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THE PRESBYTERIAN.

THE

PRESBYTERIAN;

A MONTHLY RECORD

OF

The Presbyterian Church of Canada

IN CONNECTION WITH THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND,

AND

Journal of Missionary Intelligence and Useful Information,

CONDUCTED BY A COMMITTEE OF THE LAY ASSOCIATION.



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THE PRESBYTERIAN.

JANUARY, 1868.



ARGUMENTS in favour of Congregational Associations are based on two principles: the first is, that whatever is worth doing at all should be well and thoroughly done. If it can be shown that there is work for a congregation to do, why not take the easiest and best way to accomplish it?

The second principle may be called an axiom of Christianity; it is this,—It is the duty and privilege of every Christian to take part in the work of Christ's Church.

When we think of the important purposes for which Christian people are supposed to be united into congregations, instead of saying that there should be in each a lay association, it were more proper to aver that each should be such, having as its aim the mutual improvement of its members, animated by an earnest desire to communicate the blessings of Christianity to others, and ready at all times to adopt any plan that may conduce to the one or to the other. The lay association we have in view is not to supersede any of the ordinary appliances of a congregation, but is designed to be an auxiliary to them. The Kirk Session has its peculiar work which must not be meddled with. To the elders it belongs to arrange with its moderator the times and order of public worship; to assist in the exercise of discipline, and in the dispensation of the sacrament; to visit the sick; to relieve the poor, and, generally, to strengthen the hands and encourage the heart of the minister. Then, there is usually a committee of management of the temporal affairs of the congregation. On them it devolves to provide the ways and means for defraying the ordinary expenses; to see that stipend is paid at the proper time; to effect insurances on the church and manse, and to keep them in proper repair. Besides these, there are in most

cases trustees in whom are vested the church property. All these affect the individual congregation, but at intervals there come appeals from without; they are sometimes asked what they can do for others less fortunately circumstanced than themselves; once in three months, at least, a collection will be asked for one of the Schemes of the Church, or for some benevolent object. Who is to see to these? If the elders and managers have discharged the duties assigned to them they may think they have done their share of the work; they have business of their own to attend to, let others undertake this. The minister: what can the minister do! He can but announce a collection from the pulpit: in truth he would rather not do even that, for it seems that he is called on to ask for money, money, money! for ever. Here it is that our Lay Association comes to the rescue, and volunteers to take charge of all collections for the Schemes, and other missionary purposes. Very good! this looks well on paper, but how is this most desirable agency to be formed? tell us its *modus operandi*. We like to retain the idea that the congregation is to be the association. Well, it is announced that on a certain week-day evening a meeting of the congregation will be held for the purpose of constituting themselves "a Lay Association." The appointed hour arrives: if half a dozen or so meet with the minister in the church and find that the beddall has forgotten to kindle the fires and light the lamps, it may be taken for granted, then and there, that in that congregation the imaginary association has got the "six months hoist." It is of no use to try to make water run up hill. Suppose, however, that three-fourths or even one-half of the congregation fyle an appearance, we may go to work. A chairman is elected—it must not be the minister—it need not be the elder; any one whose social standing is good in the community will do just as well. If he is a

shrewd business man—one who knows the value of money, and has some knowledge of human nature—so much the better, elect him by acclamation. Having been installed, he will explain the purpose for which the meeting was convened in a few words, the substance of which will be,—“it is the duty of every Christian to take part in the work of Christ's Church.” Thereafter it will be moved by some one, seconded, and unanimously resolved, “that it is the desire of this congregation to cooperate with its office-bearers in the work of the Church generally, and, particularly, by instituting a system, whereby monthly or quarterly contributions will be asked from every member, that from the sum thus collected, an annual appropriation shall be made to the several Schemes of the Church, and to such other purposes as may be agreed upon.” Another now moves “the appointment of an Executive Committee, with power to add to their number, and to take the necessary steps for giving effect to the suggestions of the chairman.” The first thing that will occur to the committee is to “take stock” of the material they have at their disposal. An accurate list of the names and addresses of each member of the congregation will first be made out: secondly, the parish will be mapped out into wards, and, thirdly, a brace of collectors appointed for each ward. Two are better than one. The disciples were thus sent out “two and two together.” The young men of a congregation may very properly be appointed as collectors, it will give them an interest in their Church, or, with equal propriety, the young ladies. The best qualification for the work is a willing mind. If they discharge their duty faithfully and affectionately what a deal of good they will do, besides collecting money! So much for the organization. Now, it will be further resolved, that while the raising of money for missionary purposes is held to be an important part of the work of this Association, it is not to be confined to that, but, as the House of Commons from time to time constitutes itself into a Committee of the whole House, so this congregation shall go into a committee of the whole, at the least, once in three months, that is to say, there shall be held a quarterly congregational meeting on the evening of a week day, which will be presided over by the chairman elected at the last annual meeting, and it shall be the endeavour of all to render these meetings popular, instructive, and interesting. The minister will at-

tend, not necessarily to preach, but to improve, counsel, encourage, and contribute his quota of information. It is of no use to be always urging upon people the general duty of giving. Tell them rather about what they are asked to give for; set forth its particular claims in terms clear, pointed, and pithy. If a good case is made out it will commend itself to every right-thinking man and woman. We remember hearing of one who boasted that he had delivered himself of a speech full two hours in length, and who received the reply,—“then you must have had a very bad subject.” At each successive quarterly meeting the executive committee will report progress. They will have learned something from the closer contact into which they have been brought with their co-parishioners. They may have anecdotes to tell of their reception, perhaps, in some quarters, of objections raised and combated, of misapprehensions removed, and prejudices laid aside, as the results of their visits. Every member of this Association shall have the opportunity afforded him of addressing the meetings upon any subject having reference to Christian work or to Church management. Questions may be asked and answered. The encouragement due to Sabbath Schools, and the best methods of conducting them will furnish one topic for consideration. Another may be, “Mission to the Heathen;” and what the Churches of Scotland, England, and America are doing in that direction: and, in connection with this, our own “Indian Orphanage Scheme” will not be overlooked. Suppose the subject of “Ministerial support” were announced the discussion might at least bring out an expression of opinion as to whether or not the remuneration of Clergymen is proportionate to the importance and responsibility of their work. It might, for instance, be put in this way,—the average yearly earnings of a collier in the Albion Mines of Nova Scotia is stated on undoubted authority to be \$480: A large number of ministers do not receive more than that sum per annum, regarded from a Christian stand-point, what is likely to result? Should more young men be educated with a view to the mines, and fewer for the ministry, or were it not wiser to bring public opinion to bear on this question, in the hope that intelligent investigation would pronounce in favour of attaching such pecuniary advantages to the office of the ministry as might attract, rather than repel, the best talent in the country to this profession. No harm could come from an argument of that kind

But, failing subjects of profitable discussion at such meetings, reading from Christian Magazines, and there is no lack of them, might be found useful and attractive. Each meeting will of course be opened and closed with devotional exercises, and singing, with or without instrumental aid, as the case may be, will be a prominent feature. Once a year the quarterly meeting of our Association would be invested with especial importance, this might be styled "A missionary meeting," "a field day," "a gala day," no matter what; then the representatives of similar Associations might be invited to tell us what they have done—to stimulate, and refresh us.

Some such plan as this must, we think, commend itself to all who are desirous of engaging heartily in Christian work. *But*, some one may say, you have ignored the minister! Such democracy should be put down! Not at all: why, the minister, although behind the scenes, is himself the moving spirit of the whole thing. It is his Lay Association: without his permission, nay, without his earnest recommendation, it would never have had an existence: it works *for* him, and *with* him, in every thing it does: he has but to frown upon it, and it will melt away. Every congregation may become, should become, such an association: the "charge" should be something far above and beyond a mere "living" for its incumbent: not "a candle put under a bushel," but a centre of usefulness, radiating blessed influence all around—"a city set on a hill that cannot be hid"—the WATCHMAN upon its walls. THE MINISTER! His "status" is that of the captain of a ship—he need not climb the mast, nor haul a rope: that of the colonel of a regiment—he need not do the drudgery of a private. If he have his congregation in hand, he can appropriate the words of the centurion of old.—"For I am a man under authority, having soldiers under me: and I say to this man, Go, and he goeth: and to another, Come, and he cometh; and to my servant, Do this, and he doeth it."

The writer of "Ecc Homo" may be, by competent critics, charged with communicating views somewhat paradoxical. For our own part we confess to have discovered nothing very dangerous in their tendency, but on the contrary much to admire, much that is calculated to awaken thought and stimulate Christian activity. The following sentences, quoted from that work, bear on the subject in hand, and express thoughts fitting to conclude with, infinitely better

than any word of our own. "As the Church is a building, so each member of it is a stone, and the prosperity of the Church is expressed by the orderly management and secure cementing of the stones The states of the world are distinguished from each other visibly by geographical boundaries and language. But the Christian Republic scarcely exists apart from the enthusiasm which animates it: if that dies it vanishes like a fairy city, and leaves no trace of its existence but empty churches and luxurious sinecurists. And assuredly he who remembers his citizenship in it only by the taxes he pays, is but one step removed from forgetting it altogether. If, then, the Christian humanity is to be maintained at the point of enthusiasm in a man upon whom the cares of middle life have come, he must not content himself with paying others to do Christian work. He must contribute of his gifts, not merely of his money. He must be a soldier in the campaign against evil, and not merely pay the war tax. To drop the figure, a flourishing church requires a vast and complicated organisation, which should afford a place for every one who is ready to work in the service of humanity. The enthusiasm should not be allowed to die out in any one for want of the occupation best calculated to keep it alive. Those who meet within the church walls on Sunday should not meet as strangers who find themselves together in the same lecture-hall, but as co-operators in a public work, the object of which all understand and to his own department of which each man habitually applies his mind and contriving power. This meeting, with the *esprit de corps* strong among them and with a clear perception of the purpose of their union and their meeting, they would not desire that the exhortation of the preacher should be, what in the nature of things it seldom can be, eloquent. It might then become weighty with business and impressive as an officer's address to his troops before a battle. For it would be addressed by a soldier to soldiers in the presence of an enemy whose character they understood and in the war with whom they had given and received telling blows. It would be addressed to an ardent and hopeful Association who had united for the purpose of contending within a given district against disease and distress, of administering by every contrivance of kindly sympathy to the rudeness, coarseness, ignorance, and imprudence of the poor, and the heartlessness and hardness of the rich, for the purpose of se-

curing to all that moderate happiness which gives leisure for virtue, and that moderate occupation which removes the temptations of vice, for the purpose of providing a large and wise education for the young: lastly, for the purpose of handing on the tradition of Christ's life, death, and resurrection, maintaining the enthusiasm of humanity in all the baptized, and preserving, in opposition to all temptation to superstition or fanaticism, the filial freedom of their worship of God."



OFFER a word or two about the suspension of the Commercial Bank and the special appeal addressed in consequence to our Congregations. This failure is perhaps the greatest financial calamity that has ever befallen the country. In looking over the list of share holders the number is observed to be over 700, and of these, fifty-five, for the most part females, are holders of but one share. How many days, years perhaps, of honest industry and thrift are represented by these single shares! Why did they risk their accumulated earnings and savings, their little all, in some cases, no doubt, in the Commercial Bank? Why! Just because they had been led to believe, by those who were conversant with such matters, that their money was as safe there as in the Bank of Montreal, or any other similar Institution. For the same reason the Temporalities' Board purchased a large amount of Commercial Bank stock some twelve years ago, and no one who lays claim to even an ordinary share of common sense, will now blame them for having done so.

We are not careful to enquire into the immediate cause of the catastrophe. It may have resulted from rashness, or remissness, or both, on the part of the managers. What we have to do with is, that the Bank did stop payment and that the revenues of our Church are for the time-being largely diminished. In common with most others we were of opinion that this was to be regarded as a very painful and deplorable calamity; but we see reason to think otherwise of it now. Without feeling under any special obligation to the directors of the Bank, and, certainly not with the intention of warding off blame from one blame-worthy shoulder, we have come deliberately to regard the emergency as one of those things which, like many other seeming evils, may be the

means of doing us an incalculable amount of good. If a dark cloud has for a little while obscured our horizon, we may yet discover that it has a silver lining. If by this impressive and unwelcome circumstance we shall be taught the lesson of greater self-reliance—if our Congregations shall thus be made to know their power, and to exercise it—if, even for this once, such a glow of sympathy shall warm our hearts as will unite us all in one common effort for the removal of a present difficulty, we may hope that long after the enthusiasm of the hour has subsided, there will be left an abiding influence that will tend to draw us closer in the bonds of Christian brotherhood than ever we were before, and that will be profitable to us in many ways. If this ensue, as there is reason to hope and believe that it shall, then this Bank failure will appear to have been sent us, "a blessing in disguise."

Perhaps we are too sanguine, but, let the thought be recorded ere any damper come over it, that this loss of \$8000 per annum will prove more valuable to us than a like sum paid annually into our Treasury without personal effort and sacrifice of our own.

We are not in a position to state what has been done by all our congregations towards making up the first year's deficit of revenue, but enough has come to our knowledge to satisfy us that the Board will be sustained, and that the offerings of our people on this occasion, when summed up, will be all that was desired, and more than some of us anticipated. We naturally looked to the large cities and towns to give the key note, as it were, to all the rest. These, so far as they have been heard from, have emitted no uncertain sound. St. Andrews, Montreal, has headed the list with \$1882—a noble effort—enhanced in value, as it was collected in two or three days, by the young men of the congregation who have recently formed themselves into an association in connection with their Church. St. Paul's Congregation though engaged in the erection of an expensive Church edifice—a cathedral it may be called—are understood to have contributed \$930, and smaller congregations are doing their share. We notice that the congregation of Peterboro, in addition to paying their minister the \$50 retained by the Temporalities Board, have contributed \$100 in cash to the Home Mission Fund at this time. We mention this not to flatter them; they have done no more than it was their duty to do, but it is pleasant for us all to know that they have done that. Our hope is that every congregation in the Church

will in like manner avail themselves of the privilege of assisting in so good a cause, giving according to their ability; so that when the result is summed up there may not be one congregation left out "in the cold," and that every minister may have the satisfaction of saying.—"We have done what we could."

We have pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the Prospectus on another page of the new issue of the JUVENILE PRESBYTERIAN, which cannot fail to commend itself, on many accounts, to the ministers and Sabbath-school teachers of the Church. A very large number of Sabbath-school papers are now taken in our schools, some of them of an inferior description, and filled with light or unsuitable reading. With the new JUVENILE we have the guarantee of a committee of office-bearers of our Church that the paper will be adapted to the wants of our own

Sabbath-schools, and such as may with all confidence be placed in the hands of our children. The JUVENILE PRESBYTERIAN will further be the active organ of our flourishing Juvenile Mission, and full of intelligence obtained direct from our own mission fields and orphanages. On these and many other grounds we commend the paper most cordially to the Church at large, both in Canada and in the Lower Provinces, and we trust to learn that it will thus reach every one of our numerous Sabbath-schools. Copies of the Prospectus have been mailed to all ministers in the Dominion.

MINISTERS' WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' FUND.

Congregations are reminded that the collection for this Fund will be taken up on the first Sabbath of this month. Nothing, we believe, is needed to urge the claims of this scheme upon our people.

News of our Church.

INDUCTION.—It gives us pleasure to announce that the Reverend Alexander Mackay, late of Nova Scotia, was inducted on the 11th December by the Presbytery of Glengary, to the important Gaelic Congregation of Lochiel.

The Rev. Thos. McPherson, Moderator of Presbytery, presided on the occasion and preached an able sermon from Psalm 144, Verse 15. "Happy is the people that is in such a case: yea, happy is that people whose God is the Lord." Thereafter the Rev. Hugh Lamont suitably addressed Minister and people on their respective duties.

Besides ministering in Lochiel, Mr. McKay has also to give a portion of his services to the long vacant Gaelic Congregation of Dalhousie Mills.

Mr. McKay laboured in Nova Scotia for nearly fifteen years. His late charge there—Saltsprings, Gairloch, Pictou, is, we believe, the largest in that Province—comprising, if we mistake not, four hundred and fifty families. He comes amongst us with the reputation of being a zealous and laborious minister. We congratulate the congregation of Lochiel on having obtained the services of such a man, and also the people of Dalhousie Mills on having secured a portion of these services, and trust that the Great Head of the Church may abundantly bless the labours of Mr. McKay in the large and important sphere of usefulness, to which in the Providence of God, he has been called, and that he may be long spared to be a blessing to Glengary.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.—At a meeting held on 16th November, in the Classical Hall of Queen's University at Kingston, the following gentlemen were duly elect-

ed Office-bearers of Queen's College Students Missionary Association, viz.: President, Mr. Wm. McLennan, M.A.; Vice-President, Mr. Samuel McLorine, B.A.; Corresponding Secretary, Mr. Joseph S. Eakin, B.A.; Recording Secretary, Mr. Charles A. Doudiet; Treasurer, Mr. David P. Niven, B.A.; Librarian, Mr. John R. Thompson, B.A.; Executive Committee, Messrs. Donald Strachan, Robert Campbell, B.A., Joseph Gandier, Peter Livingston, Edward Nesbitt, and A. Armstrong.

[We call attention to the necessity of addressing any communications to the "Editor Box 525 P.O., Montreal." The above notice was addressed to our publisher, and is, therefore, one month late. Other correspondents are in the habit of sending their communications to the publishers or to private friends. The simplest and most expeditious way is to send direct to the editor.

ED. PRESBYTERIAN.)

SPENCERVILLE.—This congregation propose holding a bazaar sometime during this month, for the purpose of liquidating a debt on the manse. Contributions in work or money will be most thankfully received by Mrs. Mullan at the manse. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth."

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, MONTREAL.—This congregation have made the magnificent contributions of \$1882 to the Temporalities' Fund, besides \$143 acknowledged in last number from the Messrs. McIntosh. This argues hearty and active sympathy.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, MONTREAL.—This congregation, notwithstanding that they are in the

midst of the heavy responsibilities of building a beautiful and costly church, have with their accustomed liberality, contributed \$930 to the Temporalities Fund.

ST. GABRIEL CHURCH, MONTREAL.—This congregation have by a special collection raised \$120 to the Temporalities' Fund, over and above the amount they expect to raise for that amongst other objects through the agency of their Missionary Association. At the close of their first year they find themselves with 115 families, representing about 600 souls, adhering to them, and 180 communicants on the roll, their prospects financially and otherwise being very cheering.

ST. MATTHEW'S, MONTREAL.—This congregation have contributed \$22 to the Temporalities Fund.

GRIFFINTOWNS, MONTREAL.—Our church has opened a new mission station in this populous district of the city under the most favourable auspices.

There is a Sabbath school in connection with the station, attended by about 60 pupils. The meetings have been held in a room kindly furnished by Mr. Aitkin, and have been numerous-ly attended by an intelligent audience. They raised \$20 by collection for the Temporalities Fund.

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, OTTAWA.—The Rev. Daniel Gordon, B.D., was duly inducted minister of this congregation by the Presbytery of Ottawa, on the seventeenth (17th) ult.

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, MELBOURNE.—It is intended to have a bazaar in Melbourne early this month, and arrangements have also been made for a course of lectures during the winter.

DONATIONS TO QUEEN'S COLLEGE LIBRARY.—A friend, Kingston, 7 vols; John Lovell, publisher, Montreal, 1 vol.; Patent office, United States, 4 vols.; Botanical Society, Edinburgh, 1 vol.; Principal Snodgrass, 11 vols.

Correspondence.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of the Presbyterian.

SIR,—Those who labour with me in the Canadian corner of the great Sunday School Field, must have been led to serious reflection by the tone of prominent speakers and writers on the Sunday School system in Britain. Two articles in your last issue refer to this subject, and I am induced to send you a few lines with the view of keeping the question before your readers.

The position of matters is that the Sunday School which was originated in England about 1781, has been gradually extending and increasing, until in 1866, it was estimated that there were in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland 4,000,000 children under its religious teaching. Up to about the present time the popular voice has been raised in favour of the Sunday School. The press has lauded it and orators have eloquently sounded its praises. Everybody, in short, believed that its extension in usefulness had kept pace with its increase in numbers. Now, however, has come a reaction. The machinery of the system is still doing its work. Vast workshops are pouring forth their treasures of literature in the shape of books and illustrated papers for its benefit; and busy brains are furnishing the wherewithal to supply these workshops, but all in vain—startling with its suddenness comes the cry "the Sunday School system is a failure." Why? say the three hundred thousand teachers of Britain. Why? exclaim the teachers of Canada, for the cry has rang across the wide ocean. For answer one

says "The Sunday School should be the nursery of the Church," but it is not so. The facts are, he says, that wherever a Sunday School is most flourishing there are to be found most empty pews in the Church. Another says it is a failure because six out of seven of the inmates of the penal and reformatory institutions have been Sunday School scholars, and he concludes (oh irresistible logic?) the Sunday School system is a failure.

Another says it is a failure because of the peculiar "be good" method of teaching mentioned in your editorial—another because of the ignoring of parental responsibility.

In answer to these charges those for the defence say with much reason, in effect, the facts are stubborn things they are sometimes to be got over. In fact that as Longfellow says, "things are not always what they seem."

That it is not fair to found these charges on bare statistics without placing them in juxtaposition with all the circumstances amidst which they have been collated, or in other words with all the facts. They say that as a general rule the children of the upper classes who are well trained at home do not attend the Sunday School. Its ranks are recruited principally from the middle and lower classes, and if it has not met the expectations of its supporters, the reason is not because it has attempted to supplant parental instruction, but simply because of the indifference of parents and the lack of that parental instruction without which they

cannot expect to make any lasting impression upon the children's hearts or minds.

They even go farther and say that the usefulness of Sunday School instruction is impeded by the direct counteracting influence exerted upon the scholars at home, and considering that the great supply of Sunday School scholars comes from the homes of the poor, one cannot help feeling that they are right.

Another reason given in connection with these last is the intermittent character of the attendance. A boy in a reformatory prison may have been in a Sunday School, but he may also have been there only for a day, or a week, or a month.

Facts prove that there are many such, many who wander from school to school; what hope is there of benefiting such to any extent. How illogical to say because they have been in a Sunday School the system is a failure.

These faithful, hopeful defendants, reasoning thus powerfully, also bring out some very encouraging statistics. The result of an enquiry as to how many scholars had joined Christian Churches, is that in 1865, 6,730 had done so in schools connected with one Sunday School Union alone.

Such is a short sketch of the present phase of the discussion upon Sunday Schools in England, and the subject cannot fail to be of interest to us in Canada. I am one of the hopeful kind and cannot help sympathizing with the teachers in Great Britain. Well has one of them written "If there is joy among the angels when one sinner repents, what rejoicing must there have been when in one day three thousand souls were added to the Church; and surely we are called upon to rejoice and give thanks over the 6,730 Sunday scholars who, in one year, confessed before men their attachment to the Saviour."

FROM THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Montreal, 11th November, 1867.

To the Editor of the Presbyterian.



III.—In the Presbyterian for November there appeared a modest but important letter, by the late Rev. John Hay, Mount Forest, on the subject of "Private Communion" which deserves the best attention of the ministers and members of our Church. The subject, indeed, is

not new. I believe there was a time in the history of the Mother Church, when such commu-

nions were allowable, but from the abuses to which they led, they were forbidden by Act of Assembly. I do not think the difficulties attending the administration of the ordinance of the Supper in private are insurmountable. There is great danger, no doubt, of ministers assuming to themselves too great power, and of people attaching a superstitious virtue to that which must be received by faith alone, as the food and nourishment of our never dying souls. But this could be guarded against. Directions and limitations could be set down to Presbyteries and Sessions, for the guidance of ministers in the administration of the ordinance. This, however belongs to matters of detail to be dealt with when the subject is under consideration. But what ground there is for alarm in adopting the practice of Private Communion. I know not, since ministers are allowed to baptize children in private. Is the ordinance of the Supper of more importance than that of baptism? And may a minister travel over a wide and extended parish and baptize all the children he finds in his round of visitation, and yet dare not administer the sacrament of the Supper to any old or infirm, and worthy believer living perhaps far from any Church, who never had an opportunity of sitting down publicly at the Table of the Lord, or if they once had, no other opportunity had presented itself and now feeble and old, they are unable to undergo the fatigue of a drive to Church? If so, there is surely something wrong in such an administration of the ordinances of the Church. The same Directory that forbids Private Communion, likewise prohibits private baptism. Presbyteries might censure any one of their members for holding a burial service at the grave of some departed member of the congregation and they also might severely reprimand him for administering the sacrament in private, but what appears to me surpassing strange is, that he may baptize any number of children in private, and not a word be said about it. Nay more, parents who are not members of the Church and who are living anything but what is expected of those receiving baptism, have their children baptized in private by those same ministers who dare not administer the soul comforting Communion of the Supper to an aged believer in the privacy of his own room. I have known families of eight and nine, where the children were all baptized and neither the father nor mother was a member of the Church. Times and times again these parents have vowed to bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and to set before them

an example of piety, by attending to those duties required of all honest professors of Christianity, and yet these duties are never performed, the Church seldom attended, except on sacramental occasions, and then only to look and gape at those who encompass the Holy Table, and then to go away making remarks about the inconsistency of this one and the other one who were communicants, and before they reach their house they have arrived at the comfortable conclusion that they are much better than those who make such a showy profession. This is no imaginary state of things. It exists to a lamentable extent throughout the Province and every faithful minister can testify to the correctness of it. The small number of communicants on our rolls compared with the attendance at our Churches and families in our neighbourhood, declares it with no uncertain sound. Private baptisms are the rule, and public or Church baptisms are the exception, and yet the Directory prohibits all private baptisms, and the Church censures her minister for administering the ordinance of the Supper in private. Where is consistency in this procedure? By what act or rule, I would like to know, has a minister right or liberty to administer one ordinance out of Church, and the other not. I hold, if it be allowable for one, it is allowable for both, unless it can be shown that the ordinance of baptism is of less importance than that of the Supper.

The consequences to which these private baptisms lead are more sorrowful than any that would arise from the practice of private Communion. The sacredness of the rite of baptism is lost sight of, and a superstitious veneration is thrown around the ordinance of the Supper. Ask a parent who has had five or six children baptized, while he himself is not a member of the Church, why he is not so, and he will tell you, that he does not consider himself fit or worthy to approach such a sacred place. Ask him, if he considers the ordinance of baptism as sacred as the ordinance of the Supper, and in general you will receive the reply, "It is." But by what means he comes to the conclusion that he is worthy to receive baptism for his children, and not be worthy to be a member of the Church, he cannot tell you; for he never thought of that. The minister baptized his children in private and asked no questions, but repeated a form of words, the same at every time and there was no more about it. What morality is there in such a dispensation of the ordinances of the Church! The most sacred symbols of our holy religion abused! Truly this is casting pearls before swine, and

but too often they turn round and rend those that deal the ordinances with such indiscriminate prodigality!

Thus have we circumstances sadder and more deplorable than possibly could arise from private Communion. The indolence and caprices of parents are pampered, and ministers are found facile enough to yield to the obstinacy of those who will, on no account, take their children to Church, who rather than openly declare themselves Christians and believers in Christian doctrine would skulk behind backs for fear of being seen presenting their children to the Lord and receiving baptism for their little ones, and yet these same ministers would regard it with dread and alarm, as partaking too much of popery, were they asked to administer the sacrament of the Supper in private. All this goes on. The Church says nothing, and the evil spreads. While upholding with the one hand she demolishes with the other. There is surely much need of reformation in the administration of the sacrament, if the church is to be instrumental in stemming the tide of laxity in morals and indifference about religion so rampant at the present day. I again assert that if private baptisms are allowable by the church, so are private Communion. If there be danger in admitting the latter on account of the high function a minister may assume, and the entering in of that priestly tyranny, from which our Church is happily exempt, there is in the former the opening of the sluices of laxity and immorality that like a mighty incubus will prevent the development of all spiritual life, and cause our Churches to be powerless, inactive and dead. There is no other alternative left the Church, than either to permit the administration of the ordinance of the supper in private, or condemn the indiscriminate baptism of children in private. The arguments in favour of the latter are equally strong for private Communion. If left to the discretion of individual ministers to determine the fit and proper recipients of these ordinances much abuse might creep in, but let the Church in her wisdom and judgment draw out certain limitations and directions for ministers and sessions, and there is no fear of those great evils so much dreaded by the faithful. Our Church will then be the nursing mother of the new nationality that has sprung up around us. Her members in health and sickness receiving those comforts our blessed religion is calculated to impart, and her children indeed, made lambs of the Redeemer's fold and our country may be truly great by the preaching of the gospel, the fidelity of her min-

isters and the consistency and uprightness of all her members.

I am, yours faithfully
W. C. R.

SIR.—Some one, who evidently has a very friendly feeling towards me, has a communication in the last issue of the "*Presbyterian*," in which he calls upon the members of the Church to contribute towards the making up the loss I sustained in July last by the robbery of school money. I beg to thank him sincerely for his kind wishes and subscription. I hope he will excuse me if I take the liberty of correcting a wrong impression which he has received with regard to my people. His impression is that I labour among a people who fail to appreciate me. I have always during nearly ten years found my people to be very kind. When I was rendered unable for my work for about a year

and had to go to Scotland for rest and change I and my family experienced much kindness from them. When I returned to them, I received a gratifying welcome and much kind consideration shown to me with regard to my ministerial duties among them, owing to my feeble state of health. I have had trials to endure but I have no wish to speak of them or their cause, further than to exonerate a kind and considerate people. I may also mention that I am now punctually paid all the money that is promised to me.

Again I beg to offer my sincere thanks to my friend and all who may sympathize with him in his very kind object.

I am, Sir,
Your's truly,
JAMES HERALD,

St. Andrew's Manse, Dundas, Nov. 25th, 1866.

Notices and Reviews.

ECCE DEUS—HOMO, or the Work and Kingdom of Christ of Scripture. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

The motto chosen by the author for his work is "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." The work has just come into our hands and we have not yet had time to examine it. The object of the author however, as stated in the preface, is to meet views of Christ's nature and character resting upon no historic foundation. "The basis" he says, "upon which this work rests is that Jesus Christ was the God man..... I write this book because I love Him who loved me, and gave himself for me," and a work of this kind, written in this spirit, was much wanted.

THE HUGUENOTS, by Samuel Smiles. New York: Harper Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

The well known author of *Self Help*, has produced a most interesting volume, and one which may be studied with great advantage. The history of the Huguenots is taken from that point which bears upon their influence on the industrial prosperity of Great Britain; but is not limited to that, the talented author giving an admirable account of the rise of the sect, the persecution they experienced and their settlements in the

British Islands. It is a most valuable and well timed contribution to the history of Protestantism.

MACE'S FAIRY BOOK. New York; Harper Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

Well written, and suggestive, and adapted in no trifling degree, to enforce on the minds of children lessons which may be driven home with great force by a little judicious application of the truths wrapped up in Fairy Guise.

THE EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY; by Albert Barnes. New York: Harper Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

The well known commentator presents us here with a series of lectures, marked by the same line of thought as distinguishes his other works. The lectures are ten in number, the opening one being "on the limitations of the human mind on the subject of religion" the others taking up the historical evidence, evidence of miracles, prophecy; science, &c. They formed the first course, on the foundation established by Mr. Z. S. Ely in the Union Theological Seminary in New York, with the object of maintaining the truths of Christianity.

THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY. Montreal: John Dougall & Son.

This new candidate for public favour has

reached its third number, and it is undoubtedly improving. A fatality has appeared to attend the attempts that have been made to establish Canadian Magazines. The circulation has been too limited to enable the publishers to issue at a low price so as to compete with British and American periodicals with their thousands and tens of thousands of subscribers, and it was, therefore, impossible to obtain and pay for original matter of a high standard of excellence except with the certainty that loss would attend the undertaking. The publishers of the New Dominion have gone cautiously to work, they give a fair amount of original matter, they make a very judicious selection for the rest, they get something to suit all tastes, and they produce a magazine eminently *safe* to put into the hands of the young of a family, without being dull and heavy. We trust that it may have all the measure of success which it undoubtedly deserves.

LONDON SOCIETY, Christmas number. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

Twenty beautifully executed illustrations besides the letter press make this a very attractive number of this magazine.

THE ATLANTIC ALMANACK, edited by Oliver W. Holmes and D. G. Mitchell. Boston, Ticknor & Fields. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

Almanacs are not now the fly sheets of the old days, when the Belfast Almanac used to be circulated by the thousand, printed on dirty white paper and containing dry names and a guess at the probable weather during the year. They are now works of art, and the one before us does not fall behind any of the best in point of merit. The editors' names are well known, and the publishers have distinguished themselves not less by their fair and honourable dealings than by the character of the works they have published. Four fine chromolithographs of the season and a number of wood cuts illustrate the almanac which is sold at a very low price.

Messrs. Appleton of New York are republishing Dickens' Works in a very cheap form. Messrs. Dawson of Montreal have sent us *Oliver Twist* printed in a small but clear type, and in a style wonderful for its cheapness.

The Churches and their Missions.

WORSHIP AND PSALMODY.

(From the Church of Scotland Record.)

As the time is approaching when psalmody classes are usually resumed, perhaps you will kindly give the following hints a place in your paper. All lovers of psalmody rejoice that it now has a place in the yearly deliberations of our supreme Church Courts. There is still, however, a very general misapprehension of its importance as an act of worship. Ministers share very largely in this misapprehension: hence while we get sermons on almost every subject, all we get for psalmody is a few remarks connected with the announcement of a class, and that rarely. The presence of our ministers and senior members at our congregational practising is too rare. The average attendance at such meetings, in congregations of from 300 to 1500, does not exceed from 20 to 50 or 60, though there are happy exceptions. Congregations to improve must hear good music; let them hear it in our churches; let the duty and benefits of praising God as heartily and intelligently as He has enabled us to do, be prominently and frequently set before His people in His house and on His day. Why leave all to concert-rooms, week evenings, and to the exclusive advocacy and endeavour of ministers and men with musical tastes? In a service of

one and a half or two hours, in many, perhaps in the most of our churches, our service of song does not occupy more than twelve or fifteen minutes. In week evening meetings, very frequently the last psalm or hymn is omitted altogether. This is also the case frequently on Sabbath, or only one or two verses are sung if the time usually occupied by the other portions of the service has been exceeded. To many congregations, and especially to their presentors, the time at present occupied is often wearisome; but let them get scripture ideas of psalmody, and give it the necessary attention musically, and soon they will wish for and enjoy three times the time at present allotted to it. Generally even when the tune is announced with the psalm or hymn, and the choir sound the starting notes of the several parts, the first line is sung before the congregation join; and whilst the third line of the last verse is being sung numbers are closing their books, arranging their dress, and preparing to sit down. In few churches is it the habit for all to commence together and sing to the end. It might be recommended through our Church Courts that some Sabbath (at as early a date as convenient, when all have returned to their homes from country and coast summer residences) be set apart on which, in every pulpit throughout Scotland, our duty in this matter might be con-

sidered. What a stimulus this would give to the means at present being used for its improvement! Churches might also with advantage arrange that in addition to, or instead of, one of their weekly meetings for psalmody practice, there should be once a-month—say from October till March inclusive—six meetings, at which their ministers and so many of their senior members should be present as would make them worthy of the name "Congregational!" Then tunes might be learned by the senior members which had been previously learned by the juniors, and they could afterwards be introduced in public worship with more pleasure and profit. Several churches have selected one collection of tunes for use, to the exclusion of all else. This might with advantage be done by all. It will involve some self-denial to the few, but they must be prepared to give up some deservedly favourite tunes for the general good, and soon the improvement consequent upon the adoption of this plan will amply repay them. Manuscript tunes, original and selected, must ever be in the hands of the few. We cannot hope for a thorough reformation in our psalmody until the tune-book is made the inseparable companion of the Psalm or Hymn Book. It is absurd to expect that all should be able to sing from memory, correctly, the several parts of every tune, as that they should never by heart the words of every psalm or hymn. All Christian parents would haste to adopt this plan both in public and family worship, if they could estimate the benefits they, with their children, would derive from learning without effort, and in such a manner as that they can never forget them if they wish, many precious truths. It is hoped our churches will soon so appreciate their service of song, as with a psalm or hymn book to provide each stranger with a tune-book. How such a kindness would be appreciated! How hard for a stranger to be obliged to remain silent, or to be conscious of offending the ear and taste, and with these disturbing the devotional feelings of those around him! In some churches it is the custom during some part of the service not to read over the psalm or hymn before singing it. No one in private company would presume to sing with suitable expression, and before even reading them over, words not seen before. The attempt in worship is surely as unseemly, if not irreverent. Some portion of every congregation, for various reasons, may be presumed to be strangers to some of the words. The question before us is praise, not whether we shall use any special class of tunes, not whether or not we shall use chants, anthems, doxologies, &c.; not whether it is right or wrong to use instrumental music in worship. Praise, the fruit of the lip, heart, and voice, is a duty—the duty of all. Let us attach the same importance to it that Scotch and German reformers did; that Luther's enemies did when they said, "He has done us more harm by his songs than by his sermons." Let us sing more generally, frequently, and heartily, in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, simple gospel truths, and we shall raise a barrier to error wider and stronger than many weighty theological works which only the few can read. The nearer we resemble in spirit the redeemed in

heaven, the nearer shall our service resemble theirs, and we have reason to believe that much of that service is, and ever shall be, grateful, joyous, adoring song.

THE UNION QUESTION.

(From the Glasgow Herald.)

There is a verse of a psalm, somewhat hackneyed by frequent quotation, in these times of projected ecclesiastical unions, which must be often sung in Free Church congregations, seeing that that body has as yet persistently rejected the innovation of hymn-books, and it says.—

"Behold how good a thing it is,
And how becoming well,
Together such as brethren are,
In unity to dwell."

He does not need to be a profound moralist who would make an ironical application of these beautiful lines to the case of the Free Church herself in present circumstances. We all know that, however becoming and appropriate it may be for "brethren" to dwell in unity, there are no more fierce quarrels than those which take place between "brethren," especially ecclesiastical "brethren," and wearers of the same cloth. It is no unfrequently the case, too, that the greater pretensions there are to piety the more virulent becomes the dispute. Under the guise of meekness and Scripture phrases lurks hatred as genuine as is to be found among ordinary men with secular tempers, such, for example, as local politicians of the cat and thrust stamp, or leaders of the Reform League, when a split takes place. We have seen an example within the last eight days, that the dispute is aggravated, when "Fathers" as well as "brethren" of the Church mingle in it; and when the cause of quarrel arises from "Union" which all profess themselves so anxious to maintain.

It will be remembered that at the discussion on the Union question in the Free Church General Assembly at the end of May last, Professor Rainy, Dr. Begg and Mr. Nixon submitted motions—that of the former being carried by a large majority, 346 against 120. Although Professor Rainy was the mover of the motion, Dr. Candlish was its author, and it certainly indicated that in the opinion of a large majority of the Assembly most satisfactory progress had been made in the negotiations in Committee, and that Union with the United and Reformed Presbyterian Churches was not very far distant. It bore that on the first head of the programme—the civil magistrate question—there was no difficulty whatever in the way of Union. It rejoiced at the reiterated assurances of entire agreement on the second head of programme—doctrinal questions; and re-appointed the committee, with instructions to give their earnest attention to those heads of programme which deal with the worship, discipline and government of the Church, and "with those important practical questions which relate to property and finance. It could not be expected that Dr. Begg, Dr. Gibson, and others who voted in the minority should be pleased at the adoption of a motion which committed the Assembly to an expression of an agreement with other "dis-established" friends upon questions on which the minority believed they

were widely separated. A minority, especially on a question of this kind, has immense powers of opposition, and it is a question whether Dr. Candlish and other "Fathers" did well to drive them into a position of direct antagonism. It was not long till an opportunity for showing this antagonism was afforded. Dr. Rainy's motion was incorporated as one of the "principal acts" of the Assembly, and this Dr. Begg pounced upon as being unconstitutional—the motion being merely a deliverance of the Assembly carried by a majority. At the meeting of the Free Church Commission held on Wednesday, last week, the subject was introduced by Dr. Begg, who asked upon whose authority this had been done, and subsequently moved that the Commission declare their disapprobation of the act, and that Dr. Rainy's motion should not be entitled to rank as one of the principal acts of the Assembly. By happy or unhappy circumstances, this motion was carried by a majority of 26 to 21, and then began the ecclesiastical shindy which is at present edifying the public.

Dr. Candlish wrote a letter, which appeared in Edinburgh newspaper on Friday morning, and which seems to have had pretty much the same effect as a shovelful of red hot cinders scattered among bare feet. He accused Dr. Begg and his majority of having carried their motion by an artful surprise—by lying in wait with it till the great majority of the Commissioners had gone. He declared it to be *ultra vires* of the Commission, ecclesiastically incompetent, and was "amazed" that men like Captain Shepherd and Mr. Main should have lent themselves to "a sort of plot or manœuvre, which they can scarcely but know would have led to a challenge of their membership in any club of gentlemen in the kingdom." For his part "he would sooner have cut off his right hand" than be party to such "tactics." This is good round scolding assuredly, and shows what vigorous language a "Father" of the Church can use towards other "Fathers and brethren." There is much more in the Rev. Doctor's letter, and it sets in striking light the position of the Union question in the Free Church. He sees an "organised party," bent on thwarting the movement, making "unscrupulous attempts to sow the seeds of distrust and disaffection," and is "saddened" at "the spirit which this sort of procedure indicates as regards not merely the Union question, but the harmony of our Church—not to speak of the cause of common morality itself." We hope that the Free Church is not about to place all non-unionists as regards "common morality" upon the same level, for example, as Sabbath breakers. Mark that Drs. Begg and Gibson, who have always distinguished themselves as the peculiar guardians and censors of public morality, have the distinguished place in this denunciation of evildoers. Is not this a pretty

accusation to come from the great leader of the Church that prides and plumes itself upon its ultra-purity!

It could not be expected that the devoted heads upon which this thunderbolt fell should remain perfectly passive. Dr. Begg replied, hinting that the letter demanded a "more serious treatment" than an answer in a newspaper, and defended himself from the charge of lying in wait with his motion, and carrying it by surprise, by stating that he had pressed the Commission to take the subject up at the early part of the sitting, but was overruled, and had to wait till the other business was disposed of. He and his friends, he urges, were not to blame if the bulk of the Commissioners had left when the question came up at the time which they themselves had fixed. Mr. Main resented the letter as a libel upon his character as a Christian minister, and Captain Shepherd, in a letter addressed to Dr. Candlish, called upon him to withdraw the offensive expressions used regarding himself. The result was that Dr. Candlish sat down on Sunday last, and, like Ancient Pistol, ate the leek in a very ungraceful manner, and with manifest symptoms that it disagreed with him. He withdrew the paragraph in his letter referring to Captain Shepherd and Mr. Main, and the word "unscrupulous," and in general any expressions which seemed to convey a charge of dishonorable motives. Still he retained "his own convictions as to the proceeding," and his "anxieties" and "apprehensions remained unabated." Dr. Candlish having got through this bit of Sunday work, sent his letter by a Sunday messenger, no doubt, to a newspaper which denounces Sunday labour: but the controversy is not ended, and where it will end it is extremely difficult to foresee. We are told that some of the aspersed "brethren" have placed the matter in the hands of their law agents, preparatory, we presume, to an appeal to the "Civil Magistrate," so that probably the question of "Union" will be decided in a manner that nobody ever dreamt of by this same important functionary: for we could hardly expect to find the negotiations going on with "perfect satisfaction" while an action was pending in the Civil Courts—Dr. Begg and others *versus* Dr. Candlish; damages laid at £—

It is quite superfluous to point the moral of this unseemly controversy among "brethren" and "Fathers." Most people will rise from its perusal with the conviction that there are two parties in the Free Church, which this grand question of Christian union has all but separated. It only needed Dr. Candlish's violent letter to show the feelings and views of each in the strongest light. In seeking union with other Churches the Free Church has brought such a strain upon her own bond of union, that it seems at the present moment almost to have reached the snapping point.

Articles Selected.

UNDER THE ELMS.



HEN John Milward was going to be married the whole town rose from the lethargy into which it had fallen, and exercised itself in conjectures about the match; and when the appointed day actually came round, the whole town presented itself at or about the little church to witness the solemnity.

John was not one of those nervously-conscious young gentlemen whom you expect to see upon such occasions, when you ask for the happy man: the callow period of vanity was over for him: in fact, as Miss Griffiths remarked audibly, as he passed up the church, "he was forty, and he looked it."

Certainly he was most cool and self-possessed, not pinching at his waistcoat to see which pocket the ring was in, or even looking round the church for some friend who had promised and failed. The fact is, Miss Griffiths was right, John was forty, and looked every hour of it. Now, ten or a dozen years, though they don't make much difference in a man, make a great deal in a bridegroom. John, moreover, was a lawyer, and the operation of the law is mighty in seizing upon sentiment and working it out of the system.

I wish I could describe to you Mary Marshall, such as she was those few minutes after which she was Mary Marshall no longer. Miss Griffiths said she looked like a child. I think Miss Griffiths was right. She did look *very* young, passing timidly up that avenue of her friends, and (after the ordeal in the vestry-room) the way she leant on John's arm coming down the church, and the way, from time to time, she looked up into his face, would have touched you, it was so child-like in its confidence and in its weakness.

I like to see in a man strength and virility—that strength which hath respect unto weakness; and in a woman well-put confidence and yielding—the deference that springs from force, not fault, of character (her *desire* unto her husband); and I like to see these twain one.

The parish church at Ockley crests a little hill. Ockley-on-the-Hill the town is strictly called, to distinguish it from another Ockley more in the south of England. The lands about it had belonged to an old monastery, and traces of this church tenure are to be found in the nomenclature of the place. The Abbot's Walk is a fine double row of elm-trees, running for nearly half a mile, not in a straight line, as these walks generally do, but with an abrupt bend halfway up. As our church and the community that gathers round it have long ago usurped the seat of this old monastery—a solitary haunt then—so the Abbot's Walk, if it can be said to belong to any one preeminently in his parish, belongs to the abbot's successor, the rector.

The avenue of trees leads directly up to the church, and leaving the church and availing yourself of their shade or shelter, as the case may be, for the whole length of their stretch, you come directly upon the parsonage. It rises out of its grounds, a solid, quaint-looking house, with its gardens, rich in vegetable promise, sloping gently to the south.

It was under the elms that John and his young wife passed, on this first day of their marriage, with the rector, who was an old friend of the bridegroom's; and Mrs. Seymour herself stood at the garden gate, dragging a little "encumbrance" by the arm, to welcome the bride and bridegroom—dear friends both of them to her: and to be the first to call Mary by her new name. Mary was a connection, or distant relative, of Mrs. Seymour's; and it was at the parsonage, in fact, that John met her.

"It's all very well, Grace," he would say to her, when he used to come up of a Saturday evening—his week's work done—"it's all very well for Tom to say, 'Don't grumble, and be contented,' and so forth: he can go in and write his sermon, with nothing to disturb him, except the howling of that child, and then come and talk over all his plans and grievances to you; but there's nobody to care for, or look to, me, once the office is shut and Bellamy goes."

"Isn't there Miss Griffiths?" said Mrs. Seymour, who could not help hearing what everybody was saying: "she's about your own age, John."

But John muttered some impatient word, dashing his heel into a great block of coal upon the fire, so that the sparks flew about the grate.

After this, Mary Marshall had come to the parsonage, and John's visits grew more frequent; and thus you see, she became Mary Milward.

"So you see, Tom," said Mrs. Seymour to her husband, later on that day, as the carriage that was bearing off the new couple appeared like a black spot in the chalky road that skirted the hill—"you see, Tom, John has at last got some body to care for him."

He made no direct answer; he was watching the carriage, now just nearing a wind in the road, after which it would be seen no more. He kept it in his view as long as he could, and then, looking sadly enough at her, he muttered, "In sickness and in health, till death them do part."

It was not the words, so much as the way they were said, that prompted her to put her arm through his, and that made them both walk slowly and sadly about the garden—not for long though, for Master Johnny, a three year old bully, comes and makes them join in his games with his sister—if possible, a smaller mite.

Honeymoons come to an end, as we all know; and in a short time Mr. Bellamy, the clerk, takes his proper and secondary post, whiles John rules again from the office throne. Spring has now softened into summer, and the elm-trees are green and luxuriant, and the walk under them almost the only retreat from the fierceness

of the sun. Of evenings, after office hours, you might see John, with his young wife, enjoying the shade of this walk, or, oftener, on his way to the parsonage to gather the strawberries, which, so long as their season lasted, were a great attraction to an early tea in the arbour.

Mary was looking very well all this time—full of spirits and hope; and so the good-natured parson was full of hope too, and tried to check those fears and forebodings which would come upon him at times, or if he could not check them, at least he said nothing. As for John, it was quite a refreshing thing to see how this parchmenty old lawyer became rejuvenescent, and how fully her influence brought up to the surface all those kindly thoughts and emotions so dissonant to the stern doctrines of the law. In the office, and in the society of Mr. Bellamy, his clerk, he was as shrewd, as practical, and as inflexible as ever: but when this sharer of his daily toils closed the doors, and left at six o'clock—when for the rest of the evening he was associated with a gentle partner, then all his statutes his recognisances, his fines, his double vouchers, and his recoveries, vanished like a mist.

These summer evenings were very pleasant to him, after the loneliness of his bachelor life: and pleasant, too, the autumn—for summer passes from us like a dream—when the blood was in the branches overhead, before the wintry winds and frost had made the old trees skeletons once more.

The elm-walk of Ockley, it will be remembered, is not a straight row of trees, but the avenue, starting from the church, continues right on for half a mile or more, and then suddenly bends round to the right, and discovers the parsonage, with its garden and grounds. Just at this bend, and at the left hand side of the walk, there is a short path, or, rather, passage through the trees, and this ends in an arbour. All down the elm-walk there are seats, at intervals—some rude enough, and others put up by the different mayors of Ockley, as memorials of their years of office: but there is no one of these so favoured or so frequented as that in the little arbour we have described. This was John's favourite haunt; and here, early in the autumn evenings, you might find him and his wife resting after their stroll up and down.

The position of the arbour, placed just at the angle where the trees bend round, gives a very peculiar view. The elms seem to form, not one, but two noble avenues, leading directly up to it. John could thus see through the trees at one side the parish church—a stunted building, with nothing venerable about it except the ivy which sprung up, rank and luxuriant, clustering over the dwarf turrets, and half-concealing the old sundial, as if in quiet scorn of time; and then, at the other side was the parsonage, with the setting sun all red behind it, and the long shadows of the elm-walk lengthening over the sloping pleasure-ground that lay in front, while around them and behind them the hill-side was all golden with the harvest; the valleys also were thick with corn.

As they sit there on this autumn evening—the first touch of cold in the air just perceptible—up come from the parsonage Tom Seymour and Grace.

"Now what are they talking of, I wonder?" says John to his wife; and, indeed, the clergyman seemed to be speaking very impressively. They had watched him from the time he had left the house till now, when he was quite near them, and he had been talking all the way to his wife, turning round to her and shaking his finger, "as if he were preaching a sermon," says John.

Poor John! he was himself the text of the homily.

"I ought to have told him long ago, Grace," said Mr. Seymour. "I wanted to tell him, only you overruled me. I wish I had done it at the time. Look at her sitting out there, without a shawl or a cloak on her, and the air's as frosty as winter."

"Well, well, have it your own way, Tom; only let me speak to him; men don't understand these things, and you'll make him believe that she's in consumption already."

Mr. Seymour so far yielded to his wife, and with this compromise of matters they reached the arbour.

"Isn't it very late for you to be out, Mary?" he said. "I've brought a cloak for you. You don't keep that husband of yours in proper order at all. If I were to have Grace out as late as this, I should not hear the end of it from her for a week."

He took the light cloak that lay across his arm, and pinned it round her neck. She was so young and pretty, laughing archly at his awkwardness in managing the pin, and looking up to him so winningly the while. He drew her arm lightly through his, and they walked homeward under the trees. Mrs. Seymour followed with John, and the good clergyman had to wait for near an hour, sitting with Mary in her own little drawing-room, while his wife and her husband walked and talked slowly there in front of the house.

All this was early in the autumn; but a few months later had brought a great change—a great sorrow upon that little household, and a gloom even upon the whole village; for which of us is there whose heart is not touched when the sentence goes forth for the young—that sentence which awaits him and all of us? Outward consolation we take and give, that they have gone to a better place—that they are now beyond trial and sorrow. So we speak, and their memories are sacred to us, each according to his own worship; are they not God's ambassadors, legates to tell us of a kingdom where youth and beauty suffer no change?

Every one grieved in poor John's sorrow; it was not only his good friends at the parsonage, but the whole village had pity for him. They stopped the doctor at his door, hopefully, to ask the last piece of news; and the poor would waylay the clergyman with an interest as sincere.

Autumn was now nearly gone, and the storms were rude and riotous in the branches of the great trees overhead; cold winds, that scarcely visited the outlying hamlets and villages scattered over the slope of Ockley Hill, caught the town itself, and burst upon it with unbroken fury; drizzly November days rotted the fallen leaves into the clay, and made the whole landscape tristful and wretched. These were sad days for John: but Mrs. Seymour—a true

friend in distress—came up each morning, and spent nearly the whole day at the house. She had a pleasant way with her that no one could resist, and John, too, longed to come to her for consolation; the burden laid upon him now seemed greater than he could bear.

"We mustn't despair, John. While there is life there is hope, we mustn't despair. If she has only strength to get over this, she may live longer than either of us:" and then, in her cheery, chatty way, she went on to tell him how Mrs. Morley had been twice as ill, was obliged to be carried up and down stairs every day by her husband;—"twice as ill! Why, don't you remember that she could not speak above her breath? and look at her now!" The poor fellow took these little scraps of comfort thankfully and tried to believe them.

And she knew the truth the whole time, and all her pleasant manner faded off when she left the house; and late of nights, when the children had gone to bed, she and her husband would sit over the fire, talking very sadly of the sorrowful future. What was to become of their old friend, if death were to come and sever from him that life which was already part of his own? Home and its pleasures and treasures were late guests for him, and if he were bereaved now, he would be indeed bereaved! And then they thought over their own young days, when they had come to the parish newly-wedded, and what a comfort it was to them to find some familiar face amongst all those welcoming strangers, and how they twitted John, and said he was born to be an old bachelor; and yet they regarded him in some sort as their own property, protecting him from some feminine attacks, and assisting and playing up the treacheries of their own favourites. And then Mary Marshall had come—poor Mary! whom they had never once thought he'd have taken—and with her had come, for John, content, and new life, and peace, and that one thing he had hoped for and yearned after through the long years. And then they thought of his married life, and, dear—dear! how the eight or nine months stretched out in their recollection, as if the time itself took its limits from the great changes which it had brought with it. The spring, and the summer, and the autumn; the honeymoon, and the return, and the first settling in the old house; whilst the elms budded with early spring, or made his walk underneath cool with their shade, or showed new hues and colours beautiful beyond those of the dreamy summer. Poor fellow! very late guests indeed, were home and its pleasures for him; and the winter was come already.

No wonder was it, when the clergyman and his good wife sat and talked thus together, that all her pleasant manner should fade away, and that the thoughts of the future should be very gloomy.

Meanwhile the poor sufferer grew worse and worse, less fit, day after day, to meet the struggle that was in store. It was touching to see her, so young and so beautiful—a loveliness beyond the beauty of health. Those blue eyes, their sparkle all gone, but large, and wistfully looking up at you. Her mind, too, had put on a new beauty, as if God were preparing her for that kingdom which she was so soon to see.

Soon there came a day when John sat waiting anxiously in that little drawing-room, which more than any other room in the house was full of associations and memories of her. It was a still day in mid-winter, and the ground outside was hard and crisp with the frost. He had sat there waiting and thinking for full half an hour, and a world of strange hopes and fears had come and gone, and left him still anxious. He could hear steps over his head, up there in the sick-room, and he knew that the doctor had been sent for, and that the dreaded time had come. He paced up and down the room silently, listening with intense attention for every sound overhead, or for every footstep upon the staircase. He heard the carriage drive up to the door, and the soft tread of the doctor above. Everything that his eye caught seized upon his mind, and forced it down to the one train of thought. Her wedding presents lay scattered over the table; the pair of bronzes on the chimneypiece, that she used to take such pride in, were the rector's gift; her piano, closed and silent now, had the music that he liked—the pieces he was sure to call for, during that half hour between dinner and tea, lying ready to hand. On the walls were his portrait and hers; hers so graceful and fresh in the blue and white sprigged muslin, in which he had first seen her, not a year ago—these things all came upon his sight, and pressed themselves like shadows upon his brain while he listened for every sound overhead.

What a dull, still day it was, the frost wetting the leaves of the ivy that hung from the wall. Tired with walking the room, he twisted his chair from the fire, and looked out upon the little garden. There was a robin hopping about the ground, and taking short flights from one bush to another. He watched it, half amused with the vain way it perched from tree to tree, disposing itself, as he thought, with a manifest eye to effect. It was off again, and this time he found it niched in the handle of a spade, and from this perch it poured forth the softest and saddest trill of a song, so sad that his thoughts wandered no longer, but returned to the old subject.

He turned from the window, drew down the blind and sat over the fire. Her chair was there, at the other side of the hearthrug; little knick-knacks of ornament on the chimneypiece told him of her. He had avoided this room since her illness, and now everything in it seemed so strange without her. He could hear footsteps overhead—a stealthy tread down the staircase—the hall-door shut gently, and the doctor's carriage drive away. He listened for the slightest sound. The great house-clock in the landing ticked, ticked, ticked, measuring out the race for the strong and the fleet. Then he heard a step again in the sick-room, and how delicately must he have listened, when he knew that the door up-stairs was opened.

He heard the rustle of the dress upon the landing. Why did she come so slowly? She hesitated. She stopped, and then went back again into the room.

He buried his face in his hands, and dreaded to think what all this might mean. Again he heard the door softly opened, and the footstep upon the staircase, and all along the passage,

and down till she came to his own door, and then, after hesitating a moment outside, he heard the handle gently turned, and he knew that she was in the room. He dared not look up; he dared not speak and ask, but his face was still buried in his hands.

She came and stood by his chair, and touched him. "John," she said, and as she spoke he felt her tears drop upon his hand; "John," she said, "God is very good; we cannot tell what is laid up for any of us, but we know that his mercy endures for ever."

She took the hand which he held out to her, and she led him wit her out of the room. They passed up the staircase, where the old clock ticked sadly and solemnly as they went by it; they moved along the passage, and pushed open the door of the room. The nurse met him, holding in her arms the little baby, wrapped in flannel, and crying feebly. He pushed it aside with his arm;—be- or girl, what was it to him—he pushed it aside, and walked straight to the bed, the curtains were drawn, but with trembling hand he opened them and looked in. So still, so fair, so peaceful; but passed away! The eyes that had always sought his, closed now, and the little busy throbbing heart chill and still for ever.

II.

Many weeks elapsed before John Milward again appeared in Ockley, and when the neighbours saw him once more, they knew that they saw an altered man. He was every day and all day in the office now, at hard, unflinching work, thriftily seeing to his business, and managing his affairs. Every one had sympathy and pity for him. The rector's wife took the poor little stranger, whose arrival had been so unwelcome, and into such a scene of misery, and promised to be to her that mother whom she had lost.

"She shall be as one of our own children, John," she had said to him, and he had let her take the little thing away without a word; not that he was ungrateful, or failed to realise the kindness, but he could not speak of these things now.

Who that had seen him as he stood in the little churchyard, watching the rude dust and ashes slung upon that dust that was dear to him as his own life—who could have thought that there were greater miseries still in store, and that darker days—much darker days—were to come upon him yet? For had he not now the sympathy of all? Did not every one of those who thronged round the grave show, as plainly as sad faces, and the assurance of a look can show, that they had pity for him in this his great sorrow?

As if as a respite from the cares that were upon him, he now gave himself up utterly to his business. The routine work of the past year, with its day of toil succeeded by the rest and pleasure of the evening, was as a thing of the past—a dream that had vanished. The old, hard, unflinching work was his lot now.

Mr. Bellamy had an assistant now, and the two clerks could scarce get through the business which John's resolute industry attracted to him. Those Saturday nights at the parsonage became fewer and fewer, and at last almost

ceased. In their stead came the struggle after increased connections and agencies, whose importance would have before kept him aloof. He worked hard, and would give to those who worked with him no opportunities of idleness, or even of rest, which he denied to himself. Every one was talking now (for in Ockley the folk were always in a sort of conversational turmoil) about the heavy business he was doing, engrossing it from all quarters to himself, and the amount of money which he must have been making was fixed at a sum fabulous indeed for a little country town. Unfortunately, talk did not end here, and those gossips at Ockley had something more to tell of besides mere industry and its rewards. Sad news this was to all his friends, and even those who most fed upon scandal would have wished this tale could have been told of any other.

"But do you think he can be guilty?" said poor Mrs. Seymour, who had been out in the village, and heard it all for the first time. "Tom, surely he cannot be guilty." She could not join in the town-talk, and had at once, then and there, scouted the whole thing as untrue, and not to be entertained for a moment; but when she came home, and thought how he had absented himself from them, her heart misgave her.

"Tom," she said, "surely he cannot be guilty."

"We have no right to assume that he is, my dear," said her husband; "we mustn't assume that he is."

"But, Tom, every one condemns him, even Mrs. Sutcliffe is down upon him; I met her to-day at the Morley's, and she says that it must all come out soon; that Mr. Rivers insists that he never signed the bill at all, and that it's a forgery."

"Yes, my dear, the whole truth will be known soon."

She knew, from the way he said it, what he thought was the truth, and this grieved her more.

"Tom," she said at last, "if John has quarrelled with us, even though it is his own fault, we ought to forget it now. We are his oldest friends here, and when he's in trouble we should not pass him by. The whole truth will be known soon, you say, and then he will not want our help, or, or—we may not be able to give it to him." And then she reminded him how kind John had been to her when she came, a stranger, into the place; and she spoke of poor Mary, too, and brought in from the next room her little child, which they had adopted, and she and the little unconscious infant pleaded with him there, each in her several way, till he could resist no longer, but yielded, and was won over. Then she walked with him down the lawn to the gate, warning him all the way to speak gently and kindly to his old friend. She needed not have done it, for what she had said already had awakened all the old feelings of friendship.

Now, while all this scene was going on, John sat in the little arbour, looking down the two tree-avenues at the church and the parsonage. It was not his wont to come here, or to come anywhere, at this hour; but he had left his house this evening, and closed the door behind

him for the last time, and he was flying from the place which had witnessed all his pleasures and happiness, before judgment and condemnation should come upon him. Passing up the walk for the last time, hurriedly, and with his face askance from the passers-by, he stopped at the little path into the arbour, and a better impulse tempted him to visit it too. From it he could see the grounds of the parsonage and the avenue leading to the gate; and, as he watched the door of the house opened, and Tom Seymour walked down the lawn, his wife talking to him the whole time, and stopping him with some last words, even at the gate. He saw his old friend coming towards him under the trees, and he left the arbour and wandered into the wood, dreading such a meeting. But when the clergyman had passed he returned to his seat, and once more his eyes rested sadly upon the parsonage, containing all which remained to him of that dream of his past life. He looked at it long and thoughtfully, and then left the arbour, and skirted along the trees till he reached the garden gate; he passed up the avenue and through the open door into the hall. He hesitated to turn the handle of the dining-room door, and walk in. Many months had passed since last he was in that house, where once he was a daily visitor. He had wronged the owner of it; he had wronged him and quarrelled with him, and yet, day after day, he was taking the greatest of all kindnesses at his hands. He dared not face him. But then he thought of Grace; how soft and kind she had been to him in his sorrow and bereavement! and, thinking of all this, he turned the handle, and walked in. He found the room empty—no one in it; but he could hear voices from the next room, for the nursery door was half open, and he sat down and listened.

How well he knew her soft and gentle voice! and, hearing it, and the words she spoke, what a picture came before his mind!—a picture so vivid and so touching, that he rose from his chair, and pushing open the door, peeped in. She was bending over the cot in which the child lay—bending very low, so as almost to touch it, and the little thing put out its hand and caught at her hair, and dragged it in its little fingers, till her long back tresses fell over its face. Then she caught up the little child and hugged it closely to her, and danced it up into the air till it screamed with shrill delight; while her own face lit up and shone out through the long hair that was tossed and scattered over it. "For she's my own little daughter—my own little daughter, and papa's coming to see her to-night. Father's been a very naughty father, and has not come to her for a long time—oh, for such a long time! But he'll come to-night—father'll come and see her to-night."

This was the sight he saw—these were the words he heard; and, with these words ringing in his ears, he slunk out of the house and fled from the place, a guilty and miserable man.

So much of my tale I have put together baldly, hinting at what has taken place, rather than telling it, because all that you have heard happened a long time ago—full nineteen years ago.

Nineteen years, then, have passed over our heads, and here we are back at Ockley. How changed the place is! it's twice as big and three times as busy. This is the railway station, the branch line through Ockley Vale has been opened these two years, and half a dozen trains go and come from London daily.

"What's the bell for, porter?"

"Seven-five up train due, sir." And here, in fact, it comes! looming along through the tunnel.

The passengers for Ockley-on-the-Hill jump out and claim their luggage. They are not very many in number, and we have no difficulty in singling out the one who has interest for us. Time, that is at its silent work with all, has dealt gently with him;—only the grey hairs have become white, and the lines are deeper in the face, and the steady, determined mien and walk are gone. He has come back a sadder man and a better. He looks with a kind of wonder on the porter who piles his luggage on the cab; and when the man asks the direction, he hesitates a little.

"Jordan and Ivatt's Hotel," he says, at last: "drive to Jordan and Ivatt's Hotel."

The man looks confused; but the porter shouts out, "The Old Bath Hotel," and tells the traveller that Jordan and Ivatt have retired these ten years, and the hotel is now managed by Mr. Edward Carpenter. With these words the cab drives off.

So Jordan and Ivatt have retired, and the old house is now administered by Mr. Edward Carpenter. Our traveller wonders can this be the waiter he recollects there as Ned. What other changes will he see in the place? He looks eagerly from the window; but sees familiar points only from time to time. Almost everything has a strange face for him; not now though, for he's in his own street, and, in fact, here's the hotel—just the same place as ever.

The best of plain dinners is served to him in that private room; and after it, he sends for his host, Mr. Edward Carpenter, that he may have a little talk with him. The quondam Ned is delighted to come, and freely pours forth to the stranger all the gossip of the town.

"And indeed, sir, you seem to know the place very well;" but the traveller explains to him that he had a friend who belonged to the town a long time ago—twenty years or more—and who was always talking of it to him; after this he goes on with his questions.

Ned has a great deal to tell him. The old Earl of Doublegloster is dead, died unmarried, and there was a sale up at Cheddar Castle last week. Dr. Brougham bought most of the pictures. The old doctor's alive still, and doing a great practice; he tires a pair of horses every day.

"And the rector?" the stranger asks, timidly.

"Right well, sir, right well. He was put out a bit at first about Mr. Henry's marriage; but it's all settled now, and that's Mrs. Seymour's doing; she managed it."

"And whom is he going to be married to?"

"That's where it is, sir. Mr. Henry, he's almost fit to marry any one, showering his money about everywhere, as if he had lots of it."

And Miss Mary's nice too—nice and nice looking; but they can't live on their looks, you know.

"But who's Mr. Henry in love with?"

"There you have me again, sir, for not one of us knows very well who she is. Some says she's a cousin of Mrs. Seymour's; and then there's others say she's daughter of old Milward, the attorney, who ran away from this twenty years ago, and more's the pity there should be anything against her, for she's as good as gold. At first there was terrible work to break it off, but it's all settled now, and they're to be married in the morning."

Much more did the landlord of the "Old Bath Hotel," say,—many things about many persons: but he had lost his listener. John sat silent and let him go on, till he stopped himself and then let him go away. And when at length the room was cleared, and the door locked to keep off all intrusion, he paced up and down, turning over in his own mind the titterest of all thoughts. This then was the promised end: this was the day to which he had been looking forward for so many years. In that far-away country, where he had lived an honourable life, cancelling, as he believed, by acts of charity and hours of repentance the bitter past, restoring fourfold aught he had taken from any man by false accusation—in that distant country he had thought that all the happiness of his life might be collected into the single day when he would return to his own town and his own family, and now the day had come, and the first stranger he met had to tell him of "old Milward, the attorney, who ran away twenty years ago."

So, full of all these thoughts, hard and stern as they were, he left the hotel, and wandered about through the streets. Every house that he passed was familiar with those years that he had never forgotten, and woke up for him some fresh association, and then he looked curiously at the new quarter of the town—parts that had been planned and built while he was away, till at last, and quite unexpectedly, he came upon the old church. It seemed to him more insignificant than he ever thought it before, and quite depressed by the weight of ivy that clung to it and hung from every part of it, but there was the fine avenue of trees as grand as ever.

How many strange remembrances came crowding in upon him, as once again he walked under their shade, how many trifling incidents that could scarcely have found a halting-place in his memory were fresh now as when they first happened! So that it was more instinct than intention that made him turn off from the main road and find his way into the arbour. He looked down the side avenue, and saw the old parsonage, with its gardens and grounds just as he had left them. Soon the half-closed door was thrown wide open, and he strained his eyes, watching the crowd of people that came out from the drawing-room and wandered over the garden. He tried to single out from them the two or three whom he would have gladly seen, but the distance was great, and his sight was not as keen now as it had been twenty years ago the last time he had looked from the same place. As he sat there, with this view before him, he tried to collect his

thoughts and think over his plans for the future. He had come out full of wrath and bitterness, but, somehow; the old things that surrounded him softened and abated all his anger. He would not remain longer in the place; he would not, by his presence, throw any shade over his daughter's happiness, nor disturb the peace of the rector by coming forward and asserting his forgotten relationship. The selfish happiness, which he had looked forward to as a dream, must pass as a dream from him. He would leave the place to-night—no, not to-night: he must see her somehow, and the husband who was to be hers till death should part them; after that, he would go away—anywhere, it mattered not where, but she must nevertheless be the richest heiress round Ockley. In that, at least, he must not be disappointed. This all settled, he returned to the hotel.

Next day came with great importance for the village. Every wedding was a festival day at Ockley, but there had been so much wondering at and talking over, and assertion, and repetition, and contradiction about this wedding, that when the day actually came, it was quite a red-letter day. Never had the church looked so small, or so insufficient to the crowd that thronged about, and never was a crowd so friendly—for, indeed, they were all friends, and had come upon a friendly mission.

The rector was there, of course, standing within the rails and reading out the service, he has aged greatly since we saw him last, and the years have left their marks, deepening the lines in his face, but Mrs. Seymour is very little altered—only the grey hairs have given way to the white ones, her glance is still as warm and assuring as ever. And not only the rector and his wife, but all our old friends have assembled for this occasion, the doctor's brougham is waiting outside for him at the church door, and his coachman has got a little boy to hold the horse, and is himself watching the ceremony, safe from being seen, up in the organ-loft, and there, I declare to you, in one of the state pews, is our old—our very old friend, Miss Griffiths, who has not missed a wedding at Ockley these many years.

But all this time the wedding has been going on, and the bride and bridegroom, kneeling side by side, have answered or repeated the solemn words of the minister, and now they all rise to pass into the vestry-room, where their names will appear different for the last time. The people swayed and thronged up the aisle to get a view of the procession as it passed, they were a good-humoured crowd, and bore the crushing, and even made room for an old man who was amongst them, and seemed more eager than any of them. He forced his way to the very front row, and stood there for a moment looking at the group, then, stuck in hand, he crossed the little chancel of the church, and passed through the knot of brides-maids and wedding guests till he came to the bride and bridegroom and spoke to them.

"I am an old man," he said, "and a stranger to these parts, and I am here to give you both my blessing," and he took the bridegroom who seemed a little embarrassed, by the hand. "Don't mind my being a stranger," he said to him, "the blessing of an old man never did

the young any harm ;" and then he put out his hand to the bride, but it trembled when she took it in hers, and his voice faltered and would not give out his words, and holding her hand still in his, he looked down upon the ground, as if his purpose were all gone; then, in a few soft words, she thanked him, but he, when he heard the voice, started and looked up and saw her face now for the first time, and the words came to him quickly enough, for he saw her blue eyes wistfully looking up to him through the bridal veil, and for a moment she seemed to him as his own wife, whom he had led from this very altar, full of hope and youth, twenty long years ago. The words came to him very quick now, so that he dreaded to speak them out, and the tears gathered fast, but he caught her in his arms and kissed her, lest he should spoil her happiness with the one word "daughter!" then he returned into the crowd, and, wondering, it made way for him, and so he passed out of the church.

They would have forgiven him, would frankly have forgiven him all: they would have welcomed him back to Ockley, and have made the day of his return a holiday through the whole town—but this was not to be. He had to learn the bitter truth, that neither man's repentance nor man's forgiveness can cancel a past act, they might pardon and he might grieve, but justice and judgment belong not to man but unto thee, O Lord, to whom also be-longeth mercy.

W. L. W.

THE CULTURE OF SYMPATHY.



ALTHOUGH even our capabilities of sympathy cannot reach perfection, it by no means follows that they cannot, by a careful cultivation, be greatly developed and extended. And when we consider how much and how often our sympathies are needed—how from lack of that compassion and kindness which

they alone can produce, many a human soul has fallen away to ruin, sinking down beneath the burthen of its weary pains, and errors the most injurious—distorted views of life, cynicism and discontent, and even utter godlessness, have taken hold of men: it would seem strange if we should not avail ourselves of whatever means exist of fostering those capabilities.

Foremost among the means of securing a knowledge of the natures of men, suitable to such a purpose, a habit of introspection, so far as it may be healthfully conducted, at once suggests itself. Self-knowledge is a key which unlocks the secret chambers of all humanity. Know yourself, and you will have the readiest access to a knowledge of your neighbour: for the primary laws of humanity are as fixed as those of external nature: and, though there exist differences between men so wide as to render a through knowledge of one another, with our present narrow capacities, utterly impossible—nay, more, to render impossible even a close communication of thought and feeling—yet clearly we can discern that beneath all varieties of character lurk some common attributes, that we are

all, as it were, moulded after the same pattern, and bear the impress of the same creative Mind.

It is in ourselves that we can best perceive and consider these common laws and attributes: and from a knowledge of them, and from a belief that they exist in others, and are at work beneath all external disguises, there springs up within us that sense of brotherhood and close mysterious kinship with mankind, in its varieties, which is the original source of sympathy, in its deepest, truest, and most universal form.

To discover and to feel this brotherhood should be the aim of all who would cultivate their sympathies. We shall not be disposed to deal harshly with the defects of others, which, when we once acknowledge their existence in ourselves, we find it so easy to pardon. Yet how few are there, comparatively, who have studied the complexities of their own characters. How few, again, who may have power to do so, are courageous enough to examine into their motives, and face that hypocritical, self-deceiving heart which each man is ever endeavouring to keep concealed from his own eyes, lest it should shock his self-complacency to scrutinise it too closely. Carefully enough and earnestly does each man study his make believe perfections, and comes to know these as accurately as he knows the shape of his face and the colour of his hair, having many times attentively examined the same, but the deeper part of our nature, where thoughts the most ignoble, and motives the most base, continually lurk in the darkness, how few among us dare look long into that! He who would know himself as he is, must cast aside his self flattery, and much of his self-love, and go about his investigations with not a little humility, but at the same time, fearlessly. He must not shrink from having his good opinions suddenly undermined, or be overnice in dealing with his pride and self-approbation: for he will see strange facts laid bare, which he dreamed not of before—his seeming benevolence rooted, perhaps, in love of ostentation: his splendid self-sacrifice springing from motives the most sordid and self-interested; his conscientiousness—for which his neighbours give him so much praise, and which sheds a mystic glory over all his actions, arising, it may be, from inherent cautiousness, cowardice, or sloth—a miserable, disheartening revelation, but withal a thoroughly profitable and important one, from the contemplation of which no truth-loving man should shrink.

Consider how much a full consciousness that this baseness and wrong-heartedness underlies all his polish and refinement, will aid a man of high intentions to develop and widen his sympathies. The very deadliest crimes which he witnesses in other men, he will perceive to be the result of tendencies which he has discovered already in his own nature: and he will learn to feel himself one with those who have been placed in more trying circumstances than he. And, doubtless, if once he comes to sympathize with his fellows in the deepest passions, he will find it not so very difficult to overlook those minor defects which before excited his antipathies, and rendered it so hard to exert his higher sympathies. And by self-study much more is learned than the bad phases of human nature. Our good qualities are the first qualities we discover in

ourselves. Surely these may serve us as an index to the better aspects of humanity.

I have said that the very limited experience which each individual possesses of the many pains and pleasures of which the race is susceptible, is a serious preventive of universality of sympathy. Of course, we can scarcely hope to be familiar with these beyond what we ourselves have felt, or have witnessed in persons immediately about us. The imagination alone can assist us further than this. But, undoubtedly, a quick facility of introspection will be of incalculable value in recalling such feelings as we have experienced, and in thus providing, when needed, a ready sympathy.

But even this introspective process is beset with innumerable difficulties: and it must be remembered that the faculty of self-analysis is neither widely nor evenly distributed: that there are some minds in which it is so feeble as to be scarcely available, and others from which it is almost altogether absent. Very necessary for the purposes here indicated is the systematic culture of the imagination. If persons who possess that agreeable power of imagination which enables them to throw themselves into the positions, or array themselves in the attributes, of other characters, would cease to clothe themselves in fancy with the grace of Antinous or the beauty of Aphrodite, and try more frequently to place themselves in the positions and amid the trials of the men and women around them, they would be using a splendid endowment for a noble purpose, and they would find their sympathies rapidly assuming healthfulness and breadth. "Few people," says a writer of large wisdom—"few people have imagination enough to enter into the delusions of others, or, indeed, to look into the actions of any other person, with any prejudices but their own. Perhaps, however, it would be nearer the truth to say that few people are in the habit of employing their imagination in the service of charity: most persons require its magic aid to gild their castles in the air—to conduct them along those fancied triumphal processions in which they themselves play so conspicuous a part—to conquer enemies for them without battles, and to make them virtuous without effort. This is what they want their imagination for: they cannot spare it for any little errand of charity."

In the culture of the sympathies (as has been frequently pointed out), whether to invigorate imagination, or to effect an extended knowledge of men's natures, the study of fiction, in its widest acceptation and most select branches, may well occupy a prominent position with those to whom it is accessible. By means of fiction we are brought into closer connection with men in all their complexities, than ever we can be in actual life. We see deep into their souls, and hear them communing with themselves in the silence and in the solitude. Their fears become our fears, their anxieties ours. We follow them far away in their labyrinthine thoughts and wild imaginings. We are thrilled by their passions, softened by their loves, stirred to the depths of our being by their cries of agony, or swayed by their restless aspirations. Often, too, we come to recognise "God's light all dim and cold" in the outcast and despised, for they open up their hearts to us, there in that

dreamland, where there is none to mock them, and as they whisper their sorrows to us, and unfold their wrongs, and claim a common kinship, their loathsomeness falls away from them, and we fear not to call them brothers, and take them to our breasts. There we come to understand the eccentric man, and see how much nobility may underlie his peculiarities. There we learn how kind a heart the man of sarcasm may sometimes hide from the world, and what a good-natured, self-deceiving fellow the cynic may be after all. There Mirth flings aside her mask, and reveals a countenance sorrowful and marred by many sufferings long concealed. And it is left for us only to project the attributes, and passions, and sufferings of the fictitious characters into the actual men and women around us.

Much injury results, as I have already observed, from shrinking from the pain of sympathy, when it may be aroused by the imagination, and this resistance must deaden the power of sympathy, and, when frequently indulged, produce, in the end, selfishness and apathy. Is it so hard a thing to lighten the burthen of bitter anguish under which a fellow-creature groans, even though it cause us a little degree of discomfort? Better a little voluntary self-sacrifice now and then, than the dead heart and the icy chill of indifference. Why *should* a man be ashamed of a noble sentiment? Doubtless, much true strength is exhibited in the restraining of one's feelings: and sentimentalism is every whit as objectionable as cold-heartedness: but the man who persists in crushing out his finer sentiments, which are the noblest things about him, and who obeys the dictates of a contemptible and groundless pride that prevents him from entering into the feelings of the people around him, is committing an act of most deliberate self-destruction.

I suppose that if men could overcome their antipathies to one another, they would become much more susceptible of sympathy: but it is a hard thing to struggle with antipathies. It is very seldom that a man can set himself to wage war upon a long-cherished dislike; and there are, doubtless, antipathies which should, perhaps, never be uprooted. Of course, the obvious remedy is to contract no unnecessary dislikes, or to be sure to counteract them early, if contracted, and no doubt where there is a strong and ever-active impulse to effect either of these objects, success will ultimately follow.

It seems strange that people will allow their estimate of a man's character, which is as complex as the world itself, to be so distorted by the contemplation of a few external defects. If I am cured with a loathsome disease why should my whole character be deemed worthless? If I have contracted an unamiable habit, why should my friend suffer me to become altogether despicable in his eyes?

Many antipathies might be avoided, if people would only learn that the true method of estimating the characters of men is not by their actions alone, but by their motives, and the agencies producing their actions. Actions are often accidental—often done involuntarily, under the force of circumstances, directly contrary to the principles, and desires, and biases of the doer. History, generally speaking, records only

the actions of men; and how ridiculous are our blunders in our estimates of historical personages! If we would endeavour to examine men's motives more frequently than their actions, when their actions are objectionable, and learn, at the same time, to avoid making it a rule always to attribute bad motives where there is a possibility of the existence of good, we should find our antipathies losing, more and more, their despotic power to pervert the judgment, and, perhaps, ceasing altogether to trouble us.

There are two truths which might be very beneficially observed in giving and seeking sympathy. The first is, that people should be less exacting in their demands for the sympathy of others, the second, that when genuine sympathy is not felt—cannot be felt—gentleness of speech and kindness of manner—which may be perfectly sincere, though not springing from immediate sympathy—will produce much of the effect which from the true feeling would have naturally resulted. Self-restraint and independence of spirit will prevent indulgence in the one error: the latter virtue can only be observed by those to whom is given the gentle heart and genial disposition, and by whom these great gifts are rightly cultivated.

There is a class of persons—good, they may

be, and I believe that in the main they are—who are always ready with assurances of sympathy, soften into easy tears; repeat, over and over, their stock of mawkish terms of endearment; and deal similarly, with the most affectionate diminutives, in speaking to or of their less happy and less prosperous neighbours; but whose demonstration of sympathy is often more repulsive and more wearisome than absolute neglect. These are people who possess the *sympathetic instinct*, but whose sensitiveness or imagination does not keep pace with their inordinate desire to please and seem good-natured, and who are utterly deficient of taste. They are seldom to be found among the very young; probably because very young people are more spontaneous and more quickly imaginative than their elders. They are generally of the weaker sex: but not seldom they may be met with among men of very mild and feminine dispositions. It would be well, if such as these would learn the true grandeur of sincerity, and forbear to deem it incumbent upon them to assume a noble sentiment, when the genuine impulse is wanting. For, after all, the truest sympathy, and that which confers most solace, finds its readiest expression not in empty words of tenderness, but in considerate and kindly acts.

Miscellaneous.

LORD ARDMILLAN ON THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN, THE REFORM BILL, AND CHRISTIAN UNION.

Lord Ardmillan opened a course of lectures at Girvan, and delivered a long address, from which we take the following:—"The fellowship of humanity cannot be long or securely sustained without a belief in the fact that man was created as man—formed by the Divine Creator as an intelligent and responsible being, with an immortal spirit and an eternal destiny, not produced by some strange process of development from inferior animals. Yet such notions are maintained and apparently believed in some quarters. I have no right, and no wish, to object to the prosecution of scientific inquiry on such a subject, nor even to blame its freedom and independence. The inquiry would not be philosophical if it were not independent, and we who hold the Bible to be God's Word, and certainly true, and yet hold it to be not a scientific treatise, can have no fear of the effect on our religious belief of the results of any honest and diligent investigation of truth. But I confess that to me it seems at once sad and surprising, that men can surrender their reason while proclaiming their philosophy—that men, who profess to vindicate the dignity of man, and independence of mind, should part with their belief in that special work of the divine creation of man, which is the peculiar glory of manhood—and that men who abandon or withhold their faith in Scripture, should with strange credulity accept with out evidence theories the most wild, irrational and incredible. It has been truly said, "great is the credulity of unbelief." These theories, generally termed

Darwinian, whether they are Pantheistic, Atheistic, or Materialistic, appear to me to be as much opposed to sound reason, true philosophy, and common sense, as they are to the Scripture Record. It is one among many objections to them, that they are fatal to the recognition of any true fellowship of humanity. There can be no brotherhood of man, if it is to include the baboon and the gorilla. I can feel regret for the death, and sympathy for the suffering, of the poor chimpanzee at the Crystal Palace, but I refuse to recognise him as a man and a brother. There can be no fellowship of humanity, if we have a brute origin and brute kindred. Why should we have any difficulty in accepting the record of creation briefly, but clearly, given us in Scripture? Why should we believe that that divine act of creation was performed otherwise than in the manner there recorded? What ground is there for demanding a belief in a miracle that is not recorded rather than in a miracle that is recorded? Every act of creation is a miracle: every miracle is divine; and, even on principles of mere reason, there is nothing gained by forcing us back to seek for the miraculous act of creation at a far earlier and more remote period. If we are to accept the theory that is suggested, of a single atom, globe, or germ floating alone in the void, out of which all the varieties of animated nature were afterwards developed, then that solitary atom, with all its mysterious powers of expansion and development must have been either self-existent or divinely created, it is said. To have been self-existent and uncreated, that is an assertion which they do not venture to make—an assertion which involves atheism, and few are bold enough to avow it. If it was created, then that creation

out of nothing, of a single stem or germ, charged with all earth's life, and with so marvellous a capacity for development, would be a miracle quite as wonderful as that set forth in the Bible, and far less intelligible. As I have already said, these Darwinian theories, while they may shake the faith of some unstable minds, yet explain nothing. It is only into darkness that they lead us. Their advocates would disturb our faith in Scripture, make great demands on our credulity in their conjectures, and then leave us without explanation. All true lovers of civil and religious liberty feel themselves to be knit together by their attachment to that great and glorious cause—the common blessing sought or enjoyed, the common end prosecuted or won, binding together by sweet yet powerful ties those who, in common, desire and strive and pray for its abiding security and its peaceful progress. Memory and hope combine their influence to cement this fellowship by a thankful retrospect of the struggles of the past, and a joyful anticipation of the triumphs yet to come. The history of our country, and the thankful consciousness of well-won rights and present security, may justly make a British subject an enthusiastic advocate of constitutional liberty, and ought naturally to create a fellowship among all who are devoted to the same sacred cause. Such a fellowship is the hope of the oppressed and the dread of the tyrant, and is the primary element in the moral power of Britain. At the same time, all wise lovers of the cause of liberty, vigilant for its safety and tenderly jealous of its fame, will seek to prevent if possible, and, if they cannot prevent, will deplore every act of rashness or indiscretion, of unreasonableness or uncharitableness, which can bring discredit or peril to the momentous interests involved. There is an entire harmony between social order and constitutional liberty, and this harmonious action it is our privilege to enjoy, living under a limited monarchy, as the subjects of a gracious Sovereign whose wise and benignant sway preserves the one and guarantees the other. It is a mistake to suppose that there is any antagonism between true liberty and social order. They act and react for their mutual protector.

The wisest friends of the one are the firmest supporters of the other. The best security for order is in the intelligent contentment of popular liberty, and the best monument of liberty is in the tranquil stability of constitutional order. The oppression of the people by despotic or arbitrary power, the unworthy distrust of the people, and the refusal of moderate claims, must place law and order in danger, and, on the other hand, all violent and turbulent conduct or unreasonable demand, creates alarm, excites hostility, and is eminently perilous to popular liberty. The transition from tumult to anarchy is common and probable, the transition from anarchy to tyranny is a reaction almost certain, and generally bloody. Let us, however, remember that no man can be free who is a slave to his own evil passion, and that 'he is the freeman whom the truth makes free, and all are slaves besides.' One of the many lessons from the history of our own country is that the bravest and purest of patriots have been earnest Christians. We have a Scottish illustration of this happy combination of piety with patriotism in the case

of the Earl of Argyll, who, on the eve of his execution, was seen in prison 'sleeping as pleasantly as ever man did within an hour of eternity.' The whole story of the struggle of the English Puritans and of the Scottish Covenanters, a struggle in which, notwithstanding some occasional lack of charity and toleration—a lack not surprising when we think how they were treated—they evinced a heroism for which we can never be sufficiently thankful, confirms the truth of the proposition, that the best patriots are Christian patriots, and that the highest and purest fellowship of freedom is a Christian fellowship. The consideration of this subject is the more important, now that an extended franchise is to be widely scattered over the land. I hope the result of a measure, which its authors call a leap in the dark, may be the advancement of the constitutional liberty and the welfare of my country. With the party politics of the subject I do not meddle, but the ethics of it lead me to remark—The morals of legislation are higher than the measures of legislation: the character of public men is of more importance than any legislative enactment. To sustain on British statesmanship is ill atoned for by the largest popular concessions. Two thoughts are suggested by the consideration of the subject of a Christian fellowship. The first is the fellowship of our Christianity, the second, and in some respects the most important, is the Christianity of all our fellowships. That division of opinion should prevail among Protestants is unavoidable, and in one sense it is not to be regretted. It is part of the price we pay for liberty of conscience. To abide by independent convictions on personal responsibility is a Protestant right. To seek for Christian union—to hold fast what we believe to be truth, and yet to maintain and acknowledge the right of private judgment—to respect the conscientious convictions of others, conceding to them all the freedom which we claim for ourselves, and, at the same time, to strive earnestly to be of one mind in the Lord—this seems to me the part of wisdom and of duty, and this, by discharging all personal estrangement, would extract the bitterness from our denominational distinctions. The Church, in the view which I take of her—the universal Church, if possible—and each separate Church in particular, ought to be the leading and peculiar institute of Christian fellowship. In the view which some persons take of the Church, she cannot occupy that position. A Church, whether called Roman Catholic or Anglican, which plants herself on high, interposed between the people and their God, which professes to perform high services and sacrifice for the flock, claiming an authority absolute and a voice infallible, wielding the power of her absolution and the terror of her excommunication, and demanding a submission unreserved and a faith unquestioning, cannot be the central institute of a free and sincere fellowship. The Church which is to be the central institute of an evangelical fellowship must leave conscience free, and, appealing to the Bible alone for authority, must impress the hearts and convictions of men, and must proclaim and enforce the gospel by pastoral, not priestly, offices. I am not a member of the Church of England, but I speak of her with

unfeigned respect, and with sincere admiration of the learning, the eloquence, the worth, and the piety by which she has long been, and is still, in so large a measure distinguished. It is therefore in a spirit the most friendly and the most respectful that I state my conviction—a conviction deepened by her recent proceedings—that the Church of England is in the greatest danger, and that one of her many dangers is, that she will soon make Christian fellowship with her impossible, except on the footing of the absolute renunciation of Evangelical principles."

BANQUET TO THE REV. NORMAN MACLEOD.

The Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod was entertained at a public dinner at Willis's-rooms, King-street, St. James's, on the occasion of his leaving the country, with Dr. Watson, as a deputation from the established Church of Scotland, to visit the different mission stations of that church in India. A large number of the friends and admirers of Dr. Macleod assembled upon the occasion, including the Rev. Dr. Watson, the Rev. Professor Plumtre, the Rev. Dr. Young, Mr. Cunliffe, the Rev. Dr. Raleigh, Mr. Alderman Lusk, M. P., the Rev. W. Denton, the Rev. W. T. Bullock, Mr. Sella Martin, Mr. Freeween, Mr. Spaldin, Mr. Macrae Moir, Mr. Hurst, Mr. Blackett, Mr. Strahan, Mr. J. S. Virtue, Mr. Kare, Mr. J. C. Mudie, and Mr. J. McEwan. The Very Rev. Dr. Alfred, Dean of Canterbury, presided. Letters expressing sympathy in the object of the gathering and the regret of the writers at their inability to take part in the proceedings, were read from the Duke of Argyll, the Dean of Westminster, the Rev. Dr. Vaughan, the Rev. Chas. Kingsley, Mr. A. Trollope, Mr. Kaye, and others.

The Chairman, in proposing the toast of the evening, "Health and God speed to our honoured guest," said it might at the first glance seem that he was at a disadvantage in recommending the toast, from the circumstance that he did not form one of the inner circle of Dr. Macleod's acquaintance: but they were met in a public place in the great metropolis of Christian work to do honour to their guest, not only as a private friend, but as a public man, and to bid him God speed in the public mission in which he was about to engage, and therefore his appeal would be considered as of some weight. It was impossible for any one who watched the character of the age to feel anything but great thankfulness for such a workman for good as Dr. Macleod had proved himself to be. They lived in days when both speculative thought and practical life had come face to face with Christianity, and could no longer enunciate ancient formula and keep these things at a distance. They could not evade the demands which had passed their time-honoured barriers, had crossed their sacred precincts, and were knocking at their church-doors with the cry "Meet us, or surrender." Should they say, in reply, "We cannot help you but we are too well off to surrender to you?" Dr. Macleod was not one of those people but had been one of the first to see that they could not lead thought except by stimulating thought. Thought was not

to be controlled in these days by repression, by recurring to presumptive claims, or by anything, except by meeting with the clear noontide of candour every doubt and every difficulty, shrinking from nothing, concealing nothing, but meeting on common ground every human mind that came to them and grappled with them. That their friend had fully done, and it was owing to that circumstance that he had established for himself, an honourable and important place among those who had grasped the heart of the readers of Christian literature in this and other countries. (Cheers.) He need not dwell upon the sacred and somewhat complex gifts with which Dr. Macleod was endowed for the purpose of the mission with which he had been entrusted by his Church. There could hardly be a more important contribution to the difficult question of Christian missions than his report upon the missions in India if he was spared to prepare it, as it would be drawn up with the utmost possible care, with every sympathy not only for those who agreed with them, but for those who unhappily differed with them. He had heard enough from Dr. Macleod that evening to show that he would go down into the difficulties of the Hindoo mind in its first meeting with Christianity,—how Christianity was to be presented to it and how it might be expected to take it when presented. Dr. Macleod would not only be induced by friends in this country, but would be enabled by his own sympathy and desires for truth to furnish the best account that had yet been given upon the present state of the prospects of Christian missions in that great country. (Cheers.)

Professor Plumtre Mr. George Macdonald, Dr. Mullins, Mr. Laeide, and Mr. Sella Martin spoke from a personal knowledge of Dr. Macleod of his special qualification for the mission upon which he is about to enter.

The toast was heartily responded to.

Dr. MACLEOD, in acknowledging the compliment, remarked that this was the first time that the Church of Scotland had sent any deputation to the East, and he believed that it was the first time that any church as a church had taken such a step. He had been delegated to visit especially the missions of the Church of Scotland in the East, but he should examine the missions of other churches in order to understand those of his own. Twenty years ago he was sent on a similar mission to the churches in North America. In the present instance the request came from India, and though there had been difference between himself and his brethren of the Presbytery, he was happy to say it was unanimously responded to by the Church of Scotland. He felt deeply the responsibility which he had undertaken, but when he was asked to go though there were many difficulties about saying "Yes," the difficulties about saying "No" were far more powerful. To see assembled about him on the eve of his departure men of different churches in recognition of the importance of the work upon which he was about to enter was a source of gratification, but knowing what was expected of him he was inclined to say with Wellington, that it was not fighting the battle but writing the letters about them that was the serious thing. He went to India not merely to inspect the Scotch mission, but to find out, as far as pos-

sible, the state of all Christian missions and of education in India; and being furnished with the best letters from the government and from other quarters, he should pursue his inquiries amongst missionaries, civilians, and military men, and hoped to get at the true state of affairs. The whole Christian church was fighting the great battle against heathendom, and he went forth not as attached to this or that regiment, but in sympathy with the whole army. India had been given to us by a series of events perhaps the most rapid and wonderful in the world, yet we had not shown that sympathy which we ought to have felt with her 200,000,000 of people. He felt it the highest honour he had ever received that he was permitted to take part in the movement of that grand army which would one day occupy the whole earth.

The speech of the Rev. doctor was received with enthusiastic cheers. Other toasts followed including "The Health of Dr. Watson," and "The Chairman."

THE BISHOP OF DOWN AND CONNOR ON THE IRISH CHURCH.

The Bishop of Down and Connor, in a charge delivered at his annual visitation in Belfast on Monday, referred to the question of reforming the Irish Church. He said—"I forbear on the present occasion to enter on the question of the position of the Irish Church as regards its temporalities. I openly and candidly stated at my last visitation, and since then in my place in the House of Lords—not as your representative, but as an independent member of that body—the necessity which I conceived there existed for a comprehensive reform of the Irish Church, and, to quote the language of the present Archbishop of Dublin, 'for redressing cases of extreme disproportion between the work and its temporal reward.' But in both cases in which I have expressed my views, I deprecated any alienation of the Church's property to alien purposes unconnected with the interests of its members. I would not rob our Church of one iota of her dignity, nor strip her of her honour or her status; but I desired, and do desire, to see anomalies removed, abuses redressed, and superfluous offices curtailed to meet the requirements of our present wants. Such is a summary of the advice I have ever given, and I take it that no thoughtful man who can read the times will dissent from these recommendations, though he may differ as to the details of carrying them out. But I fear the time has passed away when even such changes will be accepted as a settlement. We would not see the danger, we would not read the signs of the times, we would not prepare for the pending storm, but, lulled into fatal security by mis-judging men whose untutored zeal and rash enthusiasm warped their better judgment, we now view ourselves under their pilotage, amidst the breakers, with all our canvas set. But I desire not to forecast the future in gloomy anticipations. By timely legislation, even in the eleventh hour, something may be effected to restore confidence to our friends and to defeat the objects of those who seek her destruction. But, be the future of the Irish Church what it may, I have no fear for her continuing and increasing vitality and power. Mindful of her

mission, her abiding strength in Christ her head, her former victories over sin and schism both at home and abroad, she will achieve in all her reverses new triumphs, by the self-denying labours of her devoted sons. Though stripped of her temporal wealth, the Irish Church, by the historical recollection of her ancient lineage, by the purity of her doctrine, by her Scriptural simplicity, will ever be, amidst error, heresy, or indifference, a shining witness to the truth; and the self-same voice which fortified and upheld the infant church of old will be her stay and confidence in her darkest hours and her severest trials." His Lordship has replied to the address from the clergy of his diocese. His Lordship states that the address emanates from a misconception on the part of the clergy of his position as a spiritual peer, and is, besides, grounded on erroneous impressions. He considers that he was entitled to express in the House of Lords his personal opinion on any matter brought before it, but especially on questions affecting the Irish Church. He never proposed, he says, that the revenues of the Church should be confiscated, but merely that they should be more equitably divided. He was not forgetful of the faithful services of the clergy, for he had distinctly stated that he spoke on behalf of the working clergy. In moving a vote of thanks to Lord Dufferin, he had made a reservation by using the words—"making all allowance for some diversity of opinion." His Lordship, after a reference to the views of the Archbishop of Dublin and Lord Cairns, as being on certain points in unison with his own, concludes by expressing his opinion that the publication of the address might have been avoided by a personal communication.

TO MINISTERS, AGENTS, AND SUBSCRIBERS.—As there may be some doubt as to the meaning of our reference in the last number to the terms on which the "Presbyterian" will be furnished, we beg to offer a word of explanation. To agents we grant 25 per cent on all remittances for subscriptions in advance. But if any person in a congregation willing to act as agent does not care to claim for himself this percentage but undertakes the work of obtaining and forwarding subscriptions purely from a desire to promote the interests of this periodical, which, as we showed in the last number, are identical with the interests of the Church, it is understood that he can give the subscribers whom he represents the advantages of our offer, so that they will obtain the "Presbyterian" for 75 cents instead of a dollar. Five or more subscribers clubbing together, and sending in their subscriptions at the same time in advance through one of them, may thus obtain a great reduction. For a smaller number we shall charge the old price of a dollar: and in every case in which the subscription is not paid in advance it will be a dollar.

PRESBYTER. OF MONTREAL.—The quarterly meeting was held in St. Andrew's Church, on the 6th of November, the Rev. Joshua Fraser, Moderator.

Commissions in favour of Mr. J. Burns from St. Andrew's Church, and from St. Paul's in favour of Mr. A. Ferguson, as representative Elders of their respective Congregations during the Synodical year were read and sustained.

A committee consisting of Dr. Jenkins and Messrs Campbell and Sym, was appointed to examine Mr. Chas. Dondiet as to the progress he had made during the last session at the Divinity Hall, in accordance with the laws of the Church. Reports were received of the collections taken up by the various congregations within the bounds of the Presbyteries for the Synod Home Mission Fund.

In answer to a question from the Rev. Mr. Ross, Dundee, the Rev. Dr. Mathieson stated that every effort would be made by the Temporalities Board to meet the payments to ministers due this half year.

The commission of Mr. John Kerr from the Kirk Session of St. Mathews, Montreal, as representative for the Synodical year, was read and sustained.

The Rev. J. D. Ferguson, a member of the Presbytery of Ottawa, was requested to sit and deliberate with the Presbytery.

The Rev. Dr. Jenkins read the report of the Presbytery Home Mission Committee, on which a long and animated discussion took place. It was finally adopted as a whole.

The Presbytery appointed the Rev. Mr. Campbell, to preach at St. Louis de Gonzague, on the 10th, and to inform the congregation of the steps to be taken by the Presbytery in reference to the appointment of an ordained Missionary to that charge.

Dr. Mathieson reported that the title deeds of the Church at Beauharnois, had been completed and duly executed, transferring it from the Seigneur of Beauharnois to the Presbytery.

Rev. Mr. Clarke produced a form of Schedule prepared by him, and laid before the Committee on Statistics, by whom it was now presented to the Presbytery for approval. It was, he said, of the utmost importance, that the position of congregations should be known to the Presbytery within whose bounds they are—much trouble would be saved, and better conclusions would be reached by the Church Courts, as to the efficiency of the charges under their care. The committee suggested that a number of copies be printed and distributed, two to each congregation, the one to be retained by it, and the other forwarded to the Presbytery, so that the statistics of all the congregations within the bounds of the Presbytery, could be gathered into one sheet,—approved.

The Presbytery's Home Mission Meetings, and the deputations were next agreed upon. The following is the list:

Lachine, 3rd February, 7 p.m.: Laprairie, 4th, 2 p.m.: St. Matthew's, Montreal, 4th, 7.30 p.m.: St. Andrews and St. Paul's, Montreal, in St. Andrew's Church, 5th, 7.30 p.m.: St. Gabriel, 6th, 7.30 p.m.: deputation, Messrs Sym and Clarke.

Hemmingford, 10th February, 7 p.m.: Rus-

seltown Flats, 11th, 7 p.m.; North Georgetown, 7 p.m.; Beechridge, 13th, 7 p.m.—deputation, Messrs Black, Campbell and Paton.

Huntingdon, 17th, February, 7 p.m.; Dundee, 18th, 7 p.m.: Elgin, 19th, 11 a.m.; Athelstane, 19th, 7 p.m.: Oranstown, 20th, 7 p.m.;—deputation, Messrs Fraser, Morris and Pater-son.

Beauharnois, 24th February, 7 p.m.: St. Louis de Gonzague, 25th, 2 p.m.: Chateauguay Basin, 26th, 11 a.m.—deputation, Dr. Jenkins and Mr. Brymner.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO HOME MISSION FUND.

Montreal, St. Andrew's, per Rev. A. Paton,	\$1882.00
St. Pauls, per Rev. Dr. Jenkins,	930.00
St. Gabriel, per Wm Darling Esq.,	120.00
St. Mathew's, per Rev. J. Fraser,	22.00
Matilda, per Rev. John S. Lochead,	4.00
Rev. James T. Paul, Retired minister,	19.00
Rev. Alexander Lewis—Retired minister,	12.00
From a lady, a member of St. Andrew's con- gregation, Kingston,	20.00
Andrew Drummond, Esq., Ottawa,	10.00
J. M. Currier, Esq., M. P., Ottawa,	25.00
Smith's Falls, per Rev. Solomon Myne,	25.00
Nelson and Waterdown, per Rev. H. Edmison,	11.00
Rev. Duncan Morrison, Owen Sound,	25.00
Mrs Galbraith, Bowmanville,	5.00
Goderich, per Rev. David Camelon,	30.00
Peterboro, \$50 additional, making in all be- sides the \$50 deducted by the Board, and which is paid by the congregation,	100.00
Elgin per Rev. Wm Cochrane,	1.75
Clarke, front Church Sabbath School,	6.00
Mulmur, per Rev. Alexander M'Lennan,	25.00
Whitby, additional, per Rev. K. M'Lennan, From the minister and congregations of Mc- Nab and Horton, aided by a few friends in the village of Renfrew,	73.00
Hemmingford, per Rev. James Patterson,	10.00
Guelph, per David Allan Esq., relieving the Board of one year's payment to the minister	150.00
Wawanosh, \$6. Rev. William Barr, \$8,	12.00
Beauharnois, per Rev. F. P. Sym,	22.00
Rev. J. George, D. D., Stratford,	20.00
Clifton, per Rev. George Bell,	45.00
Richmond per Rev. Elias Millan,	15.00
Three-Rivers, additional, per Rev. R. G. Mc- Laren,	12.00
Elgin, additional per Rev. Cochrane,	14.50
Woolwich, per Rev. J. Thom,	25.00
Griffintown Mission, per W. M. Black, Esq., St. Andrews Church,	\$375.50
Kingston, per W. Ireland, Esq., Theological Students of Queen's College,	\$100.00
Pittsburgh (vacant) per Mr. J. Barnes, Elder,	6.00
Williamstown, per Mr. James Dingwall,	16.00
Fergus, per Rev. G. McDonnell,	140.00
Matilda, additional per Mr. Adam Harkness,	10.00
Middleville, per Rev. D. J. McLean,	32.00
Dalhousie, per Rev. D. J. McLean,	18.00
Georgia, per Rev. John Gordon,	12.00
Hornby and Trafalgar, per Rev. W. Stewart,	18.25
Valecartier, per Rev. David Shanks,	52.00
Kitley, per Rev. William White	1.00
St. John's Congregation, West Gwillimbury, per Rev. Wm McKee,	21.20
Dundee, per Rev. Donald Ross,	20.00
Quebec, per Rev. Dr. Cook,	527.00
Galt, per Rev. J. B. Muir,	50.00
Oranstown, per Rev. W. C. Clarke,	50.00
Inverness, per Rev. Mr. Forbes,	11.50
Georgetown	73.00
Leith, and Johnston, per Rev. A. Hunter,	47.00
Chatham, Q. per Rev. D. Ross,	50.00
Westminister, per Rev. J. McKewen,	43.00

FRENCH MISSION FUND

From Clarke Back Church Sabbath School
per Rev. J. S. Mullan, \$7.00
ARCH FERGUSON, Treasurer.
Montreal, 21st December, 1867.

WIDOWS AND ORPHANS FUND.


Scarboro, per the Rev. James Bain, \$30.00
ARCH FERGUSON, Treasurer,
Montreal, 21st December, 1867.

THE CITY OF GOD.



O thee, O dear, dear country!
 Mine eyes their vigils keep;
 For very love beholding
 Thy happy name, they weep;
 The mention of thy glory
 Is unction to the breast,
 And medicine in sickness,
 And love, and life, and rest.
 Brief life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care,
 The life that knows no ending,
 The tearless life is there.
 Oh! happy retribution,
 Short toil, eternal rest,
 For mortals and for sinners,
 A mansion with the blest.
 That we should look, poor wanderers,
 To have our homes on high!
 That worms should seek for dwellings
 Beyond the starry sky!
 And now we fight the battle,
 And then we wear the crown,
 Of full and everlasting,
 And passionless renown.
 Come! O only mansion!
 O paradise of joy!
 Where tears are ever banished,
 And joys have no alloy;
 Beside thy living waters
 All plants are great and small,
 The cedar of the forest,
 The hyssop of the wall;
 With jaspers glow thy bulwarks,
 Thy streets with emeralds blaze.
 The sardines and the topaz
 Unite in thee their rays:
 Thy ageless walls are bonded
 With amethyst unpriced.

Thy saints build up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is Christ.
Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no night, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy power;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.
They stand those halls of Siou,
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And many a martyr throng.
The Prince is ever 'in them,
The light is aye serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.
There is the throne of David,
And there from toil released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast:
And they beneath their Leader,
Who conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.
Jerusalem, the glorious,
The glory of the elect,
Oh! dear and future vision,
That eager hearts expect;
Even now by faith I see thee,
Even here thy walls discern;
For thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive, and pant, and yearn.
Jerusalem, thee only,
That look'st from heaven below,
In thee is all my glory,
In me is all my woe.

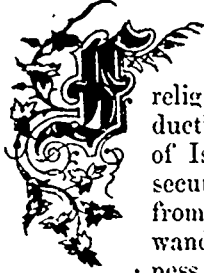


Sabbath Readings.

PANTING AFTER GOD.

BY THE REV. JOHN JENKINS, D. D. ST. PAUL'S, MONTREAL.

"As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.—1 *psalm* xlii. 1."



FULL of beauty and of nature, full, too, of deep religious emotion, is this production of the prophet king of Israel! David, either persecuted by Saul, or drawn from his throne by Absalom, wandered through the wilderness, separated from the ordinances of religion, debarred from the presence of Jehovah as he had seen it in the tabernacle, driven away from the streams which had often strengthened and refreshed him in the City of God; and now, harassed and persecuted, almost forsaken, he finds utterance in the language before us for the emotions and desires of his oppressed spirit: "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." How apt the figure, especially if we suppose the psalm to have been penned during the Sauline persecution. As a hunted deer, exhausted by his efforts to escape death, longs for the repose and refreshment which he had so often enjoyed at the water brooks in the wilderness, beside which he had lain down, and of which he had freely partaken, the persecuted man of God, in a dry and thirsty land where no water was, longed for those ordinances of the sanctuary, those outflowings of the divine presence—the streams of that river which made glad the City of God. It was in the same spirit of longing expectation, of irrepresible ardour, that he said at another time, when in like circumstances: "O God, thou art my God: early will I seek thee: my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land where no water is, to see thy power and glory, so as I have seen thee in the sanctuary."

There are two things into which we may profitably inquire in illustrating and applying the text: First, and briefly—What kind of desire was that which David experienced? and Secondly: What was its object?

1. As to the class of desire experienced. It was spiritual and not physical. He thirst-

ed, but it was an inward thirst which he felt—it was not for streams of water, however pure or refreshing, or however much he may have needed them—his soul thirsted. There is a hunger, more bitter and distressing than that of even him who perisheth for lack of food—there is a thirst more intense than even the thirst of him who, driven from every resource of moisture, lies down in the desert to die—the hunger, the thirst, of the soul—the cravings of the man within for any object upon which he has set his heart. It may be a forbidden object, or it may be an object worthy the affections of the purest created being; be this as it may, no one who has made the mind that exists within him a subject of investigation can have failed to discover, that there belong to that mind, spiritual appetites, intellectual desires, immaterial longings, not to satisfy which is destructive of all that constitutes the life of the soul, happiness, peace, joy, and, through the close connection which exists between it and the outer man, often times, also, the life of the body.

It is worthy of note, too, that on this occasion faith largely entered into the nature of David's desire. He panted for what he saw not; his heart was not at this time set upon an earthly, a visible object;—not upon honour, not upon riches, not upon victory over his foes, not upon Israel's glory and prosperity,—but upon an invisible object—upon God. His desire for God proves him to have been a believer in his existence, and to have had full confidence, also, that he is a rewarder of them who diligently seek, or pant after him. Faith, indeed, was the *basis* of the emotion to which he here gives utterance: it was the view of those divine excellencies and glories which he obtained by his faith that led him to desire their possession; his faith recognized in Divinity a power, a will, a sufficiency, to bless and guide and uphold and save him; his faith saw in God an inexhaustible treasury of good, an overflowing fountain of blissfulness; and when he thus contemplated this fulness of God,—these streams of love issuing from the Heavenly fountain—

he could no longer restrain the emotions of his soul, but must cry out as though his very existence depended upon the satiation of his desire. "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." One of our Christian poets seems to have caught the spirit of these Divine longings when he cries: "Thou only canst my spirit fill!"

II. We are thus naturally and almost insensibly drawn to the contemplation of the object of the Psalmist's so earnest desire. This is the second and chief consideration which we propose to lay before you, "so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

To say the least, this state of mind was most unnatural. I mean that it was a state not shared by men generally, that it is not natural to every man, yea, that it is not natural to any man to desire God. "There is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God." If the appetite for God ever existed in the human mind, it does not now exist. Did it ever thus exist? Yes! there was a period in his history when it was natural for the heart of man to pant after God—to go out in holy desire and affection for his creator in the glory and purity and love of his perfections—but this divine appetite does not now exist in the soul! man's spiritual palate has lost its appreciation of God—its relish for divine things; so that such a state of mind as that which David experienced when he penned this text, argues the creation of a new mental appetite or the renewal of that old appetite whose relish and appreciation has been destroyed by sin. It is so, brethren! no man desires God unless there has been effected in his soul a change, a conversion, a turning from those delights of the world and sin which are objects of universal desire. Had David been left in a state of nature he would never have desired communion with Divinity, God would not have been in any of his thoughts except as an object of enmity and hatred, of rebellion and fear.

Have I then any desire for God? any longing for his presence? any love for his nature? let me rejoice in the possession of such emotions because they are indications that God is working in me, by his grace and by his Spirit.

Then, again, David could never have desired God unless he had previously become acquainted with the remedial system which has been established for the recovery of man to the divine favour. Like all other men, David was shapen in iniquity, and had

sinned against heaven with a high hand, how then could he desire the presence of a holy God? of an inflexibly righteous King and Judge, a presence, in a word, which would have consumed him? It was because he knew that with the most High God there is mercy and that with him is plenteous redemption, that he dared to hope for acceptance, and to desire intercourse with so holy a Being. He knew the doctrine of atonement by sacrifice, and his faith penetrated the cloud of smoke that arose from the burning legal incense, and saw beyond it the anti-type, the promised atonement, the foretold Deliverer of Israel and of the world. So, brethren, is it now. No man desires God unless he has become acquainted with the Gospel. Speak to a sinner of abstract Divinity—of the perfect attributes of the Divine nature—he will be driven from God and will tremble to approach his throne: unfold to him the Gospel—display the revelations of the Divine character which it discloses, open to the imperfect vision of his trembling spirit the doctrine of God with man, of God in Christ, he at once begins to hope that there is mercy in the Divine nature, that his sinfulness does not necessarily destroy him; encourage him in the contemplation, and he will by-and-by discover such a fulness of love in God, such a plenitude of grace, such a will to save, as shall lead him, not merely tremblingly to hope that all is not lost, but earnestly to desire intercourse and fellowship even with a pure and just God. It is the Gospel view of the Divine character which leads sinners, as was David and as are we, to desire and pant after God, "So panteth my soul after thee, O God."

There is a sense in which this language might be proper in the mouth of a penitent though as yet a consciously unaccepted sinner, he thirsts for the Divine favour, for the pardon of his iniquities, for the renewal of his spirit, for peace of conscience, for joy in God, for the Gospel hope; but such a desire is, as we have just intimated, compatible only with a change of spirit and temper and purpose—with sorrow for sin and humiliation before God. With a recognition of Christ's atonement and a desire to be the Lord's. We think, however, that the language of the text is the language of a man of God craving after higher blessings than he has already received. He has tasted that the Lord is gracious, but the mere taste does not satisfy him, he pants for larger measures of grace and he cries to God in spirit if not in words.

"Thee let me drink, and thirst no more
 "For drops of *finite* happiness.
 "Spring up, O well, in heavenly power,
 "In streams of pure perennial peace,
 "Thou, Lord of life, the *fountain* art."

He has obtained glimpses of the Divine character but they do not satisfy him, and he exclaims with Moses, O Lord, show me thy glory.

"A glimpse of love cannot suffice,
 My soul for all thy presence cries."

This is in some sort the experience of the true and faithful Christian; he cannot live without his God, he cannot live without obtaining more and more of spiritual blessing. Yes, brethren; fervency of spirit is a characteristic of that professor who is not turning back to the beggarly element of the world. This fervour leads him to pant, 1st. after close communion with God. Now, alas, it is feeble, and too often interrupted. But he would have God as his *friend*; he would see him face to face without an intervening veil; he would have fellowship with the Deity, — oneness of view, oneness of desire, oneness of affection: he would talk with God and would have the Divine Being to dwell in him and to walk in him, and to converse with him by whispers of his grace and love. Is the Christian, then, when he thus desires, panting after streams of blessedness which have never been or which can never be found? No: Abel found these streams as they bubbled at a source far back in the wilderness of time, and they flowed down with increased and yet increasing bulk, from Abel to Enoch, whose panting soul partook of them and was satisfied, and still they pursued their course through the valleys of time and Noah and Abraham and Israel were refreshed and satisfied. — these living streams followed the children of the Patriarch throughout their wanderings in the wilderness, and as Moses and Joshua and Caleb thirsted and panted, and sought for them, they too found this river of the water of life, drank and were filled—and onward and onward still it flowed, invigorating the souls and quenching the spiritual thirst of thousands as it passed along, until the pantings of David are heard as he cries "My soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee, &c." Rolling along the desert world it reached Isaiah, who stood on its banks gazing upon its ample flow, and then crying "Ho! every one that thirsteth, &c." And now, reduced by drought almost to the dimensions of a stream, it passed through the world heeded but by twos and threes who

nevertheless visited its yet pure and refreshing waters and were satisfied: but the Son of God came and brought with him a plentiful rain of saving grace, and the divine river swelling out to more than its wonted bulk, flowed on with increased rapidity and blessing, and as it flowed, thousands and myriads in the days of the apostles, and myriads and millions more in the days which followed them, thirsted and panted, drank and lived—again, drought visited the world, and the river which was so large as to satisfy the thirst of an empire, became once more a feeble stream wending its way along the retired and little frequented valleys of the Waldenses.—until Luther explored and found it and drank of its life-giving streams; and while he cried to others "Come ye to the waters," down fell the blessed gospel rain and filled the river's bed, and as it pursued its course it flowed through Germany, and into England and Scotland, and then to this continent where, like another Amazon, it began to pour out its vast resources; and now these streams of grace are so abundant and abounding that there is not a soul that thirsts for righteousness and pants for God that may not be, that is not, filled.

Do not imagine that God is far from any one of you; he is near at hand. "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." There is in God, in his Love, in the Gospel, in the rich treasury of the Holy Ghost, ample scope for the most ardent and comprehensive Christian desire; cultivate, then, the appetite for divine fellowship, for communion with God. Cultivate it from day to day in your closets, and the greater the blessings which you receive, the greater will be your desires for more, the closer the union with Christ and the fellowship with God that you enjoy, the more earnest will be your pantings for fuller and more intimate communion.

I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
 The greatness of redeeming love,
 The love of Christ to me.

How blessed an experience was that of David. "How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God: how great is the sum of them. If I could count them they are more in number than the sand. When I awake I am still with thee."

2dly. Observe, again, that the faithful Christian longs for a deeper impress upon his heart of the divine image. In this sense he "pants after God." The human embodiment of this image he discovers in the spirit and actions, the whole life of Jesus

Christ, God manifested in the flesh. For his righteousness he thirsts;—his spirit, its meekness, its gentleness, its love, its patience its charity, its kindness, its long suffering, he ardently desires; the burden of his address to his heavenly Father is, I shall be satisfied when, and only when, I awake in thy likeness. There is a growth, in the divine image upon the Christian's soul, and let no man be discouraged from seeking and cultivating this growth. It is for this that the Son of God came! it is to this that every child of God is predestined. "For whom he did fore-know he also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son." But is there no danger of spiritual pride? Should not the fear of undue elevation discourage us from seeking after these higher graces of religion? Nothing can be further from the truth than the theory which underlies this question; humility is the print of a deep and growing piety, not of a shallow and changeable religion: in proportion to the extent of personal holiness is the depth of personal humility. It is your cold, dead, half-hearted Christians that are stuck up with spiritual pride. The nearer you get to God the more will you feel your nothingness, your unworthiness: then pant after Him, thirst for his presence, thirst for his image: say to Him "My soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee." Say to Him, I long to be holy as thou art holy, to be merciful as thou art merciful, to be perfect as my Father in heaven is perfect.

"Thou, only, canst my spirit aid,
Come, O my God, my God."

3rdly. The faithful Christian pants after God in the sanctuary. We have already pictured David's position in the wilderness, and his long and far separation from the tabernacle. The circumstances of God's people now, though somewhat dissimilar, are occasionally such as to excite emotions correspondent with those to which the Psalmist gives utterance in the 63rd Psalm. "My soul thirsteth for thee in a dry and thirsty land where no water is, to see thy power and thy glory so as I have seen thee in the sanctuary." Sometimes personal affliction—family sickness, or a long voyage, interferes with their enjoyment of sanctuary privileges. What would they not give to resume their position in the house of God, to join its blessed praises, to unite in its earnest supplications for spiritual good, to sit under its instructions: to behold the glory of Him who dwelleth between the cherubims; often have we seen and heard dry and

thirsty souls long after the sanctuary, mourning that they made so imperfect a use of its ordinances while they were within their reach, and vow solemnly that if permitted to return to them they would employ them to their own edification and to the Glory of God. I would, however, say a word to those who are often kept, lawfully kept, from the house of the Lord. Remember that David lived under that dispensation whose religious worship was principally carried on in a central position. The Jews did not extend, neither did they seek to extend, the influence of their system of religion beyond their own nation. They worshipped at Jerusalem and there especially, yea, and almost only, did they look for those manifestations of the divine presence which accorded with the genius of the Mosaic economy. You live under another economy, an economy whose genius and spirit vary from those of the former dispensation—and economy whose characteristic is diffusion rather than concentration, a dispensation which has no visible centre, a dispensation in which wheresoever two or three are gathered together in Christ's name, there is he in the midst of them—where all may come with boldness, and obtain, &c.—where all may with unveiled face behold as in a glass, &c. When, then, you are debarred from the enjoyments of the house of God, forget not that you have access to him at all times, and may behold his power and glory in your secret exercises—forget not that in his gospel you have the richest display of his attributes, and whoso looketh into the perfect law, &c. It is a privilege, high, holy, unspeakable, to come up to the sanctuary, and still may we say with David "How amiable, &c." but blessed be God, he has recorded his name upon the sick-room of the Christian and upon the cabin of the ship in which he voyages, and upon the mountain top, or the quiet vale, or the river's bank, or the ocean shore, and upon the secret, sacred chamber of the man of God, and there will he show us his glory, there will he bless. Wherever the soul is that pants after God, there God is in the fullness of his love.

The faithful Christian thirsts for God when he comes up to the house of prayer—this is his desire to see the divine power and glory as he has himself seen in other days, or as he has heard of their manifestations in other days. When the man of God visits the holy sanctuary, he keeps his feet as he walketh hither, his soul goes out in holy contemplation and desire after the king of kings and he oftentimes cries within

himself. O that I might come even to his seat, 'O that this day I might behold the wondrous sight of Jehovah coming down in his power and visiting his people with salvation. His soul thirsts for spiritual good. What to him are the charms of eloquence? what to him are architecture and style and order? his heart pants for God, and as he sings his psalms of praise he sends his thoughts towards the high and holy place above, and as he bows his heart in prayer he expects the shining forth of the Divine glory, he looks for the promised communications of strength and guidance and support. yea, while he wait upon the Lord he hopes for strength to mount upwards as on eagles' wings, and as he sits under the read or spoken word of gospel grace he prays for the promised spirit, for the unction of the holy One, that the word may be with power. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God, to see thy power and thy glory so as, &c.—to see sinners bowing under the word, to see sorrowing seekers of God's favour encouraged and comforted, to see oppressed and afflicted and desponding Christian souls raised up and strengthened and empowered to say in faith and patience, "Father, not my will but thine be done!" Brethren, this is the spirit of the Christian as he sits in the house of prayer, his soul thirsteth for God. And he does not thirst in vain! There is a river the streams whereof make glad the sanctuary, and that river emanates from God, from his heavenly home, that river is the divine fulness which flows down in the midst of us from the presence of his glory, that our

ALMA MATER SOCIETY, QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, KINGSTON.—At the meeting of the Alma Mater Society, of Queen's University, the following officers were elected, viz.—President, Dr. MacLean. Vice Presidents, Dr. Jardine, Dr. Armstrong, Messrs John R. Dickson, jr. W. B. Thibodo, R. Campbell and Nesbit. Secretary, Mr. W. H. Fuller. Treasurer, Mr. Alexander.

From the above paragraph in the Kingston Daily News Dr. McLean's friends will be glad to hear of the new honour conferred upon him, and of his having again entered upon active duty. This eminent young Surgeon, who is one of the professors in the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, Kingston, has been laid up for some months past with a severe affection of the lungs, but is now convalescent and attending to his professional duties.

THE REV. MR. JOHNSON.—Amongst the names of those who recently passed their examinations at Orswood Hall, we are gratified to see that of the Rev. Mr. Johnson the late highly esteemed Minister of St. Andrew's Church at Lindsay. The examination for Attorney was an uncommonly severe one in which about forty per cent. of the candidates were "plucked." Yet in this the Rev. gentleman passed so creditably in the written examination that he was

thirsting spirits may be filled and the Church made glad in her salvation.

Finally, all this is mere foretaste. There is an upper sanctuary the brightness and glory and blessing of which are but dimly shadowed forth on earth, there is an upper temple where we shall see him as he is, where saints and angels, where seraphs and martyrs and apostles join in praise and in worship untainted by imperfection, where communion with Deity is uninterrupted by Sin, where the displays of the divine presence are unsubdued by human cloud, where all is bright, and blessed, and happy, and immortal. For this the Christian pants, his soul rises upwards in holy ardent expectation.

.. To that his labouring soul aspires
With ardent pangs of strong desire."

And what are *you* panting, my hearers? for the world? for ease? for riches? for honours? For what do your souls thirst? for earthly eminence? for elevated social position? for creature good?—or are you thirsting and panting for God, for his salvation, for his pardoning mercy, for sanctifying grace, for the privileges of his favour, for the joys of his fellowship, for everlasting life in the world to come? these, these alone, are worthy the cravings of an immortal mind! God in the glory of his perfections, God in the condescension of his grace, God in the plenitude of his blessings, God in the glory of his eternal home, the dwelling place of the saints. Blessed they that thus thirst, for they shall be filled.

informed by the treasurer of the Law Society that the Benchers would in his case, dispense with the usual oral examination which is regarded as a distinguished honor to the recipient. The examination for the degree of Barrister was also a trying ordeal through which Mr. Johnson passed successfully distinguishing himself mainly in his paper on the Law of Real Property. It must be a source of gratification to his friends and well-wishers, of whom he has many in all parts of the Province, that when laid aside from the laborious duties of the church, he has had sufficient perseverance and talent through laboring under the drawback of ill health and limited means, to master the details of another and, in itself most difficult profession. Mr. Johnson's heart is still strongly disposed to work for the Church and in his new sphere will no doubt be of eminent service to it. Altogether it is pleasing to see that twelve years of laborious Missionary life have not abated the ardor of his mind nor deteriorated that metal which he evinced so remarkably in Queen's University at Kingston in '47 and following years.... May he be spared to reap where he has so devotedly sown and not be disappointed in the patronage of an appreciating public.