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T H E

WITNESS OF TRUTH.

VOL. III.

OSHAWA, JUNE, 1848.

NO. 6:

REFORMATION.

No. VI.

No just distinction whatever would seem to have been drawn by the religious world between fact and theory; faith and opinion, doctrine and speculation; law and expediency. And they would appear to have been, until recently, ignorant of the truth, that men never will agree except in generals. Each party has been constantly seeking to induce an exact conformity to the minute peculiarities of its own creed, and no one has been willing to regard these as secondary to the great truths of Christianity. But it is a vain attempt, as experience has fully shown, to endeavor to effect a perfect agreement among men in matters of opinion, or even in those minutiae of Christian doctrine with which reason has often as much to do as faith. There may be unity in regard to the simple gospel facts; to the grand fundamental truth of Christianity; to the divinely appointed means of salvation; to the one great object of worship; to the one source of spiritual light and truth; to the one cementing principle of mutual love which pervades and animates the body of Christ. But how preposterous it is to expect uniformity of opinion in a world like this, where the minds of men are as diverse as the leaves of the forest!—a world in which no two states can have the same political government; no two families the same regulations; no two individuals the same tastes and habits!

And how undesirable such an uniformity if it could be even effected! How evident it is, that the infinite diversity of nature every where around us, is the very source of beauty and delight! It is by the opposition of things which have yet some common points of agreement; by those charming contrasts constantly held in subjection to one pervading principle, that variety is reconciled with order, and diversity

with unity. There could, indeed, be no beauty in nature without these endless diversities; and nature, in this respect, is but a type of human society, whether political or religious. Both have proceeded from God, and both possess the same characteristics. As well might we desire to have but a single note in music, as one opinion in religion. As well might we desire to see the whole earth, and the heavens clothed in drab, as to have every one to conform to the sentiments of any single party in Christendom. Where would be, then, the free comparison of sentiment, and the delightful interchange of thought? Where the charm of new discovery, and the progressive enlargement of mind? Where the doubt, that, betraying the weakness of human judgment, represses intellectual pride; and where the mutual forbearance which strengthens mutual love? He who has ordained that no two human faces shall be perfectly alike, and that their features shall yet agree in general character, has also instituted that diversity of mind which admits, in the same manner, of an essential unity. These differences must in both cases be permitted; for we might as well try to make all faces alike, as all minds alike. They are also, in both cases, equally desirable, as the source of pleasing contrasts and varied harmonies, and as both the means and the occasion of the development of human nature in all its varied relations.

But while we thus dwell upon the importance of the great truth that there must be allowed in religion a just liberty of opinion, let no one suppose that we use the word opinion in the confused and improper sense in which it is so often employed in religious discussions; or that we would, in any respect, compromise or undervalue the true faith of the gospel. It is just as necessary that we should have an immovable basis of thought, as that we should have liberty to think. It is essential to unity that there should be a universal faith, as it is to diversity that there should be an individual opinion. The other great truth is, therefore, that the Christian community should be united together by common belief, which shall fully embrace the gospel, and secure a just conformity to the divine will.

To adopt this truth alone, and prescribe a formula of faith to men, while interdicting at the same time all liberty of thought, would be regarded as arbitrary dictation. To admit, on the other hand, an unlimited freedom in matters of religion, would be latitudinarianism. It is a nice matter to adjust the relation of these two opposite principles, so that liberty shall be consistent with law, and a just latitude of opinion compatible with an unwavering faith. Yet it is by this means alone we

can secure that unity in diversity from which harmony and happiness result.

The difficulty, however, of the task appears much less, when we consider that although man delights in freedom of thought, its unrestricted wanderings become to him a torment and a curse; and, that, under such circumstances, the very necessities of his nature speedily demand that lawless license shall give place to lawful liberty. When we reflect, indeed, upon the springs of human action, it will be found that voluntary subjection to fixed principles is by far the most powerful of them all. The mind of man is oppressed by the burden of an unlimited indefinite freedom, and exults even in the most submissive obedience, if allowed to think that its subjection has been voluntary. It is when it has submitted to the mastery of Truth, that it realizes and enjoys the precious freedom which Truth alone can give. Liberty can find no resting place upon a shoreless ocean, but must return, like Noah's dove, to the hand that sent it forth, until it shall be able to discover the *Terra Firma* of truth. Settled and fixed principles are the true home of Freedom. It is license alone that spurns the just restraints of law, and becomes a criminal, and a vagabond in the earth.

He who formed the human mind, knew well its character, and that it must have some haven of rest—some sure and steadfast anchorage, so as not to be forever tossed upon the billows of uncertainty. In giving to man the gospel, he has given to him, therefore, the very security he requires. We can imagine nothing more unshaken or enduring. Immoveable as the throne of Deity, and indestructible as his love, it can resist the fury of its adversaries, and the ravages of time. God has laid in Sion, a "tried stone;" a "sure foundation stone;" and he who believes in Him "shall never be confounded." Surely, there can be nothing less indeterminate than the gospel of Christ; nothing less transitory than the word of God "which lives and abides for ever;" nothing less unstable than the Christian confession,—the great central truth of Christianity—that rock on which Jesus declared he would build his church, and against which he promised that the gates of Hades should not prevail! The solemn sanction, even, which are thrown around the gospel, indicate its character and its importance. It becomes the savor of death, as well as that of life. "He that believeth not shall be condemned." Shall guilt attach to the disbelief of any thing that is doubtful! "Vengeance" shall be taken upon those who "obey not the gospel." Shall the

Judge of all the earth condemn for disobedience if the import of the command may be lawfully disputed?

But by what right do men presume to add to the conditions of salvation, or restrict the privileges of Christian liberty? Since He who created and redeemed man, has given to him a basis of Christian faith and Christian union, adapted by infinite wisdom to the requirements of his nature, by what authority do men presume to modify or change it? Surely the simple gospel which saves men has power to unite them in Christian love. Certainly no other foundation can be laid for Christian union, than the great fundamental truth for which Jesus and all his martyrs suffered. "On this rock," he declares, "I will build my church." It is then a basis not merely of individual salvation, but of church union, and this is Christian union. But is this the foundation on which the "Evangelical Alliance" proposes to unite the discordant parties of Christendom? If it has acknowledged that there is a common faith, and, to some extent, omitted in its proposed basis peculiar denominational opinions, has it embraced therein the gospel as defined by Paul, (1 Cor. xv.) or the good confession made by Peter, (Math. xvi. 16.)? If it has stated some great truths, has it not, at the same time, employed expressions ambiguous and unscriptural! And how greatly does it seem to have fallen short of those simple yet sublime conceptions of unity and diversity, of law and liberty; of principle and practice, exhibited by Christ and his Apostles! It is nevertheless a movement which indicates a change in the spirit of partyism; and it is a concession to the true principles not only of Protestantism but of Christianity itself, in so far as it is an acknowledgment of a common ground of union, and a common liberty of thought. In throwing aside the details of creeds and confessions, and the opinions engrafted upon them, an approximation, at least, is made to the proper basis; but this will never be reached, until the passion for pure doctrine shall be moderated by a regard for true facts; and until the love of theory shall give place to the love of Christ.

R. R.

A WORD TO MINISTERS.

SELECTED.

MAKE up your minds deliberately, if you mean to be faithful, to lead a life wherein hardy and venturous faith will be daily tested by calls to unflinching self-denial. Your one work is to win souls to Christ; not to produce a certain general decency and amendment in the face of

society around you, but as God's instrument, and through the power of Christ's name to work in living souls the mighty marvel of their true conversion. How painfully soever be the thoughts which it excites, never lose sight of this truth, that your ministry has failed as to every soul entrusted to you, who is not under it converted to the Lord, or built up in holy faith. And such a work must be full of toil and self-denial. *The strong man armed will not allow you to spoil his house, and be free from molestation.* And he is ever ready with his assaults and craft; unless you slumber, he will not seem to sleep. Reckon, then, first on opposition. And then, secondly, remember that in all this you will have a real work to do. *Let this thought be always with you. Go out to visit not because you ought to spend so much time in visiting your people, but because they have souls; and you have committed to you (feeble as you are) the task of saving them, in Christ's strength. Be real with them, strike as one that would make a dent upon their shield of hardness, yea, and smite through it to their heart of hearts. When you preach, be real. Set your people before you in their numbers, their wants, their dangers, their capacities; choose a subject, not to show yourself off, but to benefit them, and then speak straight to them, as you would beg your life, or counsel your son, or call your dearest friend from a burning house—in plain, strong, earnest words. Let your sermon be your own, made up of truths learned from your Bible, in self-examination amongst your people. And to make them such as this, spare no pains or trouble. Deal much in the great truths which the blessed God has taught us of himself; beware of always tarrying amongst the graves and corruption of our fallen, tempted state, but rise up to God and Christ and the Holy Ghost, and bear your flock with you there.*

BIBLES, AND BIBLE READING.

No. III.

We have authors who give us history, poetry, and learned miscellany, whose names, when they are mentioned, and whose works, when read, excite the most lively admiration. A volume written by one of these popular authors, in verse or prose, has the power to capture, retain, and satisfy the mental desires and intellectual affections of the book-reading man. The great speaker has his hundreds of listening admirers, and the great writer has his thousands of reading adorers; and the greatness of the author, in the estimation of the public, invariably measures

and secures the attention he receives. The author as he is acknowledged to be great, obtains in proportion the greater attention. A great author, then, writes a great book, which secures a great reading.

A great author has produced the Book we are recommending. If high reputation, profound authorship, suitability of sentiment, simplicity of style, dignity of design, and the humble majesty of every ornament, can be any recommendation to a work, in order to ensure for it a careful and faithful perusal, we regard the bible as the Book claiming the superior attention which these superior qualifications have given it. Upon the principle, therefore, that famous authorship secures an extensive and attentive reading, and upon the principle that the author of the bible is incomparable and unequalled, it is not unreasonable to expect the best attention, the greatest diligence, and the most faithful constancy in reading this sacred Book. Hence, according to the divinity of common custom, if the bible was only to be regarded as a human production, it would be entitled to a general and oft-repeated perusal.

An author, to be read, must have the ability to please; and this power to please is always measured by his stock of knowledge, and his taste in presenting this knowledge in a forcibly beautiful and beautifully forcible style. We seek not the company of an author who has little to say and little address in saying it. However little may be said, a mind that is full, and a pen that has some intellectual elasticity in it, are the indispensables of a writer whose language fixes the reader's affections and delights the inner man. The bible suffers nothing from a comparison in these requisites. He who found the elements, and marshalled them into order, and presides over all—and, more especially, who created mind itself, and the materials of knowledge—must have knowledge sufficiently varied and comprehensive for a great author. He who garnished the heavens above and beautified the earth beneath, painted the lily and adorned the rose, and gave every leaf its loveliness—and, particularly, who gave to the orator his eloquent tongue, and every grace of which the mental man is master—must have ornament enough at command to enrich and make interesting a special volume which he has designed for the people of a whole world.

Do we delight in history? The bible is ready with its history, sacred and original beyond comparison. Creation and the commencement of time—the rise and fall of a nation diverse from all other nations ever existing on earth—the beginning and progress of a first dispensation—the introduction and triumphs of a second dispensation—together with all the miracles, signs, wonders, acts, events, victories, defeats,

and extraordinary circumstances of the past and present covenants are the valuable rudiments of a species of narrative, which, to say the least, has no successful rival.

Are we fond of biography? There is no lack of biography in the bible. Indeed we might ask with much propriety where we could find a book richer and more replete with descriptive pictures of individuals than we find in the sacred volume. The character of eminent men, good and evil, of both dispensations, as well as wonderful men before either of the dispensations commenced, are laid open to us in the honest simplicity of sacred veracity; and there is a wisdom and a utility in all the details that are given, demonstrating the worth of the volume in which such features of contrast are found.

Are we lovers of poetry? There is no deficiency in this respect. Nor is there a lack of liberty and recommendation to make use of the sweets of poetry. "Psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs" are among the good things enjoyed by those who practically regard the perfect Book. But the poetry of Moses, of Job, of David, of Isaiah, and some of the lesser prophets, is universally approved and justly celebrated.

Is epistolary communications, argumentative or familiar, our choice? Here, also, we may be gratified. The letters of inspired men are at our service. We have a number of long epistles from Paul, and Peter writes in this form, and James, John, and Jude. We have no such letter-writers in these days. God gave every one of them an extraordinary pen—no^t of gold, brass, or steel, but a pen inspired, and which therefore never wrote an error.

But indeed the bible is much more complete, more valuable, and more interesting than these remarks would indicate. There is a moral and spiritual value which has not been taken into the estimate. No book was ever fitted to accomplish an object so exalted and supremely grand as the Book whose author is God. It discovers and describes a new world, celestial and abiding, and sketches in unequivocal terms the pathway to its immortal honors. It opens heaven, and reveals the titles and privileges of its inhabitants, and gives us the directions to learn the manners and customs suitable to their society, and then invites us to join their company and remain forever.

Who, then, would be indifferent to the claims of the bible? Who would not give a portion of his thoughts and his time to the pleasing duty of reading this more than human work? . . . B ; what are we to understand when we speak of bible reading? We shall not lose sight of this question.

ALARMING COMPLAINT.

The article which follows describes a singular illness, not confined to people of any latitude, longitude, climate, habit, national or local peculiarity. We noticed some years since a number of the symptoms mentioned by the writer, and more recently we had contemplated the utility of gathering together a few facts and incidents relative to this complaint, and laying them openly before the world, that all who were subject to an attack might be aware of their danger, and apply the remedy. But, happily, we are anticipated in this good work. The only objection we have to the article of our cotemporary, is, that he has described the disease without prescribing the remedy. This, perchance, is no real objection, as it may be argued, with much force, too, that the remedy is everywhere known. We acquiesce, and request, all to hear him:—

D. O.

There is a disease at this time but too prevalent, an account of which is not to be found in our popular books of medicine. I shall, therefore, endeavour to communicate some particulars respecting it. The disease to which I refer is evidently of the intermitting kind, and in all cases that have fallen under my notice, has attacked the patient by violent paroxysms which return every seventh day. It may be thought to savor of superstition to mention it, and yet it is a fact, and therefore must not be passed over that, these paroxysms return only on the Lord's day on which account it is called the Sunday sickness. On account of its periodical attacks, some have thought it to be a kind of ague, as it is attended with a degree of coldness: though I do not perceive the systems of shivering, which are usual in that complaint.

I have observed the paroxysms commence at different periods; but generally in the morning of the Lord's day, and in many cases it seizes the patient before he has left his bed, and makes him indisposed to rise till a later hour than usual. The patient is sometimes deprived of the use of his limbs, especially the legs and feet, so that he feels himself indisposed to walk to the house of God. Some indeed have gone to the solemn assembly, but they have generally entered it later than their neighbors: and even there the paroxysms have seized them, and the symptoms of yawning and lethargy have been so violent that they have fallen into a deep sleep, even when the preacher has been delivering the most solemn truths; and others have been extremely uneasy in their confinement during the short time of service, though they have been known to sit very contented in a play-house for several hours together.

This disease appears to stupify those who are subjected to it, so that however they may appear to suffer, they are seldom, if ever heard to complain. I have known many persons under other diseases to mourn, on account of their confinement from public worship; but the victims of this extraordinary disorder were never heard so to do. I was at first greatly surprised after hearing that the patient could not get to public worship, to find him the next day as active as if he had not been subject to any indisposition. But I have since found it very common after the paroxysms are removed, for the patient to appear perfectly well till the approach of the next Sunday; though most of the faculty agree that there is a low fever to be perceived during the days of interval which is called *febris mundi*, or worldly fever. There seems also to be a want of savory food, and an entire want of relish for "*panis vite*," (bread of life,) which it is thought might be of service to remove their disease, as one very skillful and experienced has asserted, that it was more to him than his necessary food; and another has recommended it as particularly agreeable to the taste.

One circumstance I had almost forgotten, viz., that those who have not laid aside all forms of religion, if they are subject to Sunday sickness, generally feel somewhat chilly and listless, about the hour of secret retirement and family devotion. From some symptoms in the families where this disease has made its first appearance, there is reason to fear that it is contagious. Some children have received the infection from their parents, and I expect every week to see it more prevalent in the vicinity of several families, who are dreadfully under the power of the disorder. The symptoms are evident in some, who are not yet so far gone as to keep from public worship.—*Christian Record*.

THIRD EPISTLE OF PETER.

FIRST TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

The Style and Manner of Living.

Now you who are called and chosen to go forth to all nations and among all people, in time present and time to come, to preach the word, see you take to yourselves marks, nay, many outward marks, whereby you shall be known by men.

Be you not called as men are called; but Pope, Archbishop, Archdeacon, or Divine, or Reverend, and Right Reverend, or some like holy name; so may you show forth your honor and your calling.

And let your dwelling places be houses of splendor and edifices of cost; and let your doors be decked with plates of brass, and let your names, even your reverend titles, be graven thereon; so shall it be as a sign.

Let your garments in which you minister be garments not as the garments of men, neither let them be "seamless garments woven throughout;" but let them be robes of richest silk and robes of fine linen, of curious device and of costly workmanship; and have you robes of black and robes of white, that you may change the one for the other; so shall you show forth your wisdom and humility.

Let your fare be sumptuous, not plain and frugal as the fare of the husbandman who tills the ground; but live you on the fat of the land, taking "good heed for the morrow and wherewithal you shall be fed."

And drink you of the vines of the vintage brought from afar, and wines of great price; then shall the *light* of your *spirits* be the light of your *countenances*, and your faces shall be bright; even as the morning sun shall your faces glow in brightness; thus shall you show forth your moderation and your temperance in all things.

Let the houses in which you preach be called churches, and let them be built in manner of great ornament without, and adorned with much cost within; with rich pillars and paints, and with fine altars and pedestals, and urns of precious stones, and cloths and velvet of scarlet, and vessels of silver.

And let there be rooms for the changing of robes, and places for the precious metals and mitres.

And let the houses be divided into seats for the congregation, and let every man know his own seat; and let the first seats in front of the altar be for the rich that pay by the thousands; and the next for the poorer that pay by the hundreds; and the last for those that pay by tens. And let the poor man sit behind the door.

And let the seats be garnished with cushions and crimson cloth, and with fine velvet; for if the houses of players and vain people who deal in idle sayings and shows of mockery, be rich and gorgeous, how much more so should be the houses that are dedicated to him "that is meek and lowly of spirit."

CHAPTER II.

The Choosing of Ministers.

When you go out to choose holy ones to be of your brethren, and to minister at the altar, choose you from among the youth, even those

whose judgments are not yet ripe, and whose hearts know not yet whether they incline to God or Mammon.

But you are wise, and you shall know the inclining of their future spirits, and you shall make them incline to the good things which the church has in store for them that are called, even those that shall be called by you.

Then shall you have them taught exceeding many things. They shall not be as "ignorant fishermen," or husbandmen, or men speaking one tongue, and serving God only by the knowledge of his law.

Nay, you shall make them wise in the things of your wisdom; yea, exceedingly cunning in many *mysteries*, even the *mysteries* which *you* teach.

Then shall they be fitted for the "laying on of hands," and when the bishop has done his office then shall they be reverend divines.

But if any man believe that he is called by God to speak to his brethren "without money and without price," though his soul be bowed to the will of the Father, and though he work all righteousness, and "speak as with the tongue of an angel"—if he be not made a divine by your rulers and by the hands of a bishop, then is he not a divine, nor shall he preach.

He that is chosen by *you* shall give *you* honor, and shall be honored by men, and honored by women; and verily he *expects* his reward.

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*From the Christian Magazine.*

### THE RELIGION OF LIFE.

"What from this barren being do we reap?  
 Our senses narrow, and our reason frail,  
 Life short, and truth a gem which loves the deep,  
 And all things weigh'd in custom's falsest scale;  
 Opinion and omnipotence,—whose veil  
 Mantles the earth with darkness, until right  
 And wrong are accidents, and men grow pale  
 Lest their own judgments should become too bright,  
 And their free thoughts be crimes, and earth have too much light."

There is nothing beneath the heavens so full of mystery as human life. True, there are profound and unfathomed mysteries in Creation, Providence and Redemption, and in this view the mysteries of human life are seen not to be singular, but to form a part of the unfathomable designs of Him whose ways are "past finding out." But like the mysteries of physical nature, religious teachings, and superintending

Providence, they should not deter us from understanding what may be understood, or from remembering that while secret things belong to God, revealed things come within the province of human investigation.

There are mysteries in human life; but there are also revelations, clear, manifest, and instructive revelations, which no man can disregard without serious loss to his own dearest interests.

The mysteries of human life, like the mysteries of religion, have led oftentimes to scepticism—not a scepticism in its existence—though some have been insane enough to deny their own being—but a scepticism in the religious capacities and eternal destiny of that being. This scepticism manifests itself sometimes in a disgust of life; sometimes in dark, gloomy misanthropy; sometimes in increased, impenetrable worldliness; and often takes the form of philosophy and manifests itself in that most lamentable of all dispositions, *indifference*. But however manifested, the spiritual designs, the religious uses, and the eternal perpetuation of that life are either disregarded or denied.

Religious teachers are engaged oftentimes in substantiating the claims of the Bible and developing the evidences of the truth of Christianity; and it is an honorable engagement. But, alas! how many disregard evidences however convincing, proof, however overwhelming. They hear them not; for away back, beyond the point at which these evidences attack them, is deep-rooted scepticism in the spiritual use of life itself, which if removed would enable their moral being to assert its claims, and they would at once accept the proffers of salvation through our Emmanuel. It is the office of the preacher to remove this scepticism. Men must be made to feel the deep wants of their nature and the sublime uses of their existence. It would lead them from vice to virtue, from worldliness to spirituality, from sin to holiness, from earth to heaven. Often, it is true, they learn this lesson of themselves, without the preacher, or despite his aimless efforts. But they need his efforts and his efforts ought to be given.

Now there are impressions and convictions that come upon the mind of every man at certain seasons, which cause him, however surrounded by grossness and sensuality, or beclouded by cares and pursuits, to meditate upon his lot and feel himself a man, with all his wants, his infirmities and spiritual desires crowding upon him. His head sinks upon his hand, and his mind on the car of memory rolls back over his life already passed, and with trembling, anxiety looks into the undeveloped future. He cannot check the struggling sigh, and were he not afraid of his own voice, that sigh would articulate itself in

a prayer going forth for help and protection, aye, and forgiveness, more than human. He feels the consciousness of a soul within him, whose immortal thirsts, open towards the infinite, the eternal, the divine, with longing anxiety. To such a man you may preach, and he will hear you if he believe you are capable of teaching him; he will hear you though you never entered a pulpit, never read a homily; whether you be white or black. Yes; convince a man he has a soul and make him feel its wondrous power, and you will have but little difficulty in convincing him there is a God, a Heaven, a Redeemer.

But I am told that man exhibits himself in human life in so debased and gross a condition that we cannot make him believe he may be an heir to immortal crowns divine. Hast thou tried, patiently, honestly, faithfully tried? And failed? Hast thou taught him, how in the very nature of things the meanest thoughts suggest the noblest—the humblest, the mightiest? Can he think of the finite, and not conceive the infinite? Can he discern the limited and not have suggested the unlimited? Can he believe in things seen and deny the unseen? Can he credit the existence of time and deny eternity?—Can he believe in creation and not in a Creator? And here, the views we would impress have been so much better expressed than we are able to express them, that we beg leave to lay before the reader an extract or two from a living author who writes like one who feels the moral significance of life:

“In man the humblest instruments reveal the loftiest energies. This is not enthusiasm, but philosophy has distinctly unfolded this principle; that all our mental conceptions suggest their opposites; the finite, the infinite; the seen, the unseen; time, eternity; creation, a God. The child that has tried his eye upon surrounding objects, soon learns to send his thought through the boundless air, and to embrace the idea of infinite space. The being that is conscious of having lived a certain time, comes to entertain as correlative to that consciousness, the conception of eternity. These are among the fundamental facts of all human experience. Such, to a man in distinction from an animal, is the instrumentality of his very senses. As with a small telescope, a few feet in length and breadth, man learns to survey heavens beyond heavens, almost infinite; so with the aid of limited senses and faculties does he rise to the conception of what is beyond all visible heavens, beyond all conceivable time, beyond all imagined power, beauty and glory. Such is human life. Man stands before us, visibly confined within the narrowest compass: and yet from this humble frame, stream

out on every side the rays of thought, to infinity, to eternity, to omnipotence, to boundless grandeur and goodness. Let him who will, account this existence to be nothing but vanity and dust. I must be allowed, on better grounds, to look upon it as that, in whose presence all the visible majesty of worlds and suns and systems sink to nothing. Systems and suns and worlds are all comprehended in a single thought of this being, whom we do not yet know.”\*

Stir up the soul within a man and he will look out upon the universe with new emotions, and have awakened within him ‘the power infinite’ Sights most common become grand, magnificent and glorious, where once he saw nothing as it should be seen. The Heavens of night, as they stretch themselves over his head with measureless canopy, and reveal the bright gems that deck the azure crown above him, will lead his thoughts from human insignificance and infirmity to contemplations of divine power and wisdom, and teach him to trust a Being who promises immortality and glory to this earth-bound creature. The earth beneath him, whether it wear the opening beauty of vernal youth or the mellow tint of summer, or the sober hue of autumn, or even the dark mantle of hoary winter, will, in its ten thousand adaptations and arrangements, call forth his admiration of the wisdom of its Creator, whom we can learn to love as the Preserver of man and beast. In man will we see new charms. No longer the drudging slave of care and toil; the disappointed tool of suffering and want; the selfish, plotting disturber of his fellow’s happiness,—for while we may see all this in him and more, we will also behold the object of Almighty affection and interest, and the heir apparent to thrones of honor and immortality, in the boundless regions of his Father’s dominions. New objects of admiration, new beauties and new sources of delight everywhere will unfold themselves to the mind alive to its own sublime existence, whilst a cloud of sense spreads its dark mantle over all the fair face of nature to the voice of its own divine teachings. A sort of creative power is thus given to the soul of man by which it makes its own world, its own happiness indeed, its own self. The gloomy live not in the world that God made, but in their own world. The desponding, the sensual, the worldly live not in God’s world, but in a prison of their own erection, whose incarcerating walls become thicker and thicker by the additions of gloom and sorrow or servility by which they surround them. When I see such men I am ready to

\*Dewey’s Discourses on human life, page 127.

say to them, brethren, break down your prison doors, and come forth and walk abroad in God's world. The Heavens beaming in glory invite you; the earth teeming with plenty spreads her board to welcome you; society, friendship, and love wait for you with extended arms;—come forth, then, and enjoy them; come forth and *be a man!* But am I asked what is it to be a man? I answer,—Does the world insult thee? be above insult, and thou wilt be a man. Does it frown upon thee? heed not its frown and make thine own smiles, and thou wilt be a man. Does it affect state and pomp and circumstances? Then look thou up and thou wilt see the scowl of narrow contempt, for it is lower than that look, and thou shalt be a man. But forget not to be humble in thy looks, for thou art weak and worm-like and wilt belie thy condition if pride take hold upon thee and be just the being thou would'st avoid. Let thy dealings be just, thy walk be humble, and thy hand benevolent, and thy reward the approbation of thine own conscience and thy God, and thou wilt be a man—a christian man, a part of a *new creation* called the family of Christ, whose destiny cannot be prevented by all the powers of earth and Hell. This life will be a religious life; its labors will teach thee patience and long-suffering; its pleasures will elevate and exalt thy soul; its sorrows will wean thee from a love of a world that passes away; and from thy loneliest dwelling a voice of thanksgiving may ascend that thou dost now live and hopest to live for ever. O, let us live our life with courage, whatever ills betide; let us struggle amidst its difficulties with an eye fixed on heaven, and when its labors are ended, and its responsibilities are over, we may resign it into the hands of Him who gave it, with confidence that we shall find more than its blessings or sorrows in mansions of eternal joy.

J. B. F.

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“NOTHING IN A NAME.”

AN ANECDOTE.

We heard, not long since, quite an amusing anecdote about *names*. Our sectarian friends, who wear them, affirm that there is “nothing in a name.” The case before us was a *practical* illustration of the affirmation.

A few years since there was a *union meeting* some where up in the State of Missouri. The different popular religious parties united together, and had a great meeting. On the third day one of the ablest and prominent preachers was put up to preach on the subject of Christian Union. He expatiated most eloquently upon the subject;

of the utility and possibility of it; said that Jesus had prayed for it, and it was practicable. He cited the case of his audience in proof of its practicability. It was true, he said, that they were known by different names, as Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, &c, but, he continued, "there's *nothing* in a *name*," that they would not be asked, when they got home to heaven, what they were here, &c. Upon this the audience raised a loud shout, "Glory to God," when an old sister, setting fronting the stand, cried out, "Glory to King BELZEBUB!" Upon this one of the preachers left the stand, and went round to her, and said, "Why, sister, that is the *Devil*!" "NOTHING in *names*—Glory to King Belzebul," was the reply. She continued shouting, and was finally carried off, shouting, "*nothing* in *names*—Glory to King Belzebul." It operated as a complete damper on the audience, and had like to have broken up the meeting! It was a *practical* illustration of the affirmation of the preacher, and showed that there is "*something* in a *name*."

J. R. H.

#### NERI AND THE STUDENT.

A story is told of a very good and pious man, enrolled among the saints on account of his holiness. He was living at one of the Italian Universities, when a young man, whom he had known as a boy, ran up to him with a face full of delight, and told him that what he had been long wishing above all things in the world was at length fulfilled, his parents having just given him leave to study the law; and that thereupon he had come to the law school at this University on account of its great fame, and meant to spare no pains or labor in getting through his studies as quickly and as well as possible. In this way he ran on a long time; and when at last he came to stop, the holy man, who had been listening to him with great patience and kindness, said, "Well and when you have got through your course of studies, what do you mean to do then?"

"Then I shall take my doctor's degree," answered the young man.

"And then?" asked Neri again.

"And then," continued the youth, "I shall have a number of difficult and knotty cases to manage, shall catch people's notice by my eloquence, my zeal, my acuteness, and gain a great reputation."

"And then?" repeated the holy man.

"And then," replied the youth, "why then, there can't be a question, I shall be promoted to some high office or other, besides I shall make money and grow rich."

“And then?” repeated Neri.

“And then,” pursued the young lawyer—“then I shall live comfortably and honorably, in health and dignity, and shall be able to look forward quietly to a happy old age.”

“And then?” asked the holy man.

“And then,” said the youth—“and then—and then—then I shall die.”

Here Neri lifted up his voice, and again asked, “And then?” Whereupon the young man made no answer, but cast down his head, and went away. This last *And then?* had pierced like a flash of lightning into his soul, and he could not get quit of it. Soon after he forsook the study of the law, and gave himself up to the ministry of Christ, and spent the remainder of his days in godly words and works.

The question which Neri put to the young lawyer, is one which we should put frequently to ourselves. When we have done all that we dream of doing, even supposing that all our dreams are accomplished, that every wish of our heart is fulfilled, still we may ask, What will we do, what will be, then? Whenever we cast our thoughts forward, never let them stop short on this side of the grave; let them not stop short at the grave itself: but when we have followed ourselves thither, and have seen ourselves laid therein, still ask ourselves the searching question, *And then?*

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## COVETOUSNESS—BENEVOLENCE.

### No. IV.

“Beware of Covetousness.”—*Jesus*. “Covetousness, which is idolatry.”—*Paul*.

“If you wish to know how much you are attached to any good cause, you have only to ask how much you are in the habit of doing to sustain it. You may speak well of a cause, and express your hope that it will succeed, when in fact you care but very little about it. Encouraging words cost nothing, and good wishes are about as cheap; but faithful co-operation and liberal contribution are a more sever test.”

So says some one, no matter who; what he says is true, and whether cheerfully or reluctantly we all acknowledge it. We shall, then, with as much despatch as the nature of the case will allow, and with as much kind feeling as we can at this time afford, in the first place, ask, How does this text find our speakers?—for our public brethren are not to escape unnoticed in these our inquiries and disquisitions. “It is required in stewards that they be found faithful;” and if stewards are not faithful, to whom shall we look for a faithful account?

Were our teachers and preachers more benevolent, zealous, self-denying, free from worldly ambition, fired with the true ambition, and more fully given up to the spirit of enterprize in the generals and particulars of devout workmen, it is morally certain that the vineyard of the Lord would not look so wilderness-like as at this moment. Like the language of the writer quoted above, our brethren of talent will express wishes of a beautiful mould, and speak words of excellent meaning, declarative of the interest they feel in the cause which cost a sacrifice on which the sun dare not shine; but when it comes to leaving home—friends—relatives—business—good prospects—all things for the sake of Christ—then, O what a falling off. But is not this the proper test? The virtue of saying, and never doing, is a virtue possessed in large abundance by the most worldly.

We know indeed the trials—the discouragements—the privations—the soul-quenching and spirit-crushing oppositions which every where meet the labourer in the gospel field. We have felt them: we expect to feel them. The work of Christ was never executed *without these trials*. They are as old as christianity. Never shall it be otherwise during the gospel dispensation. When these oppositions and self-denying labours cease, there will be no more work for preachers.

There was a time when Christ's public friends exulted in knowing they were judged honorable enough to suffer with their Lord. True preachers were these. They were full of Christ and his benevolence. Cheerfully did they carry Heaven's message to the nations amid persecution and scorn, insult and privation, rejoicing even in tribulations because of their exceeding love for the truth and the author of truth. They chose their Saviour for their model, and nothing was too dear to sacrifice, not even life itself, in order to prove the Saviour's grace and the power of his gospel in redeeming the fallen human family. "What shall we say to these things?" Has the gospel become of less value? Is Christ changed? Are souls not so precious?

Covetousness had little to do with the labours of the first and model preachers. Benevolence guided them. Day and night they toiled. Their fortune was made by losing everything earthly and gaining everything heavenly; and as there was only one way of accomplishing this object, they learned this way from their Lord, and vigorously and zealously prosecuted the enterprize. From city to city, from country to country, they travelled, willing to spend and be spent in their Master's cause.

Some, at present, have the charity for themselves to suppose they too

could suffer in this manner for the gospel of Christ, while they scruple to turn their back upon home for a season and encounter the commonplace fatigues of a journey, or deny themselves the gains of other business, to preach the riches of Christ and the good news of salvation. Alas—the rich nobleman who boasts that he would give all that he is worth to the poor, yet refuses when called upon to bestow a shilling, or even a farthing, illustrates too well the real position of those who persuade themselves they are ready to bear the reproaches and sufferings of the first disciples, and still turn a deaf ear to every entreaty to save by the benevolence of gospel enterprize the souls of those who are dying for lack of knowledge.

A thousand times have we been tempted to wish that the weapons of the spiritual warfare were carnal: not that we could desire spirituality to be carnality: but that carnal means would accomplish spiritual ends. Could we even bring christianity to the exalted level of the Temperance Society, or Free Masonry, or a Building Society, we might depend with some certainty upon at least one or two public advocates in Canada whose whole time would be engaged to speak in its behalf.

Shall it be told? A speaking brother who has the confidence of the brotherhood east and west, attempted, more than a year ago, to find a preaching companion who would travel with him for six or twelve months, voluntarily offering to spend his own time, for the love of the truth, and to see that his partner in labours should be faithfully and amply remunerated; and to his unspeakable mortification and discouragement, not one person could he move by his entreaties and offers, although he travelled from church to church and spent several weeks in the effort. The channels of benevolence, if ever they were open and free, had been seized with such a deadly chill, that any warmth applied to them, within the power of man, was like attempting to heat the frigid zone with a match or a taper.

Indeed the spirit of covetousness has taken such a deep root, spread so widely, grown so thrifty, borne fruit so abundantly, and the vineyard of christianity has been so long under the management of artificial naturalists skilled in growing figs from thistles, that it is questionable if our best vinedressers produce enough of the fruit of christian benevolence to know how it tastes. To be like the Saviour is unpopular in the first degree. He, although he was rich, for our sakes became poor; but the practice of the times reverses this doctrine to convert it into orthodoxy.

It is not to be inferred from these strictures that the brethren in

this country are more delinquent than they are in other places ; nay, in some respects they are superior. In talent, intelligence, religious demeanor, and general stability of character, they stand in the advance rank. But there is little doing for religion anywhere ; and besides, to compare ourselves with others, or be satisfied with any standard less excellent than the apostles, is not to be commended. We must return to the original standard. Nothing else will suffice.

Our great lack, throughout the whole brotherhood, is, public spiritedness, or enlarged benevolent enterprize, to carry the truth to all who will hear it, and bear down all opposition by opposing all error. Religious enterprize, was it among the enterprizes of the day, would exalt every valley, level every hill, and make every crooked way straight, to accomplish the supreme design of the gospel in the salvation of our fellow-citizens. A few zealous spirits, guided by the prudence of intelligence, and kept steady by the patience of perseverance, could work half wonders in kindling and keeping alive a flame that would blaze through all the land, and ultimate in the ransom and happy recovery of many a sin-ruined soul.

But this demands benevolence—the benevolence of the gospel of Christ. Few possess it. Nay better to say in honest plainness, it is not possessed by any. How needful, then, are the words of the Master, “Beware of covetousness.”

CONDUCTOR.

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### LIVING FOR OTHERS.

BY A. RAINES.

On a frail little stem, in the garden, hangs a beautiful flower. Go ask it, “Why do you hang there, beautiful flower?”

“I hang here to sweeten the air which man breathes—to open my beauties, to kindle emotion in his eye, to show him the hand of God that penciled every leaf, and laid it thus carefully on my bosom. And whether you find me here to greet him every morning with my open face, or folding myself up under the cool curtains of evening, my end is the same. I live not to myself.

Beside the highway stands an aged tree, solitary and alone. You see no living thing near it, and you say, “Surely that must stand and live for itself alone.”

“No,” says the tree, “God never made me for a purpose so small. I am old. I have stood here for more than a hundred years. In the summer, I have spread out my arms and sheltered the panting flocks

which hastened to my shade. In my bosom I have concealed and protected the brood of young birds as they lay and rocked in their nests. In the storm, I have more than once received into my body the lightning's bolt, which had else destroyed the traveller. The acorns which I have matured from year to year, have been carried far and wide, and groves of forest oak can claim me as a parent. I have lived for the eagle which has perched on my top—for the humming bird that has paused and refreshed its giddy wing, ere it danced away upon the air—for the insect that has found a home within the folds of my bark: and when I can stand no longer, I shall fall by the hands of man, and go to strengthen the ship which makes him lord of the ocean, and to his dwelling, to warm his hearth and cheer his home. I live not to myself.

On the mountain side comes the silver brook, in the distance, resembling a ribband of silver, running and leaping as it rushes joyously down. Go ask that leaper, "What are you doing?"

"I was born high up in the mountain,—but there I could do no good: I am therefore, hurrying down, running where I can and leaping where I must, but hastening to create the sweet valley,—where the thirsty cattle may drink,—where the lark may sing on the margin,—where I may drive the mill for the conveniencies of man, and then widen into the great river and bear up his steamboats and shipping, and, finally, plunge into the ocean, to rise again in vapor, and perhaps come back in the clouds to my own native mountain to live my short life over again. Not a drop of water comes down my channel on whose bright face you may not read, 'none of us liveth unto himself.'

Speak to that solitary star that hangs in the far verge of heaven, and ask the bright sparkler, "What are you doing?"

"I am a mighty world. I was stationed here at creation, and had all my duties marked out. I was among the morning stars that sang together when all the sons of God shouted for joy. Here I hold my place, and help to keep other worlds balanced and in their places. I send my bright beams down to earth, and the sailor takes hold of the helm and fixes his eye on me, and finds his way across the great ocean. Of all the countless host of my sisters stars who walk forth in the great space of creation, not one,—no, not one lives, or shines for herself."

And thus has God written upon the flower that sweetens the air, upon the breeze that rocks that flower upon its stem,—upon the rain-drop that refreshes the smallest sprig of moss that lifts its head in

the desert,—upon the the ocean that rocks every swimmer in its dark chambers.—upon every penciled shell that sleeps in the caverns of the deep. no less than upon the mighty sun which warms and cheers millions of creatures that live in his light,—upon all his works he has written, *none of us liveth to himself*. And probably, were we wise enough to understand these works, we should find that there is nothing, from the cold stone in the earth, or the minutest creature that breathes,—which may not in some way or other, minister to the hapiness of some living creature. How reasonable then that man,—to whom the whole creation, from the flower up to the spangled heavens, all minister,—man who has the power of conferring deeper misery or happiness than any other being on earth,—is it not reasonable that *he* should live for the noble end of living—not for himself—but for others.

Usefulness, usefulness, to *get* good and to *do* good should be the aim of every christian: to communicate the largest amount of happiness in his power, to strive to resemble that Being who pours his rains and his dews upon all, and whose tender mercies are over all his works. He loves a cheerful giver, and is himself a cheerful giver. On the desert where no man is found he sends his dews, though the arid sands drink them up. On the lofty mountain where human footstep never trod, he hangs his mantle of light, and paints the icy summit with a pencil dipped in his warm sun-beams. In the ocean bed, so deep and low that no human being has found even a grave, there has He walked as He arranged the shells, and painted them all in heaven's own colors. In the heart of the lamb, and in the heart of the insect, has He poured the vial of joy and gladness, and made creatures happy which will never know or praise their benefactor. In the wilderness has He been, and planted the flower, and taught the feathered songster to whistle his wild notes of joy. We might have had a sun lesser in magnitude, and shedding less light and glory, and we could have lived. We might have had no moon to walk the sky at night, and pour the soft silver of her light over the earth, and we could have lived. But in all He does, God delights in giving us an example of cheerful beneficence. Over innumerable myriads of creatures, he pours, from generation to generation, the rich expressions of his benevolent heart; and *that* man who would enter into his joy—the highest joy in the whole creation—must imitate him, and live to do good."

"The lips of knowledge are a precious jewel."

## GLORIOUS ENTERPRIZE.

WHO WILL IMITATE ?

This is the age and these are the days of sudden and unexpected movements. We have the happiness to announce something new in the religious circle. To come to the point:—

Brethren Stone, Ash, McGill, Farewell, and Oliphant, all of Oshawa, have severally and unitedly determined to hold a series of large meetings, commencing at Athol near Picton, and reaching to Scarboro near Toronto city. Arrangements in this enterprize have been made to “sound out the word of life” with a zeal and a self-denial commended by the Master himself. The scheme, if prosecuted with that singleness of purpose, earnest engagedness, and humility of ambition becoming the object, must succeed. We shall anticipate the results of the whole enterprize with much solicitude, and, if executed according to present resolution, we may regard it as an off-set to the prevalent covetousness of the times, and an example for the emulation of others.

Each meeting we commence is designed to continue at least two days, and sometimes, should occasion require, three days will be occupied. Not less than two, and more frequently three speakers, will be in attendance at every meeting.

There is a “one thing needful”—not pecuniary assistance nor anything akin to it—earnestly and anxiously desired by the brethren who have obligated themselves to carry forward these purposes; and we trust that the request now to be made will have a gracious hearing in the right quarter. It is, simply, that the brethren west of the city, in Eramosa and vicinity, concurring in its expediency, shall appoint a number of meetings of the same character “in all that region round about,” and then arrange for a friendly exchange of speakers, in order to keep up a lively interest. What, brethren, are you disposed to think of the project, and how will you regard this special petition? Please give the enterprize and this request a full and faithful consideration, and appoint a ready scribe to prepare and send a letter to some one of the brethren above named, and let us know how our zeal and the fruits of it are to be regarded in that climate. We are upon the King’s business; the time is short; and we must act with despatch. Brethren—write.

Our appointments, until the next issue of this paper, stand thus: East Lake, near Picton, Saturday and Lord’s day, 1st and 2nd of July. Other appointments in this vicinity as considered expedient when on the ground. Hillier, Saturday and Lord’s day, 8th and 9th of

July. Brighton, Tuesday and Wednesday, 11th and 12th. Colborne, Thursday and Friday, 13th and 14th. Port Hope, Saturday and Lord's day, 15th and 16th. These meetings to be held by brethren Stone, Ash, and the writer. A great many people, and their neighbors, are invited to meet us at these times and places.

Written and published by request.

D. OLIPHANT.

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IMPORTANTLY UNIMPORTANT.—We have received a communication from a brother, much beloved, directing attention to the religious impropriety of christian teachers employing their time and talents in the school of literary debate, while they might be engaged in "contending earnestly for the faith." Our brother, in every sentence, breathes piety and a Christ-like temper; and, in the main, we agree with him in his remarks and scripture applications. Still, it is rather a local than a general delinquency of which our brother complains, and hence the reason why we have declined giving his letter an insertion. When many of our brethren turn from the model of dispute given by Paul "in the school of one Tyrannus," we shall either lay the communication to which we allude before all our readers, or request this truly devout brother to furnish another.

D. O.

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☞ In Bowmanville, Lord's day May 28th, subsequent to the forenoon meeting, we buried and raised again two young candidates willing to yield themselves to the only Saviour. They were baptized in the presence of many. The work is the Lord's, and to him therefore be all the glory forever.

D. O.

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THANKS.—With pleasure we acknowledge the receipt of the first numbers, current volume, of the "Western Reformer," Milton, Indiana. Our readers should know that this periodical, monthly, sixty-four pages, octavo size, is afforded to subscribers for one dollar per annum, when paid strictly in advance. We shall be happy to serve its editor, brother Franklin, and the cause he pleads, in the way of agency.

THE CHRISTIAN MAGAZINE, occasionally, makes a visit to Oshawa. We have received numbers 2, 3, and 6, and should be pleased to receive the work regularly. As it comes from the south,—Nashville, Tennessee,—farther south than any other point within the circumference of our exchanges, we are desirous of seeing it at the rate of twelve times a year. If its editor, brother J. B. Ferguson, will remember us monthly, he will not only oblige us, but perform a good work

D. O.