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THE

# CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

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VOL. VIII.

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## BEGIN THE YEAR WITH GOD.

“The Lord spake unto Moses, saying, On the first day of the first month shalt thou set up the tabernacle of the tent of the congregation.” To begin the year with God will have a powerful influence on the whole of its days, and weeks, and months. The setting up of the Tabernacle on the appointed day is an act suggestive of works of dedication to the only living and true God, at the commencement of a New Year. It shows that there is an appropriateness in a calm review of the past, and a fresh devotion of ourselves to Him that claims the redeemed powers of our nature. In the first month of the year business men strive to have their books balanced, and their accounts settled, in order to proceed without embarrassment in their future operations. Is it not also a suitable time for the determination of an answer to the question, “How much owest thou unto thy Lord?” Can we not make a commencement in some good and holy enterprise which we have planned? Many show their affection at this season by presenting tokens of love to their friends. A renewed dedication of the heart and life to Him who above all others deserves the name of friend, would have great significance at the present season, as involving a recognition of His right to have all our days given to Him. Behind the rising curtain of another year how little can be seen. Curiosity cannot pry into the secrets of the future. Whether the arrow of death may speed to lay us low this year, or whether we may still enjoy days and seasons of goodness and mercy, is unknown to us. Well is it, however, to have our house in order. “Occupy till I come,” is the Master’s charge. Embracing then the time given, let the heart be applied to wisdom. To build up ourselves to a higher degree of Christian life, is an object worthy of effort. The past, no doubt, presents much to be regretted. Amendment is needed, perhaps, to some of our plans for our own private devotions, or in our habits in regard to the public services of religion. Evils that have crept into the family, or into our own hearts, must be uprooted. Improvements on many points may be made in the observance of duties, namely, those of family worship, of bible-reading, of parental discipline, of acts of brotherly kindness, and in the support of gospel ordinances. In these, and all matters requiring reformation, is there not a power to abandon that which is wrong, furnished by the thought, that the time past has been more than sufficient to have erred. The past may be dark—let the future be bright. Resolutions formed in the strength of divine grace, and kept by

the mighty power of God, will bear to be reviewed when time with us shall be no longer. The day of reckoning, though unseen, may be near at hand. Work, then, while it is day.

Those who are impenitent ought to listen to the renewed calls to repentance, coming from the long suffering of God. Has He said of the barren fig-tree, let it alone this year also? Many changes will doubtless take place during the year on which we have entered. God grant that to some who read these lines it may prove the year of their conversion. That is a change that makes the year happy all through. But, should the means used to bring about a saving change in them fail, the axe may be laid to the root of the tree, and the command given, cut it down. The past and the present tell us that "here we have no continuing city." The quiver of death is full of shafts. There is an arrow there for each, for all. The time of its use is hid, but the mark is sure. Come, then, seek your God to-day, hear his voice, harden not your hearts.

The year 1861 closes, and 1862 opens, amid portentous omens. Signs of troublous times are around us. We listen to catch the sounds that cross the waters, fearing lest we hear the booming of cannon, and the confused noise of battle. Our sky wears the dark thunder-cloud of threatening war. May the God of nations avert the desolations of strife from our borders. Let the righteous cry to the Lord, that no sword may go through the land. That the blessings of peace and good neighbourhood may be enjoyed, let every Christian pray. And should the storm burst on our country, let confidence in God inspire the heart with courage; for God is the defence of His people and their deliverer.

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#### ANOTHER SEASON OF UNITED PRAYER.

It is a hopeful and encouraging sign of the times, that repeated calls are made to united prayer for the conversion of the world. This is more especially marked by the success which crowned the engagements of this character during the world's prayer meeting of 1860 and 1861. The British Evangelical Alliance has issued a circular to "Brethren beloved," calling for a repetition of the hallowed services of former years. Many, we doubt not, will embrace the opportunity, from Sabbath January 5th to Sabbath January 12th, 1862, of mingling with their brethren in Christ to ask those gracious influences from heaven which cause growth and prosperity. Necessity is laid on all God's people to cry mightily to the Lord for help. The aspect of the times says, "Come, my people, enter into thy chambers." That the spiritual life of believers may be promoted, and abundant blessings granted in answer to fervent, believing and importunate supplications, is our earnest desire.

Our readers will find the proposal, with suggested objects of prayer, in the October number of the *Canadian Independent*.

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#### DEATH OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT.

In common with the loyal subjects of our honoured and beloved Queen, we have been deeply moved by the startling intelligence of the death of the PRINCE CONSORT, which took place at Windsor Castle on the 14th December. The strongest and deepest sympathy of a nation, pre-eminently devoted

to the Throne, is suddenly called forth by the entrance into the palace of the great spoiler of our race. Following so soon the breaking of the tender tie of Mother and Daughter, this heavy stroke, severing the loved bonds of Husband and Wife, awakens into intense fervour the prayer, "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

An event of this striking nature ought not to pass without due effect on the mind of the nation. What man is he that liveth and shall not see death? Princes must come down from on high and dwell in dust. The beauty of man departs, and his form sees corruption. No bulwark can defend from the attack of death. No shield can ward off his spear. No relintings are known by that insatiable tyrant. As stubble to his bow the mighty of the earth are given. He sets the stamp of ownership on the most exalted. In his hand there is no bribe. While, therefore, we may be familiar with his work in the constant desolations going on all around us, the lessons of our mortality may be more deeply engraven on our hearts, when thus set before our eyes surrounded with proofs of the vanity of earthly greatness. "Death, in marching his rounds, knocks at the door of the palace as at the door of the cottage." All the glory of man is as the flower of the field. At noon—in the zenith of manhood—the sun hasteneth to go down. Art and science weave a chaplet to be left on the grave, not worn on the brow of the living. As the meteor darts from the sky, while you gaze into the starry heavens, and dies, so man passeth away from all his earthly honours. When through these scenes, clad with the bitter trophies of the power, and frozen with the cold wintry chill of death, we pass in our journey to eternity, what can call us from descending into the gloomy valley of despair? What can bring to the tearful eye the smile of resignation and hope? God's truth alone. Life and immortality are brought to light through the gospel.

We follow up these remarks by an extract from Robert Hall's Sermon on the Death of the Princess Charlotte, containing truth suited to the present event: "It is scarcely to be supposed that so remarkable an example of the frailty and uncertainty of life as the recent providence has displayed, has failed of impressing serious reflection on the minds of multitudes; it is difficult to conceive of that degree of insensibility which could totally resist such a warning. But there is reason to fear that in a great majority of instances it has produced no salutary fruit, and will leave them, after a very short period, as careless and unconcerned about a preparation for an hereafter, as before; like the unthinking feathered tribe, who, when one of the number falls by the hand of the fowler, are scared for a moment, and fly from the fatal spot with screams of horror, but quickly recovering their confidence, alight again on the same place and expose themselves to the same danger. Thus many, whose gaiety has been eclipsed, and whose thoughtless career of irreligion and dissipation has experienced a momentary check, will doubtless soon return with eager impetuosity to the same course, as *the horse rusheth into battle*. The same amusements will enchant, the same society corrupt, and the same temptations ensnare them; with this very important difference, that the effort necessary to surmount the present impression will superinduce a fresh degree of obduration, by which they will become more completely accoutred in the panoply of darkness. The next visitation, though it may be in some respects more affecting, because more near, will probably impress them less; and as death has penetrated the palace in vain, though it should

even come up into their chamber, and take away the delight of their eyes at a stroke, they will be less religiously moved.

“What may we suppose is the reason of this; why are so many impressed, and so few profited? It is unquestionably because they are not obedient to the *first* suggestion of conscience. What that suggestion is, it may not be easy precisely to determine; but it certainly is *not* to make haste to efface the impression by frivolous amusement, by gay society, by entertaining reading, or even by secular employment: it is probably to meditate and pray. Let the first whisper, be it what it may, of the internal monitor, be listened to as an oracle, as the still small voice which Elijah heard, when he wrapped his face in his mantle, recognizing it to be the voice of God. Be assured it will not mislead you; it will conduct you one step at least towards happiness and truth; and, by a prompt and punctual compliance with it, you will be prepared to receive apler communications and superior light. If, after a serious retrospect of your past lives, of the objects you have pursued, and the principles which have determined your conduct, they appear to be such as will ill sustain the scrutiny of a dying hour, dare to be faithful to yourselves, and shun with horror that cruel treachery to your best interests, which would impel you to sacrifice the happiness of eternity to the quiet of a moment. Let the light of truth, which is the light of heaven, however painful for the present, be admitted in its full force; and whatever secrets it may discover in *the chambers of imagery*, while it unveils *still greater and greater abominations*, shrink not from the view, but entreat rather the assistance of Him whose prerogative it is to search the heart, and to try the reins, to render the investigation more profound and impartial. The sight of a penitent on his knees is a spectacle which moves heaven; and the compassionate Redeemer, who, when He beheld Saul in that situation, exclaimed, *Behold, he prayeth*, will not be slow or reluctant to strengthen you by His might, and console you by His spirit. When a *new and living way* is opened into the holiest of all, by the blood of Jesus, not to avail ourselves of it, not to arise and go to our Father, but to prefer remaining at a guilty distance, encompassed with famine, to the rich and everlasting provisions of His house, will be a source of insupportable anguish when we shall see Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, enter into the kingdom of God, and ourselves shut out. You are probably not aware of what importance it is to improve these sacred visitations; have not considered that they form a crisis, which if often neglected will never return. It is impossible too often to inculcate the momentous truth, that the character is not formed by passive impressions, but by voluntary actions, and that we shall be judged hereafter, not by what we have felt, but by what we have done.”

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#### DEMISE AND DYING WORDS OF THE CANADIAN UNITED PRESBYTERIAN MAGAZINE.

We are sorry to find that the valuable periodical above named, has ceased to exist. The number for last month announces the resolve of its conductors henceforth to discontinue its publication. This step has been taken to “avoid probable if not certain pecuniary loss.” It appears that there are arrearages due from subscribers amounting to “over \$1200,” and notwithstanding this large indebtedness, but “little money has been received for

some months past." While sympathizing with an ill-used contemporary, the proprietors of the *Canadian Independent* may derive encouragement from a comparison of balance-sheets with it, for though there are still too many delinquents on the list of subscribers to our own periodical, the sum owing is only about a moiety of that which has proved so embarrassing and fatal to a similar journal. Defaulters should take warning from this case, and in view of the disastrous results which sometimes flow from non-payment, rouse to greater promptitude. The plea "oh! it's only a dollar" made by 1200 individuals, has stilled the voice of a faithful witness for the truth.

Our reasons for regretting the discontinuance of the *U. P. Magazine*, are very much the same as those expressed by its conductors in the valedictory editorial. They are "chiefly on account of certain great principles which urgently need exhibition and elucidation in Canada;"—such as, the church's independence of the civil power, Christ's sole, undelimited, headship, and the important doctrines therewith connected. For these the *U. P. Magazine* has earnestly contended. The valedictory says, there is no hope that any other serial propounding similar principles will find its way into the families of the Canada Presbyterian Church, but that though "the official and patronized organs may now and then utter a grumble or a growl when any state favour is bestowed on a sister sect," there is no likelihood that they will "boldly assail the principle of church-and-state-connexion." We think this is a too desponding view of matters. These principles are held by a large proportion of the membership and some of the ministers of the Free as well as U. P. section of the now united body. Such principles are like leaven—they must and will work. The convictions of good men on these points will find expression *somewhere*. Another periodical, perhaps a weekly broadsheet, will we trust come into being. Meantime, so far as the *Canadian Independent* can supply a felt lack, or furnish opportunity of utterance for such as cannot keep silence, we are bold to say it is very much at the service of our late U. P. and now U. P. brethren.

But our object in this article is more especially to call attention to certain last words of the deceased magazine, referring specifically to Congregationalists, and bearing upon the practicability and desirableness of ecclesiastical amalgamation. It were at once disrespectful and unfriendly to pass them by unheeded, coming as they do from a quarter to which we have looked with a peculiar fellow-feeling, and from which we have had for years pleasant and prized fraternal recognition. There is a strange mixture of kindness and cruelty in these farewell words. They breathe affection, but at the same time betray distrust. They express warm desires for closer union between Presbyterians and Congregationalists, and yet are terribly open to the charge: "Thou sittest and speakest against thy brother, thou slanderest thine own mother's son." The farewell kiss is accompanied by an unexpected rally of strength, and a deadly thrust under the fifth rib.

That we have not characterized these dying words too strongly, the following quotation will show: "As to Congregationalists, while many of them are the glory of the land, it is well known that a large section of them are far from orthodox. Not to speak of other errors in which they indulge, they reduce the doctrine of the atonement to almost nothing. Negative Theology is eating the life out of no small proportion of them. In such circumstances, it is felt that an orthodox Presbyterianism would be an unspeakable boon."

These are serious charges. "*A large section far from orthodox.*" "*The doctrine of the atonement reduced to almost nothing.*" "*Other errors.*" "*Negative Theology eating the life out of no small proportion of them.*" But what a strange inference is drawn from the assumed truth of these grave allegations. Seldom have we met with a more striking sample of the "*non-sequitur.*" We should opine, "*in such circumstances,*" that an "ORTHODOX CONGREGATIONALISM" would be "*an unspeakable boon!*"

It is ordinarily of no use attempting to "soothe the dull, cold ear of death." And as "dead men tell no tales," it were unreasonable to expect that they will give replies or make retractions. Yet albeit our present accuser belongs to a class *most of whom have ceased to exist*, to whom the couplet applies:

" Their memory and their sense are gone,  
Alike unknowing and unknown,"

we cannot refrain from asking a question or two in the hope that some of the kindred of the sainted dead, jealous of its honour, may make answer on its behalf.

Now it is manifest that "*a large section,*" and "*no small proportion*" of the Congregationalists of Britain, (for it is to the father-land these charges refer) must be easily identified. We ask, then, who are they? and where are they to be found? Vagueness in a matter so serious cannot be tolerated for a moment. The pillory must have its rightful prey either in the persons of the heretics or the slanderers. This heterodoxy of British Congregationalists is affirmed to be "*well known.*" To whom, pray? Let the witnesses who know this so well stand forth, and declare "*the truth, the whole truth, and, what is most important of all, 'nothing but the truth.'*"

The writer of this article has just returned from a visit to Britain, where he took some pains to investigate this very matter. Indefinite charges of the kind under consideration have been for some time in circulation. Traced to their origin, they are found to have sprung almost wholly from the sensation editorials and Prince Consort letters of the *British Standard*. Their author has acted the part of "accuser of the brethren" so recklessly, as to have utterly forfeited the confidence of the best men in his own body, and though in other days he has rendered good service to the cause of truth, even the memory of past services does not protect him from the distrust and odium which always repay persistent evil-speaking. In the two cases of alleged heresy that have come definitely before the public, no cause for censuring the denomination can be found. That of Mr. Lynch was greatly exaggerated. Those who know anything of that gentleman's peculiar cast of mind, and read his much-abused hymn-book through other spectacles than those of Dr. Campbell's manufacture, can detect to be sure a good deal of mystic sentimentalism, but *no downright heresy*. As for Dr. Davidson, so soon as his unsoundness became known he was cashiered and disowned with a promptitude which caused great complaint of harshness and precipitancy in some quarters. We do not believe there is a word of truth in these charges, or that any one can put his finger on a single *properly-authenticated* instance of departure from evangelical doctrine tolerated by the Congregationalists of Britain. We were delighted at the distinct and emphatic enunciation of gospel truth which marked the ministrations to which we had the privilege of listening, and can truly say of them all that the "trumpet" gave no "*uncertain sound.*"

We should be disposed to utter severe rebuke in regard to the publication of these charges, were it not for the facts in relation to their origin to which allusion has just been made. Since our "foes" are "they of our own household," we can scarcely be surprised at shafts being let fly by others. It must not be forgotten, however, that from our disuse of creeds and non-worship of standards, our Presbyterian brethren are too apt to infer doctrinal laxity. They seem incapable of understanding how along with an indisposition to insist on the "*ipsissima verba*," there may yet be an earnest contending for the faith. We feel quite as strongly as our Presbyterian brethren the importance of adhering closely to apostolic doctrine. Our estimate of orthodoxy is quite as high as theirs. We only differ as to the best method of securing it. In seeking to reach a common goal, we take the short cut and go direct to the Bible, while our Presbyterian brethren take the circuitous route, *via* the Confession of Faith. We openly profess to exercise mutual forbearance "upon some minor points of doctrine and practice," believing this to be the only course compatible with an honest exercise of private judgment. Our Presbyterian brethren have found the same thing necessary in connection with their recent auspicious union, and there is actually among them, as there must be among all thinking men, considerable diversity "upon some minor points of doctrine and practice." But while we thus allow some latitude on "minor points," we have no sympathy whatever with "Negative Theology," nay, we reject it as not only insipid, but nauseous;—while we hold the doctrine of the atonement quite as strenuously as our Presbyterian brethren, and we think, more scripturally and consistently.

It is peculiarly unfortunate that these charges should be made in connection with overtures for union. Slander has broken up many a promising courtship, and forever sundered "hearts that else like kindred drops had mingled into one." If our Presbyterian brethren really wish to negotiate with us for denominational union, they must begin after a different fashion from this. No right-minded maiden is likely to fall in love with the suitor who begins by reviling her mother and relatives. Nor if she be as *independent* as some fair ones we reckon of, will she care to talk of marriage with one who proposes to wed her out of pity.

On this subject of ecclesiastical union, we may have more to say anon.

Guelph, Dec. 20, 1861.

W. F. C.

## CONGREGATIONALISM IN ENGLAND.

*To the Editor of the Canadian Independent.*

MR. EDITOR,—The following has recently appeared in *The Church Witness*, published in St. John, New Brunswick. It is professedly from the pen of their English correspondent. In the same letter he speaks in glowing terms of what is doing by the Wesleyan Methodists; and pays a passing compliment to the Presbyterians.

"While Christianity is most manifestly advancing in Britain, not a few members of the Congregational body are seriously alarmed by the revelations of their last Year Book.

"The statistics given show that Congregationalism is retrograding in England. The number of Congregational Churches in England is given at 1,600; the resignations and removals during the year at 135, or the astounding proportion of nearly 1 to 8. This is not the worst feature; for, on looking through the list of Churches under the heading "County and District Associations," 176 are marked vacant or nearly 1 in every 9.

"Blending the resignations and removals with the vacancies, it is manifest that, in  $4\frac{1}{2}$  churches throughout England were in an unsettled condition in 1860. Were these vacancies solely to follow on deaths or old age, a proper ratio would be, according to the present value of human life, about 45 or 46, and not from 300 to 400.

"These figures may well create consternation; for they cannot be made compatible with a state of progress. Can there be a satisfactory condition of affairs in such disturbed and destitute localities, or among such evidently peculiar and unsettled elements? Can there be that spiritual life which is necessary for the aggression which they should be making on the mass of spiritual destitution around them? The more thoughtful among the Independents are taking these things to heart, and are beginning to conclude, that if there were less polemics there would be more spiritual prosperity."

You are aware that there are always two ways of telling a story, and you must hear both sides before pronouncing a verdict. Much also depends on the person who tells the story. Many an apparently truthful witness has made a sad figure in the witness-box, when subjected to a little cross-questioning. It is all important that a witness not only "tell the truth," but "the whole truth and nothing but the truth."

The above statements concerning Congregationalism does not, in the least, disturb my equanimity. The writer says, "the more thoughtful among the Independents are taking these things to heart, and are beginning to conclude, that if there were less polemics, there would be more spiritual prosperity." In this single sentence, we have a clue to the whole animus of the article. To what does the writer refer by Independents having "less" to do with "polemics?" He refers to the fact that Congregationalists, as a body, have been and continue to be the consistent, the constant, and unwearied opponents of CHURCH ESTABLISHMENTS! He speaks in high terms of Wesleyan Methodists. Why? Because they (however inconsistently) repudiate being Dissenters, and as a body stand aloof from all efforts to do away with Church Rates, &c., &c. You know enough about politics to know what politicians will say of their opponents. Now, the Congregationalists in England have within the last twenty years, gained an amount of political influence which galls the Tory and Church Establishment party. We have at the present time several highly influential Congregationalists in the House of Commons, and the Methodists have not one. It is to this the writer refers by his "polemics;" and I am bold to affirm, that "the more thoughtful among the Independents," instead of taking less interest in such "polemics," will more than ever throw their heart and soul into them. I have often said, and I repeat the saying somewhat in the spirit of boasting, that Congregationalists are the only religious denomination who thoroughly understand the principles of civil and religious liberty. Did you ever hear or know of a Congregational Minister taking money from a civil government for his support? Did you ever hear or know of a Congregational Church countenancing slavery? I believe you never did. Can this be said of Episcopalians, Presbyterians,

Baptists, or Methodists? It cannot. Long may our Ministers and Churches stand up as bulwarks against these gigantic evils, both of which have wrought fearful havoc in the Church and in the world.

The Autumnal Meeting of the "Congregational Union of England and Wales," was held in Birmingham last month. There was a very large attendance on the part of both Ministers and delegates. From all accounts, they were the most telling and enthusiastic meetings ever held in connection with the Union. One of the meetings was held in the spacious Town Hall, it was crowded to excess, and the speeches delivered brought down thunders of applause. It was strictly what the writer in *The Church Witness* would call a "polemical" meeting; but its blessed fruits will be seen soon, and continue to be seen many days hence. The 24th of August, 1662, will ever be memorable in England's national and ecclesiastical affairs. The celebrated "Act of Uniformity," the iron rule of the State Church establishment stares us in the face. It was nobly resisted. There were two thousand men in Israel, who would not bow down to Baal, or worship the golden image, which an earthly power had set up. They not only endured "the trial of cruel mockings, bonds, and imprisonment," but readily sacrificed the whole of their property and life itself, "from conscience toward God." "That day," says the calm philosophic Locke, "was fatal to our church and religion, in throwing out a very great number of worthy, learned, and pious orthodox divines." Undoubtedly it was; and only one exception can be taken to the language he employs. That it was fatal and injurious to the Church of England, her subsequent history is more than sufficient to prove. That that it was so to the interests of "Religion," of pure and vital godliness we deny. Amongst these 2,000 were the Henrys and Hams, the Owens and Charnocks, the Baxters and Mantans, the Flavels and Bateses of the day, men "of whom the world was not worthy." The expulsion of these 2,000 godly ministers from the Established Church of England, we look back to as an event big with importance to the universal Church. These men were our Puritan and Pilgrim Fathers; and what I ask, would North America have been at this day, if it had not been for the foundation of sterling piety which more than two centuries ago they laid in this continent? We are not surprised to hear that the Congregationalists of England have resolved to commemorate the event by raising a memorial to God. At the meeting in Birmingham a resolution was passed to raise from one to two hundred thousand pounds, and to erect during the course of the ensuing year, not fewer than one hundred new chapels, and a Building in London sufficiently commodious to afford offices for all our different Religious Institutions. The resolution was not only passed, but it will, I have no doubt be carried into effect. I have a very deep impression, that the meetings in Birmingham, and the movements resulting from them, led to the remarks which appeared in *The Church Witness*. Our Church friends don't like this sort of "polemics," and we, too, must lay them aside if we would enjoy "spiritual prosperity!" So writes the correspondent of *The Church Witness*.

He mentions the number of "resignations and removals" as an "astounding" fact, and positive proof that Congregationalism is "retrograding." What will he make of his Methodist friends, whom he so highly lauds? Are any of their Ministers allowed by Conference to remain more than two or three years in a circuit? Are they not constantly and systematically moving from placé to placé? Are Methodists on this account necessarily "retrograding?"

Again, when I take up the *Record* newspaper, or the *Illustrated London News*, I see weekly a long list of Clerical preferments, appointments, removals, &c. These refer exclusively to beneficed clergymen; but what of the poor curates? I could here a tale unfold that would bring tears from the eyes, even of "the more thoughtful among the Independents." The "removals and resignations" among Congregationalists are by far too numerous, but they are only a tithe to those which take place in the Established Church. She must therefore, be in a fearful state of retrogression. These "removals and resignations," so far as they prevail amongst us, are for mourning and lamentations. I have not one word to say in their defence. I believe them to "be evil, only evil, evil continually." I fear our churches have so far been drawn into the vortex from the example set by our Methodist and Episcopalian friends. "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump." May all our churches speedily rise above this evil influence and put away the cursed thing from amongst them.

"This is not," however, "the worst feature." Out of the 1,600 churches there are, it would appear "176 marked vacant." This I regard rather as a proof of progress. From a personal knowledge of facts, I can state without fear of contradiction that a very considerable number of these "vacant churches" ought to be marked—*Preaching Stations*. They are situated in localities where the population is either so sparse or so poor that they are unable to support a minister, and therefore their pulpits are supplied by neighbouring ministers, students, and laymen; and in numberless instances that is done to supply the lack of evangelical teaching in the Established Church. Again, our Colleges are sending forth a far greater number of young men than at any former period, and yet the supply does not meet the demand. A very considerable number of ministers have within the last six years gone to Australia, where Congregationalism is making rapid strides. Then a Chapel Building Society was organized a few years ago, and has been the means of erecting a great number of new chapels, and if one hundred be added to these next year, we shall, according to the views of the writer in "*The Church Witness*," retrograde still further.

There are, undoubtedly, many deficiencies, errors, imperfections, and even sins, among our brethren in England. They want more faith, more energy, more union, more prayer, in order to more extended spiritual prosperity. Still, after making all due allowance for every thing that is unfavourable; the present aspect of Congregationalism in England is highly encouraging, and calls for deep heartfelt gratitude to God. If space permitted I might refer to our *Colleges*: in London, Cheshunt, Plymouth, Birmingham, Manchester, Bradford, Rotham, &c. :—to our noble and efficient *Normal School* in London under the able presidency of the Rev. Mr. Unwin :—to our numerous *Day Schools* for general education, and which are wholly supported by voluntary contributions :—to our *Sabbath Schools*, which were never more numerous, or more numerous and regularly attended :—to our *Philanthropic and Missionary Societies*, which of late have risen up in their might and are putting forth efforts which augur well for their accomplishing the momentous purposes for which they were formed :—and to our *Periodical Literature*, Newspapers, Magazines, Reviews, and the *British Quarterly*; but I forbear. I repeat, however, that amidst all our successes we are not unconscious of our short-comings. We want, above all things, a spirit of more enlightened, fervid and importunate prayer, that a larger measure of Divine influence may rest

upon all our ministers and churches, that they may be blessed more effectually in the conversion of sinners to Christ. Let us labour for this—let us bend everything to this—let us believingly and earnestly plead for a copious outpouring of the Holy Spirit!

“Then what light will beam,  
What balmy breath of liberty be pour'd around!”

R. W.

Sheffield, N. B., Nov., 1861.

SAVED TO THE UTTERMOST.

HEB. VII. 25.

Oh that word “uttermost!” I would not for twice ten thousand worlds have that word blotted from the book of God. What can it mean? What does it mean? Let us try to ascertain. The Greek adjective translated *uttermost* is compounded of two words, which signify *all* and *end*. So that it implies wholly, fully, or completely, that which is brought to a full end. Our English word *uttermost* signifies as much as can be done. There is nothing beyond the uttermost. Now Christ “saves to the uttermost.” What, then, does this mean? They who believe in Christ are “justified from all things, from which they could not have been justified by the law of Moses” But to be “justified from all things” is not to be “saved to the uttermost.” The former takes place at conversion, and is a result of Christ’s atonement; but the latter commences in sanctification, and is not completed till death, or even till the resurrection, and is a result of Christ’s intercession. “To the uttermost” means toward or throughout every matter, or on to the ultimate point. To the progress of Divine grace in the heart there is often much opposition made by temptations, trials, and the remaining corruptions of a sinful heart of unbelief: but through all, Jesus Christ, as our faithful high-priest, is engaged to carry on the work to perfection, even in the weakest and the humblest of his people. “Being confident of this very thing, that he which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ.”

“The work which his goodness began,  
The arm of his strength will complete;  
His promise is yea and amen,  
And never was forfeited yet;  
Things future, nor things that are now,—  
Not all things below nor above,  
Can make him his purpose forego,  
Or sever my soul from his love.”

Christ’s work of grace will be perfected in his bringing both soul and body to the enjoyment of himself in the glories of heaven. He saves to the uttermost. He does not only save to the uttermost of time in the present life, but to the boundless ages of eternity. “Israel shall be saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation.” Our life in the world to come is called “life eternal.” Christ is able to save, and will completely save, from all the effects of sin: triumphantly, notwithstanding the difficulties which obstruct, and the enemies which oppose the work; and forever in duration. How this adds to the greatness of the salvation, that it is forever! Yes;—

“A perpetuity of bliss is bliss.”

He who is the Captain of our Salvation in this world, will be for ever the source of light, and life, and joy, in the realms of everlasting glory.

They who are thus "saved" are persons "coming" to God by the Saviour, daily approaching him as believing worshippers already justified and accepted through the blood of atonement, and offering constant supplication and homage through the Mediator. They know what it is to plead the all-sufficient atonement before the mercy-seat as the only ground of acceptance with God. They know what it is to relinquish every other hope of salvation, and "count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord." They know what it is to be looking for the acceptance of every act of obedience and service to God through him. They know what it is to be constantly pleading the infinite merit of his blood before "the throne of the heavenly grace" in the closet, at the family altar, and in the house of God. Those who have "come unto God by him" find in their souls that Christ is "all and in all," and they say—

"Other refuge have I none,—  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee :  
Leave, ah, leave me not alone ;  
Still support and comfort me.  
All my trust on thee is stay'd ;  
All my help from thee I bring :  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing."

All those thus "coming unto God by him" he "saves to the uttermost," saves on to the last point, "seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them"

But Christ makes intercession, "not for the world, but for those whom the Father hath given him." His intercession for believers was formerly represented by the high-priest's having the names of the twelve tribes on the breast-plate which he wore when he entered into the Holy of Holies. He is an advocate for those who come unto God by him. He ever lives to intercede for those who have committed their souls into his hands. To the un-renewed and inquiring he appears as "a lamb slain," as a victim sacrificed whose "blood cleanseth from all sin," and "justifies from all things;" and to his converted and accepted people he appears as "a lamb in the midst of the throne," "an advocate with the Father," "the apostle and high-priest of their profession," "making all things work together for their good," and "saving unto the last point"—"to the very uttermost." Sinners must look to what he performed on earth, and believers to what he performs in heaven. Yet, how many of his people never look beyond the atonement! Having been "reconciled to God by the death of his Son" they appear to understand or care little as to being "saved by his life." They are content with "first principles," such as concern the fruits of Christ's sacrifice; and will not go on to "perfection," such as concerns the fruit of his intercession. Yet the grand glory of our high-priest is concentrated in his later function—he "suffered the things of his atonement only that he might enter into his glory;" and the corresponding well-being of his people, their beauty of holiness and their "shining more and more unto the perfect day" is a reflection of its light, and depends on its display. Let believers, that they may be "saved unto the last point," study the work of the Saviour in heaven, and trust as fervently in his intercession for daily grace, as at first they trusted in his

atonement for begun salvation. Let believers do this, and then their song may constantly be—

“ My name from the palms of his hands,  
Eternity will not erase;  
Impress'd on his heart it remains  
In marks of indelible grace.  
Yes! I to the end shall endure,  
As sure as the earnest is given:  
More happy, but not mere secure,  
The glorified spirits in heaven.”

How sad the condition of the unconverted! How shall they escape if they neglect so great salvation? Let me entreat such to go to Jesus and to go at once. He has done his work on earth, and waits for you to solicit his interference in heaven. As an Advocate he never rejected a cause given him to plead; nor will he reject yours. Plead by faith on earth the merit of his blood, and he will plead it with success in heaven. Go then to Jesus: his heart is full of sympathy, and with him the Father is well pleased!

“ Give him, my friends, your cause to plead,  
Nor doubt the Father's grace.”

Sheffield, N. B.

R. W.

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## Trans-Atlantic Retrospect.

The death of Prince Albert is an event of so mournful a character that it will throw a shadow over every English household, and cause in every English bosom deep and earnest sympathy with our beloved Queen. We are, at the time of writing, without any details of his death; we only know from the telegraphic despatches that it was from typhoid fever, and very sudden. The latest English papers received only contained a slight reference to his illness, without any hint of danger; before this is in the hands of our readers, however, another mail will have arrived, bringing us full particulars of this sad bereavement. We would now only join our humble offering to the tribute which we know will be paid to the memory of the late Prince Consort by men of all shades of opinion, political and religious, in the British Empire, and would express our conviction that in him it loses one to whom, in no small measure, is due the peace and happiness, the glory and greatness of the reign of Queen Victoria. Many will recall, like us, the suspicion with which he was received in England, and the latent animosity that was ready to burst forth, if anything in his conduct had warranted the suspicion that he was exercising an improper influence in the affairs of the nation. Traditions of the German proclivities of the first Georges lingered among the people, and we well remember how the caricatures of the day—those indexes of the popular mind—represented his advent with a legion of his family and countrymen to eat up the good of the land. Years passed on; he showed that his heart was with his adopted country; he did everything which his position and great influence enabled him to do for the social elevation of the people; was the patron and liberal supporter of every philanthropic effort, and a hearty worker in the cause of science and art, until all suspicion died away and it was forgotten that he was not an Englishman born. His name will

always be associated with the Great Exhibition of 1851, which owed its degree, owing to the heartiness and activity he exhibited in its furtherance. Of Prince Albert as a religious man we know next to nothing. He was—of course—a member of the Established Church of England; and little incidents of the domestic life of the Royal Family, which have appeared at intervals, would lead us to hope and believe that he was a humble, sincere Christian. We trust that it was so, and that the young Princes, to whom so bright a future is open, may exhibit in after life the effect of the teaching and example of their father, Prince Albert. That the Queen may be sustained under this most afflicting dispensation, that she may receive strength and comfort from Him who alone can give it, and that this grievous affliction may bring forth in her soul the peaceable fruits of righteousness, will, we are assured, be the prayer of all our readers, and of every Christian man and woman throughout the Empire.

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The most appropriate manner of celebrating the bi-centenary of Nonconformity, which was introduced at the late meeting of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, and to which we alluded in a recent number, has been discussed at a meeting of the principal ministers and laymen of the body in London. The Union, it may be remembered, appointed a committee to confer with the committees of the Chapel Building Societies on the best course to be adopted. That committee presented a report to the meeting, which is altogether too long for insertion here, but the substance of which will be gathered from the resolutions adopted. Whatever difference of opinion may exist among our brethren in England in reference to the best method of celebrating the bi-centenary, they are one in the desire to do it in a way which shall most strikingly prove their own attachment to the principles for which their forefathers suffered, which shall bring those principles out broadly before the religious world, shall demand attention and command respect. The spirit which animated the recusants of St. Bartholomew's day, 1662, is not dead yet, and although the sufferings of their descendants are—as Mr. Binney jocosely said, principally of the pocket, yet, if it was demanded, sure we are that thousands would be ready to make a sacrifice as great as that of their ancestors, which is this year to be commemorated. The following were the resolutions:—

The Rev. Dr. Brown, of Cheltenham, moved the first resolution, as follows:—This conference—deeply impressed with the Christian heroism of the 2,000 ministers of the National Church, who on St. Bartholomew's-day, 1662, relinquished their livings, and voluntarily subjected themselves to great privations and sufferings, rather than give their "assent and consent" to what they believed to be untrue; and grateful to God for that religious liberty which their secession helped to accelerate and secure—recommends the Congregational churches of this country to observe the bicentenary of that great event by special thanksgiving and prayer; by the wide diffusion of information illustrative of English Nonconformity; and by the creation of a fund, to be called a Bicentenary Nonconformist Memorial Fund.

Mr. Samuel Morley moved the second resolution, which in the original programme stood as follows:—That the proposed Memorial Fund be raised by Donations, Congregational collections, and Sunday-school offerings; the donations to be paid either in one amount in 1862, or in three separate instalments in the

course of the three years ensuing from the date of the Conference, and may be appropriated by the donors to *any one or more* of the following objects:—A library-hall, chapel-extension, British missions, London and county associations, board of education, Pastor's Retiring Fund, Colleges, Lewisham and Silcoates Schools, and removal of chapel debts; it being understood that these contributions are to be regarded as special and extra, and not in any degree to interfere with the ordinary sources of income on which the above institutions are dependent.

After considerable discussion this was amended as follows:—

It was decided by the votes of the conference that the following objects should participate in the fund:—

The erection of numerous Congregational chapels in England and Wales.—The erection of a memorial hall in London.—College endowments and scholarships.—Pastors' retiring fund.—The erection of a Congregational chapel in Paris.

The following were the items negatived:—"London and County Associations," "Lewisham and Silcoates School," and "Removal of Chapel Debts."

The Rev. J. G. Miall, moved, and the Rev. Dr. Vaughan seconded the following resolution, which was agreed to:—That for the wide diffusion of information illustrative of the principles involved in the secession of 1662, this conference recommends the adoption of the following methods:—1. Sermons on the subject, on the Lord's-day, August the 24th, in every Congregational pulpit throughout the land. 2. District Conferences. 3. Public meetings in large towns, and especially in localities from which the Nonconforming Ministers were ejected. 4. Deputation from the central committee, lay and ministerial, wherever specially required. 5. The extensive circulation of books and tracts bearing on the principles of religious freedom, and the independence of Christ's kingdom.

The Rev. J. Stoughton moved, and Dr. Halley seconded the next resolution, which was as follows:—That devoutly recognising the grace of God in the faithfulness of the Nonconforming Ministers of 1662; in the subsequent diffusion of Christian truth; and in the growth and development of spiritual life in all evangelical communities; and humbly acknowledging the dependence of every human effort on the gift of the Holy Ghost for the purity and revival of the Church of God, and the subjugation of all things to Christ—this conference earnestly recommends that some portion of the week previous to the 24th August be set apart for special thanksgiving and prayer.

It was subsequently resolved that a committee be formed to carry out the resolutions, and that Mr. J. Remington Mills, Mr. John Crossley, and Mr. John Kempe Welsh be requested to act as treasurers to the fund. It was announced that one contribution to the memorial fund of 5000*l.*, and another of 1,000*l.*, had been promised, besides several smaller amounts.

We are yet without any intelligence as to the effect of the news upon the religious bodies at home of the seizure of the Confederate Commissioners on board the *Trent*. Their united action can do so much, they can bring so large an amount of influence to bear upon the people of Great Britain through the pulpit and press, that we most anxiously hope to hear of that influence having been used in a Christian-like manner to soothe the excited passions of the people, and to bring their action into harmony with the spirit of the New Testament. Upon the act of the American government we offer no opinion, it is out of our province; but, assuming that it is in every respect the flagrant and unjustifiable outrage it is asserted to be, we yet trust that no means will be left untried to avoid the terrible resort to war; and we trust also, that if need be, the Churches of England will urge this upon the government as a paramount duty; if rights have been assailed let them be vindicated, but without passion, bluster, or irritation. Especially should

there be avoided any indication that war is a foregone conclusion, and that there is no hearty desire to settle the matter peacefully. No Christian man can study the effects of war upon the progress of the gospel without feeling that it is one of the greatest calamities which can befall us. We cannot shut our eyes to the terrible havoc it has made in the religion of our neighbours; passion, pride, resentment, have sadly marred the beauty of Christ's gospel among them; the pulpit has been occupied by the war fiend, and passionate outbursts of—at the best—patriotism, have supplanted hymns of praise to the Maker. If war should unhappily arise between England and America, how long would our religion escape the withering influence of these passions?—how long should we exhibit the spirit and disposition of Him who is the Prince of Peace, and who came not to destroy men's lives but to save them? And the cause of missions—who can calmly contemplate the effect of such a war upon the prosecution of that glorious work. What with crippled means and the lamentable teaching by example which the heathen would receive, it is not too much to say that missions would be thrown back a quarter of a century. Now is the time of trial; let us show our Christian principles; abating no whit of our loyalty and patriotism, we can yet prove our allegiance to Christ. Let us do what we think our friends in Britain are doing—laboring diligently and praying for peace; that the God of peace would scatter the men who delight in war, and “Himself give us peace always by all means.”

Since the above was in type we are in receipt of the gratifying intelligence that a large United Prayer meeting has been held in Exeter Hall with special reference to the American difficulty, and that the Dissenting Deputies have passed resolutions deprecating war and recommending that the dispute should be left to arbitration. The news which reaches us at the last moment of the surrender of the men taken from the *Trent*, will, we are sure, when it reaches England, be felt as an occasion of devout gratitude to Almighty God.

**THE STATE AID QUESTION IN AUSTRALIA.**—The speech of the Governor of Victoria at the opening of the session at Melbourne announced a bill for the abolition of State aid to religion. At Sydney, a motion affirming the undesirability of precedence being given to any religious sect on State occasions, has been carried in the Assembly without a division.

**THE BISHOP OF LONDON AND MR. SPURGEON.**—Not long since the Bishop of London wrote to Mr. Spurgeon as follows:—“Indeed, when I think of the thousands of souls in the metropolis whom the efforts of all the ministers of religion among us fail to rouse, how can I fail to thank God that those powerful means of influence which you possess are enlisted in Christ's cause.” Quoting this in the *Baptist Magazine* for this month, Mr. Spurgeon adds—“These are halcyon days, in which servants of Christ thus speak of one another.”

## Official.

### ANNUAL MEETING OF THE WESTERN ASSOCIATION.

This Association will meet (D.V.) in the vestry of the Congregational Church at *Hamilton*, on *Tuesday 4th February* at 9 o'clock a.m.

The first hour will be spent in devotional exercises, to which the Christian public are cordially invited.

A Public service will be held in the Church, on Tuesday evening, commencing at 7½ o'clock, when Rev. R. G. Baird of Sarnia, will preach the Annual Sermon.

During the private sessions, the following exercises appointed at last meeting, will be called for, viz.: *Essay*, "On the Moral Attributes of God," by Rev. R. Robinson;—*Review*, of "Halley on the Subjects for Baptism," by Rev. D. McCallum;—*Plans of Sermons*, by Rev. Messrs. Wood and Pullar;—*Sermon*, by Rev. J. Durrant;—*Exposition*, by Secretary.

EDWARD EBBS,

Secretary & Treasurer,

Paris, C.W., 21st Dec., 1861.

Western Association.

MIDDLE DISTRICT.

Programme of Congregational Missionary Meetings for 1862.

Bowmanville.....	Monday, January	13.	} Deputation. — Rev. Messrs. K. M. Fenwick, J. Unsworth, and R. Hay, and the Pastors of the Churches.
Manilla.....	Tuesday, "	14.	
Brock.....	Wednesday, "	15.	
Whitby.....	Thursday, "	16.	} Deputation. — Rev. Messrs. Allworth and Byrne, and the Pastors of the Churches.
Base Line.....	Friday, "	17.	
Sheridan.....	Monday, "	20.	
Trafalgar.....	Tuesday, "	21.	} Deputation. — Rev. Messrs. Allworth and Byrne, and the Pastors of the Churches.
Georgetown.....	Wednesday, "	22.	
Churchhill.....	Thursday, "	23.	
Osprings.....	Friday, "	24.	
Pine Grove and St. Andrew's....	Sabbath, "	26.	
Alton and South Caledon.....	" "	"	
South Caledon.....	Monday, "	27.	
Alton.....	Tuesday, "	28.	
Albion.....	Wednesday, "	29.	
Pine Grove.....	Thursday, "	30.	
St. Andrew's.....	Friday, "	31.	
Markham.....	Monday, February	3.	
Stouffville.....	Tuesday, "	4.	
Newmarket.....	Wednesday, "	5.	
Bell Ewart.....	Thursday, "	6.	
Oro.....	Friday, "	7.	
Oro.....	Sabbath, "	9.	
Meaford.....	Sabbath, "	9.	
Williamsville.....	Monday, "	10.	
Meaford.....	Tuesday, "	11.	
Owen Sound.....	Wednesday, "	12.	

As it is desirable to secure all the funds we can when the Deputation visit the stations, brethren are requested to make prompt arrangements in relation to subscriptions and donations, that everything may be in readiness. Let due notice be given that we may have a large attendance, and a good time spiritually.

JAMES T. BYRNE,

Sec. M. D. M. C.

Whitby, Oct. 26, 1861.

## MISSIONARY MEETINGS: WESTERN DISTRICT, 1862.

The following are the arrangements for the *Western Section* of this District, as approved by the Committee:—

Jan. 6.	Bosanquet.....	} Rev. Messrs. McGregor, Snider & McCallum.
" 7.	Warwick .....	
" 8.	Watford .....	
" 9.	Plympton .....	
" 10.	Sarnia.....	} Rev. Messrs. Ebbs, Clarke, Baird & Wood.
" 13.	London .....	
" 14.	Stratford .....	} Rev. Messrs. Ebbs, McGregor, Baird & Durrant.
" 15.	Listowel .....	
" 16.	Molesworth.....	
" 17.	Howick, A.M.,.....	
" 17.	Turnberry, P.M. ....	} Rev. Messrs. Watson, W. F. Clarke, & Wood.
" 14.	Southwold.....	
" 15.	Bothwell .....	
" 16.	Dresden.....	
" 17.	Thamesville.....	

For the *Eastern Section*, the following programme has been approved:—

Feb. 3.	Hamilton.....	Rev. Messrs. Baird, Hay, & Wood.
" 3.	Barton .....	" " Ebbs, Durrant, McCallum, Snider
" 4, 5.	Hamilton.....	Meeting of the Western Association.
" 6.	Scotland .. .	Rev. Messrs. Pullar, Baird, Snider.
" 6.	Kelvin .....	" " McCallum, Ebbs, Durrant.
Feb. 7.	Burford.....	Rev. Messrs. Pullar, Ebbs, Baird,
" 7.	New Durham .....	" " McCallum, Durrant, Snider.
" 10.	Brantford.....	} Rev. Messrs. Clarke, Ebbs, McGill, Hay, Wood.
" 11.	Paris.....	
" 12.	Guelph.....	} Rev. Messrs. Clarke, R. Brown, & Wood,
" 13.	Eramosa .....	
" 13.	Eden Mills.....	
" 14.	Garafraxa.....	

The Annual Missionary Sermons will be preached in each place, where practicable, on the Sabbath previous to the missionary meeting.

Collecting cards have already been sent to the several Pastors, and it is to be hoped that collectors will be set to work as soon as possible, so "that there may be no gatherings when we come."

JOHN WOOD,  
Secretary, W.D.M.C.

## CONGREGATIONAL COLLEGE.

Monies received by Treasurer, up to December 31, not previously acknowledged.

Kingston .....	Per Rev. K. M. Fenwick (additional).....	\$10 00
Ottawa .....	Per Rev. J. Elliott .....	5 00
Pine Grove ...	Per Rev. R. Hay .....	8 00
Oro .....	Per Mr. Sanderson.....	3 25
Whitby .....	Per Rev. J. T. Byrne.....	12 75
Georgetown ...	Per Rev. A. Wickson, LL.D. ....	10 00
Warwick .....	Per Rev. D. McCallum .....	11 30

P. FREELAND, Treasurer.

## Reviews.

SERMONS PREACHED AND REVISED BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON. Sixth Series. New York: Sheldon & Co.

The admirers of Mr. Spurgeon will not be disappointed in this volume. Some of the sermons are strongly marked by the author's characteristics, abounding in plain illustration, forcible appeal to the conscience, and a distinct exhibition of Christ. Messrs. R. & H. O'Hara, Bowmanville, will send the volume post free, on receipt of one dollar, to any place in Canada.

HISTORICAL LECTURES ON THE LIFE OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST: being the Hulsean Lectures for the year 1859. By C. J. Ellicott, B.D. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. Toronto: Rollo & Adam.

We have not yet completed the perusal of these lectures, but as far as we have gone we have read with the deepest interest and extreme satisfaction. The book is evidently a first class one. Amid the abounding evidences of erudition, the soul is supplied with food: an element often wanting in learned treatises, but which the devout spirit of the author has diffused throughout these pages. Notes, critical, historical and explanatory, are appended and are very voluminous. Ministers and Students should enrich their libraries by the addition of Ellicott's Life of Christ.

## News of the Churches.

REV. J. MCKILLICAN.

At a meeting of the Congregational Church of Martintown and Roxborough, on the 15th of August, the circumstances of the Church as affected by the recent action of the Missionary Society, viewed in its bearing upon the whole field, embracing that recently occupied by Rev. J. Campbell, and other matters of importance, were duly brought under consideration. In view of the present necessities of the field it was thought better if practicable to effect a union of the two churches, and thus secure greater strength in the support of the ministry.

In the event of such a union, it was thought that a new Pastor might be an advantage, Mr. McKillican having at previous meetings expressed his willingness to resign his charge when the interests of the entire field called for it. The expressed desire of the Pastor to act in the matter by Council, as in his settlement, was considered by the church; on account of expense and other reasons unnecessary to state, they did not concur in that desire, but preferred to act by mutual agreement with the Pastor. Mr. McKillican, while expressing his warm attachment to the church, and his earnest hope and prayer for their future prosperity, tendered his resignation. The church then resolved,—That in accepting his resignation of the pastoral office among us, this church expresses to Mr. McKillican its confidence and warm affection: it records also its thanks to him for his unwearyed labours, and especially for that faithful and toilsome collection of monies for church building, from which benefit is now derived in the two places of worship on the field: it cordially recommends him to any sister church as a faithful minister of Christ, and prays that the future labours and course of his servant may be eminently blessed of the Lord.

Brother McKillican is still engaged as Agent of the Canada S. S. Union. His address is Canada S. S. Union Depository, Montreal.—*Com.*

## GIFT OF BOOKS.

The minutes of the Autumnal meeting of the Irish Congregational Union held in Derry during September last, contain the following item:—"An interesting communication was then made by Mr. James McCorkell, one of the deacons of the church, intimating the intention of a Christian brother, *Mr. Andrew Hamilton*, formerly of Derry now of Toronto, to present to every Independent minister and Church in Ireland, copies of a series of *Scottish Congregational Tracts*, Wardlaw on Independency, and other denominational works. This announcement was received with marks of great gratification, and it was moved by Dr. Urwick, seconded by the Rev. N. Shepperd, and carried unanimously:—"That the most cordial thanks of the meeting be given to Mr. Hamilton for his generous donation of valuable works, and that Mr. McCorkell be requested to transmit this resolution to him, with the warm expression of our fraternal regard, and with the earnest prayer that many such as he may be raised up in Ireland, and for Ireland, and for Congregationalism in Ireland."

## WORTHY OF IMITATION.

A friend writes to the Treasurer from Toronto, Canada, inclosing \$40 for the American Board, from a member of a Congregational Church in the country, and says, respecting this liberal donation: It may interest you to know how one in really humble circumstances—a hard-working man—can manage, in these times, to contribute \$40 to missionary funds. The facts of the case are just these: This brother, having a mind to work with his own hands for the Lord's cause, besides cultivating a few acres for the support of his family, set himself about preparing timber for the market, resolving to devote the profits of the undertaking to the Lord's treasury. His efforts were successful, putting him in possession of something like \$400 in one year; and a *tithe* of this sum he desires shall go to sustain the devoted men of God labouring under your auspices.

Were Christians in more favourable circumstances baptized with a similar spirit, there would be no lack of means to support the missionaries of the cross in every clime, even were their numbers increased a hundred fold.—*Jour. of Miss.*

## SKETCH OF A SERVICE IN A LONDON THEATRE.

The *Special Services* in halls and theatres have been resumed. There is ample encouragement to persevere with prayerfulness in this great evangelistic enterprise. It was supposed by many, that after being continued for two years, it might be permitted to cease; but it has been found that an ever-increasing multitude is in a deplorable state of spiritual destitution, and that it can be most successfully dealt with by such special and abnormal agency. More than this, *great blessings*, vouchsafed in connection with the past services, encourage the faith and stimulate the zeal of the committee. Lord Shaftesbury presided last May over a large tea-party in the east end, when working-men and their wives gathered in numbers. Some of these were themselves trophies of grace, in connection with the services, and, once "roughs," had been arrested, subdued, and transformed into humble, gentle, loving disciples. Written testimonies also were sent up to the chairman as to cases of conversion, and thus all hesitation as to the continuance of the services was swept away.

It would have been a sore calamity had this winter come and gone again, without such a glorious and golden time of privilege and blessing. And now, when a new series of services has been inaugurated, and when within one month after the opening of these halls and theatres, more than ten thousand of the spiritually maimed, halt, blind, and lame have heard the truth in the fulness of it; and, when, moreover, up to the time at which I write the crowds are ever increasing, so that by April next, it is more than likely that this season the entire numbers in attendance will have exceeded the 537,360 who were present last year—surely the heart may swell with thankfulness and joy at the thought of what a shower

of blessing is falling from heaven. The writer has recently been privileged to conduct one of these special services on a Lord's day evening. The place was the Pavilion theatre in the Whitechapel Road. Not far away, is a smaller building the Garrick theatre, in which, last year, was commenced a separate series of services in connection with the east end of London; and which, occupying also the City of London theatre, employing mainly lay agency, and following up the addresses by meetings for enquiry, as well as by house-to-house visitation, has been crowned with the benediction of the Great King. When the writer arrived at the Pavilion theatre, half an hour before the hour of service, he found a large body of people stretching from the still closed doors over the wide space to the street. All these soon after rushed into the house, and were rapidly followed by many hundred more, who spread themselves over the pit and galleries of the beautifully constructed building, a limited number also occupying the boxes. To each person, as he or she entered was given a copy of the hymns to be sung, together with the name of the preacher for the evening, and of his successor at the next service. In addition to this, there were given the names and residences of a number of Christian ministers in the district, with an intimation that they "will be happy to see persons desirous of further religious instruction." And last of all, it was intimated that "persons desirous of subscribing for Bibles," might apply to the "Bible-woman" of the district, whose name and address was duly furnished.

Previous to the service, several earnest Christian men, including a city missionary, received the preacher in the "Green Room," and there, amid the signs and tokens of the week-day purposes of the building (including printed laws and directions as to "rehearsals," spears and weapons used in stage-fights, a harmonium, and a large dressing-glass for the use of those who here dress themselves for the various parts and characters), there knelt, as kneels each Sabbath evening, a little band, who invoke the presence and power of the Holy Spirit in connection with the Word about to be proclaimed.

The preacher then passed from behind the scenes and suddenly found himself on the stage. What a spectacle meets his eye! A great sea of faces, many of them young and fresh, others time-furrowed, careworn, weary, and wasted—men and women in garments old, tattered, soiled, which they never would think of obtruding among the silks, satins, and broadcloths of the regular churches and chapels, but which grieves and shames them not, in the consciousness of a community of want and woe, as they sit side by side in the *chiaro oscuro*, which half conceals the individual, while yet it brings out grandly and impressively, as with Rembrandt power, that mass of immortal beings before the preacher's eye. There is a hush as soon as he enters and takes his seat behind the desk, lighted up on each side, and on which lies a large Bible. One of the promoters then announces "the first hymn," and then follows a universal rustling as of the leaves of a forest when stirred by the passing breeze. Then arises the mighty throng, and led by a skilful and practiced voice, *three fourths* at least join in making grave sweet melody. The number who *now* join in praise is *far* greater than formerly, and the singing of *many* is, thank God! that which is prompted by the fire of divine love, kindled, it may be not long ago, within these very walls. When the hymn is sung, the preacher reads two portions of the Word, and then all bow reverently, and preserve a solemn stillness most impressive and affecting, as they are led in prayer to the throne of the heavenly grace. Then comes a second hymn, and next the sermon. The committee of the special services suggest to every preacher that he will, if possible, choose a Scripture subject *pictorial* in its character, in other words, that he should avoid abstract reasoning, and try to deal with these poor people, just as Christ did, by facts, figures, and parabolic similitudes, covering yet not concealing great truths, and because of which the "common people heard Him gladly." Oh, what a blunder and a crime is it for a minister to stand before such a congregation and speak to them things dark, and difficult, and "hard to be understood." How surely, if he "fires not low" if he

does not help them to think, if he seeks not to reach their intellect, their consciences, and their hearts by facts and illustrations, will he fail in his errand.

The story of Naaman the Syrian formed the subject of *that evening's address*, and ran thus:—I. *The leper and his misery.* Sin is the leprosy of the soul, loathsome, infectious, separating from all fellowship with God and holy beings, incurable by human power, and ending in death eternal. II. *The glad tidings brought to the leper.* And by whom? "A little maid," an humble instrument: a word for mothers and fathers here as to training and teaching, to Christian maid-servants as to their mission in godless families, to young converts anywhere and every-where to tell about Jesus. III. *The eagerness of Naaman to try the cure.* Emblem of a leprosy soul awakened to a *sense of its misery.* IV. *The stumbling block of pride.* "Behold I thought," &c.; "Are not Abam and Pharrar," &c. A word here upon self-righteousness and the pride which says "such an humbling way of salvation is not for me." Dr. Cheyne was wont to say of those patients who would not take his prescriptions, "*Ah they are not yet bad enough for me!*" V. *The leper humbled, washing in Jordan and healed.* So will every sinner who kneels at Jesus' feet, crying, "Lord, if thou wilt thou canst make me clean." VI. Lastly, *The healed one becomes a living worshipper and servant of the true God.* That is the test of healing now. The topics were illustrated, and at the close were gathered up and repeated in succession within a period of little more than forty minutes. The good conduct, even of the boys, and "roughs" was remarkable, and is now the rule at all the theatre services. A short hymn followed the sermon, then the benediction, when the majority left, but a large body remained for a public meeting for united prayer.—*British Messenger.*

## Rills from the Fountains of Israel.

COME NOW.

Once more, dear reader, am I summoned to apply the silver trumpet to my mouth, and blow a warning blast. Since last I wrote, I have seen childhood become youth, and youth advance to manhood, and manhood assume the grey hairs of age, and age slide down into its grave; yet *one* thing have I found in all these—the "SAVIOUR rejected," and "SALVATION by Him," vilely cast away! I have taught in the household; I have instructed in the Sabbath school; I have preached in the Christian church: I have proclaimed Christ on the streets of the world's metropolis; I have passed from pastorage in Europe to missions in Asia, and have now dwelt for a time in the chief seat of the Gospel in the East; I have heard the truth in its greatest power, and have seen profession in its highest forms; yet everywhere have I seen *one evil* destroying the blossom of seriousness, *one canker* eating out the bud of conviction: that universal evil, that mortal canker, is DELAY: Children, youths, men, and old men say, "Go thy way for this time; when I have a more convenient season, I will call for thee!"

Seest thou that aged worldling, fretting and groping in the darkness of death? Go, say to him, "Why dost thou torment thyself so?" In the whisper of the tomb he says, "Too late—too late! I delayed! I am—too late!" So he dies.

Bend down over apoplectic manhood, just fallen on thy street; kneel beside him, whilst gurgling out the last breath of a covetous life, and say softly in the ear of death, "Why groanest thou? Behold the suffering Saviour! Cry to Him!" Catch his last words: "Oh, delay—damnation! I am lost for ever!" So, too, he dies.

Go, sit kindly on that pale couch of mortality, beside that wasted, dying youth, whose sunken eye is still fixed on that setting sun, and taking its last mournful draught of that glorious western sky? Take his clammy hand into thine, and gently say, "O youth, why so sad in thy weakness? What aileth now thy fainting

heart? Is there not a better Sun than that? Is it not said, "God is their Sun?" Canst thou gather up his words? "I thought—hoped—purposed—I promised—but, it is passed—gone—lost—I cannot now—no, never—I am sinking—I am dark—no sun—oh, no sun! Delay—delay—thou—thou damning sin—O God! I am —." And thus he also dies! These, these, my readers, are the servants of delay; such their wages in the end!

I am now in your hands to warn you against this evil. I feel as if I could not leave you until you have taken Christ for your Lord, and received salvation by Him. I do not see you; I may never know you; but now I speak to you by these lines, and beseech you, in Christ's stead, to lose no time, to make no delay, but to be saved *now*, if ever you desire not to be damned.

Immediate *repentance*, immediate *faith*, immediate *conversion* to God through Jesus Christ crucified, are your immediate *duty*; and not to perform this duty is your immediate *guilt*. It is of no use to say, that you "cannot do these things without the grace of God." Grace does not create duty; for duty exists before grace, and is independent of it. You are bound to repent and be converted, because God requires it, although there had been no Saviour and no salvation. He that pleads the want of grace as an excuse for not submitting, shows that he is one of those that "*will not*" turn; and the death of such he must die, without remedy!

Are you not a *sinner now*? This you will not deny. Are you not under sentence of *condemnation now*? Is not the anger of God as present as sin is? Are you not, then, already in danger of the judgment? And is there a moment in which you may not perish eternally? Are not your blessings cursed now? Do you not feel now, in the blindness of your eyes, the hardness of your heart, the forerunners of eternal death? Why, then, delay?

Is not the *Lord Jesus Christ a Saviour now*? Is not His sacrifice finished, and His intercession begun? Does He not live now? Can he not save now? Will He not receive you now? Is He not actually saving multitudes of sinners on this earth now? Whilst you are delaying, are not others coming to Him, even now? and will not many more come to Him, to-day, to-morrow, and every day hereafter, until the last sinner come, and every *now* is occupied? and why, then, do you delay to come to Christ?

Is not the *Gospel*, which is the message of Christ's love to you, *true now*? Can it ever be more so? Is it not perfect and fixed? What it ever was to others, is it not that now to you? What it shall be till the end of the world, is it not that to you at this instant? Can it ever be more gracious or free than now? Can it ever come nearer to you than at this present time? Can it ever be of greater authority than now? Can there ever be more of God in it, more of Christ in it, more of the Spirit in it, than now? Can it ever have a more individual application, a more personal offer to you, than now? No, never, were you to live a thousand years! The Gospel never changes. Then, why delay to receive it?

Is not *faith* the same *now* that ever it can be? Is it not the same truth that must be believed? Must not the same soul also now, as hereafter, perform the same act of faith? Must not the same understanding discern, the same heart receive, the same conscience submit, the very same person be converted now, as then? Present truth demands present belief, present grace demands present acceptance; even as present law demands present obedience, and a present Judge demands present judgment. Is it not so? If you purpose believing and being converted a year hence, must it not be in that very way which is your duty now? Why, then, delay to believe and repent?

Is not present *delay* present *sin*? If a thing be my duty now, then not to do it now is not to do my duty now, which is sin. If a thing is not my duty now, then in not doing it now there is, of course, no delay, and therefore no room for sin: it is the presentness of the duty which constitutes the sin of delay. If I ought to believe now and repent now, and do not, then am I guilty now. A resolution as to the future is no substitute for present action; it is, in fact, a refusal to perform duty until the time come which we have selected; and he that delays

for a time does wilfully sin during that period. To resolve to be converted, shows that you hold it to be a duty for which you are accountable; to put it off, declares that you prefer continuing in an unconverted state. Thus you are your own judge, and convict yourself of present sin. If you are a sinner, you ought not to advance one step further, but now to turn and believe in Christ with your heart, unto salvation. Why add the sin of present impenitence to that of past iniquity? why delay of purpose, when delay is sin?

Present *unbelief* entails present *condemnation*; for "he that believeth not is condemned already;" but delay is unbelief, and therefore entails condemnation every time it takes place. As long as a man returns not to God through Jesus Christ, he is sealing up his former sentence of death, by taking out a new sentence of death in addition to it. A man's curse, therefore, as a sinner, is heaping up every moment, and his damnation doubling without end, whilst he puts off coming to Christ, and closing with Him as his Lord. Oh, that men would then consider what account they can give of themselves, even to themselves, at death, in judgment, and, above all, in eternity, when they find that, by the poor device of *delay*, they have brought themselves into the lowest perdition of hell! Then must the past pleasures of delay become the present agonies of the eternal dying!

And what *excuse* can you plead for such delay? The Gospel is sent to you as now you are,—not as you once were, or may hereafter be. The only condition is *acceptance*, free acceptance, present acceptance, personal acceptance, cordial acceptance. "Hear, and your soul shall live!" What you *are*, is what the Gospel respects in you; what you *need*, is what the Gospel offers. To wait, therefore on the plea of not being good enough, and of wishing first to become better, is self-deceit, and a lie against the Gospel. The best work you can now perform is to believe now, and to turn now; and, without this, all intended preparation is but condemnation. Nay, so far from gaining, or becoming better by delay, you lose, and become worse. Your heart becomes harder, your mind darker, your sin greater, your time shorter, your burden heavier, your love less, your terror more, heaven farther, hell nearer, God more angry, the Spirit more grieved, the Saviour more dimly seen, the Gospel more powerless, ministers more faint, friends more despondent, prayer less importunate, providence more unfelt, the world stronger, the flesh sweeter, Satan mightier, and the drowsy slumber of the second and eternal death, now at hand, more frequent and irresistible! Then shall that word be fulfilled, it may be: "I will laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh upon you. Ye shall call unto Me, but I will not answer." Reader, is that meant for *you*? What know you but it may?

Arise, flee! the way is before you! Hold on straight before thee, but make speed: haste thee, haste thee! Behold that throne of grace. Behold that Mediator with the blood of sprinkling before it. See, He is an Advocate—an Intercessor for transgressors! Go up to Him now in thine heart; put the catalogue of sin into His hand; see how He smiles over thee with love inexpressible; receive the sprinkling of His blood on thy conscience! Now lift up thine eyes. He who sitteth on that throne is the eternal Father! He who led thee to this throne is the blessed Spirit, the Comforter! He who now holds thee with a kinsman's hand before the throne is Jesus, the "Suffering Saviour!" And that blessing which is now issuing from the throne unto thee, is a free, full, present, and everlasting "salvation by Him!"—"The Suffering Saviour;" a Tract for Sinners.

YOUTH.—Bestow thy youth so that thou mayest have comfort to remember it when it hath forsaken thee, and not sigh and grieve at the account thereof. Whilst thou art young thou wilt think it will never have an end; but behold the longest day hath its evening; and that thou shalt enjoy it but once, that it never returns again; use it therefore as the spring tide, which soon departeth, and wherein thou oughtest to plant and sow all provisions for a long and happy life.  
—Raleigh.

## Sunday School Department.

### THE PASTOR'S NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS,

TO THE CHILDREN OF THE BRANTFORD CONGREGATIONAL SABBATH SCHOOL,  
JANUARY, 1ST. 1862.

Praise ye the great Creator,  
The Spirit and the Word,  
The God-man Mediator,  
Earth's universal Lord!  
With spirit lowly bending,  
Your sins and weakness own,  
While prayer, thro' Christ ascending,  
Seek's pardon from his throne.

Come then, with thanks before him,  
*The old year to review* ;  
Come, one and all, adore him,  
This birthday of the new !  
Recall the Sabbath lessons\*  
Drawn from the Sacred Word,  
Revive the heart impressions  
Produced by what you've heard.

Review the thrilling stories  
Of Israel and their foes,  
When faithful, mark their glories,  
When evil, see their woes !  
And how, when sin repenting,  
They pray with soul sincere,  
The Lord, his wrath relenting,  
Saves them from all their fear.

See Joshua with them pleading  
To choose the Lord he served,  
And for them interceding  
When from his ways they swerved ;  
How to Naomi cleaving,  
Ruth, Orpah leaving, weeps,  
While Orpah, unbelieving,  
Her sins and idols keeps.

How Samuel, called by vision,  
Fulfilled, while yet a youth,  
A prophet's high commission—  
Because he loved the truth :  
And how, when Saul, offending,  
Is justly overthrown,  
The Lord, the kingdom rending,  
To David gives his throne.

See too, how proud Goliath,  
*With spear like weaver's beam*,  
All Israel's hosts defiesth,  
Who all in terror seem.  
Yet now their faint hearts chiding,  
A youth goes forth alone,  
And in his God confiding,  
Slays him with sling and stone !

Learn then, from Sacred Story,  
God's blessed Book of books,  
That hating all vain glory  
God humbles lofty looks.  
Learn also from its pages,  
How safely kept is he,  
Who trusts the Rock of Ages,  
And flees iniquity.

Come, therefore, warning taking,  
Behold the sinner's end !  
Come, all your sins forsaking,  
And seek the sinner's Friend.  
Come, while your hearts are tender,  
Yourselves to Jesus give,  
Come, make a full surrender,  
Believe, and you shall live !

\* The lessons embraced portions of the books of Joshua, Judges, Ruth, and 1st Samuel.

THE DYING MESSAGE.—“*Cling to Christ and go on with the work.*”—Such was the parting charge to teachers from one who, by the grace of God, had been led, through the influence of the Sunday-school, to find pardon and peace at the cross of his Redeemer, and who had earnestly desired the privilege of feeding the lambs of the flock with the nourishment which his own soul had received, “*Cling to Christ, and go on with the work.*” Memorable words, for surely never were the duties and privileges of a teacher more briefly, yet completely described.

Cling to *Christ*—to Christ who died for us, who bore for us what our finite minds cannot fully grasp, agonies and grief which swell up before our contemplation into an awful and indescribable magnitude—to Christ triumphant, leading captivity captive, bursting the tomb, and soaring upwards through the “ever-

lasting doors" To Christ the Intercessor, touched with the feeling of our infirmities, knowing our frame, remembering that we are dust. To Christ, the patient, gentle, loving Friend, bearing with our waywardness and wilfulness, pleading for us, teaching us line upon line, drawing us with the cords of divine love, strengthening us with the Spirit in the inner man, guiding us with his counsel, opening to us the kingdom of heaven, receiving us into glory, that where He is we also may be for ever.

*Cling to Him!* The world with artful enticements would allure us away; the flesh would tempt us into the paths of sinful pleasure, or forbidden indulgence; the devil would loosen our hold and urge us, either to self-righteousness, or to despair. *Cling to Him!* A thousand influences would carry the soul to other hopes and other confidence. *Cling to Him!* The tempest of God's wrath will one day sweep over the world, and that "man" alone, who was God as well as man, can be "a hiding-place from the storm, a covert from the tempest." *Cling to Him* with no half-hearted love, no cold adoration, no dwarfed or stunted devotedness. *Cling to Him* in the toil of the six days, and in the rest of the seventh—amid the busy scenes of the world, and in the calm retirement of the closet—in the hours of strength, activity, and health, and in the gathering shadows of pain, weakness, and suffering—amid the full glow of life, and in the lonely pathway of the valley of death.

And go on with the work, the work of feeding Christ's lambs, and leading little wanderers to the still waters, and the green pastures—the work compared with which the noblest earthly pursuits are folly—the work which deserves and demands our highest efforts, our greatest self-denial, our truest devotedness—the work which angels may envy—the work which will survive all time, and bear its fruit throughout eternity. It is a work of toil and fatigue, a work to try the strength of mind and body, and put to the test the energies and endurance of new-born faith. It is a work on which the Saviour's loving eye rests in joy and triumph, and which He gave in charge to the repentant Peter, as a pledge of forgiveness, and a test of faithfulness; a work which that gracious Saviour declares to be done unto himself! Shall we not go on with the work?

Yes, dear friends: cling to Christ and go on with the work. Cling to Christ, that you may know *his* love; go on with the work, that you may show *yours*. Cling to Christ, there is the source of life; go on with the work, there is the *proof* of life. Cling to Christ, that your faith fail not; go on with the work, that you lose not your reward. Cling to Christ, lest you be disheartened; go on with the work, lest you be disowned.

Cling to Christ, and go on with the work. Both alike are duties, both alike are privileges, both alike are the sunshine of the heart, and they blend together in the light that streams from yonder everlasting hills upon the path of human life.—*Church of England Sunday-school Quarterly.*

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## Fragment Basket.

**NOTICE TO QUIT.**—When any one is required to quit a lodging, or a dwelling house, a notice is usually given; this notice is for a week, a month, a quarter, or a year, as the case may be, but a day's notice would certainly be considered short. I have just heard, however, of a more sudden notice than even that of a day.

Often and often have I seen a portly-looking man, full of life and health, drive past my door on his way to the city, in whose merchandise he was largely interested, but a day or two ago, I heard that he had received a certain notice to quit his worldly calling. He was taken ill, and in three hours hurried off into an eternal world.

Think of this for a moment! Three hours notice to quit, not a room, a lodging, a house, a street, a neighbourhood, a country, but the world! Whatever may be the state of your health, your notice to quit may be equally sudden.—*Old Humphrey.*

**HOME FEELINGS.**—Cherish home-like feelings towards the Father's house. Like an ocean pilgrim who espies a speck of dimness, a wedge of vapour, rising from the deep, and in the cold evening he scarcely cares to be told that it is land, chill and sleepy, he sees no comfort for him in a little heap of distant haze, but, after a night's sound slumber, springing to the deck, the hazy hummock has spread out into a green and glittering shore, with the stir and floating streamers of a holiday in its villages, and with early summer in the gale which morning fetches from off its meadow flowers. So many a believer even has far-off and frosty sensations towards the Better Land; and it is not till refreshed from time's tumult—till waking up in some happy sabbath's spiritual-mindedness, or skirting the celestial coast in the proximity of sickness and decline—that the dim speck projects into a solid shore, bright with blessed life and fragrant with empyreal air.

“Thou city of my God,  
Home of my heart, how near,  
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,  
Thy pearly gates appear!

“O, then my spirit pants  
To reach the land I love,  
The fair inheritance of saints,  
Jerusalem above.”

And as with its remoteness, so with its attractions. You might imagine a man who had come far across the seas to visit a father whom he had not seen for many years, and in a house which he had never seen at all. And, coming to that part of the country, he espies a mansion with which he is nowise prepossessed, so huge and heavy does it look; but he is told that this is the dwelling, and a gruff ungainly porter opens for him the grand avenue gate; and no sooner does he find himself in the vestibule than a home-glow tells him he is right, and his elder brother hastens out to meet him, and conducts him to his chamber, and soon ushers him into the presence of friends, whom he is amazed and overjoyed to meet. So, in the thought that we must put off these tabernacles and pass away we know not whither, there is something from which nature secretly recoils, and which gives to the earthward side of the Father's house a blank and heavy look; and at the avenue gate, Death, the grim porter, none of us can like. But still it is the Father's house; and by preparing an apartment for us, and decorating it with his own hands, and by introducing us to dear kindred already there, our Elder Brother will do all he can to make it home.—*Dr. Hamilton*

**SUCCESS IN THE PULPIT.**—“Inculcate the duty of acquiring the habit of free speech—of facile and forcible utterance. To this end they must neither neglect previous written preparation, nor burden themselves by committing a discourse to memory to be verbally repeated, nor sink down into the invariable readers of sermons. Let them learn the best methods of charming their minds with the subject to be set forth—arranging the order and process of arguments, the regular successive steps by which they are to reach a certain end—selecting their illustrations and illustrative Scriptural statements—burning the whole into their souls by prolonged thought, and baptizing it by fervent prayer—and then, standing up, with humble dependence on Divine aid, and with faith in themselves, in their power to do what they have undertaken, and in their honesty and conscientiousness—let them thus seek to bring the truth that is in them, as it has fashioned itself to the intellect and been fused in the soul, with plain, pungen, unaffected speech, the language of the heart, words, for the most part, of the common people and of common life—and they will not fail, God helping them, of acceptance and success. I have no great faith in extemporized thought, nor much in the throes and efforts of verbal memory; but thought being got, mastered, wrought out, arranged, language may be very much left to the hour of utterance. Many passages of the previous preparation will be recalled as they stand, and many better will be suggested at the time.”—*Bunney*.

## Family Reading.

### FIRE IN THE WOODS.

I can conceive of nothing in this world more awful than one of those fires which have frequently rushed through forests in North America, with more fearful rapidity and destructive fury than any lava-stream that ever poured from the fiercest volcano. The first time I ever saw the traces of such a conflagration was in Nova Scotia, between Halifax and Truro, on the road to Pictou. The driver of the stage—and a better or merrier never mounted a box, or guided a team through mud and over corduroy—pointed out the spot in which he and his charge had a most narrow escape. While pursuing his journey along one of these forest roads, ramparted on each side by tall trees that show but a narrow strip of blue sky overhead, he found himself involved in volumes of smoke bursting from the woods. It did not require the experience of an inhabitant of the great Western Continent to reveal to him instantly his terrible position. The woods were on fire! But whether the fire was far off or near, he could not tell. If far off, he knew it was making towards him with the speed of a race-horse; if near, a few minutes must involve him in the conflagration. Suddenly the fire burst before him! It was crossing the road, and forming a canopy overhead; sending long tongues of flame, with wreaths of smoke, from one tree top to another; crackling and roaring as it sped upon its devouring path; licking up the tufted heads of the pines, while the wind whirled them onwards to extend the conflagration. What was to be done? To retreat was useless. Miles of forest were behind ready to be consumed. There was one hope only of escape. Nathan had heard in the morning a report, that a mill had been burnt. The spot where it had stood was about six hundred yards ahead. He argued, that the fire having been there, and consumed everything, could not again have visited the same place. He determined to make a desperate rush through fire and smoke to reach the clearance. The conflagration was as yet above him like a glowing arch, though it had partially extended to the ground on either side. He had six horses to be sure, tried animals, who knew his voice, and whom he seemed to love as friends; but such a coach!—lumbering and springless, and full of passengers too, chiefly ladies; and such roads!—a combination of trunks of trees buried in thick mud. But on he must go or perish. Bending his head down, blind, hardly able to breathe, lashing his horses, and shouting to the trembling, terrified creatures, and while the ladies screamed in agony of fear, Nathan went plunging and tossing through the terrific scene! A few moments more, and there is no hope, for the coach is scorched, and about to take fire; and the horses are getting unmanagable! Another desperate rush—he has reached the clearance, and there is the mill, a mass of charred wood, surrounded by a forest of ebony trunks growing out of charred earth;—the fire is passed, and Nathan is safe! “Oh! sir,” he said, “it was frightful! Think only if a horse had stumbled or fallen! or had the fire caught us farther back!—five minutes more would have done it, sir!” That same fire consumed a space of forest ten miles long, and three broad!

But what was such a fire even, to the memorable one which devastated Miramichi, in New Brunswick, about twenty-five years ago! That terrible conflagration is unparalleled in the history of consumed forests. It broke out on the 7th October, 1825, about sixty miles above the town of Newcastle, at one in the afternoon, and before ten the same night it had reached twenty miles beyond; thus traversing, in nine hours, a distance of eighty miles of forest, with a breadth of about twenty-five! Over this great tract of country everything was destroyed; one hundred and sixty persons perished; not a tree was left; the very fish in the streams were scorched and found lying afterwards dead in heaps.

The morning of that dreadful day was calm and sultry; but, in an instant, smoke swept over the town of Newcastle (situated on the river Miramichi), which turned day into night. The darkness was so unexpected—so sudden—so pro-

found—that many cried that the Judgment had come. But soon the true cause was suspected. Suspicions were soon followed by certainty, as the flames were seen bursting through the gloom. Every one made for the river; some got into boats moored near the beach, some on rafts of timber, while others stood in the water. Terrified mothers with their families, decrepit old men and women, and, worse than all, the sick and the dying, were hurried, in despairing crowds, to the stream, to escape the flames which were already devouring their houses, and making a bonfire of the thriving town. Each succeeding hour added some new horror to the scene. The rarefaction and exhaustion of the air by the intense heat over so great a space, caused, as was supposed, such a rush of cold air from the ocean, that a hurricane rushed in fury along the river, tearing burning trees up by the roots, and hurling flaming branches through the air for five or six miles (which set fire to the shipping, and to the woods on the other side of the broad stream), causing, at the same time, such a rolling sea up the river as threatened to swamp the boats, and sweep the miserable refugees from the rafts! It seems incredible, but we believe there is no doubt as to the fact, that the ashes of the fire fell thick on the streets of Halifax, St. John's, Newfoundland, and Quebec; and that some were carried as far as the Bermudas, while the smoke darkened the air hundreds of miles off! That terrible night is fresh in the memory of all who endured its horrors. One of my informants speaking of it, said, "No language can describe it! I do not think I shall see anything like it again in this world, or until the last day! I was in a druggist's shop getting medicine for my wife, who was confined to bed with fever. The druggist was pouring a few drops into a phial, when literally, in the twinkling of an eye, it became so dark that he could not see to drop the medicine, and I could not see his face! 'The last day has come!' we both exclaimed. I left the shop to go home; but it was so pitch dark that I could not see the road, and had to walk in the ditch which bordered it. Guided by the pailing, and assisted by a friend, I got my wife and children to the river, and placed them on a raft; and what a scene!—what weeping and crying of those whose relations lived in the settlements further back, and for whom they knew there was now no escape! But there is no use talking about it. No tongue can find words to picture that night! Fire and smoke, wind and water, all spending their utmost fury; the children crying—the timid screaming—the sick in misery—the brave at their wit's end—and all knowing, too, that we had lost many friends, and all our property. I shudder to think of it!"

That fire has left singular traces of its journey. The road from Newcastle to Bathurst, near the Bay of Chaleur, passes for five or six miles through a district called The Barrens. The scene which meets the eye of the traveller is perhaps unequalled. Far as the eye can reach upon every side, there is nothing but desolation. The forest extends, as it has done for ages, across plains, and vanishes over undulating hills which bound the distant horizon. But while all the trees, with most of their branches, remain, spring exacts no bud from them; nor does summer clothe even a twig with foliage. All is a barren waste! The trees are not black now, but white, and bleached by sun and rain; and far to the horizon, round and round, nothing is discerned but one vast and apparently boundless forest of the white skeleton trunks of dead leafless trees! That immense tract is doomed to remain barren, perhaps for ever,—at least for many long years to come. It is avoided by the emigrant,—nay, the very birds and wild beasts seem to have for ever deserted it. The trees would not, in a country of forest, pay the expense of cutting them down for firewood, even were the chopping process of half burnt trunks less difficult and disagreeable than it is; while the land has become so scourged by the exuberant crop of various plants which grow up in such soil, when cleared by a fire, as to be comparatively useless in a colony of countless acres yet untouched by the plough of the settler.

Though no such fire as that which devastated Miramichi ever visited any of our colonies before or since, yet partial fires are very common. I saw a very

respectable Scotch emigrant in Prince Edward's Island, whose house was suddenly caught by one of those dreadful visitations, and two interesting daughters were burnt alive, before their father, who escaped, could warn them of their danger.

It is impossible to dwell upon such scenes without the thought being suggested to the mind of that last conflagration which is to destroy the world (and thereby, perhaps, to usher in a new heaven and a new earth), even as the old world was destroyed by water. This fact in the future history of our world is very clearly revealed: "The world that then was, being overflowed by water, perished; but the heavens and the earth *which are now*, by the same word are kept in store, reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men." And again, "The day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens will pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; *the earth also, and the works that are therein, shall be burnt up!*" Many people scoff at this. The coming fire is disbelieved now, as much as the coming flood was disbelieved in the days of Noah; and so St. Peter foretold when he said, "There shall come *scoffers* in the last days, walking after their own lusts, and saying, Where is the promise of His coming?" or "Where is His promised coming?" But God kept His word to the old world, and all perished save one family. And equally certain is it, that "the heavens and the earth, *by the same word*, are kept in store for the perdition of ungodly men." It is true, that centuries may pass without any signs of so awful a judgment, and unbelievers begin to think that God "hath forgotten." But "a day with the Lord is as a thousand years!" and "the Lord is *not* slack concerning His promise, as some men count slackness; but is *long-suffering* to us-ward, *not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance!*" Let us take advantage of our Lord's goodness! If we repent not, it shall be with us as with the old world,—"we shall all likewise perish." How dreadful is a house on fire!—but we may escape to the house of a neighbour. How dreadful is a city on fire!—but we may flee from it to the mountains, and be safe. How dreadful is a whole country on fire!—but some river, or the ocean, may afford a place of safety. But a *world* on fire! the elements melting with fervent heat! the earth and the works therein burned up!—whither shall the impenitent and unbelieving fly? To God? Hear, O sinner, His warnings in time!—"When your fear cometh as a desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind; when distress and anguish cometh upon you; then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer; they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me: for that they *hated* knowledge, and did not *choose* the fear of the Lord: they *would* none of my counsel; they *despised* all my reproof; *therefore* they shall eat the fruit of their *own* way, and be filled with their own devices!" (Prov. i. 27-31.) Shall they fly to Jesus? He also tells them what must be His sentence: "I know you not; depart from me, ye that work iniquity!"

There can be no hope for the impenitent *then*, but there is hope *now*. "Now is the accepted time, *now is the day of salvation.*" "To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts!" Beware of giving your hearts to what cannot last or be your life, when time shall be no more. What can "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, or the pride of life," do for you on that day? But, seeing all *these* things are to be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be *in all holy conversation and godliness?*" Yet those who know and love Jesus may rejoice. "The world," indeed, "passes away, and the lust thereof." Let it pass; who will mourn over its funeral pile? But all that is worth keeping will be preserved. "He who does the will of God abideth for ever!" While this world is kept in store for the perdition of the ungodly, a better world is reserved for the godly: "Nevertheless we, according to His promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." Wherefore, believer, "seeing that ye look for *such* things, be diligent, that ye may be found of Him in peace, without spot, and blameless; and account that the long-suffering of our God is salvation!" And again, "But ye, brethren, are not in darkness, that that day should overtake

you as a thief. Ye are all the children of light, and the children of the day ; we are not of the night, nor of darkness. Therefore let us not sleep, as do others ; but let us watch and be sober. For they that sleep, sleep in the night ; and they that be drunken, are drunken in the night. But let us, who are of the day, be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love, and for an helmet the hope of salvation. For God hath not appointed us to wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ, who died for us, that, whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with Him."—*Norman Macleod.*

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#### THE FISHERMAN'S CHILD.

The little Ina lived with her father, in a cottage on the lonely beach. She was his only child ; and her mother died when she was but an infant. All the tender recollections of love and care, linked in the minds of most children with the name of mother, with Ina, belonged only to her father's name. He had been to her, nurse, father, mother, and even playmate ; what wonder, then, if the little maiden's heart belonged to him alone ? When he was compelled to leave her, as he now frequently was, by the duties of his calling, her little mind was ever busy planning some innocent device of love to please and surprise him on his return. At last she thought that she would decorate his favourite room in the hut, with the mussels, and other brilliant-coloured shells that were strewed about the beach. Full of her new project, the active child was up with the earliest dawn, and day after day saw her climbing, regardless often of the returning tide, amidst the rocks where her coveted treasures were hid.

Ina's first thought had been to give her father pleasure by this fresh proof of her love ; but, by degrees, her project itself, her pretty work growing under her hands, the many pleasing adventures into which it led her, engrossed all her thoughts. The father frequently found her absent on his return ; he missed many of her wonted endearments, and, besides, he trembled for the dangers into which he knew the thoughtless child frequently ran.

One evening, then, when she returned with a glowing countenance, and a basket full of new-found treasures to the cottage, he called her to him, and kindly admiring her work, he added, 'I have now a fresh proof to ask of your love.' 'What father?' said the child, delighted at the thought of some new undertaking. 'I wish you, Ina, to remain at home when I am compelled to leave you.' 'At home, father! Alone in this room with nothing to do! Must I look for no more shells? I find them now better every day, as I know more of the rocks and caves.' The father fixed on her an eye of tender reproach, and said, 'I have then, asked too great a proof of my Ina's love.' This was more than enough ; and, amidst tears and kisses, she strove to obliterate the remembrance of that moment's rebellion. The following morning he left her ; the sun shone with more than wonted brilliancy on the wet stones left by the receding tide : she watched his little boat till it was but a speck on the water, then looked on the sparkling strand, then on her unfinished work ; and a sad feeling of discontent and listlessness began to creep over her mind. 'Surely,' said the child, 'it is very strange that my father should wish me to sit thus idle here. Oh, if he did but know the weariness of these long hours!—these long, long hours!' she repeated to herself almost unconsciously. 'It was but yesterday I found quite a new treasure amongst yonder rocks. I meant to have secured so much of it to-day ; and now I am shut up here alone, and I have nothing to do.' Here she recalled her father's parting words, 'Have I asked too great a proof of my Ina's affection?' 'No, dearest father,' said she to herself, 'you shall see you cannot count too much upon the love of your child. How foolish was I in thinking I had nothing to do! I am obeying my beloved parent ; I am shewing him my love. Is not this a sweet and blessed task ? Was it not for this I began collecting all my little treasures ? Only I had grown so fond of them, I had almost forgotten I was gathering them for him.' Then she thought of the sweet smile with which her

father would reward her obedience on his return; and though the day was long and lonely, it was not uncheered by sweet moments of hope and love.

At first, the times of her father's absence were but short, for he led her gently in the path of obedience; but soon a harder trial awaited her. His absence was prolonged day after day; the little maiden watched vainly and wearily at the casement for his return. The want of his cheering smile made the tedious hours of her confinement almost intolerable; her little heart sickened for very weariness, and she cried in the bitterness of her soul, 'If he shuts me out from every thing else in this lonely room, why, oh, why does he not come himself to cheer his child's sad heart?' Dark thoughts then came in, such as the sweet child had never before known: she might at last have wholly doubted her father's love—she might have felt quite forsaken; but as she looked listlessly round the room, her eye chanced to fall on one of the many contrivances arranged in past days by her fond parent for her comfort. The light of love once more shone in upon her. All the past came back upon her soul; memory recalled a thousand acts of tenderness long forgotten. Though the present was dark, the little Ina lived a few rapturous moments in the bright light of the past. The future soon caught its brightness. 'How could I,' said she, 'distrust his love? He will soon return: and then I shall love him with a tenfold energy.' Her hopes were not disappointed; nor had she now many days to wait. But how joyful was her surprise, when she found that her father had been himself engaged in seeking for her, on a distant shore, shells far more brilliant than she could have discovered amidst her native rocks! How rewarded she felt, when he himself traced the pattern, and aided her in her work! Then, satisfied with her simple obedience, he explained the perils from which it had rescued her; and the little Ina learned to rejoice in a sacrifice of love.—"*Doing and Suffering.*"

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## Obituary.

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Died at Paris, C. W., on Thursday the 19th December, Elizabeth Smith Cooke, wife of Norman Hamilton Esq., aged 51 years, formerly of Hadley, Ms.

The deceased had been long afflicted in bodily health, which greatly increased her constitutional diffidence and reserve. But, to her few intimate friends, she was greatly endeared by her meek and quiet spirit. Her peaceful repose in the perfect Righteousness, and all sufficient grace of Christ, was strikingly manifest, in a conversation with her pastor, shortly before her death. She expressed one anxious query:—whether it could be possible that her faith was genuine, and enlightened, *excluding, as it did, every apprehensive thought of death?* Her idea was that even the believer must experience some horror at the approach of the King of Terrors; and the entire absence of such awakened the momentary misgiving as to the reality of her supposed trust in Christ. When told that a "*full assurance of faith*" manifests itself *by this very triumph* over the last enemy, and reminded of the words "THOU WILT KEEP HIM IN PERFECT PEACE WHOSE MIND IS STAYED ON THEE: BECAUSE HE TRUSTETH IN THEE," she was satisfied that her fearlessness was no vain presumption, and with joyful haste to depart, she lingered, sometimes with expressed surprise at the delay, until the welcome summons came.

"Jesus can make a dying bed  
 Feel soft as downy pillows are,  
 While on His breast, I lean my head  
 And breathe my life out sweetly there."

E.