expended annually on benevolent objects not less than *ten thousand dollars*. His house became the centre of beneficence for the whole district. With great sincerity could he say near the close of life: "Riches I have had as much as my heart could desire, but I never felt any pleasure in them for their own sake, only so far as they enabled me to give pleasure to others."

Now behold how such a Christian can die. As might be expected, his death bed was glorious even among Christian death-beds. His exit from earth was like the setting of the sun on a calm Summer evening. The following were some of his last words.

"I sent for you to tell you how happy I am; not a wave, not a ripple, not a fear, not a shadow of doubt. I didn't think it was possible for man to enjoy so much of God upon earth. I'm filled with God."

"I like to hear of the beauties of heaven, but I do not dwell upon them; no, what I rejoice in is, that Christ will be there. Where he is there shall I be also. I know that he is in me, and I in him, I shall see him as he is, I delight in knowing that."

"How our Heavenly Father paves our way down to the tomb! I seem so happy and comfortable, it seems as if it cannot be for me, as if it must be for somebody else. I don't deserve it."

"I am going the way of all flesh: but bless God I'm ready. I trust in the merits of my Redeemer. I care not when, or where, or how: glory be to God!"

Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace. Would you die the death of the righteous? Live his life.—J. J. B.

PROGRESS OF THE GOSPEL IN SWEDEN.

The Rev. George Scott, who was for many years a Wesleyan Missionary in Sweden, till driven from it by persecution, communicates to the Wesleyan Magazine extracts of letters he has recently received from that country. One from an intelligent and pious lady, dated Stockholm, Nov. 5, 1855, says: "Sweden is going on at a wonderful rate. These last two years have been of immense importance every way. Religious impressions are becoming more and more general. It is marvellous how the Spirit of the Lord works with hearts, and in quarters where we never could expect to see such things. *The holy fire is spreading over the whole country, among rich and poor, noble and tradespeople.* The number of Bibles sold, and the demand for them, are such, that to those who do not know the state of things, it would seem as if nothing had been done to satisfy it, though Printers and Bookbinders are constantly at work. [Fourteen thousand copies were issued from the depot in Stockholm last October.]

"Then again in commerce and agriculture there is much progress. Railways, the electric telegraph, gas,

are being introduced, and the number of inland steamers is greatly increased,

"All the persecution on account of religion seems to have ceased since the Rev. Mr. Anjou became Ecclesiastical Minister. The Baptists are at work openly here, and have bought a house for worship. . . . The work of the colporteurs is one which the Lord greatly blesses. They go about in such an humble way; but, like the moles, they proceed, burrowing and working the earth, making it softer for the ploughshare. The little town of *Jonkoping* is one where I think every branch of Christian enterprise seems to be better arranged than in any other place in Sweden; and the colporteurs sent out from thence do much good."

A legal gentleman—a district judge—writing from the last named place on Nov. 17, says: "the prospect was not on the whole, bright when you left Sweden, and Rosenius began, in the midst of saddened and discouraged Christians, to make known the Gospel. But the word has marvellously proved its divine power, triumphing over every obstruction which Satan immediately, or by willing instruments, placed in its way. This mighty work of God has year by year, made aggressions, among high and low, on the devil's' dngdom. We may now, prised be the Lord, indulge the hope that there are few districts in Sweden where the Lord Jesus has not a greater or less number of disciples who, with all their hearts, bless him for his love, and seek to spread the knowledge of his name around them.

"You doubtless know that the circulation of 'the Pietest' increases year by year, and that now eight thousand are issued. This excellent periodical, which from the first has presented godliness without controversy, has accomplished an amount of spiritual good that never can be known here. Another most successful power for attacking Satan's kingdom in our land is the increasing army of colporteurs, who are employed by various Tract Societies. One is entirely supported by an aged Christian couple in England. These laymen, taken from humble life, with few educational advantages, have received grace to accomplish great things in many different parts of our country. It is in general, an evidence of extensive awakening in our country, that, with few exceptions, the visible agents employed by the Lord are found among the laity, chiefly the peasantry. It is no less encouraging to know that many of the junior clergy are converted men; but not a few of these will readily acknowledge their debt of obligation to laymen for their first awakening.

"Our Tract Society in Jonkoping has been enabled, by divine grace, during several years, to support two colporteurs—men full of faith and the Holy Ghost, both of them much owned of God in the conversion of sinners. Upward of fifty thousand tracts have been put in circulation, principally by these devoted men. The district around the town, for several miles' extent, has been under powerful conviction of the Spirit. In one pastoral charge, comprising two parishes, a great awakening has taken place under the ministry of a young clergyman, himself awakened by God's blessing on the labours of *O. Ahnfeldt*. The word of the Lord is not confined to any one class in society; many of the nobility and men of property have experienced a saving change, and exert a mighty influence for good.

"An aged count and countess have thrown open their lordly mansion near Westeras to receive a large girls' school, taught by an eminently qualified lady, who longed for mission work among the heathen, but who has found a field of labor of vast importance at home. The Lord Jesus Christ is openly

and consistently confessed in the boarding school; but there is not therefore any lack of pupils, many receiving a gratuitous education of the best character. Several are under training in the same establishment for future usefulness as governesses in private families or school mistresses. Few of the nobility, in any land, would be willing to submit to the inconvenience of accommodating a large boarding school, rent free in their mansion. Count and Countess L. feel it a privilege to be enabled thus to deny themselves for Christ's sake; and future generations will rise to call them blessed.

"We are much concerned in this neighbourhood that we cannot meet the demand for Bibles. Our colporteurs have not been able, during the summer, to satisfy the earnest desire of the people for the word of God. This we greatly regret, well knowing the importance of placing the Bible in the hands of those who are seeking the grace of God."

Of brother O. AHNFELT, mentioned in the last quotation, Mr. Scott gives the following account:—"This is a remarkable man, and much owned of God in his labours. We may call him an 'evangelical Troubadour.' Having received a complete university education, he early manifested a fine taste for music, and devoted himself to it as a profession. After experiencing the converting grace of God, he resolved to turn his gift to account for the spiritual good of others. With a powerful guitar accompanying his magnificent voice, he soon gathers the population of a village to hear his 'spiritual songs,' the Swedes being fond of music; and as soon as his audience are softened to the 'melting mood,' he lays aside his instrument, takes up his New Testament, and preaches 'the everlasting Gospel.'—Hundreds have been turned to God by his instrumentality. I obtained in 1841 aid for this good man and Rosenius, which is still continued annually by the American and Foreign Christian Union of New York. Mr. Ahnfelt is not allowed to proceed unmolested. As many as twenty summonses from local courts have been issued against him for violating the conventicle laws, but he goes on his way, saying 'I am doing a great work, and have no time to attend courts;' nor has he, as yet, been arrested."

From Wesleyan Missionary Notices.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS OF REV. THOMAS WOOLSEY.

OLD FORT, (HUDSON'S BAY), July 30th, 1855.—Being wind-bound at this point, I avail myself of the opportunity of again addressing you. By my last, you will perceive that I have chronicled our journeyings until we arrived opposite the Upper Fort, Red River. Mr. James Ross had preceded us, being, doubtless, very desirous, after two years' absence, of visiting "the old house at home." His solicitude, in this particular, forcibly reminded me of the following lines, by Montgomery:—

"There is a land, of every land the pride,
Belov'd by heaven, o'er all the world beside;
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man? a patriot, look around!
O, thou shalt find, how'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home."

July 13.—We reached the Upper Fort about 6, p.m., accompanied our friend to the paternal roof, where we were most courteously received, and every attention paid that could possibly be shown. And what can be more grateful to the way-worn and weary traveller, than kind attentions, flowing from benevolent hearts? Our first impressions of this worthy

family, were very favourable, and subsequent acts of kindness confirmed them. We found Alexander Ross, Esq., a very intelligent and interesting old gentleman, full of information as regards the North-west region and of his own locality in particular. In 1849, he wrote a work, of nearly 400 pages, entitled, "Adventures of the First Settlers on the Oregon or Columbia River," relative to the expedition fitted out by John Jacob Astor, to establish the Pacific Fur Company. He has also written a Prize Essay on the Agriculture of Red River, &c., besides two other volumes that are now in the press.

July 14.—Paid a visit to the Upper Fort, saw J. Swanston, Esq., the gentleman in charge, who received us most courteously, promising to do everything within his power to facilitate our movements. Had an interview with J. Ballenden, Esq., and Col. Caldwell, both of whom gave us a most welcome reception. The former leaves by the Company's ship, in consequence of ill health, and the latter also having been called home. Received a call from the Rev. J. Black, who kindly invited me to be his guest during our stay; Bro. S. being solicited to remain with A. Ross, Esq. Favored with an introduction to Sheriff Ross, eldest son of the last named gentleman. In the afternoon of this day met with the Rev. A. Barnard, of the American Missionary Association.—He had fled from his Mission, in consequence of exposure to danger from the Sioux. He is, I am informed, master of the Chippewa language, having applied himself most studiously to it during his twelve years' residence among the Indians.

July 15.—Sabbath, in compliance with a request from the Rev. J. Black, I preached in his Church in the afternoon, having heard him in the morning, from the words, "There was a man sent from God, whose name was John." There is a Sabbath school here, averaging 100 scholars. I was remarkably struck with the regularity of attendance upon public worship. The language of the people appears to be, "Now, therefore, are we all here present before God; to hear all things that are commanded thee of God." A terrific thunder and hail-storm was experienced at the close of this day of rest. One little Cree boy was killed.

July 16.—Had an interview with Judge Johnson, a gentleman of no ordinary character. Called upon the estimable family of the late Donald Ross, Esq.

July 17.—Paid a visit to the Bishop's palace. His Lordship was absent on a tour through his diocese. We found his sister, Miss Anderson, a highly accomplished lady. Visited several families in the settlement. The enjoyment therefore appeared to be of a mutual character.

July 18.—Received a note from J. Swanston, Esq., setting forth that a boat and crew would be at our service on the following day, to take us to Norway House.

July 19.—Left the Upper Fort at 2 P. M. The kindness experienced whilst here will long be remembered. To adopt the sentiment of another, I must say that, in leaving this colony, I have never, in so short a time, become so much attached to any place, nor left it with more regret than I now do this. Amid all my wanderings, I have never been more kindly treated, nor made the friendship of a more whole-souled people. The scenes that have met my eyes have become daguerrotyped upon my optics. As I have seen thee, Selkirk, so shall I always see thee, and the remembrance of thee will continue to be associated with "whatsoever things are of good report."—

"For could I leave this cheerful vale,
And quit thy hospitable roofs,

Without one sigh, one keen regret,
And of thy merits leave no proofs—
I should unworthily repay
The kindness of those friends,
Whose worth deserves as warm a lay,
As love or friendship ever pens."

Following the example of the Co-Delegate, my next will be a dissertation on Red River, in some cases confirming his statements; but in the general furnishing additional observations.

OLD FORT, July 40th, 1855.—Before proceeding further, in reference to our journeyings, I will furnish some observations relative to Selkirk's Settlements, *alias* Red River; for which I am mainly indebted to one of the residents.

This region of country appears to have been explored and first occupied by Fur Traders about the middle of the 17th century. Prince Rupert and other British lords undertook at their own expense, an expedition to Hudson's Bay, for the discovery of a new passage into the South Seas, or to China, and for the purpose of finding some trade for furs, minerals, and other commodities. They made some discoveries, and were subsequently incorporated, in the year 1670, under the title of Hudson's Bay Company, and received a charter from Charles II. granting to them and their successors all the territory in North America, subject to the British crown, that was drained by waters flowing into Hudson's Bay.— Besides this territory they have extended their jurisdiction over the lands watered by the rivers that flow into the Arctic Ocean, and also that vast territory west of the Rocky Mountains. In fact, their territory embraces all North America (with the exception of the Russian possessions in the extreme north-west, and Greenland, in the north-east) that lies north of the Canadas and the United States and its possessions.

The first permanent settlement of Red River was made by a few Scotch Highlanders, sent out by Lord Douglas, Earl of Selkirk, in the years 1812-15. In the summer of 1812, some sixty young men and women, principally relatives left their fatherland to find a home in the American wilderness. They had a rough passage, and many of them died of typhus fever, after they entered Hudson's Bay. The remainder were obliged to winter at Churchill, which they all left in March, on snow shoes; and after encountering many difficulties, arrived at Red River, not to find a quiet home, but to meet additional trials and disappointments. (Two of that number are now in the settlement.) Subsequent proceedings led most of them to Canada as their future home, and that same summer they settled on the North of Lake Erie. In the summer of 1815, a second and larger party left Scotland. They reached Red River in October, and not being able to get provisions for the winter, they were compelled to go out on the plains, to live as the Indians did, in quest of Buffalo. Disturbances followed, in which Governor Semple fell wounded, but not mortally. An Indian, however, put the muzzle of his gun to his head, and blew out the governor's brains. After staying at Red River a few weeks, they, with others, who had come from Europe were driven out by hunger to winter on the plains. They were a mixed company, as may be inferred from the fact, that in their camp, that winter, they were able to speak several different languages. In the spring they returned, and did what they could towards making comfortable habitations, and to get in what seed they had; but from this time, for three years, their crops were partly or entirely cut off by grasshoppers. Voyagers, in passing the shores of Lake Winnipeg to Hudson's Bay, are said to have found dead grasshoppers heaped up like snow-drifts. The settlers

were again driven to the plains, until the fourth and last time, when, in 1821, the colony began to prosper. Many a curious little story is told of those days.

* * * * *

The French emigrated here, from Canada, in 1818, and the Swiss in 1823. Floods have occasionally destroyed their crops, swept away their houses, and destroyed much other property. One occurred in 1826. Another in 1852, compelling the inhabitants to flee to some high ground far away from their dwellings. The grave-yard, the "seed-plot for eternity," was completely inundated at that time.

The number of its inhabitants, &c., were fully detailed by the Co-Delegate. Upon these items, therefore, I will not dwell.

The settlement lies on both sides of the River, and extends more than forty miles. On the west side, between the two forts, the houses, parks, and cultivated fields lie between the river and an extensive prairie,—where, in Summer, all their cattle feed in common. By a law of the place, hay-making commences on the 20th July, in each year; and as this hay-field is common, and far out on the plains, this is done that each one may have an equal share.

OLD FORT, July 30th, 1855.—Our voyage from the Upper to the Lower Fort may be considered as but the start for our ultimate destination, for on reaching there we anchored for the night. We were most courteously received by Dr. Cowan, the gentleman in charge, and a very excellent repast at once furnished for our entertainment. While here we paid a visit to J. E. Marriott, Esq. a retired chief-factor of the H. B. Co. This gentleman, I am informed, may be regarded as one of our most valued friends, having rendered much assistance in translating our hymns, &c. He was greatly interested in us, and made many enquiries relative to our future movements, wishing us every possible success in our great and glorious work at Edmonton. I cannot speak too complementarily of the kindness shown us by himself and his good lady.

July 20.—Left Lower Fort Garry at 6 A. M. Breakfasted at the Indian Settlement, with the Rev. A. Cowley and lady, and Mr. George, of the Church Missionary Society. Afterwards were shown over the mission premises. Here is a new stone church, commenced by the Rev. Mr. Cochran, whose indefatigable energies have directed him to another field of labour. Mr. George proceeds shortly to Fort Alexander. The Rev. A. C. acted towards us in a most gentlemanly manner, wishing us every success. Dined at the mouth of Red River. The grass at this point is from 5 to 7 feet in height. After several hours hard rowing, effected a landing at the Willow Islands at 9 P. M. The approach was dangerous, in consequence of this part of the lake being exceedingly rocky.

July 21.—About one o'clock aroused by our guide, and were soon bounding over the agitated waters. After a very rapid run of 7 hours landed for breakfast. During the next two or three hours we encountered a violent storm, which compelled us to land as soon as possible. After dinner our guide ventured to cross over to the Dog's Head Point. Serious apprehensions were soon entertained, but by the good providence of God, we ultimately effected a landing near the above named point. The coast in this direction presents a bold front of granite rock, very irregularly formed.

July 22.—*Sabbath.* How calm and tranquil was this day of rest. How different from the past. A heavy swell from the west had produced vast undulations like the mounds of a grave-yard, and had burst over massive rocks on which we were now seated.—

How grand and yet how sad are these aspects of nature. Into what reveries they plunge us; whether wandering among the northorn seas, amid frosts and tempest, or they land us upon southern isles, where all is serenely calm and beautiful. For what can be more *peacefully* sublime than the calm, gently heaving waters? or what more *terribly* sublime than the angry, dashing, foaming sea? It speaks in a majestic voice, whether in the prolonged ripple or the stern music of its roar. But a voice louder than the roar of the fiercest tempest shall one day be heard, and the deep, even the lowest deep, shall yield up its dead, when the sun shall sicken, and the earth and the isles shall languish, and the heavens be rolled together as a scroll, and there shall be no more sea.

This day, while reviewing the past, and pondering oger the great work to which we had been solemnly set apart, I was powerfully affected whilst perusing Mrs. Sigourney's Poem on the ordination service, especially that part referring to the awful possibility of a soul being lost through unfaithfulness on the part of the minister of Christ. I here transcribe it:—

"Give God the praise
That thou art counted worthy, and lay down
Thy life in dust. Bethink thee of its loss:
For He, whose sighs on Olivet, whose pangs
On Calvary, best speak its priceless worth,
Saith that it may be lost!

Should one of those lost souls,
Amid its tossings, utter forth thy name
As one who might have plucked it from the pit,
Thou man of God! would there not be a burst
Of tears in heaven?

Oh live the life of prayer—
The life of faith in the meek Son of God—
So may the Angel of the Covenant bring
Thee to thy home in bliss, with many a gem
To glow forever in thy Master's crown."

Our men being French half-breeds and all Romanists, we had to spend the day as we well could. Not one of these poor fellows could read, and yet their countenances bespoke minds capable of great expansion. Some of these expressed a desire to have their children learn to read, but said that they could not send them to the Romish schools as the charges were so high. One expressed his resolve to leave the holy mother church!

July 23.—Started at 4 A. M. Breakfasted at Pigeon Point. Were wind bound here until the following morning. During the day there were about 7 dozen pigeons shot.

July 24.—Morning cloudy. About 7 A. M. reached the Sand Bar, over which we ultimately got, though with considerable exertion. Almost becalmed towards the close of day. Our provision this day consisted of wild ducks, goose, sturgeon, &c. In conversation with Indians from Beerings River, found that they had been recently visited by the Rev. T. Hurlburt.

July 25.—Awoke by the mosquitoes about 3 A. M. Really such calls are irresistible. I have heard of a poor deluded Romanist (a French half-breed) who stopped in the very act of uttering the prayer which he had been taught, and cursed these enemies of man and beast. It certainly requires more than ordinary philosophy, to bear up amidst their torturous inflictions.

July 26.—Experienced a terrific thunder-storm from 1 to 3 A. M. Started at 4. Had scarcely done so when the wind changed, greatly alarming our steersman. Were in some peril in coasting along Montreal Point, in consequence of the great number of sunken rocks that abound in this locality. Shortly after met a brigade of 12 boats for the Saskatchewan, in charge of W. Sinclair, Esq., who informed us that we had better proceed to Norway House, and follow

him in the Cumberland boats, and that he would await our arrival. Reached Norway House at 5 P. M., where we met with G. Barnston, Esq., the gentleman in charge, who at once placed his own family boat at our command, to convey us to the Mission House, Rossville. Brother Hurlburt, his good lady, and Miss Adams welcomed our arrival most enthusiastically. Considering the comparatively isolated position of the missionary and his family, in the varied fields of labour, the sight of a fellow-labourer, from their own loved shores, must produce enjoyment of a very pleasing character. Truly—

We did recount the past,
Talked o'er the years to come;
Still on God's bounty cast,
Till He shall call us home.

Brother Steinhaur's good wife, of course, welcomed his return. If report be true, nearly the entire population of Rossville were in his domicile during the evening. I remained at the parsonage until Saturday morning. Dined this day at the Fort with G. Barnston, Esq., and other gentlemen. I found the gentleman in charge, a person of extensive information, most courteous and obliging, and a hearty well-wisher to our Missions. On leaving, he expressed himself strongly in reference to our work and personal preservation. "May bright days and tranquil nights" be the portion of this gentleman and his family. It was very affecting to witness the departure of brother S. and his family, in separating from their friends. Some persons talk about making sacrifices for the Minsionary cause when they give a few shillings; but they use unmeaning words when their sacrifices are contrasted with those of the heralds of the cross. Our brigade consisted of about 40 *voyageurs*, besides about 20 passengers. I was much pleased, at the close of this day, to hear brother S. propose family prayer in his tent, such to be continued every evening, and, when practicable, in the morning, during our journeyings. With this I at once coincided. Some of the Indians were members of our own Church, others of the Church of England, and some few Romanists, &c. He then read a portion of Scripture, gave out a hymn which they sang melodiously, and then engaged in prayer—all in Cree. I shall not soon forget my feelings on that occasion, witnessing a considerable number of once Pagan Indians now "clothed and in their right mind," attending most reverently to acts of worship, such as those in which we were engaged. There was evidently no fear of being reviled by the unrenewed, by whom they were surrounded. To them it was a duty and a privilege.

July 29.—*Sabbath*. Started at 7 A. M., with a design to rest as soon as possible. Overtook the Saskatchewan brigade at this place, 25 miles from Norway House. They were wind-bound. Our boats now numbered seventeen, with about 160 persons.—Shortly after landing, I was solicited to baptize the infant daughter of one Donald McLeod. This was speedily attended to, and being my first act, in the administering of the ordinances since my ordination, I refer to it, as being under peculiar circumstances. Met with two persons from Edmonton, one of whom assured us that the Indians were anxiously awaiting the arrival of a missionary amongst them, and stated that 30 camps of Sioux were very desirous of hearing the herald of Salvation, who should teach them the words of the Great Spirit. These latter Indians are said to number more than 350.

Thus far, I have detailed our proceedings. We are still wind-bound, and cannot say when we shall move on. I do not know when you shall hear from us again. I am afraid that I have more than ex-

hausted your patience with what I have written, and therefore conclude, earnestly asking an interest in your supplications. "Brethren, pray for us."

From the Syracuse Journal.

REV. DANIEL WALDO.

We are gratified to learn by telegraph from Washington that the Rev. Daniel Waldo of Geddes, in this county, was elected Chaplain of the House of Representatives.

Mr. Waldo was nominated by Gen. Granger, our Representative, who urged his claims upon the attention of the House in an appropriate and beautiful speech.

Mr. Waldo is a venerable clergyman of the Congregational church, and is in the 94th year of his age. He has been in service as a minister for more than seventy years. He was a chaplain in the army during the Revolutionary war, and was in that eventful struggle taken prisoner by the British on York Island, and confined with several hundred others in the far-famed and fatal Sugar-house prison in New York, where he endured sufferings and cruelties from which he barely escaped with his life. He was an intimate acquaintance of General Washington, and often speaks with great feeling of his personal relations to that great man. He was graduated at Yale College, and is now the oldest living graduate of that institution. Several times in late years his name has been marked with 'dead' in the Yale Catalogue, to which he has replied by letter to the Faculty, requesting them not to be in too much haste.

Father Waldo, as he is familiarly designated, is even now a remarkable man. He has never been sick, and now appears as hearty and vigorous as most men of the age of 30 years. He resides on his farm in Geddes, two and a half miles from Syracuse, and he has daily been in the habit of walking to this city and back. He has for some time been filling the pulpit of the Congregational church at Manlius, in this county. He never preaches a sermon a second time, but always prepares one for the occasion. We have never known an instance of a person of his age 'keeping up with the times' so completely as Mr. W. has done. He is as thoroughly read in the literature of the past year as in that of any previous time of his life. We regret to learn that the aged wife of Mr. W. died about six weeks ago. Dr. Sprague, of Albany, is now engaged in writing Mr. Waldo's life, which must form an interesting volume.

Mr. W. is one of that noble but now small band of surviving patriots to whom we are indebted for an independent national existence. It is well that the representatives of the people should reward and honor, as they do, this venerable father of our nation.

From Wesleyan Missionary Notices.

THE ANNIVERSARIES.

Information received from a number of Circuits and Missions produces the conviction—not that the benevolent spirit of our Missionary supporters is spent, but that it is more than ever vigorous and noble in its developments; and that whatever wonder was expressed when Western Canada last year raised more than nine thousand pounds for Wesleyan Missions, the prospect now is, that even that sum must soon be reckoned among the lesser things.—There is a lofty, liberal catholicity on the American continent, and while the Rev. Messrs. Arthur and

Scott have obtained extraordinary sums in the United States for christianizing and protestantizing Ireland, the happy people of Canada are more and more making their stated contributions worthy of their christianity and their country. Whatever virtue and utility may attach to their acts,—and they are increasingly admired, and recorded with gratitude, by us, all will do wisely to go unto God with this avowal,—"Thou alone art worthy."

But an accumulation of finances is an accumulation of responsibilities. There has for some time, and especially since the Rev. John Ryerson's important tour in Hudson's Bay, been an accession of posts needing and soliciting the services of our Missionary Society; and with an accession to the funds there should be an accession to the faith of every pious intercessor; then will there very soon be an accession of men with grace, gifts, and fruit to occupy many new and promising fields of labor. This is the Society's greatest necessity. "Say not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh the harvest; behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white ALREADY to harvest!"

MODE OF WORSHIP IN THE NATIONAL CHURCH OF SWITZERLAND.

The principal service during the summer season, takes place at nine o'clock in the morning. About ten minutes before the hour appointed for its commencement, the schoolmaster of the town ascends the pulpit, and reads one or more chapters of the Bible, usually from the New Testament. At the same moment the bells begin to ring, and the congregation to assemble. The effect of this is very objectionable. The people regard the reading of the Bible as something merely introductory, which is to occupy their time while they are taking their seats; little or no attention is consequently paid to it. In fact, the noise is generally so great as to make it impossible to hear what is read. This is more particularly the case in cold weather, when the ladies bring the *chouffepieds* to church, (little wooden boxes filled with hot embers, on which they place their feet.)

At nine o'clock the bells stop, and the schoolmaster proceeds to read the Ten Commandments, with our Lords summary of them in the Gospel. While these are being read, the minister enters the church in his robes, and takes his seat near the pulpit. At their conclusion he ascends the pulpit, and takes the schoolmaster's place. He begins by reading a public confession of sin, the people standing, but not responding. A hymn is next sung, in which all the congregation join, sitting. The minister then offers extempore prayer, at the close of which he gives out his text, from a large Bible, the people continuing to stand till the text has been read. Then follows the sermon, delivered usually from memory, without notes.

In Lausanne and Geneva it is the practice to repeat the same sermon on successive Sundays in each of the churches of the city. A sermon is thus prepared once in three or four weeks with much assiduity, the recital of it is carefully practiced, and then this odd sermon is repeated from memory on three or four successive Sundays before each of the congregations of the town. After the sermon is over, liturgical prayers are read, concluding with the Lord's Prayer and the Apostle's Creed. A second hymn is sung, and the congregation is dismissed with the blessing.—*Wilson's Letters.*

Political and General Miscellany.

FLIGHT OF THE RUSSIANS.

Written by a Russian Sister of Mercy (a Directress) immediately after the escape from Sebastopol to the north side:—

"My last letter breathed no presentiment of the deep and universal grief that has come over us. You know now that we have abandoned Sebastopol to the enemy; but how? The whole town was changed into a sea of flame; all the batteries and bastions are blown up. It was a horror of desolation—a chaos—more dreadful than hell. That is all I can tell you about it. As yet I can give no account of all we have gone through, nor can I comprehend how we have born such terrors, how survived such agony. I am hardly able to write to you, my thoughts are so confused: but, by God's grace, my strength of will is preserved. You will easily conceive how much we are suffering in our hearts and souls. I would rather have died than have witnessed that terrible moment—those scenes so bloody, such as no war has ever yet produced." She then proceeds to give some account of her movements to and fro, seeking the wounded, and rendering help during the day. The following is the clearest passage in the letter, which is a repetition of similar scenes: "Next morning (Sept. 8) we were all of us ready at five o'clock. I gave orders to have everything prepared that was requisite at the different stations, and went myself to our hospital. At ten o'clock I drove out, but our horses were so exhausted that it was eleven before I arrived at the hospital, which stands upon a hill. From there it appeared that a heavy cannonade was going on, but I could not imagine it to be actually the storming; the wind wafted the sound to another quarter. They told me in the hospital that the attack had begun; I begged my good and active Sister J.—she was a Miss B. before marriage—to neglect none of my arrangements, and then I left her in all haste to attend to my duty in all directions. On my way to the city I saw a strong body of mounted men riding at full gallop towards Sebastopol; it was the Commander-in-Chief with his suite. I made the coachman drive as fast as possible after them, going first of all to the barracks on the north side. Here I heard that a sister had been wounded, not mortally, but severely, at the Michailoff battery. The entire left wing and the Malakhoff tower were in a blaze with the firing of artillery. I found the space about the Michailoff battery covered with troops, who wanted to cross the bridge, and the enemy directed his fire most especially against that spot. All the sisters of the Michailoff battery were well. From here I wished to be accompanied across the bridge by Mother Seraphine, a nun, you must know, from Tiver, who joined our sisterhood at its foundation. Just as we were going, however, to step upon the bridge, in order to follow the troops, General Buchmeir held us back, and advised us to return, for it was too dangerous, he said. I begged him to let me go, made the sign of the cross, and ran across the bridge. The troops hastened at a running pace over to the south side. The wind was so strong that the waves washed over the bridge, but, independent of that, the weight of the troops pressed it down under the water. The shots from the enemy's batteries were very frequent in this direction; but God was gracious to us. Balls fell close beside us, or went over our heads, and often so near that we all stooped low—they missed. I had strength enough to run as far as the Nicolaieff battery, but I had no sooner reached

the sisters' room, when I felt giddy, and had to take some drops as a restorative. I was wet through up to my waist, for my dress and my feet had been all the time in the water. I asked after Sister S. She came to me with her eye bandaged up, but, thank Heaven, her wound is a slight one; not like that of poor Sister W. Then I went to see Count Osten-Sacken. I had to pass along a gallery on which many spectators were standing; as soon as a bomb or a ball came near, we hid ourselves under the archways. In the inner court of the battery I found several gentlemen of the Commander's suite, and inquired of them where I should find the Count. They told me he was up in the battery with the Commander-in-Chief. I went up a narrow wooden flight of steps, but could only crawl up very painfully, and when I was up my senses were all but leaving me. I could just ask the Count what his commands were for the sisters in the Nicolaieff battery. He answered, 'Take them all away. God knows what may happen in a few hours.' Somebody said the enemy's flag was waving already on the Malakhoff. A horrid depression seized my soul. I wept without tears; and I don't know how I got down again. I ran to the sisters, begged them to let everything alone and follow me to the Michailoff battery. We set off, hoping that we might be able to return to the hospital as soon as it became more tranquil. The rumour spread that our troops cut down the enemy's flag. What great—what a universal joy that was! For all that I begged the sisters to follow me, left the care of our property to the surgeons and inspectors, and walked as fast as our strength would let us. At the same time the sick were carried across to the north side. A few hours later, and all were safe. On the bridge we again met troops running; one ball hissed after another, and fell into the bay. Half-way across the bridge, Sister B. fainted away through fright; a ball flew by us so close that it all but struck the bridge; I recommended myself to God and looked about me to see if all the sisters followed. Behind me came Father Benjamin (the confessor of the sisterhood, and who has long been a monk on Mount Athos,) and the priest to the fleet, concerning whom I have often written to you. When I saw him I stopped, that I might go by his side, for he is not alone a pious and learned monk, but has a calm courageous mind. At that very instant a bomb fell close beside us. Sister B. could walk no further; Father Benjamin held her up by one arm, our soldier did the same by the other, and they half dragged her along. I dipped my handkerchief into the bay to revive her with it. By God's help we came safe and sound to the Michailoff battery, and there I left the sisters."

Correspondence of the Morning Star.

PROCEEDINGS IN CONGRESS.

First Triumph of Freedom—Mr. Banks elected Speaker—The American Freeman triumphs over the Aristocratic Slaveholder—Let God be acknowledged in this important victory.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 4, 1856.

MR. EDITOR:—"The Lord reigneth: he is clothed with majesty: the Lord on high is mightier than many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea." Yes, the God of our fathers has given us the present victory of *Freedom over Slavery* in the election of Mr. Banks as Speaker of the thirty-fourth Congress. The nine weeks siege is ended—the terrible struggle is over,—and, for once, Liberty has triumphed!!

During this protracted battle, facts and circumstances have been so developed and woven into the

contest as to make it unmistakably an *intensified struggle between Freedom and Slavery*; so much so that the friends of the one and of the other, at the National Capital—ay, throughout all our national domain,—and all over the civilized world,—were watching the result with unparalleled interest and anxiety. At the commencement of the contest, the shrewd and well-disciplined pro-slavery parties—democrats and twelfth section K. Ns.—selected northern men—men from free States, for their candidates and leaders; and hence each of their parties claimed not to be sectional, but national in their action and designs. The Anti-Nebraska men came together from all the free States and from all the old political parties; and it was not strange that they found it difficult to find, and unite upon, a man for a leader. Looking not to the man, but to the cause of American Freedom, they at length, after much consultation and several unsuccessful efforts in another direction, united upon Mr. Banks, of Massachusetts, as their strongest and best man, and with him they determined to fight the battle to the end. In the meantime the democrats especially nettled at the thought of being beaten by Mr. Banks, (who had stated publicly on the floor of the House, that he believed he represented the strongest Anti-Slavery district in the Union,) determined to change their candidate and take a southern man with a view to bring in the Southern Americans to their aid. Hence they dropped Col. Richardson, and took up Mr. Orr, of S. C., known to be a superior presiding officer, and not bitter in his feelings against the K. Ns. This mode of warfare they tried for several days but with no appearance of success. All this time they were fighting against the plurality rule, which the Republicans moved the second week of the session. The contest grew closer and closer. The pressure upon the Administration was great from all parts of the country, demanding an organization; and public sentiment in thunder tones came up to the Capitol condemning the Democrats for opposing the plurality rule, which they themselves once adopted. The President had sent in two messages, thus applying all the executive power of the government to press and urge an organization. Still the friends of Freedom grew stronger, firmer and more inflexible. The slave propagandist both in and out of Congress, plead and begged, that some other man than Mr. Banks might be taken—some man of less sharp points—of less power to injure the “peculiar institution.” But the true men of the House chose not to take counsel of their enemies, and frankly told them that their colours were nailed to the mast—that they intended to have a *whole* victory or nothing. In this emergency the hitherto invincible democracy gathered themselves up for a last desperate struggle for slavery—the element in which they “live, move, and have their being.” They must have the votes of the Southern K. Ns. True, they had denounced K. N. ism in the very strongest terms that the bitterest hatred could marshal, and that too in their caucus at the commencement of this contest for Speaker. But now they must “back down”—now they must leave their platform—now they must take a man for whom the K. Ns. would vote; and this man they found in Gov. Aiken of S. C., a democrat, but an independent democrat—an anti-caucus democrat—an extreme ultra pro-slavery secession propagandist—who boldly makes slavery the paramount question; never consenting in his life to act with any party, strictly speaking, for fear it might not bow low enough to slavery; and last, but not least, *the man who owns more slaves than any other man in this nation—who claims more property in the flesh and blood and sinews of his brother man, than any*

other man on the face of the whole earth. This is the man on whom the sham, pro-slavery democracy write, for the sake of carrying with them the slavery K. Ns. Then they adopt the plurality rule. Now behold the marshalled forces under their chosen and appropriate leaders!

Here are the friends of freedom with a leader overflowing full of true patriotic manhood, born in poverty, left to his own unaided energies in early boyhood; having never entered a school-room, as a scholar since he was twelve years old—the mechanic youth, the self-taught scholar—*now the full-grown American freeman.* He is the leader on the side of Freedom. There are the friends of American slavery, huddled together in desperation, with a leader who is the embodiment of an aristocratic southern gentleman, the head and front of chattel slavery, born in wealth earned by slaves, educated by wealth earned by slaves, owning himself a thousand slaves, thus having a voice and power in his own election to Congress, equal to *six hundred* free citizens of the free States—a man of the Calhoun stripe, openly and boldly placing slavery above the constitution, above the Union?

Now are not the armies fairly arrayed? Have they not fit and significant generals? Is it not a fair fight—a clean, straight out race between liberty and bondage—between slave aristocracy and free genuine democracy? Yes, it is a fair fight—an open fight—a desperate fight. The heretofore triangular armies approach each other for the last, last deadly conflict. The smaller pro-slavery wing, slowly and solemnly, but earnestly, wheel into line with the pro-slavery host, and the deadly encounter comes on! A few members, traitors to Freedom, stand idly by, on the one hand—a few unflinching Americans stand idly by, on the other hand; and the Hall, stills itself into the silence of death as the last vote is taken!!

Ah, such a moment of breathless anxiety—of intense and thrilling interest!

The result is announced. Freedom has triumphed! Banks is elected!!

Then, after the sighing and groans of the wounded and dying subsided, (a few *dead* ones declaring they were *not dead*, and that Banks was not elected Speaker,) Mr. Aiken asks the privilege of conducting Mr. Banks, the Speaker elect, to the chair—the chair, empty, and waiting nine long weeks to be filled, now filled by a man worth waiting for; and at a quarter before seven o'clock on Saturday evening, Father Giddings administered the oath to the Speaker elect. Of course, there was some demonstration at the result—some rejoiced aloud—the ladies in the galleries waved their handkerchiefs in triumph, and a few slimy serpents, true to their instincts and to their “peculiar institution,” hissed like real serpents dragging their dying folds over a bed of coals.

Thus endeth the first battle of the 32th Congress. God in his providence has brought some true men up here to aid in fighting. God has led them on to victory—let Him have the praise. May a nation's rejoicing over this *first* victory of Freedom since the formation of this government, be accompanied by a steadfast adherence to truth and righteousness, and a universal cleaving to the God of the armies of Israel.

“DANIEL.”

OBITUARY OF 1855.

Within the last twelve months what a gap has been made in the memorable roll! The sagacious and indefatigable Truro—the earnest and philosophic Molesworth—the enterprising Parry—the warm-hearted and upright Inglis—the scientific De la Beche

the reforming Hume—the harmonious Bishop—the financial Herries—the diplomatic Adair—the poetical Strangford, also a diplomatist, with Ellis and Ponsonby, his fellow-laborers in the last named category—the gifted Lockhart—Miss Ferrier and Adam Ferguson, connected, too, with Sir Walter Scott—Lord Robertsoo, the convivial Judge—Lord Rutherford, his acute compeer—Miss Mitford and strong-hearted Currer Bell—Colburn, the godfather to half the novels of the last half century—Sibthorp, the eccentric—the travelled Buckingham—Park, the sculptor—Gurney, the shorthand writer—O. Smith the preternatural—the centenarian Rogers—Black, of the *Morning Chronicle*—the life preserving Captain Manby—Archdeacon Hare—and Jessie Lewars, the friend of Burns—the injured Baron de Bode—and a long file of titled names distinguished in all the pursuits of life. The war came in for the lion's share, in sweeping among those already illustrious, or had fate permitted, those who would have been so; the gentle-hearted, courteous Raglan, the mirror of modern chivalry—the intrepid Torrens—the amiable Estcourt—the untiring Markham—the brave Adams—the gallant Campbell—the honest Boxer, and the unfortunate Christie, are amongst the most prominent of the heroes whom the bullet or the Crimean fever have forcibly taken from us. Death, too, has been busy with great people in the rank of our Allies, on the field, on the wave, in the Cabinet, in the private home:—Harrispe, Bruat, Mackou, Della Marmora, who fought so well, the painter Isabey, the statesman Mole, the poet Midziewitz, the widow Lavalette, the wife of Emile de Girardin, the brother of Victor Hugo; Count Bruhl, the antagonist of Philidor, the King of Chess; Koschew Pacho, the true type of the old Osmanli; the chivalrous Duke of Genoa; and Adelaide of Sardinia, the early lost wife of our noble Piedmontese Ally.—*Bentley's Miscellany for January.*

THE ORIGIN OF WHEAT.

Wheat may be deemed the food of Western civilization, as rice is of the semi-civilized nations of the East;—no doubt the annual consumption of rice over the whole globe is much greater than that of wheat; yet considering the superiority of the peoples it nourishes, its higher nutritive properties, and its present and future commercial value, wheat stands *facile princeps* among the cereals. It can be successfully cultivated under a greater variety of soil and climate than any other grain. It flourishes under the cold of Northern Russia, under the fogs of England, and even the burning heat of the tropics. It is an article of regular exportation from Archangel, and African travellers informs us that it is extensively raised for the subsistence of the nobility in the kingdom of Bornou, near the Western shores of Lake Tchad, some 8 deg. to 10 deg. north of the Equator.

Of its origin, nothing is certainly known. It has been cultivated since the earliest records of authentic history: in all probability, at a far earlier period it was developed by cultivation out of some wild cereal grass. Recent investigations and experiments show almost conclusively that it may be thus originated anywhere. The experiments in question were made upon the *Egilops ovata*, a grass which grows wild in Sicily; a brief account of them we extract from Chambers' Journal. This grass produces a small seed, and when ripe it is frequently gathered in bundles by the peasantry, and the heads scorched in flame, which consumes the husk and beard, and leaves the seeds slightly roasted. In this state, they

are eaten, with relish, by those who can get nothing better. There are three or four species of it growing all around the Mediterranean. In the year 1838, M. Fabre, an enlightened agriculturist of Agde, in the south of France, considering these grasses to belong to the cereal, began a series of careful experiments on the *Egilops ovata*, with a view to ascertain what effect would be produced upon it by cultivation. A plot of ground, sheltered by high walls, and sufficiently distant from fields of other gramine, was prepared, and in this he sowed a few seeds, in 1838. The plants grew from twenty to twenty-four inches high, and ripened by the middle of July, in the following year; and though with but few fertile spikelets, the yield was in proportion of five to one. Here was already a marked difference;—in its wild state, the *Egilops* seldom grows higher than from six to nine inches, with curved stalks, bearing a small, flat, rudimentary ear, containing one or two grains. The stalks are extremely brittle, and when fully ripe the ears turn black, and fall off, like the leaves from a tree. In these latter respects, M. Fabre's crop of 1838 retained its original habit; for the ears were deciduous, and the stock broke off easily; but there was a marked difference in height, and in amount of produce. The seeds were again sown, and in 1840 the spikelets were more numerous; scarcely an ear without two seeds, and these more floury than before, approaching the character of wheat. In 1841 the resemblance to wheat was still more observable; the ears, which were less flat, had from two to three grains, and the beard had almost disappeared. The next year, the plants stood still, being slightly attacked by rust; the number of grains, however, was not diminished. But in 1843, the delay was made up; the stalks grew three feet high, and stronger, than in any previous season; the ears could not be easily broken off; the grains were plumper; one of the plants yielded 380 for one, and another 450 to one. In 1844, every ear was full, and the grains not so densely coated as before: in 1845, the transformation into wheat was complete; all the plants were true representatives of cultivated wheat. Since 1845, M. Fabre has sown the seed obtained with so much care, in an open field, among vineyards, and by the roadside, with a return from six to eight-fold. The stems are straight and strong, the ears are round and beardless, the grains very floury, and in no single instance has there been any return to the form of the original *Egilops ovata*. Here, then, in seven years—if these statements are to be relied on—we have a change effected by artificial means, which may be regarded as one of the most extraordinary phenomena of cultivation. Botanists have repeatedly said that our cultivated wheat once grew wild in Sicily, Babylonia and Persia, and here we have the explanation. The brief account we have given of the history of these experiments, shows by what a gradual process a wild and comparatively useless grass was converted into our most valuable cereal. The first scientific agriculturists have come to the conclusion that the cultivated wheats are only races of the *Egilops*—and assuming the facts in the above instance to be correctly given, it would seem that the question of the origin of wheat may now be considered settled. Its production in this manner gives us reason to suppose that it never was indigenous to any particular country—a supposition which its existence in so many different varieties, and the contradictory accounts of its origin, only serve to confirm.

We will remark, in passing, that the same supposition may reconcile the various accounts of the origin of Indian Corn, which is only a gigantic grass

developed by cultivation. It has not been found growing wild in either hemisphere. A grass, which was perhaps one of the rudiments of it, has been found in South America; each kernal of whose seed is covered by a glume. A series of experiments would probably establish the fact, that it might be developed from species common to both hemispheres. No man can conjecture what triumphs and rewards, in harmony with recognized laws of production, are yet in store for scientific agriculture. Who knows but some grain more nutritive than wheat and more prolific than maize, may be yet waiting its revelation, to replenish the earth with food for the teeming millions of its later day?

As has been before remarked, there is no doubt of the cultivation of wheat, of substantially our modern varieties from a very early period. In the absence of definite knowledge on the subject, we may fairly presume it to have originated soon after the flood; perhaps before. It is clear that it was commonly cultivated in Egypt, in the time of the Patriarch Jacob, and distinct reference is made in Exodus to the effect of the plague of the hail upon this crop, in the time of Moses. One writer upon this subject remarks, "It is to be presumed that upwards of 1,000 years before the Christian era some improvement in its culture, and some knowledge of a superior variety had been attained, since we find it recorded in Ezekiel, 'Judah traded in wheat of Minneth.'"

Heroditus speaks of its production for exportation by the peasants of the Ukraine long before his time. According to statistical returns, quoted by Demosthenes, we learn that in his time the average importation of wheat into Athens from the countries north of the Black Sea (principally from the Crimea) was 600,000 bushels per annum; and Strabo states that upwards of 3,000,000 bushels were supplied from this quarter to Athens in a single year of scarcity.—Pliny and Columella speak of the different varieties of wheat cultivated in their time with great particularity; they both use such language as leaves no room for doubt, that then, as now, it was regarded as the most important of all agricultural productions, and the best food for man. From about this time till the fourteenth or fifteenth century, we have no reason to suppose, that taking the world at large, there was any great increase in the production of wheat. Perhaps the total crop was even less when Columbus discovered America, than in the time of our Lord. During all that period, when the chief concern of learning, law, and society, was the preservation of the unity and supremacy of the One apostolic Church, men seemed to have been content, for the food of their bodies as well as their souls, to live upon husks. It would be interesting to note the coincidence between the revival of sound learning and pure Christianity, and the increased consumption of the best cereal. Facts like these have been often elaborated for the sake of the argument they contain, which does not need repetition here.

From the Christian Times.

ENGLISH MEDALS TO FRENCH TROOPS.

DRAWING FOR THE ARMY—PEACE PROPOSALS—THE SULTAN AND THE LEGION OF HONOUR—HATRED OF ROMANISM, AND RELIGIOUS INDIFFERENCE.

PARIS, Jan. 10, 1856.

Yesterday a new and unique page was added to the annals of our army. French soldiers were rewarded by the Queen of England, and Napoleon III. stood by approvingly. A day of triumph had been appointed for those troops kept out of port by the inclement

weather, while their comrades were receiving the congratulations of the Parisians, and on the 8th inst. the 39th and 50th Regiments of infantry marched into Paris, cheered by the population, and welcomed with banners and laurel crowns. They passed under the triumphal arch of the carrousel, and were reviewed by Napoleon, the Empress with her Court appearing on the balcony of the Tuileries. But another festival was prepared for our Crimean heroes. Your gracious Queen commissioned the Duke of Cambridge to place upon the breast of these brave men the same testimony of her admiration of their persevering courage that she has given to her own undaunted troops. It was an unfavourable day, but the crowd braved the contending frost and thaw, mist and rain, slippery streets and lowering sky, to see the Crimean regiments march into the Place de Tuileries. At one o'clock the Emperor appeared, between the Duke of Cambridge and Prince Napoleon, and accompanied by a brilliant staff. The Empress, with her ladies, surrounded by Prince Jerome, the Princess Mathilde, and other members of the Imperial family, viewed the spectacle from her crimson and gold-hung balcony. The Tuileries windows were crowded with illustrious personages. The officers and wounded men came forward, and, after a few cordial and congratulatory words, the Duke distributed Queen Victoria's medal to each. A ball at the British Embassy closed the day; the Emperor and Empress were present.

The annual drawing for the army is now commencing, and is expected to deprive Paris of about 6,000 men. It is remarkable that during the cholera of 1832, births were remarkably numerous, and this tells upon the army lists now, when the demand for men is so great. But it is without enthusiasm that the young men go to draw, and the number drawn is more than ever called a bad one when it falls within the required quota, and the poor fellow is obliged to march. This year very few will be exempted; for hopes of peace are vanishing. All eyes are now turned towards Austria. Is she really summoning up determination enough to recall her ambassador from St. Petersburg, if Russia refuses to accept unconditionally her propositions? If so, the Germanic Diet will soon have to pronounce upon the momentous point, whether the confederation will throw itself into the Western scale or not. Sweden is calling a council of war, and there is a report of her finding active employment for her army. While the spirit of war is agitating all the States of Europe, in Turkey it assumes the form of the spirit of improvement, bringing her into contact with, and within the influence of, Western civilization, and less exclusive ideas. Never had the Sultan deigned to accept a foreign order; how should he, when Ambassadors of Kings or Emperors could appear before him in no other garb than that of a subject of the Porte? He had peremptorily refused the magnificent decoration of the Tower-and-the-Sword, sent to him by Donna Maria of Portugal, and, in 1850 he declined the Garter and the Cross of the Legion of Honour. But now things are changed; and while the Sultan is preparing medals for his Allies in commemoration of the taking of Sebastopol, his ally the Emperor Napoleon has sent him the insignia of the Legion of Honour, which has been accepted and now shines upon his breast. In the gracious speech he made on this occasion to the French Ambassador, the Sultan declares his hope "that his Empire, henceforth one of the members of the great European family, will prove to the entire world that it is worthy to occupy an important place in the concert of civilised nations."

We live in wondrous times—wondrous in general events, and no less wondrous in the details connected

with them. How many men have come to the knowledge of their God and Saviour, by being called away to the Crimea; and how many of the Testaments so freely given and so frankly received, are now finding their way back to France, and going into hamlets where the *colporteur* has never yet sown his precious seed. One of the last letters from the Crimea gives an account of the happiness of the few Protestants in Kamiesch who enjoy Protestant worship there, and the likelihood of a church being formed. The military authorities have shown every mark of respect and kindness to our chaplains, who are thus enabled fully to perform their arduous duties to the Protestant soldiers under their charge. At home, the people are unanimous in applauding the journalists who are waging war against the *Univers Religieux*, which, on the whole, has brought upon itself a pretty sound thrashing: its past sins have been vigorously exposed, and its hypocritical pandering to every new Power, when at the same time it has been ready to administer a dastardly kick to every fallen one, has been forcibly pointed out. This is only the manifestation of the feeling of contempt for Romanism which spreads daily, as new facts respecting the clergy come to light in the individual experience of families, especially among the working population, where money is not plentiful. It constantly happens that working men resolve to bring up all their children as Protestants, and so once for all get rid of the baneful priesthood, and this not from studying Protestant doctrines, but from witnessing Protestant acts. Often as many as thirty or forty children are refused weekly at a single Protestant school in Paris, for want of room, and this when the friars' schools have room to spare, and open their doors gratuitously. Thus, were our schools numerous enough, and sufficiently supported, would constitute a well-founded hope for our rising generation.

While the population is thus slipping away from priestly influence, the ecclesiastical chasm between Ultramontaniam and Gallicanism is widening; the Ultramontanians are forcing down the wedge, and are giving it another blow by pronouncing the letter *u* in Latin as the Romans do, like *oo*, instead of giving it the sound of the French *u*. Soon the party to which a priest belongs will be known by the first word uttered in a church. The people slip between the two, some few into Protestantism, but the greater part, alas! into total religious indifference.

From "Le Lien," a French Paper.

THE RUSSIAN CHURCH AND SECTS.

Russia is the country of silence; its religious constitution is scarcely better known to us than its political organization, and, like it, is characterized by many mysteries difficult to solve, many eccentricities whose cause is not apparent. Debarred from all official documents, we are compelled to search the narrations of travellers for data relative to the condition of the Russian Church, and the sects which have separated from it. All these recitals concur in representing the religious state of the Czar's empire as most deplorable, the more so inasmuch as the orthodox worship, far from improving, seems, on the contrary, daily to degenerate.

The Russian Church, in its internal constitution, differs as much from the Romish Church as from the different Protestant communities. In accordance with the gospel, Protestantism recognizes between the disciples of the same Master only a difference of functions.—its clergy compose neither a caste nor a priesthood, are not required to practise celibacy;

and live in full liberty, with other functions, but with the same rights, the same duties and in the same external circumstances, as private Christians. The Romish Church, on the contrary, declares that ordination confers rights and privileges, and imposes duties, unknown to ordinary Christians, and its clergy constitute, in the bosom of society, an order by itself. This idea finds its most complete expression in the celibacy imposed upon the priesthood.

The Russian Church has succeeded in not accepting either of these two solutions of the problem. It imposes celibacy on the higher clergy, and forbids it to the simple priest; the bishop cannot be married, the priest must always be so, the rupture of the conjugal tie, whether by divorce or the death of his wife, deprives him, *ipso facto*, of the sacred character which with ordination has invested him, and, stranger still, he is forbidden to re-marry, moreover, no condition is more miserable than that of the Russian cleric.

Entering young into the seminary, he there receives a very superficial course of instruction, which generally consists in the knowledge of the elements of the Slavonic language, and some smattering of the theology, from which all controversy, even with the Romish Church, is sedulously excluded, add to this the study of singing, and of the complicated ceremonial of the Greek worship, and you have all the educational furniture of a priest. This, however, is enough to raise him to an intellectual level very superior to that of an immense majority of his nation. His studies completed, the priest marries (without this he cannot receive orders, unless he becomes a monk and enters a convent), and is located in some village. Then he begins a life of privation and of misery. The state, which arrogates to itself an absolute right of governing the church, does not take upon itself to provide for the wants of its clergy.—The priest who is appointed to a *ure*, nominally by a diocesan bishop, but really by the lord to whom the village belongs, is paid by that nobleman, receiving only a sum altogether insufficient for his own support and that of his family. Casual receipts must, therefore, supply his exigencies; and since there exists for holy offices and the functions of the ministry only a scale of fees, whose inapplicable provisions date from the time of Peter the Great, and have fallen into disuse, the priest spends his life in selling religion to his flock as dearly as he can, and two or three times a year makes the round of the cottages, and appropriates a tithe of all their productions. The peasant who on his part does his best to obtain what religion he must have as cheaply as possible, is compelled occasionally to submit to the exactions of his pastor. There is, in fact, a custom in the Russian Church, that the priests, at certain periods, should conduct worship in the houses of all their parishioners. The only result of this practice, which *might* be productive of much good, is an impost levied by the priest upon the believer, whom he thus compels to pay for his *Te Deum*. Moreover, the Russian Church specifies a great number of degrees of kindred within which marriage is forbidden, but reserves to itself the right of granting dispensations. In the villages, where the peasants marry among themselves, and are all relations, they are compelled continually to have recourse to the priest to obtain these dispensations, which he may refuse, which he sells as dear as possible, or at least grants only to those who have managed to get into his good graces. Thus is established between the priest who wields over his parishioners a definite power, and the peasantry who support him by their gifts, an exchange of good offices; but these relations are easy only in appearance, and most frequently conceal a real enmity between the pastor who is

compelled to beg his bread, and the believer who sees himself cheated without mercy; an enmity suppressed only on festival days, when pastor and parishioners together drown in drunkenness their mutual grievances.

Such is the picture generally presented by the villages of Russia. Of course, to this melancholy rule there are exceptions; but these are very rare; and even when a priest may have succeeded in living on good terms with the members of his flock, and in acquiring over them a real and religious influence, a terrible contingency ever impends over the whole of his career; it is enough that he should have the misfortune to lose his wife to be immediately compelled to resign his functions. He may then either re-enter into secular life or become a monk.

The Russian Church has but one religious order, that of St. Basil, and the number of its members is limited enough. It is said that, taking the whole empire, not more than 300 yearly enter the convents: this is partly the result of the poverty of these institutions. Possessed in former times of great property, they were despoiled of it by Catherine II.; a certain number of them receive from government a very small indemnity, the rest subsist on alms. Certain privileges, however, are secured to monks by law; they are exempted from corporeal punishment, and from military service,—in this respect, the Russian monks are more happy than the priests; neither are subject to the knout or the baton; but the priests may, in certain cases, be degraded and sent to the army.

In the monasteries the vows cannot be taken under the age of thirty, nor without the consent of parents and of the Holy Synod; thanks perhaps, to these precautions, the Russian monks are, in general, better instructed and more pious than the priests; they alone have preserved some thoughtful habits and some degree of religious life in the Russian Church. Moreover, it is from the convents exclusively that the ranks of the higher clergy are recruited—the bishops, the professors in colleges, &c.—who, better informed than the nobility, have not their narrow prejudices, and enjoy a merited consideration. In olden times the superior clergy played an important part in Russia. The Patriarch of Moscow, placed at the head of the whole church, and independent, or nearly so, of the see of Constantinople, was one of the most powerful personages in the empire. But since the abolition of the patriarchate,—since the period when Peter the Great and his successors made all authority centre in the Czar,—the influence of the higher clergy has diminished; their power is now a nullity; and they are the docile and obedient instruments of the government. The Holy Synod, composed of their chiefs, and which holds its sittings at St. Petersburg, has no power of its own, and contents itself with servilely registering the decisions which the emperor communicates to it by a lay procurator, who at the present time is no other than Protasoff, the general of cavalry. There remain now, to the higher clergy, in place of their lost influence, only great honours and much consideration.

This glance at the condition of the Russian Church sufficiently explains why religious life is entirely wanting in its pale. All controversy with the Church of Rome has ceased; and were it to be renewed, the points in dispute would not be of sufficient importance to awaken any movement whatever; all intercourse with the other branches of the Greek Church is as good as prohibited; shut up in its own exclusive sphere, the Russian Church has no theology sufficiently characteristic and defined to maintain an independent vitality, doctrine is scarcely ever taught in the colleg-

es; the only point really insisted on is the *divine authority of the Czars*: and the immense majority both of clergy and people are thus given over to a frivolous and totally barren formalism. The temporal position of the clergy, as we have already stated, obtains for them neither influence nor consideration; neither does the worship—which consists only in ceremonies, genuflexions, and crossings without number, performed with scrupulous exactness, but to which no moral value belongs, and no religious meaning is attached. The *employé*, the soldier, the peasant, when they have satisfied these requirements of the ceremonial law, depart, in perfect tranquillity of conscience, to rob the state or their proprietor. And how can it be otherwise? All public religious instruction (the fact, though hardly credible, is nevertheless certain) is entirely unknown in Russia. All other branches of the Christian church require before receiving a member to communion, that he should have been instructed in the principles and duties of religion. The Russian Church is easier of access, knows no *catechuminate*, and children participate in the communion from the cradle. When they arrive at the age of reason, and, for the first time, are confessed before communicating, a kind of *fête* and religious ceremony takes place, but this is not preceded by any species of instruction. The people, therefore, know nothing of religion, but what they can learn from its outward rites, which is scarcely any thing. Preaching is very rare—so much so, that a few sermons suffice to gain for their author, usually a monk, a reputation for oratory, and an episcopal see. In the country districts the priest never preaches, and is content with now and then reading to his flock a sermon printed by some orator of renown, which, having been composed for an educated audience, is naturally almost incomprehensible to peasants. There remain the liturgies and sacred books. But in this empire, where of more than sixty millions of inhabitants, forty millions speak the same language, without even any marked difference of dialect, worship is performed in a foreign language, the Slavonic. When, in the course of the ninth century, the Greek missionaries preached Christianity to the Slavonians, that people had no written language, and they were obliged to compose for them an alphabet. Cyril and Methodius, whose names are still held in honour, adopted as a basis the Greek alphabet, with the addition of some Hebrew and Armenian letters, and thus succeeded in effecting a rude translation of the sacred books. Hence it follows that the Bible and religious books used by the Russian Church are unintelligible to all but the clergy, who study Slavonic in the colleges. Englishmen have translated the Bible into Russian, but the Czar has formally prohibited the circulation of this version of the Scriptures in his empire.

We thus see the amount of religious provision made by the Russian Church for its disciples. The clergy, with the exception of the Bishops, have no standing in society; preaching is almost a nullity, religious instruction has no existence, the people then, must not be held responsible, if the most elementary notions of morality and religion are found wanting, and their place supplied by formalism and superstition. The most melancholy proofs have been cited. The Greek Church forbids *images*; but *pictures*, the painted representation of saints, abound everywhere; there is not a house, even amongst the most infamous, where these *paintings*, called *logs*, are not found. It is related that a merchant warmly expressed to a foreign dealer his indignation that he had no *log* in his apartment; on a subsequent day he perceived on the bolster of the bed a sacred image, and crossed

himself devoutly, manifesting his great joy to see the foreigner brought to a better state of mind; he then sold him for a great sum a precious stone, which turned out a false one! In a village where some peasants, who, being discontented with the parochial saint, from whom they had vainly sought a favourable rain, one day broke into the church, opened the shrine, and possessing themselves of the saint's relics, administered to them a public castigation with the knout.—As to the Bible, the little the people know of it they pervert to the sanction of their vices. Drunkenness is permitted, because the Saviour said it is not what entereth into the mouth defileth a man. The popular irreligion even assails the character of Christ himself, that perfect holiness which shone in him, and seems, of all his personal traits, the most likely to impress simple minds, is unperceived by the Russian peasant, whose worst propensity, in combination with drunkenness, is theft. Reproach the *moujick* with this vice, and he will answer you with in a popular saying, which in blasphemous impiety nothing can surpass, that "our Saviour himself would have stolen if his hands had been pierced!"

Thus abandoned to formalism and impiety, Russia, in a religious point of view, presents a vast field on which superstition on the one hand, and a sectarian spirit on the other, may work at leisure.

From the Durham County Advocate.

THE VESSEL IN WHICH WILLIAM III. CAME TO ENGLAND.

During the hearing of a case in the Admiralty Court the other day, Dr. Lushington remarked, that somewhere about 40 years ago he was engaged in a suit in which the identical vessel that brought over William III. was concerned. Aided by the kindness of a valued correspondent, we are now enabled to lay before our readers the following interesting and authentic memoranda connected with the fortunes of this "ever-to-be remembered" craft. The *Princess Mary*, according to the most reliable account, was built on the Thames in the earlier part of the 17th century, and was afterwards purchased by the Prince of Orange or his adherents as an addition to the fleet which was destined to effect the glorious Revolution of 1688. The Prince expressly selected this vessel to convey himself and suite to England, and he bestowed upon her the above name, in honour of his illustrious consort, the daughter of James II. When the Revolution was *un fait accompli*, the claims of *Princess Mary* to the royal favour were not overlooked. During the whole of William's reign she held a place of honour as one of the royal yachts, having been regularly used as the pleasure yacht of Queen Anne. By this time, however, her original built was much interfered with from the numerous and extensive repairs she had from time to time undergone. On the death of the Queen, she came into the possession of his Majesty King George I., by whose order she ceased to form a part of the royal establishment. About the middle of the last century, during a fit of economy, she was sold by the Government to the Messrs. Walters, of London, from whom she received the name of the *Betsy Cairns*, in honour, we are told, of some West Indian lady of that name. Having been long and profitably employed by her new owners in the West Indian trade, she was afterwards disposed of to the Messrs. Carlins, of London, and, alas for the mutability of fortune! the once regal craft was converted into a collier, and employed in the conveyance of coals between Newcastle and London. Through all her varied vicissitudes of fortune, however, she is

still said to have retained her ancient reputation, "as a lucky ship and fast sailer." She was afterwards [circa 1825] transferred by purchase to Mr. George Finch Wilson, of South Shields, and finally, on the 17th of February, 1827, while pursuing her voyage from Shields to Hamburg, with a cargo of coals, she struck upon the "Black Middens," a dangerous reef of rocks north of the mouth of the Tyne, and in a few days afterwards became a total wreck. The news of her disaster excited a very lively sensation throughout the country. She had always been regarded, especially by the sailors, with an almost superstitious feeling of interest and veneration, and at the time of the wreck this feeling was doubtless, in no small degree, enhanced by the recollection of a "memorable prophecy" said to be associated with her fortune—viz., "that the Catholics would never get the better while the *Betsy Cairns* was afloat!" In length the *Betsy Cairns* was 80 feet 3 inches by 23 feet broad. She had two decks, the height between which was six feet six inches. She was carvel built, was without galleries, square-sterned, and devoid of figure head. She had two masts, and was square-rigged, with a standing bowsprit. The remnant of her original timbering, though but scanty, was extremely fine. There was a profusion of rich and elaborate oak carvings, the colour of the wood, from age and exposure, closely resembling that of ebony. As soon as the news of her wreck became known throughout the country, the people of Shields were inundated with applications for portions of her remains. The application: n the part of the Orange Lodges were especially importunate. Snuff boxes and *souvenirs* of various kinds were made in large numbers, and brought exorbitant prices. Each of the members of the then Corporation of Newcastle was presented with one of these boxes, which exhibit, in a marked degree, the durability and inimitable qualities of the British oak. A painting of the *Betsy Cairns* was made by Mr. J. Ferguson, of North Shields. Two carved figures, part of the nightheads, are, we believe, now in the possession of the brethren of the Trinity-house at Newcastle, and a beam, with mouldings covered with gilding, and forming a part of the principal cabin, is now the property of Mr. Rippon, Waterville, North Shields.

WAR AND RAILROADS.

Mr. R. Stephenson, M. P., on taking the chair for the first time as President of the Institution of Civil Engineers, handed in an address, which was read by the Secretary, containing some interesting facts respecting the British railways. These he described as spreading, like network, over Great Britain and Ireland to the extent of 8,054 miles completed; thus, in length they exceeded the ten chief rivers of Europe united, and more than enough of single rails was laid to make a belt of iron round the globe. The cost of these lines had been £286,000,000.—equal to one-third of the amount of the national debt. Already, in two short years, there had been spent more than one-fourth of £286,000,000, in the war in which England was engaged; yet how small were the material advantages obtained by the war, in comparison with the results secured by railways. The extent of the railway works was remarkable; they had penetrated the earth with tunnels to the extent of more than fifty miles, there were eleven miles of viaduct in the vicinity of the metropolis alone. The earth-works measured 550,000,000 cubic yards. St. Paul's, in comparison with the mountain this earth would rear, would be but as a pigmy beside a giant, for it would form a pyramid a mile-and-a half in height

with a base larger than St. James' Park. Eighty millions of train miles were run annually on the railways; 5,000 engines and 150,000 vehicles composed the working stock; the engines, in a straight line, would extend from London to Chatham; the vehicles from London to Aberdeen; and the companies employed 90,400 officers and servants, while the engines consumed annually 2,000,000 tons of coals; so that in every minute of time 4 tons of coal flashed into steam 20 tons of water,—an amount sufficient for the supply of the domestic and other wants of the town of Liverpool. The coal consumed was almost equal to the whole amount exported to foreign countries, and to one half of the annual consumption of London. In 1854, 111,000,000 of passengers were conveyed on railways; each passenger travelling an average of 16 miles. The old coaches carried an average of 10 passengers, and for the conveyance of 300,000 passengers a-day, 12 miles each, there would have been required at least 10,000 coaches and 120,000 horses. The receipts of the railways in 1854 amounted to £80,215,000; and there was no instance on record in which the receipts of a railway had not been of continuous growth, even where portions of its traffic had been abstracted by competition or new lines. The wear and tear was great; 20,000 tons of iron required to be replaced annually; and 20,000,000 sleepers annually perished; 300,000 trees were annually felled to make good the loss of sleepers; and 300,000 trees could be grown on little less than 5,000 acres of forest land.—*Fugitive*.

FASHIONABLE SHOES AND DEATH!

Doctors, one and all, your hands will be full before the first of May—your pills will be called for, your plasters in requisition. Mix your cough syrups by the hogshead; you will have plenty of calls for them. The ladies are preparing for you—they will be happy to see you. They are going in scores to the fashionable shoe-shops, and buying—oh, such dear, tiny, sweet, exquisite little shoes, with soles as thin as—almost as thin as a sixpence—a well worn one—and they are going about these cold, snowy, wet, sloppy streets, with furs, that cost thirty and fifty dollars, bundled about neck and shoulders, with thick cloaks and warm dresses and those dear little shoes, "peeping in and out" like "little mice."

So, there you see your work is all cut out. Consumption is on a hard gallop, behind death and the pale horse, and when he sees these soles of paper, he cries with a chuckle, "there's another one"—and forthwith lets an arrow into the side.—*Bos. Olive Br.*

USEFULNESS OF BIRDS.

It takes mankind a great while to learn the ways of Providence, and to understand that things are better contrived for him than he can contrive himself. Of late the people are beginning to learn that they have mistaken the character of most of the little birds, and have not understood the object of the Almighty in creating them. They are looked upon as the friends, and very great friends, of those who sow and reap. It has been seen that they live mostly on insects, which are among the worst enemies of the agriculturist, and that, if they take now and then a grain of wheat, they levy but a small tax for the immense services rendered. In this altered state of things, legislatures are passing laws for the protection of little birds, and increasing the penalties to be enforced upon the bird-killers. An illustration of the value of the winged tribe is now before us in a paragraph from a paper in Binghampton, N. Y.

A farmer in that neighbourhood wished to borrow a gun of a neighbour, for the purpose of killing some yellow-birds in his field of wheat, eating up the grain. His neighbour declined to loan the gun; for he thought the birds useful. In order, however, to gratify his curiosity, he shot one of them, opened his crop, and found in it two hundred weevils, and but four grains of wheat, and in these four grains the weevil had burrowed. This was a most instructive lesson, and worth the life of the poor bird, valuable as it was. The bird is said to resemble the canary, and to sing finely. One of our citizens, a careful observer and owner of many farms, called our attention to this paragraph, and wished us to use it as a text for sermonizing, for the benefit of the farmers and others who may look upon little birds as inimical to their interests. He says he has studied the subject as a lover of natural history, as well as a hunter and a farmer, and he knows that there is hardly a bird that flies that is not a friend of the farmer and the gardener. We think the gentleman is right, and hope his suggestions will have their due weight.—*New Haven Palladium*.

EVENING HOURS FOR MECHANICS.

What have evening hours done for mechanics who had only ten hours toil?—What in the moral, what in the religious, what in the scientific world? Harken to these facts. One of the best editors the Westminster Review could ever boast, and one of the most brilliant writers of the passing hour, was a cooper in Aberdeen. One of the editors of a London daily journal was a baker in Elgin; perhaps the best reporter of the London Times was a weaver in Edinburgh; the editor of the Witness was a stone mason. One of the ablest ministers in London was a blacksmith in Dundee; another was a watchmaker in Banff; the late Dr. Milne of China, was a herd boy in Rhyne; the principal of the London Missionary Society's College at Hong Kong was a saddler in Huntly; and one of the best Missionaries that ever went to India was a tailor in Kieth. The leading machinist on the London and Birmingham railway, with £700 a year, was a mechanic in Glasgow; and perhaps the very richest iron founder in England was a working man in Morray. Sir James Clark, her Majesty's physician, was a druggist in Banff. Joseph Hume was a sailor first and then a laborer. At the pestle and mortar in Montross; Mr. McGregor, the member from Glasgow, was a poor boy in Ross-shire. James Wilson, the member from Westbury, was a ploughman in Huddington, and Arthur Anderson, the Member for Orkney, earned his bread by the sweat of his brow in the Ultima Thule.—*Fugitive*.

WAR—ITS LOSS AND GAIN.

An Ohio paper, *The Journal and Messenger*, says:—
"It is recorded, that on the day of the battle of Germantown, the Quakers of Philadelphia delegated two of their number, of which Mr. Mifflin was one, to bear their testimony against war to the opposing generals, Washington and Howe, but in vain. After Washington was President, he fell in the company of Mifflin, and asked him on what principle he opposed the Revolution. 'Yes, friend Washington, upon the same principle that I should be opposed to a change in the government; all that ever was gained by revolutions, is not an adequate compensation to the poor, mangled soldier for the loss of life or limb.' Washington, after a long pause, replied with much emphasis, 'Mr. Mifflin, I honour your sentiments: there is more in them than mankind have generally imagined.'"

Views and Doings of Individuals.

For the Gospel Tribune

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING.

To W. . . . L. . . . Esq.

I strike the numbers of an humble lute,
That but for friendship's breath had still been mute;
No noble song my harp hath gift to bring,
But friendship's anthems at her shrine would sing:
Friendship! a form that phantom-like doth flee,
How seldom found? yet have I found in thee—
In thee unpurchased, priceless as the light
That glads the soul, and pales the brow of night.
High o'er earth's treasure mounts its wealth above
The life of hope, the eloquence of love;
Then judge me not presumptuous when I pay
This humble tribute of a humbler lay:
E'en tho' the world with lofty scorn regard
The fameless offering of an obscure bard.

Perhaps the rich some nobler gift might bring,
Than is the song a bard's wild harp would sing;
Some prouder gift might tell of their respect,
Some gaudy gem that beauty's breast hath deck'd;
Some glittering prize disburs'd from arts array,
Wealth might delight to worth in homage pay;
But mine adorned thus may not appear,
Yet still believe the tribute is sincere.

Accept thou then a bard's untutor'd lay,
Who hath no gift of nobler worth to pay;
Would that I had, that fame had been more kind,
And o'er my low one laurel wreath had twined;
Not for myself I'd pray her smile to see,
But then my song were worthier of thee:
Accept it, and perchance when years have sped,
When thou art old, and my frail spirit's fled,
Some line may then recall without regret,
Those hours when we in friendship's temple met;
Perchance awhile thou mayst delight to dwell
With all the charms of memory's magic spell,
Upon the numbers of a fameless bard,
Whom thou hast bless'd with brother's fond regard;
And o'er his urn thou too perchance mayst shed
One tear—a tribute to the spirit fled:
'Tis all I ask from fame with such as thee,
That friendship's shrine my monument should be:
Thus bless'd, my shade (if shades approach that shrine)
Would hover near expectantly for thine.
And thus would I this ode to friendship prove
A votive offering of eternal love;
Accept the guerdon, which few else may claim,
In life unchanging, and in death the same;
Fame yet perchance may richer quarterings yield,
Whose bright emblazon on the poet's shield,
May gild his harp and bid his heart rejoice,
Then thou, I know, will not withhold thy voice;
And I again may tune my harp for thee,
And bid it sing a simple melody;
Or, if some muse translated from this sphere,
In kindness might (should I by chance be near,
As she departed to some holier throng,
More highly gifted with the soul of song)
Bequeath her mantle charged with lyric fire,
And with new life endow my feeble lyre;
Then might I tune my harp for thee once more,
In magic song to sing the days of yore;
And taught by thee in friendship's holy art,
Sing of the deathless love of friendship's heart.

B. . . . March, 1856.

FOREST BARD.

[The reply to Rev. W. Fraser in the last *Tribune* should have been credited to Francis Malcolm.]

PRIMITIVE METHODISTS.

The Life of the venerable WILLIAM CLOWES, one of the Founders of the Primitive Methodist Connexion. By John Davison, London; Thomas King, Sutton Street.

This is a book of very great interest to such as delight in marking the progress of an earnest and resolute Christian, in his efforts to work out the problem of duty in the midst of extraordinary difficulties—fighting his way inch by inch against the venom and rage of earth and hell—securing great triumphs through faith and prayer—turning thousands from sin unto God through the foolishness of preaching; and ceasing not, till he has established and consolidated a new and formidable army to do battle upon earth for the Lord of Hosts. The perusal of the book has afforded the writer of this notice much real pleasure and satisfaction, and greatly increased his interest in the movements of his Primitive Methodist brethren. May they never want a Clowes to strengthen their hands in the work of the Lord.

THE WAY OF PEACE.

Peace is not to be found by an attempt to change the historical fact that you have sinned, or by forgetting it.

Peace is not to be found by driving serious impressions from your minds.

Peace is not to be found by mingling in gay scenes, and by attempting to divert the mind from the contemplation of such subjects as sin, death, the grave, eternity.

Peace is not to be found by embracing any false views of religion, or any doctrines which deny the fact of human guilt and danger.

Peace is found only by making a simple, honest, frank, and full confession of sin to God whose law has been violated, and against whom the wrong has been done.

Peace is to be found by obtaining from him a full and free pardon: from *Him*—not from any *man* pretending to speak in his name.

Peace is to be found in some way in which it can be seen that pardon is not inconsistent with justice—that mercy is not at war with truth—that compassion for the sinner is not inconsistent with hatred of his sin—and that the forgiveness and salvation of any number of offenders is not inconsistent with the stability of just government, and the maintenance of the honour of law.

All these conditions, we think, meet in that plan revealed in the gospel by which "God can be just, and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus;" and to him who is penitent, and who believes in that gospel, the Saviour, not in mockery, but in sincerity, says now as he did to the penitent female, "Thy sins are forgiven; go in peace."—*Mr. Barnes' Way to Salvation.*

NIGHT.

How absolute and omnipotent is the silence of night! And yet the stillness seems almost audible! From all the measureless depths of air around us comes a half-sound, a half-whisper, as if we could hear the crumbling and falling away of the earth and all created things in the great miracle of nature, decay and re-production ever beginning, never ending—the gradual lapse and running of sand in the great hour-glass of time.—*Fugitive.*