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THE PRESBYTERIAN.

NOVEMBER, 1865.



IN the Resolutions of the Quebec Conference on Confederation, of October, 1864, was one defining the powers of the Local Legislatures. Among the subjects coming within their control was the very important one of Education. The exact words are to be found on the fourth page of the official report of the Debates, and they are these: "The Local Legislatures shall have power to make laws respecting the following subjects:..... 6. Education; saving the rights and privileges which the Protestant or Catholic Minority in both Canadas may possess as to their Denominational Schools at the time when the Union goes into operation." In the course of the Debate, the Hon. Mr. Rose, in compliance with a request by the Hon. Mr. Holton. (Debates, page 410,) asked an explanation of the meaning of this clause, but no explicit answer was returned by Attorney General Cartier to that part of the question which related to the Schools themselves. A bill was promised, which should satisfy all parties, as to the distribution of the moneys arising from Commercial Companies, and such control by Protestants in Lower Canada over their own schools as would satisfy them; but that was all.

Now we contend, as we have hitherto maintained, that Protestants have *no denominational* schools in Lower Canada. They have no necessity for them, and, we believe, would be contented to have the present law, as a whole, left undisturbed. With the conflicting religious elements which exist in the country, with so many different branches of the Protestant Church, most of them differing more in name, however, than in reality, they have never for one moment entertained the thought of establishing denominational schools, being fully assured that such a purpose would inevitably defeat the object they have in

view, that of the proper education of their children. They have, therefore, borne uncomplainingly the injuries which they have had to suffer, overcome, as far as possible, the obstacles thrown in their way, and submitted to acts of injustice to which they have been exposed. We are told by Mr. Cartier. (Debates, page 411,) that we will not find that there is any such thing as Catholic or Protestant Schools mentioned in the laws of Lower Canada, a fact well known to all who have studied the subject, and Protestants have scrupulously adhered to the law. Have the Roman Catholics done so? Have they not day by day, and year by year, been gradually encroaching the privileges belonging to the people of this country of having their children educated as they would desire them to be? Not Protestants alone, but their own people also, are subjected to the despotism, the irresponsible despotism, which is exercised by the Educational Office; for many Roman Catholics, desirous of sending their children to the Common Schools, have been compelled to send them to inferior Sectarian Schools, so as to prevent them from receiving the benefits of a more enlarged education than these afford. And it is probably well that the constantly increasing aggressions of this Office should go on without delay, that the mask being thrown off, no room may longer be left for doubt as to the ultimate designs of the Romish Priesthood working through their obedient tool, the Superintendent of Education.

With a fixed and settled purpose before them, under complete organization, and having at their command the whole power which the complete control of the Education Office gives them, the priesthood occupy a most advantageous position in this country in carrying on the contest in which they are now engaged. They see clearly, if we do not, that the higher the advantages they possess before the Union of the Provinces is proclaimed, the stronger will be their

position after it is accomplished. They are now, therefore, bringing about changes rapidly, to tell to their advantage if there should be a union, to remain as substantial gains should there not. Among these changes one has been managed, quietly and apparently unnoticed, that, namely, of dividing up the districts of the School Inspectors in the Protestant parts of Lower Canada, and making new districts for *Roman Catholic* Inspectors, although we are told authoritatively that in the School Law no such thing as Roman Catholic or Protestant is named.

Why should this be done at this particular time? Have any complaints been made of unfairness on the part of the original superintendents? Was there even the pretext made that the size of the districts was too large for effectual supervision? There have been no such complaints, there has been no such pretext, but boldly, openly and undisguisedly *Roman Catholic* Inspectors have been appointed to inspect *Roman Catholic* Schools, although "no such thing as Catholic or Protestant Schools is mentioned" in the School Act. Already four of these new appointments have been made. On the death or removal of the present Common School Inspectors, will their places be filled up, or will the Superintendent, seized with an access of economy, not decide it to be expedient to fall back upon the old divisions, and, there being no mention in the act of Catholic or Protestant, retain in their office the new men who have been appointed as exclusively *Roman Catholic* Inspectors. Even in Catholic countries this state of things has been put an end to. France has taken away from the clergy the power which they arrogated; and Italy, in her contest for freedom, passed in 1848 a law which still exists, by which public instruction was placed under the Secretary of State, assisted by an administrative council, religious interests being otherwise provided for. It is well, perhaps, that we should feel the full extent of the power of the priesthood, which has been allowed to grow up unchecked. Then only can we hope to see united action. At present, the priesthood are gliding smoothly on, like the Alpine travellers carried onward by the wreath of snow, amused at the apparently harmless turmoil going on around them. But let a check come, sufficient to arrest the onward progress, and the continued pressure, forcing into one solid mass, the hitherto loose and unconnected fragments, will, with irresistible pressure

crush to atoms those who had hitherto laughed at its yielding softness.

For this question is but one branch of the much larger and wider question of the ever growing power of the Romish priesthood in Canada, and the political domination which it aspires to obtain. It is not among non-catholics alone that the pressure is being felt. The French Canadian Catholics themselves are flying from the oppression which they are suffering, and there is not a French Canadian paper published which does not lament over the continued emigration from Lower Canada of thousands of her sons. Yet they appear blind to the reason of this emigration. The emigrants themselves can tell and make no hesitation in stating their reasons for abandoning a country to which they are, or rather to which they would be attached, but for the utter impossibility of earning enough for themselves, satisfying the rapacity of the priesthood, and, in new settlements, paying the instalments on their land. The flight is not confined to one part of the country. From the old settled farming districts, from the new settlements, the same accounts come. The parochial system, really and truly making the Romish Church the Established Church of Canada, has been extended in all directions throughout what was formerly the Protestant portion of Lower Canada, and not a session of parliament passes without fresh parochial divisions being made. Protestants look on and ask: Why should we interfere? Have we any right to place any restriction on the ecclesiastical arrangements of that church with its own people? If they have any reason to complain, they will doubtless do so. It is entirely a question of religion, and here, at least, all religions are free. But is it, indeed, a religious question? Are there not the most important civil rights involved, rights affecting the whole country, and every individual in it, Protestant and Catholic. The property of Protestants is systematically confiscated to support this monstrous foreign corporation, not in name, but as directly as if it were openly stated. By the parochial system, under the present law, so soon as a new parish has been created, it is competent to provide for the building of a Church, Rectory, &c. The building being determined upon, with the approval of the Commissioners, a process of *répartition* is entered, the effect of which is to tax every proprietor in the parish belonging to the Roman Catholic

persuasion. That tax becomes a first mortgage on the property, taking precedence of all other mortgages, or of any burden of whatever nature. If not paid, all costs incurred in suing, often doubling the amount, are added, and are placed on the same footing as the original tax. Should the property be brought to Sheriff's sale, the whole expenses are deducted before any other creditor can receive a farthing, and although the total amount of the tax may only be payable at the expiry of eight, ten, or twelve years, yet on such sale being effected the total amount must be paid at once. In addition to this there are priests' dues, tithes, and other charges, which can all be collected by a peremptory process. The effect of this upon the prosperity of the country has been ruinous in the extreme. With the one hand the extreme party have been trying to build up a French Canadian nationality, to extend the Roman Catholic religion, and to claim Lower Canada as belonging of right to them as sons of the soil; while with the other they have by their exactions driven them out to seek in some other land the enjoyment of their labours denied to them here. And well do the French Canadians know that this is so. When removed beyond the power of the priesthood, they do not scruple to throw off the yoke under which they have groaned. Too many of them, it is to be feared, become godless and regardless of any religion; many of them, it is to be hoped, find a joy and a consolation in a true and undefiled religion—that of Christ himself. "When a French Canadian learns to speak English," say the priests, "he becomes an infidel; we wish to see no such man amongst us." We have seen letters from priests in the Western States of America, warning and entreating that every effort should be made to stop them from coming there. They become infidels, say they, and, worse still, they become *Protestants*. Not by ones or twos are the French Canadians quitting the country, not single men to seek temporary employment, intending to return, bringing with them the results of their labour, but now whole families are leaving in a body, and there is no question but that a decrease has taken place in the population. How can it be otherwise? We know that Immigration from abroad has been to a very limited extent, while emigration has been on a large scale. Wherever you turn in the United States, there may be found large bodies of French Canadians, and it is a fact that at the last Census

families were returned as living in Lower Canada the greater part of whom had long since left it. The "Little Maid" of Wordsworth, slightly altered, exactly describes how the Census was in many cases made:

"You say that two are in the West,
 "And three are in New Haven,
 "Then there are only two," I said.
 But still the father old replied,
 "Nay, nay, Sir, I have seven."

And accordingly seven go down in the Schedule of the Census taken.

But not only are the Roman Catholics driven out of the country, but Protestants have their property confiscated to support this Established Church of Canada. As we have pointed out, the Church tax takes precedence of every mortgage, or of any burden whatever, no matter whether that mortgage formed part of the burdens on the land at the time it was acquired by the Roman Catholic or not. And we may briefly describe the process of spoliation. In many of the new settlements lands are held by Protestants. A lot is sold to a Roman Catholic, who pays a small instalment, the other instalments being payable at intervals, and extending over several years, the annual payment being, probably, twenty or thirty dollars a year. A Church rate is subsequently laid on. In one case no less than two thousand dollars were expended for a new Church in a Parish where, by a liberal allowance, the *whole* wealth of the Roman Catholic population would scarcely have amounted to that sum. When the time for payment comes what can the poor man do? As an honest man he feels that he has his instalment to pay, he has wrought hard to earn a little money to do so, but the priest steps in and says that the Church claims the right to his money, and the law allows it. In this strait he abandons the land, with any little improvement he may have made upon it, leaves the country, and his labour is lost to us, and goes to enrich another land. But the Church will not be balked of her prey. The land belongs to a Protestant, never did belong to a Roman Catholic save nominally, yet in spite of that the death grasp of Rome has been laid upon it, not to be relaxed till every penny of the claim is paid. The tax is a first mortgage, a preferable claim over that of any other, and the land is seized and sold by sheriff's sale, the real owner having no redress. Another instance may show how the law works. A country storekeeper runs in debt to the city merchant, and gives security upon his land. He subsequently

fails, his assets bearing no proportion to the amount of his liabilities. Without the security of the land the merchant would not have given him credit, no other mortgage was registered when his was granted; but nevertheless, on trying to realize, he finds a prior claim, which sweeps away the whole proceeds of the sheriff's sale, and he, a Protestant, finds that he has been obliged to pay out of his own pocket a large sum to maintain a Church his very soul abhors.

These are no ideal cases. They are real. The time is coming, has already come, when these abuses must be enquired into. We enter at this time into no theological discussions of the right or wrong of the religious system thus drawing away the very life blood of the country, but looking at the matter as one appertaining to our civil liberties, we would earnestly call attention to the question. It is one which cannot be avoided. It will force itself upon us

whether we will hear or whether we will forbear, and the sooner men are prepared to consider it, the more speedy will be the remedy. Those who would wish to see the law on the subject may find it by turning to the Consolidated Statutes of Canada, page 111 and onwards; those who would see the practice can only do so on the spot.

But there are hopes, even in this state of things, that a better day will arise, that a new light will shine into the hearts of our French Canadian brethren. Losing confidence in the priesthood, to whom can they turn? Shall they be suffered to fall into infidelity, as too many have already done? Is there no work for us, as Christians, to do at this time? Why do our efforts languish, and why is our French mission allowed to exist almost without life? We pray you, brethren, to look to it. We have a deep responsibility, and be assured that God will one day require from us an account of our stewardship.

News of our Church.

PROF. WILLIAMSON'S ADDRESS AT THE OPENING OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE.



We regret that our space will not permit of us giving in full the admirable address delivered by Professor Williamson at the opening of the College. We can only give the principal points of the address, which occupies four columns and a half of the *Kingston Daily News*. In the process of condensation, it must be evident that much of the eloquence, the varied illustrations, and the learning, must to a great extent be lost to our readers.

Professor Williamson said:—

Truth in its various forms, with the methods by which it is established, is the great object in the pursuit of knowledge in general, and of a University education in particular. It forms part of one great system which is fully known only to the Omniscient Author of all. Man, however, is endowed in no small measure with the capacity of discovering it, and it ought to be his chief aim to comprehend it as fully as he can. Truth, therefore, as a whole, is the great object of a complete University education. I shall now, however, endeavour to bring before you some of the benefits to be derived from the study of those branches of it, the teaching of which devolves upon myself.

The object of the Faculty of Arts is not to fit the student for any particular calling, but in a great measure for any one whatever, that he may be prepared for entering with the utmost advantage on the special investigation of the truths relating more immediately to the profession or walk in life which he may hereafter pursue.

Each branch of study in the undergraduate course, in a greater or less degree, contributes to this end. The study of the dead languages has been found fault with by some as of little or no use in the present day. Logic and Metaphysics have been exposed to similar objections, and Mathematics has been inveighed against as dealing only in dry abstractions. Objections such as these have been urged against one or other of most of the subjects of a University curriculum. Each, however, has its own peculiar importance. It is one of the most fatal mistakes to endeavour to set one branch of study against another. Mathematics and Logic mutually illustrate each other; Natural Philosophy may be said to comprehend Mathematics, and Natural Theology derives its chief arguments from Natural Philosophy and natural science, while the study of languages and literature teaches us to express perspicuously and elegantly the results which have been arrived at in every portion of the domain of knowledge. The same Almighty Being laid the foundations of the science of Zoology, and ordained the various facts and laws of the organic and inorganic world. "What God has thus joined together let not man put asunder."

While, however, none of the departments of the undergraduate course are to be undervalued, none are to be overestimated. We are

not to become devotees to any particular branch, and refuse to award its due merit to anything which it does not include. My colleagues and myself are anxious that all may work in peace and harmony towards one common end.

The Natural Philosophy of the present day is the noblest edifice which the powers of the human mind have reared, built up as it has been by the labours of men of superior intellect and the most patient research. The benefits which its discoveries in every one of its branches have conferred are so obvious as to be beyond dispute. It displays the perfections of the Deity, tends, by the grace of God, to beget in us a lowly and reverential spirit, and by the proofs which its discoveries display of the wonderful powers of the human mind, affords one of the strongest arguments, apart from revelation, in favour of the immortality of the soul. In the countless and marvellous adaptations of means to an end which it exhibits, it furnishes us with the most manifest evidences of wise and beneficent design, and the most striking and convincing proofs of the power and goodness of the Creator.

An acquaintance with its principles is necessary for the proper discharge of the duties of almost every occupation in life. His knowledge of these principles will better enable the statesman to decide upon questions respecting the general manufacturing and mechanical interests of the country. Every one is concerned to be in some degree familiar with the discoveries of Natural Philosophy, and no one can remain uninformed on the subjects of which it treats, without leaving his understanding unfurnished in one of the most fruitful parts of knowledge.

The knowledge of Natural Philosophy is also a source of unalloyed pleasure, and is fitted to exert a most beneficial influence on the mental and moral condition of its possessor. Whatever gratifies the thirst of the mind affords pleasure of one description or another. When this mental appetite is abused its gratification tends to enervate and corrupt the mind. How different, however, is it with the discoveries of Natural Philosophy! The knowledge it affords cannot fail to call forth the most agreeable emotions, while it at the same time elevates the soul above the things of time, and tends to preserve it from the seductive allurements of false and grovelling pleasures. Above all, it leads us directly to the contemplation of the Great First Cause, the Almighty, wise and beneficent Creator, the only fountain of genuine and lasting happiness.

The advantages of Natural Philosophy are indisputable, and so also ought we to esteem those of Mathematics upon which so much of Physics depends. All its truths lie perfectly known in the Divine mind, and they who are ignorant of them are ignorant of a knowledge which is divine in its origin, and less able to appreciate the depth of God's wisdom. Without Mathematics the magnificent fabric of Natural Science could not have been reared. Newton could not have established on an immovable basis the truth of the theory of the solar system. We do not, of course, expect the student, except in a few rare instances, to enter far into the higher parts of the science. To

engage, however, in the work of the Class of Physics in such a manner as a University curriculum implies, requires a somewhat familiar knowledge of at least the elements of Geometry, including Conic Sections, Algebra, and Trigonometry.

Natural Philosophy, though it profits by it in an eminent degree, is not the only department of Academic study to which Mathematics lends its aid. For while Logic is the grammar of reasoning, Mathematics is the practice of the purest Logic, and presents to the Logician the most perfect examples of the application of the principles of his science.

The study of mathematics, moreover, familiarizes the mind with those ideas of space and number, and those axioms on which it was founded, and is of the utmost importance in many of the professions and much of the business of life.

Altogether apart, however, from such immediate applications of its truths, mathematics is of the highest utility from the general effects of its study, on the pursuit of knowledge of every kind. One of the main objects of the undergraduate course of the University is to strengthen and discipline the mind to habits of masculine thinking, exact reasoning, and patient research, not less valuable than all the knowledge which may be here acquired, and far more so than they are often supposed to be. The habit of reasoning accurately with which the student of Mathematics becomes imbued, he brings to bear on all the other parts of the domain of literature and science. It accustoms the mind to habits of close attention, and tends to promote independence of thought, and to give due weight to the judgments of others.

Turning to the objections to the study of Mathematics, that it narrowed the mind, and was injurious to the exercise of the mental faculties, the learned Professor shewed from the array of the most eminent names of ancient and modern times that such an objection was quite untenable,—and continued:

To come to our own University, need I mention your respected teachers, Professor Mowat and Mr. Mackerras, who each gained the highest honours in Mathematics? Or among the graduates who have been here distinguished for their attainments in Mathematical science, and carried off from the most famous seats of learning the prizes awarded to superior merit, Harkness, who, amid hundreds of competitors in Britain, obtained one of the very first places, or Donald Ross, whose examination papers alone have been deemed of sufficient merit to entitle him to the degree of B.D.; or MacLennan, McIntyre, and Drummond, the first in the examinations before the Benchers of the Law Society of Upper Canada; the two latter being the first, the one in 1864, and the other in 1865, Drummond alone of the graduates of the other universities of the Province passing this year with honours!

No wonder, then, that we find in the statutes and practice of other universities the strongest evidence of the high opinion formed of the study of Mathematics. Cambridge, London, and Edinburgh, each require for the degree of B.A., such an acquaintance with Mathematics as a two years' course is necessary to give, and a

much higher standard is fixed for those who pass with honours. In the Dublin University, attendance in the classes of pure Mathematics is required for two years, for the ordinary degree. The three Provincial Universities of British North America, each require for undergraduates not a two years' attendance only, but a three years' course in Mathematics. This is the case in the University of Toronto, in the Provincial University of Fredericton, New Brunswick, and Dalhousie College and University, Halifax, Nova Scotia. If, therefore, we would maintain our present position, and be, in this respect, at least on a level with other universities, we ought rather to require more than less, and return to our original course of three years in Mathematics instead of two.

Trusting that these remarks will have the effect of leading you to a diligent study of the great subjects of which we have been treating, and of all the other branches of knowledge in which you are here to be engaged, I now conclude by bidding you heartily God speed.

ORDINATION AT CHATHAM.—The Presbytery of Montreal met at Chatham on Tuesday the 10th October, for the ordination and induction of the Rev. D. Donald Ross.

The Rev. the Moderator of the Presbytery, (Mr. Clarke, B.A., of Ormatown) had on the previous Sunday cited the congregation of St. Mungo's to assemble on that day at 2 o'clock p.m., and at the hour appointed, a numerous audience had come together. The Presbytery having been constituted by prayer, the Moderator and the other members of the Court proceeded to examine Mr. Ross on those subjects prescribed by the laws of the Church; the Presbytery having sustained Mr. Ross's trials, and no objection having been offered, the Rev. the Moderator preached a suitable discourse, dwelling earnestly upon the duty of the Ministry to preach Christ to the people. Again taking his seat as Moderator of the Court, he put to Mr. Ross the usual ordination questions. These having been satisfactorily answered, the candidate knelt down, surrounded by all the members of the Presbytery who were present, the Moderator offered up a solemn ordination prayer, and at the particular part of the prayer, when the formula of ordination is introduced, each member laid his hand upon the head of the candidate, who was thus set apart for the office and work of the Ministry. "By the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery." Every one present seemed deeply moved with the solemnity of this part of the service. The newly ordained Minister was then very suitably charged as to his duty by the Rev. Mr. Sym, and the congregation, as to theirs, by the Rev. Dr. Jenkins. Altogether it was a most impressive service.

The Rev. Dr. Mathieson took no part in the proceedings, except in the examination of the candidate in the Greek of the New Testament.

The Rev. G. D. Ferguson, A.B., of Original and Hawkesbury, in the Presbytery of Ottawa, being present, was invited to sit and take part in the proceedings.

The members of the Presbytery were hospitably received by L. Cushing, Esq., who is a

long tried friend of the church in Chatham. He and the congregation generally must be well pleased at the settlement amongst them of an able and most promising young Minister.

PRESENTATION TO LEMUEL CUSHING, JR., Esq.—

A very interesting meeting was held in St. Matthew's Church, Point St. Charles, on the 19th October, for the purpose of making a presentation to Mr. Cushing, the superintendent of the Sabbath School in connection with that Church. The meeting was presided over by the Rev. Joshua Fraser, the minister of the congregation. After some remarks from him, and some excellent singing by the children, Mr. Kerr, the Vice-Superintendent of the School, came forward, and, on behalf of the Teachers and Scholars, addressed Mr. Cushing in most affectionate and appropriate terms, and concluded by begging him to accept of the photograph of the assembled Teachers and Scholars of the School, as a small token of their gratitude and appreciation of his services.

Mr. Cushing replied to this address with much feeling, and in most excellent taste, and afterwards addressed the parents and friends of the School, of whom there were a large number present, at considerable length and with much eloquence.

After some more singing by the children, and an appropriate address by the Rev. T. Smith, of Melbourne, the meeting was closed by the benediction.

The photograph which was presented to Mr. Cushing is an excellent group likeness of the Teachers and Scholars, and is executed in the best artistic style, by Mr. A. Henderson. It is enclosed in a large, costly gilt frame, and is altogether a most beautiful picture. We cannot conceive a more tasteful and appropriate present in such circumstances.

PRESENTATION.—On Friday, the 6th Oct., a deputation from the Congregation of St. Andrew's Church, Chatham, C. W., consisting of Chas. G. Chartens, Esq., Messrs Dugald McNaughton, Henry B. Robertson, and Duncan McNaughton, waited on the Rev. John Rannie, and, in name of the congregation, presented him with a purse containing \$130 in bills and gold, accompanied with an address to the following effect:—

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—We the members and adherents of St. Andrew's Church, Chatham, in connection with the Established Church of Scotland, being desirous of conveying to you some expression of our appreciation of the zealous and efficient manner in which you have discharged the honourable and onerous duties of pastor during the period of your ministration in this place, would beg your acceptance of the accompanying purse, which is tendered to you with our warmest wishes for the continued health and happiness of yourself and family.

It must be to you, as it is to us, a reflection fraught with pleasure that perfect harmony and concord have existed between pastor and congregation. And we earnestly pray that, so long as the Almighty in His wise Providence may be pleased to spare you in this corner of His vineyard, your efforts for our spiritual prosperity may be blessed and sanctified.

Mr. Rannie's reply was as follows:—

"Brethren, I thank you very cordially for the affectionate address which you have now, in name of the congregation, presented to me, and I accept with gratitude the substantial token of kindness with which that address is accompanied. While it is not the part of the Christian, in any sphere of duty, much less of the Christian minister, to look for his reward in the approbation and gifts of his fellow men, yet nothing is more essential to the minister's usefulness than the good opinion and affection of those among whom he labours. It is therefore to me a source of much gratification, as well as of encouragement for the future, to have received from you these valuable evidences of good will. I sincerely trust that the harmony subsisting between us may continue unbroken to the end of our connexion, and that God may more abundantly bless us as a congregation of His church. It is my earnest wish and prayer that every member, every adherent, and every family connected with the congregation may enjoy special tokens of the Divine favor, and that their kindness towards me may be plentifully rewarded out of the stores of Him in whom all fulness dwells."

OPENING OF A CHURCH AT WINDSOR, C. W.—The Presbyterians of Windsor have succeeded in bringing to completion their new church. It presents a very good appearance in the front; the style of architecture is Gothic; the size of the building is 60 by 36, seated to contain about 300. There are two aisles—one row of seats running along each side and a double row in the centre. The whole of the inside wood-work is painted. The whole of the inside of the church is finished off in a high, creditable manner and presents a very comfortable appearance. The outside when surmounted by the steeple, as laid down on the plan, will also look very well.

The church was opened on Sabbath last by three days of preaching. The first commencing at half past ten, a.m., was conducted by the Revd. Stephen Balmer, Detroit, who took for his text the 6th chap. of Chronicles and the 18th verse: "But will God in very deed dwell with men on earth? Behold, heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain him: how much less this house which I have built." The sermon was well suited to the occasion. The principal points made were the greatness of God, and at the same time his condescension in caring for his creatures. In the afternoon at 3 o'clock the Rev. Mr. Griffiths of the 1st Baptist church, Detroit, preached from the text, "and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that you might be filled with all the fulness of God"—Ephes., Chap. 3, 19th verse. The sermon was full of thought, illustration and genuine Christian philosophy—in fact a sermon that we only hear once in a long time. The wonderful manner in which God had constituted the human heart to be a habitation for himself was admirably illustrated.

The Rev. Mr. McCorkle, of the First Presbyterian church, Detroit, preached in the evening, at 7 o'clock. He took for his theme the doctrine of justification by faith, as enunciated by Paul in his Epistle to the Romans, and the

doctrine of works, as shown in the general Epistle by James. The sermon was a clear and lucid exposition of the teachings of the two Apostles, and a thorough harmony shown to exist between them. The church was well filled at all the services, and we are informed that the collections amounted to \$58.

On Monday evening the soiree came off, when the church was crowded with a highly respectable audience. The Rev. S. Balmer of Detroit occupied the chair, he being the Moderator of the Session in connection with the church in Windsor. In opening the proceedings he made a few well timed remarks, chiefly of a congratulatory nature, showing how much could be done when people work well together, as the congregation of Windsor evidently had done. He congratulated the Windsor people on what they had done, and bade them God-speed in the work of building up a congregation.

Mr. Alex. Bartlet made a brief statement of the history of Presbyterianism in Windsor, coupled with some statistics showing the number of communicants on the roll; the length of time there had been preaching, mentioning that the Rev. John Hogg, formerly of Detroit, now of Guelph, was the first that established the nucleus of a congregation in Windsor.—Mr. Bartlet also stated that the cost of the church would be about \$2000 to \$2300, and that something like \$300 would remain unpaid after the whole of the subscriptions were collected.

Mr. Archibald McSween spoke on the tendency of creeds or systems sometimes to obscure the truth, showing that many great minds were often cramped and confined on account of the system under which they felt themselves compelled to labour.

The Rev. Mr. Mitchell made a short address on reminiscences of student life in Germany.

The intervals between the speeches were filled in by appropriate pieces of sacred music sung by the choir of Mr. Balmer's church, Detroit, and all went away highly pleased with the evening's entertainment. The ladies did their part to admiration.

The whole of the opening services were a decided success. The amount realized by the soiree will be a little in excess of \$100.

The contractor for the building is Mr James Bartlet, of Windsor, who seems to have given entire satisfaction to all the congregation in the way he has performed his task.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE.

OPENING OF 24TH SESSION.—As previously announced in the Calendar, the 24th Session of Queen's College was commenced by the opening of the classes in Arts and Medicine, on Wednesday the 4th ult. Proceedings took place in the Convocation Hall, the Principal presiding. Having offered prayer, the Principal congratulated the freshmen on their entering the College course, and welcomed back the students of former years. He also briefly adverted to certain clauses of the amendment to the Upper Canada Grammar School Act, and the new Medical Registration Act for Upper Canada, both of which, in the particulars noticed, would elevate and protec

the character of the graduate, and measure the value of his position in society. He then called upon Professor Williamson to deliver the opening address.

MATRICULATION.—So far thirty-four students have offered themselves for Matriculation—twelve being freshmen. It was apprehended by some that the addition of another session, making the course extend over four sessions instead of three, would decrease the number of new students. Instead of producing that effect there is a slight increase. The Medical Professors are highly satisfied with the appearance of freshmen in their department.

SCHOLARSHIPS.—The following scholarships, varying in value from \$35 to \$80, have been awarded, chiefly by order of merit, in the recent examinations; a dagger marking the names of those who carried the honour of gaining more than one, while only one can be held.

MOUNT.—Irwin Stuart: Kingston Presbytery † William Malloy: Campbell—William Claxton: Watkins—Robert Crawford: Hardy—Peter S. Livingstone: Trustees—Mr. J. Mucklestone: Faculty—† Alexander Nicholson: Toronto—John H. Nivin: Bursary—R. Campbell: Kingston—Nathan F. Dupins: Aberdeen—Robert Chanders: St. Paul's Church (Montreal) No. 1 † Peter Campbell McGregor.

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY—A NEW SCHOLARSHIP.—It is very gratifying to find, from time to time that there are persons who, having obtained by the blessing of God upon their industry more than a competent portion of the good things of this life, are willing to devote some of their means to the support and encouragement of our public institutions. A very pleasing example of this occurred the other day in connection with Queen's College. E. H. Hardy, Esq., called upon the Principal, and in the kindest manner authorized him to institute a Scholarship of the annual value of fifty dollars, beginning with the present session, the expressed intention being to lessen the difficulties of some deserving student in his efforts to get a University education. This mode of manifesting his liberality is most creditable to Mr. Hardy, and we trust he will have the satisfaction of witnessing for many years to come the good effect of

his beneficence. The pecuniary outlay occasioned by a College course is considerable to the majority of students in a new country like this. We know they have a hard struggle to meet the necessary demands. The College authorities, it is true, have reduced the class of fees to what may be considered the lowest point possible, but there is still the expense of seven months' board and the cost of books. The foundation of Scholarship is therefore, on these grounds alone, to say nothing of other reasons obviously more important, a most useful encouragement and stimulus to those young men who are anxious to fit themselves for the public service of their country. What Mr. Hardy has done deserves the greatest honor which a good example can receive—a frequent imitation.

LEITCH MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP.—Some of the late Principal Leitch's friends in Scotland have intimated that they are prepared to transmit £100 to this country for the purpose of endowing a Scholarship, provided £200 are raised in this country to be added to it. We understand the Memorial Committee have accepted the proposal, and commenced to take steps to fulfil the condition. The Treasurer is John Paton, Esq., Kingston, to whom subscriptions may be sent. A foundation of £300 will give the College the most valuable scholarship it has. This thing we hope will be done properly.

THE DEGREE OF D.D.—The Calendar of the Edinburgh University recently come to hand shows the somewhat curious fact that not a single minister of the Church of Scotland obtained from it the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. One of those who has received it has done more in his day than any man living to damage the Church; another is the principal of the College of the Welsh Methodists at Bula. The authorities of the royally appointed model of Queen's College are not particular to a shade that the divines they honour be the men of whom it cannot be said—"they reject our polity and deny our doctrine."

DONATIONS TO THE LIBRARY.—Morin College, 1 vol.; Rev. Mr. Aitken, Cobourg, 4 vols.; J. Darroch, Lochiel, 50 vols.; Swedenborg Association, Paisley, 12 vols.; D. Gilmour, Esq., Paisley, 1 vol.; D. Murray, Esq., Paisley, 1 vol.; G. Swing, Esq., M. P. for Paisley, 4 vols.

Correspondence.

To the Editor.

DEAR SIR,—A few weeks ago I sent the August and September Nos. of the Presbyterian to an old and much respected clergyman of the Church of Scotland; and in a letter I had from him by last mail, he makes reference to them in the following terms, which you are at liberty to publish. I am, dear sir,

Yours truly,

A SUBSCRIBER.

Montreal, 19th Oct., 1865.

I received a few days ago the August and September Nos. of the Presbyterian. I have been much taken with the contents of the

Presbyterian. They are superior to what I commonly find in similar Periodicals. The publication is indeed worthy of encouragement, and does great credit to the layman or laymen by whom it is conducted. Perhaps it is better in the hands of laymen than it would be under the editorship of clergymen.

Your adopted country will ere long be a highly important one among the countries of the world, and its churches will (I trust) increase much in numbers, grace and usefulness. The Presbyterians ought to unite in one great body. It is thus that they would keep Popery at bay, and command the respect of many who would

like to keep them down. I care not, however, for any church or ecclesiastical body, which has not ministers, and other office bearers who are more characterized by humility and the love of Christ, and zeal for his glory and his people's eternal welfare, than they are by ambition for wordly greatness and pomp and fame. Vaia, selfish, conceited, ignorant, stupid clergymen are a nuisance wherever they are, and whatever church or denomination they may belong to. The spirit of Christ is the right spirit for every minister as well as for every believer; and without this spirit a minister cannot be expected to be useful.

St. COLUMBA CHURCH, LOCHIEL.

As numbers of your readers have contributed in aid of the new church in course of erection at Lochiel, it is but natural to suppose that they would like to see an acknowledgment of their kindly expression of sympathy in the columns of our Church organ, and also that they and others would feel interested to know its present state of progress. Begging a little space, then, in your valuable column, let me state

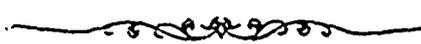
The amount of Collections made, independent of the subscriptions of the Congregation, after deducting expenses :

Scotland (as reported in the "Scotch Record").....	\$316.25
Montreal (including small collections at Quebec and Lachine).....	409.50
Ottawa and Arnprior.....	147.48
Belleville.....	33.04
Kingston.....	111.45
Martintown.....	22.50
Lancaster (and Williamstown in part) per Mrs. Campbell.....	61.90
Jas. Croil, Esq.....	10.00
R. W. Cameron Esq., New York \$200 Am. currency.....	137.00
A friend.....	20.00
<hr/>	
Total.....	1749.12
Realized from Festivals at different times (including a Bazaar).....	441.62½
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	\$2190.63½

To this should be added a collection made at Hawkesbury, which will in due time be accounted for by the collector, supposed to be some \$40. From these figures it appears that the amount collected in aid of the Lochiel Church, independent of the congregational subscriptions, is upwards of two thousand two hundred dollars. And to the very many donors who have contributed to this amount we feel called upon to take this opportunity of giving a public expression of sincerest thanks : and for our own part we should never grudge our arduous labours whilst in the unenviable capacity of mendicant Friarship, were we now able to state to our friends that the Church is nearly finished. We regret having to acknowledge that such is not the case, though it is now in a fair way towards it. The delay has arisen, we may say, not from any fault of the Building Committee, nor from lack of funds, but from the failure of the contractor, which cut us completely off one season's operations. The loss of time caused by this failure cannot be helped, but whether reparation is to be made for the pecuniary loss, remains with the Building Committee, as they have found sureties in the event of such an issue. Had the contractor implemented his promise, the church would have been finished last New-year, and in that event I candidly believe would be clear of debt, as upwards of *two-thirds* the entire contract price had been paid the Contractor. It is now being closed in, so far as to encourage the hope that the close of the Fall will leave it in a condition fit for use during the coming winter. We may state that Divine Service was held under the *new roof* the first Sabbath of this month. I may conclude by stating that the building thus far is the admiration of all, both as regards the *plan* and the *execution* of the work, and if completed according to the design, and as carried out thus far, will make ample amends for a temporary delay.

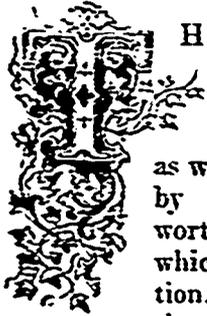
J. DARROCH.

The Manse, Lochiel, October, 1865.



Articles Communicated.

LIFE OF THE APOSTLE JOHN.



HE life of any of the Apostles may be divided into three periods, distinguished and separated as well by marked episodes, as by the character and trustworthiness of the sources from which we derive our information. The first comprehends the time previous to the call to the Apostleship, and concerning which our information is scanty and uncertain, and where we have the dim twilight of morning. The second includes that portion narrated in the Gospel and the Acts, or gathered from the coincidences between the Acts and the Epistles, and where we may be said to have comparatively the clearness of daylight. And the third embraces the whole period subsequent to this and up to his death, and here again we have the shadows of darkness and uncertainty, and the representations are half traditional, half mythical. Such a division is peculiarly applicable in the case of the Apostle John, of whose early years we know so little, but with whose life and character as the beloved Apostle we are familiar, and of whose old age we have many accounts almost wholly traditional, and where the images floating before us are rather mythical than obscure.

The Apostle John was the son of the Galilean fisherman Zebedee and of his wife Salome, and is generally believed to have been a native of Bethsaida, the home also of Peter and Andrew and Philip. Of Zebedee we know nothing more than his name and occupation. Only once does he appear in the sacred narrative, in Matt. xiv, 21, 22, Mark. i, 19, 20, when he is seen in his boat with his two sons mending their nets, and though he seems to have made no objection to his sons leaving him, and obeying the command to follow Christ, yet it does not appear that he ever himself became a disciple. After this, he disappears from the Gospel history, and Salome is found among the pious women who waited in close attendance on Christ's ministry, watched him on the cross, and who brought spices to anoint his body in the sepulchre; and we are therefore led to infer that Zebedee had died before his wife

followed her sons in the work of ministration. We do not know the father's character, but we find the same traits of character in Salome and her sons, and it is probable that John may rather have inherited from his mother his loving disposition and his quick passionate temperament.

Like other children in the province of Galilee, he would no doubt be instructed in the law, and taught to obey its precepts, yet would be free from the traditional learning of the schools of the Judean capital, or from the philosophical tendencies of the Egyptian Jews. At the age of thirteen there would commence the periodical pilgrimages to Jerusalem, when the boy would become familiar with the worship of the temple, its rites and sacrifices, its altar and incense, and the priestly vestments, and we may conjecture the impressions that would be made. As we remarked in the life of Peter, the employment of a Galilean fisherman does not imply poverty or a low condition, and certainly the family of Zebedee was by no means in indigent circumstances; there is mention of hired servants (Mark i, 20). Salome was without doubt one of the women of Galilee who ministered of their substance to Christ, and after the crucifixion John received the mother of our Lord into his home, whether that home was his own private house or not; the Apostle, too, was known to Caiaphas the high priest, and as this acquaintance could scarcely have been subsequent to his becoming a disciple of Christ, it would seem to point to an early intimacy between the two families, though there is no authority for the statement made by some of the early Christian writers of a relationship between them. These facts, however, are sufficient to lead us to infer that the family of Zebedee was of the middle class of society.

We cannot fix with any exactitude the date of John's birth, nor certainly determine which of the two brothers James, or John, was the elder, though the Gospel narrative seems to give James the priority. Our Apostle was no doubt younger than Peter, and probably about the same age as our Lord. In accounting for the early attachment of our Apostle to the Baptist, Theophylact alludes to a tradition which alleged a relationship on the father's side between the two Johns: but without ascribing any

importance to this tradition we prefer to see in this attachment to the Baptist the fruit of the mother's influence, of those principles in which she had instructed him, of those longings and expectations of the approaching manifestations of the Messiah which then filled the mind of the pious Jew, and with which we may well believe that Salome inflamed the heart of her son. But if he recognized in the Baptist the first rays of a purer light about to dawn upon the earth, he was by him brought to the light itself.

"Behold the lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world" were the words which announced the presence of the great Deliverer, and directed John and Andrew, Simon, Peter's brother, to Christ for the fulfilment of their hopes. But though this earliest intercourse is really the starting point of that devotion of heart and mind which John, during the remainder of his life, exemplified towards Christ, he was not yet called to follow him.

It is almost impossible to lay down with any attempt at accuracy, the order of events between the first intercourse and the subsequent call; Macknight in his "Harmony," and the writers of the articles on the Gospels, and St. John in Smith's Dictionary of the Bible, suppose the disciples to have accompanied their newly found master to Galilee, and they place the marriage in Cana, the first Passover, the return to Galilee, the visit to Nazareth, and the healing of the nobleman's son, previous to the call. But Neander—and we believe that nearly all the German writers agree with him in this—supposes some short time to have elapsed, during which the disciples returned to their occupations, when the results of that earlier intercourse may have ripened into conviction, and prepared them for receiving the call, which was given previous to the events mentioned above; and the uncertainty which hangs over the narrative of Matthew and Luke, and the difficulty of supposing two calls prevents us from determining the question with any accuracy.

But when the call was given, John was ready at once to forsake all and follow Jesus, and with James his brother and their companions in a common occupation, the sons of Jonas, took his place among the company of the disciples, and was very shortly after chosen as one of the twelve, who should be our Lord's Apostles, his delegates, and constant attendants and companions. And among these the sons of Zebedee and of Jonas stood foremost,

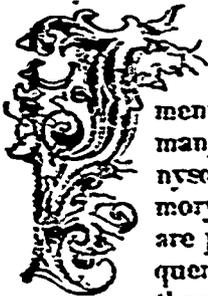
and came within the nearest circle of our Lord's friends; the three, Peter, James, and John were alone with him in the chamber of death and witnessed the raising of Jairus's daughter, and were permitted to behold the glory of the Transfiguration, or to share the privacy and to be within sight or hearing of the agony of Gethsemane's garden. But to John belongs the memorable and especial distinction of being the disciple whom Jesus loved; he lay on his bosom at the last supper, he was also recognized by Peter as being the innermost in Christ's confidence, and to him our Lord committed his mother when on the cross. And this love was returned with all the fervency of the Apostle's affection, an affection not soft or yielding, but ardent, constant, and discerning. But though the Apostle was of an affectionate disposition, and his love seized with might the object to which it was directed, it was yet allied with a temperament quick and impulsive, which acquired for himself and his brother the name of Boanerges, the sons of thunder. On two or three occasions this quick vehement temper showed itself, once when they joined their mother in asking for the higher place in the kingdom of their master, and declared that they were ready to drink of his cup, and be baptized with his baptism; or again they rebuked one who cast out devils in the name of the Lord, yet was not of their company; and also when they sought to call down fire from heaven on the village of the Samaritans.

But this quickness of temperament was softened down both in the mother and her sons by their love for Christ, and the influence of the Christian graces; Salome ministered to Christ of her substance, attended him in Galilee, and went up with him on his last journey to Jerusalem; and her sons were his most constant disciples, faithful even unto death. It was probably through Salome that John was first made acquainted with the other women, with the Marys, Mary Magdalene whose character we especially learn from John, Mary of Cleopas, Mary of Bethany, and that other Mary to whom he afterwards stood in so close a relation. There is a tradition that John was united by some relationship to the family of Bethany; and the fairness of his narrative of the raising of Lazarus, omitted by the other Evangelists, may seem to mark some special tie of intimacy. We can all recal familiarly the part of John at the last supper, at the garden of Gethsemane, or at the betrayal, how he

and Peter partly shared the confusion and timidity of the other disciples, not indeed like them seeking safety in flight, but following afar off. At the trial, his previous acquaintance with the High Priest stood him in good stead, and obtained for himself and Peter admittance to the judgment hall, and afterwards to the Praetorium of the Roman Procurator. Thence he followed to the place of crucifixion, and stood with our Lord's mother and Salome and Mary Magdalene, at the foot of the cross. Then, our Lord committed to him, his mother Mary, a commission faithfully attended to, for the Apostle received her into his own home, and kept his charge even until her death.

L'Original, October, 1865.

WHY ARE WE PROTESTANTS?



N all that beautiful poem which, like a noble monument, sculptured all over with many an exquisite device. Tennyson has devoted to the memory of his early friend, there are perhaps no lines more frequently and variously quoted than the well-known couplet.

"There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds."

In an age in which awakening earnestness too often unfortunately assumes the form of doubt, this utterance of the poet has a peculiar charm, and in many an argument is quoted with equal satisfaction by those who are just beginning to ask themselves whether their childhood's belief satisfies their needs, and by those who, having given up every attempt to possess a settled faith, have apparently made up their minds to live in an atmosphere of misty scepticism for the rest of their lives.

Like many other doctrinal paradoxes, the one we have referred to contains an important truth, yet is liable to misinterpretations and misconceptions according to the mental bias with which it is received. A mere blind unreasoning belief in any creed is no better than superstition. Every true Protestant will admit that when Luther began to doubt the efficacy of indulgences, he was assailed by a living faith in the atonement of Christ as the only means of the remission of sins. And, though faith and doubt are often rightly considered as antagonistic, there may be a more real movement of faith in our Heavenly Father's

relation to His children, when the soul first begins to question itself respecting the beliefs which it has insensibly imbibed, and to place itself face to face with the solemn questions of "what Man is to believe concerning God, and what duty God requires of man," than in years of satisfied resting in a mere belief in doctrines, which, however true, have never become a part of the soul's being; and can therefore neither satisfy the heart nor purify the life.

Better to feel the black abyss yawning at one's feet, and to dwell for a time amid doubt and conflict, than to have the nobler being absorbed in the passing interests of things seen and temporal,—resting in fancied security on a creed whose truths have never once been realised nor their need felt, which have never penetrated into the spiritual consciousness, and are therefore powerless to influence the heart and conscience. But the condition of mind which doubts in order to believe more fully, is very different from that which persistently turns away from the answers our Father has sent to the questionings He has implanted, or which, while seemingly anxious for truth is that of the class addressed by our Lord when He said, "Ye will not come unto me, that ye may have life."

That passage of *In Memoriam*, which includes the lines referred to, if taken in its natural sequence, will best show the real meaning of the poet. It speaks indeed of conflict, but of a conflict ending in a faith more firmly rooted for the storm through which it has passed:—

"One indeed I knew
In many a subtle question versed,
Who touched a jarring lyre at first
But ever strove to make it true:

"Perplexed in faith, but pure in deeds
At last he beat his music out,
There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

"He fought his doubts and gathered strength,
He would not make his judgment blind
He faced the specters of the mind;
And laid them; thus he came at length

"To find a stronger faith his own."

In cases where the teachings implanted in childhood have not yet given rise, by God's grace, to a living faith, which is put beyond the reach of doubt because it is felt to be the animating principle of life, there must naturally come to every earnest mind a time of questioning whether the faith received in childhood rests upon any better grounds than the accidents of birth and

country which determine the creed of the Mahometan and the Buddhist. It is not only the privilege but the *duty* of a responsible and reasonable being to ascertain this for himself. And if the question be put in an honest, earnest, child-like spirit, humbly asking for light from the Father of light, we have no fears for our Christian faith in the result.

Yet it is a melancholy and perplexing feature of the age, that many who propose to themselves this inquiry, and appear to be honest and earnest seekers, as often seem to fail unaccountably in their search, and, missing the path which seems so plain to the simple believer, wander off in devious and often diametrically opposite tracks of error. When we see two spirits like the brothers Newman ending their search so sadly,—the one amidst the ruins of all his early belief, and the negation of definite creed,—the other finding his rest and solace in bowing to the infallibility of the Romish Church, we may well look with fear to the consequences to which this wandering spirit of doubt may lead. That it has led many to the cold regions of Infidelity, as they throw away first one and then another portion of Revelation as it may differ from their preconceived theories, physical or metaphysical, is only too manifest. We can easily understand how, having thrown off the authority of our only guide in the bewildering sea of conflicting opinion, the vessel must drift, at the mercy of the winds and waves, to a hopeless distance from the haven. But it is more perplexing when we see those who have not thrown off, at least apparently, their allegiance to the Written Word, with the full light of our boasted Protestantism around them, throwing themselves heart and soul into the bosom of a Church, whose spirit and whose teachings we believe to belong to a darker age. It is startling, certainly, when we find the religion we have been accustomed to venerate as the guardian of Christian purity, and the source of true liberty and progress, spoken of in terms which, with the substitution of the word Catholic for Protestant, we would naturally apply to the Church of Rome. Take, for example, the following passage, written by one who professes to have been an earnest and unbiased seeker after truth, and to have found that truth in the Church which we are wont to look upon as the abiding place of error:

“The Protestant form of Christianity in its exposition of Christian Doctrines con-

tradicts the dictates of Reason, shocks the convictions of conscience, and is subversive of all human dignity. The more intelligent and conscientious of its adherents have awakened to this recognition, and hence the Protestant religion has ceased to possess a real hold upon their convictions, or to retain their respect.”

“The only way that Protestantism can hold any ground, is by overpowering the mind in early childhood by its gloomy fears and merciless threats. No man of mature intelligence embraces it, for there is no point of agreement between them. Protestantism lives in discord, and can progress only at the sacrifice of intelligence, manly virtue and true freedom.”

Such indeed are the terms in which Protestants are wont to think and speak of the Roman Catholic religion. It is not necessary here to stop to refute the grossly unjust charges brought against Protestantism, or to ask whether the faith which satisfied such men as Sir Isaac Newton, John Milton, Thomas Chalmers, and numberless others who stand highest in the history of human thought, can be considered unfit for any “man of mature intelligence.” One wonders indeed, where the writer, if he be speaking sincerely, can have seen a sample of the Protestantism of which he speaks! But if the holders of two forms of faith, each calling itself Christian, can thus denounce each other’s creeds as error,—the natural inquiry must be, Who is to judge?—Where is the test to distinguish the false from the true? Is there no such thing as arriving at the truth in matters which are of the very highest importance to us as immortal beings, or is it only an accident of birth or mental bias;—some particular constitution of mind or natural predilection, which determines the belief in which we eventually rest? We hold that there are means of arriving at the truth, and with greater certainty than belongs to the demonstrations of physical science, since this truth is capable of the most satisfying experimental knowledge. Those who have indeed tasted the “living water,” of which “whosoever drinketh shall never thirst again,”—can testify that our Protestant faith, if truly embraced, will never be found wanting,—not only to satisfy the “dictates of Reason,” and the “convictions of conscience,” but also to supply the light and life and strength, in which alone we can progress towards that perfection to which the vague yearnings of our hearts aspire.

But, in too many cases, men will not

come simply to receive this experimental knowledge, which, won for us by our Saviour's blood, is the heritage of us all,—but speculate and theorise *about* the truth, instead of coming to try the way which God has pointed out. Taught in their childhood the sublime truths of evangelical Christianity, which even a child's heart can grasp through faith and love,—they have received them as mere doctrinal *opinions*, without ever realising the power of the life-giving principle which they contain. When growing needs—newly awakened feelings and aspirations—the exigencies of life—teach them the need of something more satisfying, they look for it, not to the simplicity of the gospel faith, but to new and untried fields of search. Scepticism, with its seductive theories, its ambitious aims and apparent zeal for truth, draws some away to thread in vain its perplexing labyrinth. Others are impressed with the idea of an ancient Church, endorsed from its origin with supernatural powers of giving peace and comfort to all who repose in its maternal embrace;—or the romance of its institutions, the pomp and splendour of its worship,—the devotion of many of its enthusiasts touch the sentiment, and excite

the imagination, till the newly-won votary of Rome, lulled to sleep by her assurances,—believes that within her bosom he has found what he had elsewhere sought in vain. Well for him if the awakening do not come too late,—well if he cling even amid much error to that “Rock of Ages” which is the only “hiding place from the wind and covert from the tempest!”

It is to be feared that too much of this process is now going on,—much in a neighbouring land, perhaps much among ourselves. It is the intention of the writer, in a few succeeding articles, to go over as simply and in as uncontroversial a spirit as possible, the principal points on which the faith of the Reformation differs from that of the Church of Rome, and to show the grounds on which Protestants hold the former to be the purer and more Scriptural form of Christianity. If it shall lead any to think out more earnestly and satisfactorily the reason of the faith that is in them, or help any who are looking unsatisfied for something more than they have yet found,—“to find a stronger faith their own,”—the aim of the writer will have been fully accomplished.

IONA.

(To be continued.)

Notices and Reviews.

VOICES OF THE SOUL ANSWERED IN GOD.

By the Rev. John Reid. New York: R. Carter, Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Brothers, 1865.

As a contribution to the solution of those great questions which are agitating Christendom, we welcome the appearance of this work. It deals with a subject all important to us, as immortal beings, with a future as well as a present life in which to enjoy and to suffer. The attacks on Christianity are, as we have before remarked, made instrumental in the great work of exhibiting the truths of the Gospel in a yet clearer light than ever before. Infidelity and unbelief can never triumph over the word of God, and every day gives fresh evidence of the unassailable stability of the religion of Jesus, and of the permanency of His kingdom. The argument of the work before us is directed to man's own consciousness, the thoughts are of a high order, and written in a style befitting the subject. Many, we doubt not, tossed and driven about by new doctrines, will find

here something to lead them to a sure foundation on which to build their faith, and we trust that the author's views may find their way into the homes of many families throughout the land.

MY NEW HOME. By the Author of “Win and Wear.” New York: R. Carter, Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Brothers, 1865.

The story is supposed to be written by a maiden aunt, who gives—in the form of extracts from her journal—an account of her two married sisters and their families. One sister is married to a poor minister in Vermont, the other to a rising New York lawyer. Their religious opinions differ as well as the position, the minister and his wife being true Christians, the others being Transcendental Unitarians, who consider themselves a part of God, and believe that self-reliance is one and the same thing as trust in God. The object of the work is to show, in the life of these two families, the difference between those who depend

upon God, not theoretically, but practically, as a vital, living principle, and those who rely upon themselves, upon Paul planting, Apollos watering, but not upon God giving the increase. The author has not only succeeded in this, but has also written a very pleasant, readable book, in a simple earnest style; although such phrases as "I don't know as it matters," would grate on any but American ears.

EXPOSITORY THOUGHTS ON THE GOSPELS
By the Rev. J. C. Ryle, B.A. New York: R. Carter Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros. 1866.

Mr. Ryle is well known for his writings on Biblical subjects, and the work now before us will, we think, be gladly welcomed as an addition to the number of more portable commentaries so much re-

quired by parents and teachers. In his preface, Mr. Ryle says that he abhors the idea of wresting God's words to support party views, and we believe him, for although in going over the notes we have seen some things from which we may be allowed to differ, yet there is nothing in the whole of the work to prevent us from heartily recommending it. To Sabbath school teachers who cannot afford a larger commentary, and even to many who can, the work will be very valuable.

THE REVIEWS AND BLACKWOOD.—We have to acknowledge the receipt from Messrs. Dawson Brothers, of the latest numbers of the American Reprint (Messrs. Leonard Scott, & Co.) of the four leading British Reviews, and Blackwood's Magazine.

The Churches and their Missions.



COTLAND.—The Presbytery of Cupar met in the Session House of the Parish Church on Thursday, 14th Sept.—Rev. Mr. Henderson, Strathmiglo, Moderator.

The Moderator stated that their father and co-presbyter, the Rev. Alexander Lawson, of Creich, completed on that day the fiftieth year of his ministry, and they would recollect that at last meeting a Committee had been appointed to draw up an address to Mr. Lawson on the occasion, and to make the necessary arrangements for giving him a public dinner.

Dr. Williamson of Collesie, convener of the Committee referred to, gave in a verbal report of their proceedings, and stated that an address had been prepared, which, should it meet with the Presbytery's approval, he would move should be given to Mr. Lawson, signed by the members of the Presbytery, and engrossed in the minutes.

Mr. Cochrane had great pleasure in seconding the motion. He had seen the address which the Committee had prepared, and he would be doing injustice to himself if he did not say that it was one of the most beautiful addresses he ever had the privilege of reading. It was worthy of the Presbytery, and worthy of their excellent and respected friend, Mr. Lawson.

The motion was unanimously agreed to.

The Moderator then read the address, which was presented to Mr. Lawson.

The Rev. Mr. Lawson, on receiving the address, said—Moderator, I return to the Presbytery my best thanks for the honour they have done me by this congratulatory address, and to you, sir, as Moderator, on delivering it to me signed by all the members. Nothing

could be more gratifying to my feelings than this expression of their respect and regard on this day on which the fiftieth year of my ministry has been completed, and I am thankful unto God for sparing me so long, and enabling me to do my duties in such a manner as to call forth this expression of your approbation. I have had much pleasure in attending the meetings of Presbytery, and in my intercourse with the different members; and so long as God shall be pleased to spare me in this world, I trust that he will enable me to do all my duties faithfully, and to return your affection and esteem.

Mr. Cochrane reported that the Springfield charge was now erected by the Court of Teinds into a parish, but he was sorry he could not produce an extract of the decret. Mr. Nimmo was, however, at the present time really the minister of Springfield, and although certain forms had to be gone through, yet he thought the Presbytery would all be ready to acknowledge him a member of their Court.

The Presbytery then adjourned, after appointing their next meeting to be held on Tuesday, the 24th October.

In the afternoon a dinner took place in celebration of the completion by the Rev. Mr. Lawson of the fiftieth year of his ministry in the parish of Creich. The chair was occupied by the Rev. Mr. Cochrane, Cupar, having on his right the venerable guest of the evening.

After the removal of the cloth, the Chairman gave the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, all of which were very warmly responded to.

Ex-Provost Hogarth proposed 'The Church of Scotland.' He said he believed it was the opinion of every true and enlightened friend of the Church of Scotland that nothing could be more unfortunate for her than to be placed in an attitude of antagonism to any of the other churches of the country; and, on the

other hand, that nothing could be more conducive to the great objects she had at heart than to be engaged heartily and cordially in carrying forward the great work which was common to them all. (Applause.) He believed the Church felt that she had a loud call to the great and important duties laid upon her. He then referred to the disruption times, and said he had no doubt that many who had looked upon the total destruction of the Church of Scotland as a not improbable event, or perhaps an event that was not altogether undesirable, and who at that time had *no* very friendly feeling towards the Church—were now satisfied that after all things were better as they now were. (Applause.) They had also been brought to the conviction that the entire destruction of the Church of Scotland would have been a national calamity.

The Rev. Dr. Crombie replied. He said he believed that the Church of Scotland was strong in the learning and zeal of its ministers. Many of the young ministers were worthy of all commendation for the faithful discharge of their important duties, and the older members could look forward to them as being able to uphold the banner of the Church of Scotland, and do her honour in the nation and in the world. He felt that the Church of Scotland was beloved by many of those who had seceded from her, and that not a few of them would return if they felt they could do so with consistency.

The Chairman, in proposing the health of their excellent, venerable, and beloved friend, Mr. Lawson, traced the changes that had taken place since the year 1815, when he had been settled as minister of Greich. In an eloquent speech he paid a just tribute to their Rev. friend, and referred to the men of high standing who had been his co-presbyters, instancing such names as those of Chalmers, Leitch and Anderson, men distinguished for their scientific as well as their theological attainments.

The Rev. Mr. Lawson, looking back to the time he had first been appointed to that parish said that, during the fifty years which had elapsed since, he had had the desire to do his duty faithfully, both as a member of Presbytery and as the minister of a parish. Not one of the ministers who formed the Presbytery of Cupar were now alive, and since his ordination he had seen, on an average, three ministers in every parish. It seemed remarkable that, looking at the changes elsewhere, there should have been only two ministers ordained in the Parish of Greich in the space of 110 years. None of the proprietors or tenants who fifty years ago held the land were now alive. Of the whole population of the parish at that time only seventeen now remain. He spoke of the progress and improvement made during these years, and prayed God that during the time he was spared he might be enabled to promote the best interests of those committed to his care.

The meeting was addressed by other gentlemen, lay and clerical, whose speeches, however, want of space prevents us giving.

The induction of the Rev. Dr. Boyd to the First Charge of the Town Church, St. Andrews,

took place on Thursday. The church was unusually well filled, not fewer than eight hundred being present to share in the solemn ceremonial.

The Presbytery met in the Town Church Session-house, under the moderatorship (*pro tem.*) of the Rev. Hew Scott, West Anstruther, and was constituted. Thereafter, the Rev. Mr. Hillhouse, of Elie, the presiding clergyman, proceeded to the pulpit, and preached a thoughtful sermon from 2nd Corinthians, 3rd chapter and 18th verse. In closing his discourse, the rev. gentleman made a few remarks suited specially to the object which had brought them all together—remarks brief, appropriate, and evidently appreciated by the congregation to whom they were addressed. The common formula followed, and at the close a cordial welcome was given to Dr. Boyd by the whole assemblage, who individually shook him by the hand as they retired from the church.

Shortly after 4 o'clock a very large company assembled in the Town Hall to dinner.

The usual toasts having been given,

The Rev. Walter Boyd proposed "the Presbytery of St. Andrews." He had always, he said, considered his own Presbytery, that of Greenock, the best Presbytery of the Church, but he had found that day that there was one Presbytery equal to them, and he was reminded of what their friend Mr. Punch said when seated between two fair, fascinating females—'How happy could I be with either.' (Laughter and cheers).

The Rev. Hew Scott replied, saying the Presbytery of St. Andrews had long been distinguished in the annals of the Church, and that Dr. Boyd would be a distinguished member of it. (Cheers.)

The Rev. Prof. Mitchell, in giving 'The Memory of the late Dr. Park,' said,—Met where we now are, and for the purpose for which we are thus met, I think we can hardly fail to call to mind the sad scene so lately witnessed in this place, and the event by which we were so suddenly bereaved of an honoured pastor. After all that has been so recently said in the hearing of most of you by others, it would be out of place for me to dwell at any length on his eminence and worth; but I trust you will forgive me if I endeavour, in a few words, to pay my honourable tribute to his memory. His chief power, undoubtedly, was in the pulpit, and he used his power nobly and reverently. With a painter's eye, a musician's ear, and a poet's fancy, he combined a strength of intellect and a flow of manly eloquence seldom found united. He could argue forcibly where argument was needed, and he possessed that rarer faculty of being able, by a brief and happy illustration, to cast a flood of light on the truths he taught, and to impress them on the hearts of his hearers. Those who knew him intimately will remember the enthusiasm with which he used to speak of Dr. Chalmers' pulpit ministrations in Glasgow; and it has often occurred to me that of all those who then sat at Dr. Chalmers' feet, and were awakened to thought by his deep earnestness and power, there was none who had more thoroughly caught the spirit of manly eloquence which distinguished that prince of Scottish preachers.

The position which Dr. Park came to fill among us was at the time one of peculiar difficulty. The charge had so long been united with one of the theological chairs of the University, and even those among us who felt most deeply that the time was come when this link which had so long bound 'town and gown' must be severed, there could not but be some misgiving as to the position the parish minister might then hold in this University seat. We owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. Park for having so successfully solved these difficulties for us. By his manners as a gentleman, his culture as a man of letters, and a student of art; by his kindly and Christian demeanour, and his acknowledged eminence in the pulpit, he took and kept his place side by side with the most gifted, and commanded the respect both of the University and of the whole community. Our late pastor, it has been truly said, was rather a man of thought than of action, but he was not unwilling to take hints and help from others in matters of real moment to the improvement of the parish, and even in this department much was accomplished under his auspices. St. Mary's Church was kept open through his kindness, and its revenues made available for the spiritual interests of the parish. A large sum was collected for its repair, and application was successfully made to the superior to free it from a heavy feu-duty. An assistant was provided for his aged colleague, and the salaries of the assistants in the country districts of the parish were raised to a more adequate amount; and, finally, one of these country stations was endowed as a parish and provided with a new church and school. In short, during his brief incumbency, I believe, in one way or another, about £3000, or little short of £300 a year, was raised for objects connected with the cause of religion. Far be it from me to say that this was all that ought to have been done; but still, in these days of small things, I think it is something to remember with satisfaction, and to use for our encouragement to yet greater liberality in the future. (The toast was drunk amid solemn silence).

The Chairman then proceeded to give the toast of the evening. In doing so, he said—Mr. Provost and gentlemen, I have now to call upon you to drink with me to the health of the rev. gentleman who has this day been inducted to the first charge of the parish of St. Andrews. (Cheers.) In the presence of Dr. Boyd I shall not attempt to say all that I could wish to have said in his absence. But this much I may be permitted to say, his literary talents have preceded him in St. Andrews. His literary works are now so well known that I may presume that every one whom I have the honour to address is familiar with them. But if there are any who are not acquainted with them I would say, 'Quickly be so,' for they will well repay perusal. Dr. Boyd will enjoy a circle of literary men in this city by whom I am sure he will be cordially welcomed. (Cheers.) Although not exactly within the pale of the University of St. Andrews, yet as a resident, and as holding the position he will occupy, he will, I am sure, add another gem to the academical lustre of St.

Andrews, already so fully supplied with talent. (Loud cheers.) In this assembly I would desire to say a few words with regard to the rev. gentleman's ministrations as a clergyman of the Church of Scotland. Upon that subject I feel I have a very easy task. It is well known how much that rev. gentleman was beloved by his congregation in Edinburgh, not only for his able ministrations in the pulpit, but for his affability, amiable temper, geniality, and kindness to all in private life. (Cheers.) I know personally that Dr. Boyd was so far from being desirous of leaving his congregation—indeed, he was so very averse to it—that he took a considerable time to make up his mind on the subject. After due consideration, however, he saw that duty pointed itself here, and he elected to accept the charge. I may say in my own name, and I am sure I may say it in the name of the other heritors, that we most cordially congratulate ourselves upon the acceptance which he made. (Cheers.) Most cordially do we wish him success in his ministrations here. I trust, indeed I believe, that nothing will ever occur to induce him to regret the decision he has come to. I therefore beg you will join me in drinking health and happiness to Dr. Boyd. (Loud and continued applause.)

Dr. Boyd, in replying, said—I thank you most sincerely and heartily for the kind way in which this toast has been given and received. You may well suppose that upon this day I feel oppressed with mingled feelings. That service in the Town Church this morning, which put me in the position of one of the ministers of this parish, severed my connection with one of the kindest, happiest, and most united congregations with which a minister was ever blessed; and I am sure you would think very little of me if I thought without a pang of regret, of the close of an association which has continued so happily for more than six years. But still it would be ungrateful indeed of me if I were to linger on the past when there are so many things in the present and future to fix my attention. When I hear my friend Professor Mitchell speak in the warm and true terms in which he does of that venerable and able man I have been called to succeed, I do feel, while it was a grave and solemn responsibility that I took upon me to fill the place of such a man, yet that it was a high honour that the congregation had paid me in thinking that I was in any degree worthy of coming to occupy that place, which I feel to be as responsible and honourable as any that is to be found in the pale of the Church of Scotland—indeed, second to none in any respect. Although I am personally yet a stranger to most of the members of the congregation and community of this ancient city, I have had so hearty a welcome that I do not feel like a stranger at all, and I trust that before long I will be no stranger to any in this community, whether they be members of the Church or not, because my desire in coming to St. Andrews is to be a friend not only to those who are within the pale of this Church, but to all the inhabitants of St. Andrews. (Loud applause.) When the congregation of the Parish Church did me most unexpectedly the great honour of asking me to succeed Dr. Park, I did feel very

anxious and perplexed; but I wish to say now, as I did to my friends at St. Bernard's when I bade them farewell, that I am perfectly sure I have done right in coming here. Various things occurred which made me feel that this was my path of duty, and which enabled me to see the leadings of Providence in this matter. And I feel that here there is a sphere of duty worthy of the thought and exertions of any minister of our Church. I look forward, with God's blessing, to usefulness and happiness here, and my parishioners will have the benefit of the experience of what I shall be, if spared till Monday, an ordained minister for fourteen years.

Other speeches followed, among them one from the Rev. Principal Tulloch, in which he mentioned two munificent gifts to St. Andrew's College, one of £6,000 from a gentleman to found the Guthrie scholarships, and another of £5,000 from the venerable Mrs. Bruce of Falkland.

RAILWAYS.—Scotland has become again agitated upon the question of Sunday trains. The Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway having recently passed into the hands of the North British Railway Company, the directors of which have been among the most prominent favourers of Sunday traffic, has been opened for passenger trains on Sundays, after having been for about twenty years closed against them. The movement has been a purely aggressive one, since no desire was publicly expressed for the change, and there can be little doubt that the great majority of the inhabitants living in the towns along the route, as well as in Edinburgh and Glasgow, are unfavourable to it. There is no desire in Scotland to convert the day of rest, which has been hallowed from time immemorial, into a day of pleasure; and it is impossible to inaugurate cheap trains, &c., which have done so much evil in England, without disturbing the peace and quiet desired by far the largest portion of the respectable community. Therefore, on public grounds as well as religious, the people claim security from this traffic. The feelings of the country are all the more excited on the subject because it is by means of English shareholders, who are misinformed as to public feeling, that such measures are carried as those approved by the directors of the North British. There is a very determined minority in Scotland itself; but decidedly a small minority as regards numbers, character, and position. Various meetings have been held, the most important of these perhaps the one in the City Hall, Glasgow, presided over by the Lord Provost. His lordship said in the course of his speech:—"We are now, after a rest from a struggle that took place some nineteen years ago, and in which some of us now on this platform were privileged to take part—during that time I say we have been at rest without any trains going from or coming to this city on Sunday, with the exception of the mail trains on the Caledonian line. I am not aware that during the whole of that period there has been any real inconvenience felt by any individual in any part of the west of Scotland, where there have been no trains run. And yet, without any felt expression—without any suggestion of want by the citizens of this

city—without any such expression on the part of any of the towns or villages through which the railway passes, the directors of the North British Railway, since the Edinburgh and Glasgow came into their hands, barely a fortnight ago, without waiting for any expression of opinion whatever, have announced that we are to be invaded by Sunday trains. There is no desire on the part of many of the opponents of these trains not to allow for cases of pressure; the object is to prevent the sanctity of the day being abused by parties of pleasure, who, at the termini, as well as the intervening towns, disturb the peace and quietness of the day.

A deputation, headed by the new and able member for Glasgow, William Graham, Esq., has also waited upon the directors to ask them to reconsider their decision. Mr. Hodgson, the chairman, who had always expressed very decided views on this subject, defended the course taken by the company.

IRELAND.—Large if not ominous changes are likely to be made in the principles and boards of education in Ireland. Conferences more or less official have, it is said, been held between representatives of the Roman Catholic Church, both in Dublin and London. The intended modification in the National School system are not yet matured; but it is expected that when proposed to next Parliament they will embrace a large surrender of the principle of united education. On the other hand, the Romish bishops will concede much to the same principle in the colleges. The Romish University in Dublin cannot hold its ground. Between internal dissensions, its monastic exclusiveness, and the paucity of its students, it has been threatened with extinction. And it is rumoured that an arrangement has already been come to, by which its Papal Bull will be ignored, and it will become an additional Queen's College under Government Letters Patent. It will then be the Queen's College, Dublin, with an endowment of 26,000*l.* a year, an additional representation in the Senate of the Queen's University of five Roman Catholic gentlemen, whose names are given as Lord Castlerosse, M. P.; Mr. Justice O'Hagan; Mr. Monsell, M. P.; Mr. Montesquieu Bellew; and Sir John Hawley.

The order of Dr. Cullen to baptise all foundling children Roman Catholics is occasionally carried out with much daring. A Protestant lately sent a child to one of the workhouses, but the servant sent being a Roman Catholic, the priest-chaplain was suffered to baptise the child outside the workhouse wall, that it might be duly registered of his own persuasion. In the discussion that followed at the Board of Guardians, the only check suggested was, that Protestants should act with equal activity.

The struggle between the priests and the Fenians has entered a new phase. The Fenian organ in Ireland was a constant assailant of the ecclesiastical party, a paper of remarkable ability, and conducted in a spirit of the most active propagandism. Arrested in its seditious teaching by the apparent hostility of the priests, the *Irish People* went out of its way to attack them, and after a most vigorous and menacing assault was gradually returning to its real ob-

ject, when the Government seized the types, and arrested the leaders in this singular conspiracy. Distrust of the priesthood has characterised Fenianism from its commencement, and has taken a deeper hold of the intelligent class of the Southern peasantry than most people are prepared to think possible. It is probable enough they may consider that their clergy have betrayed them now, and that the distrust will be quickened. There are certainly curious analogies between the religious and political life of Italy and Ireland in our time, the Romish Church playing the same part in both countries.

FRANCE.—The follies of Ultramontaniam are shown up daily in the most popular journals. Saints are pointed out as the most efficacious to pray to in cases of cholera, pestilence, sore throat, and earthquakes; crosses are erected, and wooden figures nailed upon them, while children and girls carry upon cushions crowns of thorns, nails, sponges, reeds, and lances; subscriptions are going round headed with the most wonderful promises to those who pay for churches and convents; the *Prémontrés* of the monastery of the Immaculate Conception, Saint Michel, near Tarascon, offer to their subscribers an especial portion in the daily exercises, including the abstinence from September to Easter, and the straw bed.

Another society at Bourges endeavours to secure capital, whose interest is to be spent in getting souls out of purgatory, especially those souls who have most honoured the sacred heart. Another, patronised by Monseigneur de Ségur, is to build the church of Notre Dame des Petits Enfants, and is signed by six children, who ask for *étrennes* (Christmas-boxes) for the little child Jesus, and advise other children to become little heggars for the Most Holy Virgin, who in Heaven will count up all their small pieces of money, and change them into beautiful stars in their immortal crowns! The Gallicans laugh at all this, as well as the infidels, and show up the new saints, Josaphat Kountziewitch, Bishop of Polotak, guilty of acts of atrocious violence, the martyrs of Gorkum, "massacred by those whom they wished to destroy," and Peter d'Arbues, "the cruel inquisitor and persecutor of the Jews," in vivid and justly repulsive colours; they also point out the invasion of Roman tyranny in forcing the Roman liturgy upon the young and newly-consecrated priests in certain dioceses, and express wonder at the Pope showing anxiety to gain the indulgence of the *portuncule*, and going into the Franciscan church to obtain it, when he has power to dispense all the indulgence he chooses. It is an indulgence which Jesus Christ gave by word of mouth to St. Francis in 1221; its extent is infinite, plenary, and perpetual; such is the legend. Again, the *Avenir National* publishes the following lines:—"The uncovering of Pompei reveals daily the civilisation of olden time. A temple of Juno, buried under the ashes, while the priestess and worshippers were imploring the goddess, has just opened its doors to explorers. Three skeletons fell to dust as soon as light was admitted, one of them that of the priestess, held by a magnificently-wrought ring about her arm, the incense vase, filled with

calced perfume. This vase has the form of those used in Roman Catholic ceremonies, and it is not the only thing which this worship has borrowed from the other. In truth, like the virgins of Italy, Spain, Flanders, and Einsidlen, the statue of the goddess is covered with jewels, and bracelets decked with precious stones, and its eyes are in enamel. The golden tripod wonderfully wrought, reminds one of the richness of the Catholic pixes which contain the host. The lamps of iron, silver, and gold, of this temple of Juno, have perhaps served as models for those which light up the chapels of our saints. The sacred vases are replaced in our day by chalices which contain the wine of the mass. And the beautifully-formed foliage, fruits, and flowers, are they not our *ex voto* thrown over the florid Gothic of our churches of the third epoch of Christianity? The comparison, well worthy of study, is what strikes one at once in this wonderful resurrection of the temple of Juno."

Then articles are forthcoming daily about the scandalous scenes at the open air processions, and at interments—the old story—and the ignorance of populations taught by ecclesiastics,—and immoralities, &c., &c. Communes are petitioning for lay teachers, and increase of schools. On all this infidelity fattens, and turns aside with contempt. Oh! to stem the double torrent. On all sides is needed the Spirit of God to convince and rectify, and happy are they who partake in blessed awakening which the Lord is granting abundantly here and there, where souls are humbly looking away from man, and straight to Jesus Christ the living, acting, loving Saviour. Many souls are thirsting for this in France and in Switzerland. They feel powerless, and feeble, and timid, and they are crying for an infusion of life-giving energy and love. Prayer is made individually and collectively; and attempts at evangelisation, such as have never yet been tried, are made, and the Lord acknowledges and blesses.

GERMANY.—In order not to be behind, when all the rest of the world is moving, the Jews too are about forming an association, whose work shall be to watch over the general interests of Judaism. At the invitation of the learned Dr. Geiger, Rabbi of the Jewish Synagogue in Frankfort, and one of the leading spirits of the so-called Reform party, a meeting was held on the 12th of July, of men of various positions in life, and from different districts of Germany and other countries. There were present, for example, sixteen Rabbis, including Dr. Adler, from Cassel, Goldschmidt from Leipzig, and Wolff from Gothenburg in Sweden. The aim of the Society is to be, to keep alive in Jews the consciousness of their religious position and mission in humanity—a consciousness which they are in danger of losing through identifying themselves so completely with the countries which they respectively call fatherland. The truth probably is, that total unbelief, not to say atheism, is now taking hold so exclusively on educated Jews (along with the same class of Christians), that the Rabbis fear losing all hold on their fellow-religionists. In hundreds of cases the only ties

that bind Jews to the synagogues, are national pride, vague feelings rooted in early education, and the influence of woman. Dr. Geiger's idea of the religious mission of the Jews is a very vague one, and, as most Englishmen would think, anything but *Biblico-Judaic*.

An address to the landowners of one of the Prussian provinces has recently been published, calling on them to do what they can to secure the observance of the Lord's day by their labourers, by letting them have the whole day to themselves, setting them a good example, and using their influence to get them to church. Such a movement is exceedingly necessary, for the farm-servants and labourers have, in the majority of cases, at present no free time on Sunday, save the few hours during which divine service is held. The consequence naturally is, that they scarcely ever attend church, and are in a very dark state. The address, which is signed by upwards of sixty nobles and landowners, is written in a most earnest Christian tone. It would be a blessed day for Germany when Sunday work should cease entirely—or even to the extent to which it has ceased in Great Britain.

The first interesting meeting was held recently in Guadan—a settlement of the Moravian brethren near Magdeburg—having for its aim the furtherance of the observance of Sabbath. Indeed the feeling is becoming pretty general amongst religious people that the Sabbath is one of the great barriers to the inroads of an irreligious spirit.

ITALY.—THE Italian newspaper, the *Examinatore*, has for some time been occupied with a discussion of the possibility of an internal reform of the Roman Catholic Church. It expresses views which certainly receive the approbation of many earnest Catholics in Italy, and characterises a tendency in the aspirations of the Church, in which your readers may take some interest. This paper has now brought out a formal programme of reform which it considers desirable. It runs as follows:—

“Our fundamental idea is the restoration of old Catholic rights and duties to believers in all orders of the clergy and laity.”

“From this it follows: 1. That the laity must recover the right of choosing their ministers, and of administering the temporal concerns of the Church. 2. The bishops must be chosen by the clergy and the congregations, without prejudice to the rights of the crown. 3. Bishops and Metropolitans must be reinstated in their ancient positions as Diocesans and Provincials, the present servile dependence on Rome, and all oaths of vassalage to her ceasing. 4. The celibacy of the clergy must be a matter for their own choice and determination. 5. The laity must have unrestricted liberty to read the Holy Scriptures. 6. The Liturgy must be read in the national tongue, and in a form intelligible to all. 7. Confession must be no longer obligatory but voluntary; and the Communion must be received in both kinds.”

RUSSIA.—It is announced that the cabinet of St. Petersburg will soon have to devote its attention to a law which gives evidence of genuine progress in religious liberty. Until now, the children born of mixed marriages have

always belonged to the Greek Church, if only one of the parents was a member of that Church. In Finland only the children belonged to the church of the father.

According to the law now suggested, parents would leave to children a free choice of the church to which they would attach themselves. It is also said that the restrictions formerly imposed by the Emperor Nicholas on the labours of Missionary Societies will be removed without exception.

TURKEY.—The sufferings of the Christians in Turkey are still going on, especially in the pashalik of Angora and in the city of Marash, which is occupied by a flourishing Christian community in possession of two churches; indeed, it almost appears as if that ancient contempt of the Franks, which since the Crimean War has given place to a more favourable disposition, would again become in the country, and especially in Constantinople, the Shibboleth of believers. The most painful thing has been to observe that, in the majority of instances of persecuting zeal, it is the Christians themselves, especially the Catholics and the Armenians, who have been the prime movers: and that the Turks, for the most part, have only been the blind instruments of their petty jealousy and intolerance.

It is a great pity that the contrivers of the well known Syrian massacres have lately been liberated, and, it is said, through French influence. The Ahmet Pasha of Damascus, who was condemned by Foad Pasha, was a mere innocent lamb in comparison with Kurshid Pasha, and with others who were reprieved at the same time. According to report, their reprieve was granted to them at the intercession of Abd-el-Kader; nevertheless, people here are generally convinced that this Prince has only acted in accordance with certain suggestions from the French ambassador. In fact, Abd-el-Kader is now nothing more than a French agent; and his influence with the Sublime Porte is entirely traceable to his connection with this great Power.

INDIA.—The following account is given of the recent death of the well-known Colonel Wheeler, regarding whom so much was said at the time of the mutiny:—

“On the 9th of this month we received the mournful tidings that Major-General Wheeler, (better known as Colonel Wheeler) had died the day before at Chitoura, near Agra, surrounded only by his native orphans, to whose training he had devoted his latter years. The Volunteer-corps in our Indian Mission is small, and he was one of the most prominent of the corps, so that we cannot but pay this mournful tribute to his memory. He had been a missionary, we believe, long before he left the service, and many of our readers will remember the strictures which were freely passed on him because he would not give up preaching to the natives whenever opportunity afforded. During the last three or four years he entirely devoted himself and his property to the training of a number of orphans gathered in the last famine at Delhi. It was his opinion that, as England had conquered India by a well trained native army, so in a spiritual sense missionaries can only accomplish the

conquest of Hindustan by training up an army of soldiers of Christ. This was no easy task, much less so than creating a native army. His patience and perseverance were not in vain, however, and he lived to see several of his younger boys begin their work of imparting the Gospel to their countrymen. When we saw him last, about six months ago, these boys had just returned from a preaching-tour to a mela, and had returned every pice they had saved from the money received for their sustenance, and which might all easily have been used up. 'Yet these very boys,' he added, 'when they first came to me, used to break open my boxes and steal whatever they could lay their hands on.' He was then no more the bold upright soldier he had been, but bent, and his voice weak, for his health had not been good for the last two years, and he was so forgetful of himself that he scarcely noticed it. He was a man to whom a young missionary might look up with deep admiration, as a pattern of devotedness and self-denial. Such heroism is needed to be admired for it is scarce. He had no ambition, for ambition's idol is self. We justly mourn for the removal from our midst of one who counted earthly riches and honour and ease as loss for Christ; but great and honoured will he be, and brightly will his star shine, when all honour and glory bestowed on the world's heroes shall have faded away for ever. Would that we could inherit a measure of the spirit and heroism which lived in him!"

"We," says the *Bombay Guardian*, "remember well the comments made in newspapers on the Christian activity of Colonel Wheeler some eight years ago. It was thought a very culpable thing that he should have spoken to natives, even to sepoy, when he met them off duty in the bazaars, on the subject of Christianity. Some were disposed to trace a faint connection between these efforts and the outbreak of the mutiny at Barrackpore, but the attempt was a failure. The account given in the above extract is most interesting and suggestive; and the tribute rendered by our contemporary most appropriate. We trust the noble conception of General Wheeler will not fall to the ground, but that some other soldier of Christ may come to the front and occupy the place now vacated."

NEW SOUTH WALES.—In the recent session of the Legislative Assembly the Church party introduced a Bill to give the force of law to certain "constitutions" upon which they had agreed in Synod; but they did not press it in the face of the opposition it evoked. It was strongly objected to by some who have no objection at all to State aid to religion;—the Roman Catholics, for instance, did not admire a Bill which would have destroyed the equality of the denominations by lending to one of them the sanction of the law. But the most remarkable opposition to the measure came from one of the New South Wales Bishops—Dr. Tyrrell, Bishop of Newcastle. He first addressed a letter to the churchmen in his diocese, warning them against a Bill which would destroy the spirituality of the Church, and then petitioned the Legislature to reject it. The Church, he said, had no need and no right to go to the Legislature at all, ex-

cept to secure the trusts of her own property. The prelate says in his letter, referring to the Anglican Church in the Australian colonies:—

"The Church of England is a spiritual body; its highest functions are spiritual, ministering spiritual blessings to its members. Its highest discipline is a purely spiritual discipline, and its highest punishment is the loss of spiritual privileges by expulsion or excommunication. It is thus, in its highest character, a voluntary body, every member remaining in it of his own free choice, for the sake of the spiritual blessings which he there enjoys; and if he submit to any discipline imposed upon him, he does so of his own free choice, that he may not lose the spiritual privileges of his membership by expulsion. And whenever any branch of the Christian Church has accepted the aid of the State to enforce communion with her—either by conferring special civil privileges on those in communion with her, or by imposing special civil disabilities on those not in her communion—the result to her has not been strength, but weakness; she has then invariably become fettered in the exercise of her highest spiritual functions."

CHILI.—Do our readers remember the name of Ugarte, the Jesuit, whose invention of a post-office to the Virgin caused 2,500 ladies in the cathedral of Santiago to be burnt to death, and who exulted in his victims as saints whom Mary had called to herself? He has not been expelled from Chili, nor has he lost his influence. The Legislature of the Republic has recently been considering whether it would not be wise to abolish the law which prohibits the profession of any religion except the Roman Catholic. Ugarte of course was opposed to any such liberal blasphemy, and as men would not listen to him, he addressed 260 ladies so fiercely that they invaded Congress, screaming "Death to heretics!" and had to be dispersed by the soldiery. It is believed that the next session will see the abolition of the law.

PRESENTATION.—One evening, lately, a deputation from the congregation of Culross waited upon the Rev. David Lochhead, assistant to the Rev. Mr. Duncan, and presented him with a handsome dressing-case, and a purse containing forty-five sovereigns, as a token of their regard, for his services in the parish.

"Strive," says our Lord, "to enter in at the strait gate; for many shall seek to go in thereat, but shall not be able." Now, you will observe that Jesus does not say, "many shall strive to enter in, but shall not be able." He says, "many shall seek;" teaching us that the chief reason why men do not enter the narrow gate of salvation, and obtain rest is, that they seek, but do not strive to enter in.

As "two or three" as a Scriptural quorum for a prayer-meeting, so any number beyond one is sufficient to constitute a Sabbath-school; and wherever there is even one neglected child, it is the duty of Christ's people to look after it, and bring it under the influence of religious instruction.

Articles Selected.

HELL DO NAETHING O' THE KIND.



HOW are you this morning, William?"

"Very poorly, I've had a bad night last night; an', a' thegither, I'm unco dune."

"But I hope you have had Jesus with you, William, giving you 'songs in the night.'" The old man was silent for a few moments, then his eyes moistened as he replied, "I'm wonderfu' dark, wonderfu' dark, I hardly ever was at this o't."

"There's nothing strange in that, William, for your disease is depressing, and the want of sleep is depressing, and some at least of your medicines are depressing. You must just in simple trust lay down your head on God's promise, and rest on it in perfect peace."

"I wish that I could, but I canna. I can see naething, I can feel naething. My heart's hard, and dark, and dead. O dear! I never was at this o't."

"How happy is it for us, William, that though we change, Jesus never changes. He is always as holy, always as gracious, always as sympathizing as ever. And though you cannot help saying just now, 'I am poor and needy,' you must go on with David to add, 'Yet the Lord thinketh on me.' The Lord is thinking on you, William; and is not that a most comforting assurance?"

"I dinna ken," said the old man, "I'm unco sair put about. Last night I dovered a wee, and fell into a frightfu' dream. I thocht I was in hell. O what if I should turn out to be deceivin' mysel' after a'." And the old man's voice, which had been growing husky, fairly broke down.

"But that was only a dream. Never mind your idle dreams. God's word is no dream, nor Christ's blood, nor Christ's love. Rest your heart on some of the precious words of God, and remember that it is easier for heaven and earth to pass away than for the least jot or tittle of his word to fail."

"O yes; God's words are a' true. I hae nae doubt about them; its mysel' that I'm no sure about. I'm sair fear't that I hae been deceivin' mysel' a' along. Ye dinna ken what a desperate battle I hae had wi' a bad, unbelieving heart. I aye dreaded mair or less that it might come to this; but I ne'er was clean forsaken till noo. O dear; to hear *him* say't, 'Depart from me ye cursed.' I canna bear to think on't." And the beloved old man covered his face with the blankets, and sobbed aloud.

"But William, you must not indulge these desponding thoughts. They dishonour the Lord Jesus, and they torment you. It is simply because you cannot think clearly about anything, that you cannot think clearly of the Lord Jesus. You must not let the enemy put any dispeace between your Saviour and you.

The Lord, you know, is the very same that he ever was; he is yours still on the old terms; trust him and have him. 'Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God.'

The dear old man, however, had a "but" to this and to every other comforting scripture. They were all unspeakably precious to a soul that had a right to them: but they were not for him. It was manifest, however, that though he continued to defend his position of mistrust and self torment, yet the simple and powerful words of God were really touching his heart. To appearance he was not much benefited; but beneath the surface a gentle undercurrent had been started which was slowly drifting him towards faith and joy.

For several reasons this case was a peculiarly distressing one; and, therefore, when my feeble efforts at consolation were nearly exhausted with such meagre results, I felt that nothing remained but to cast the whole on Him "who comforteth those who are cast down." At this stage a happy thought occurred.

"William, I have had a letter from Miss——, and she desired to be remembered to you."

"Very kind of her; how is she?" he asked.

"Middling, I daresay. She has been very sorely tried. She was engaged to be married, you know."

"Yes, I understood so when she left this."

"Well, her expected bridegroom has acted a most cruel part. When all was nearly arranged for her marriage, he, without any sufficient reason, wantonly gives her up. After having done all he could to gain her affections, after having led her to abandon every other earthly hope, and to commit all her earthly happiness to his keeping, he turns coolly away and leaves her to a broken heart, at least so far as he is concerned."

"Shame, shame!" cried the old man, "it's most awful; I wonder God bears in patience wi' a world like this."

"Yes, it is most wicked. We are fit for anything when left to ourselves. How unsafe it is for us to allow our hearts to rest anywhere but on Jesus. He never will deceive a soul that trusts him in this fashion."

"Never," said the old man firmly; "his name is the faithfu' and true."

"I am glad to hear you say so, William, for I feared you might think otherwise."

"Me think itherwise o' the Lord Jesus! Na, na. What pnts that into your head?"

"Simply this. It seems to me that all your trouble this morning comes from the fear that the holy, holy Lord Jesus, 'full of grace and full of truth,' will deal with you just as that deceitful man dealt with our young friend."

"Never, never," cried the old man with energy, "it's no *Him* I'm misdouting, it's *mysel'*. I'm quite sure he'll be true; but it's my ain deceitfu' heart I'm feared for."

"I'm not quite clear about that, William. I'm afraid that you do misdoubt Him, and that your trouble this morning arises very much from a fear that sadly reflects on the truth and the grace of the Lord Jesus."

"I don't understaun' ye ava'," said the old man, deeply interested; "explain your meaning to me, and mak' it as plain as you can, for I'm unco dull o' the uptak'."

"Well then, William, has not the Lord Jesus been seeking for years to engage your affections? Has he not in his holy word been setting himself out before you in every attraction that was fitted to win the heart of a poor sinful soul that needed just such a Saviour? Has he not again and again spoken words to you that made your heart leap? Has he not wooed you at the Lord's table, when carried away with the 'kisses of his mouth,' you could have taken oath on it that you were your Beloved's, and that your Beloved was yours? Has he not oftentimes met you in such love when you drew near to him on your knees, that you could not doubt of his desiring to have you as his own for ever? Has he not taken away, one by one, all your earthly comforts, your wife and children, till now you have nothing left you but himself, and desire to have none else but Jesus? In short, has he, so to speak, left any stone unturned, to gain your whole heart's whole love? And now since he has got your love; got it, not indeed so fully nor so simply as you wish to give it to him, but still got it as it is, and so got it that you would be everlastingly heart-broken to lose him now, you are afraid that he will leave you for ever to your incurable despair. Don't say you are so unworthy. That is true enough; but he knew all your unworthiness before he offered you his love; and he offered it on the understanding that you were infinitely unworthy. Ah, William, never think the Lord Jesus to be such an one, that after having led you to engage yourself everlastingly with him, and for his sake to give up every other hope, he will at last say to you, 'Depart from me, ye cursed!' Never think that so long as you on your part continue to wish the engagement kept, he on his part will wish to have it broken. Can you dare to think that after all that has passed between you, he will now, in your helpless extremity, turn away from you while you turn in eager desire towards him, and coldly leave you to your everlasting heart-break? Never! never! And I protest here, William, against your presuming to suspect so unworthily the perfect faithfulness of the holy, holy One, who is incarnate God, and, therefore, incarnate Love and Truth."

The dear old disciple made no reply for a little. His mind had fairly got a hold of the thought set before it; but it took him a little while to look at it till he felt the force of it. When he did so, he sprang to his elbow, the sunshine on his face revealing the restoration of the sunshine to his soul, as he said with energy, "Na, na, he'll do naething o' the kind; and it's a shocking thing for me ever to even the like o't till him. Yes, I can trust him yet, just on the auld score; and though I be what I aye was, the very chief of sinners, he is what he aye was, the Faithful and true. See ye, I wadna hae wanted that bit word eenoo for a'

that's in the house. I'll just lie still in his holy haun's,' and though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."

A sorely tried heart can find no true rest save in Jesus only, and in Jesus trusted. Frames will not do; the good opinion of friends as to our state will not do; the remembrance of past experience will not do. Nothing will calm a restless conscience or restore quiet to a troubled heart but Jesus himself seen by faith and trusted in at the present moment. A false heart may get false peace from something apart from Christ; but a true heart, sorely tried like Noah's dove, finds no rest till it returns to Noah's ark. Therefore, in seeking to have our hearts revived, or to have the comfort of beloved dejected ones restored, it is idle to turn for it anywhere but only to Jesus—Jesus in his glorious person—Jesus in his finished work—Jesus in his faithful word—Jesus in his perfect character. But there is a many-sidedness in which Jesus may be looked at to meet the manifold phases of human unbelief, and of Satanic temptation. In the case of this dear troubled brother it was rather the faithfulness of Jesus than the graciousness of Jesus that was completely overlooked. And how many believing souls are tried from the same cause, though not to the same extent. It truly seems to this burthened heart to be *humility* that so looks upon its own exceeding sinfulness as to feel that it is almost beyond the widest stretch of divine mercy. Humility! it is nothing but only unbelief. But if the blessing of the soul that truly closes with its Saviour were looked at, as the Psalms constantly speak of it, as a matter that depends not only on the divine mercy, but also on the divine truth, then the heart would oftentimes get relief; for while it may be tempted to question the greatness of God's mercy, it can scarcely be tempted to cast aside the certainty of God's truth. Look well, then, O tried believer, to your seeming humility, if it keep you from rejoicing in the pardoning love of God. See that, instead of the true heaven-horn grace that thinks little of self to think the more of Christ, it is not rather a spurious imposition of the enemy which leads you to think little of yourself, only that you may be led to think as little of Christ. His mercy is not more engaged to pardon the accepting sinner than are his faithfulness and truth. "Wherefore, if we confess our sins, he is FAITHFUL and JUST to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." (1 John i. 9). J. D.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.—The piety of Gustavus Adolphus cannot be classed with fanaticism. He made the religious feeling servicable in promoting all the military virtues, composing prayers himself. He said to an officer, who seemed surprised to find him reading the Bible, "I am seeking strength against temptation by meditating on the sacred volume. Persons of my rank are only answerable to God for their actions, and that independence gives the enemy of our souls opportunity to lay snares, against which we cannot be too much on our guard."

THE GOD OF THE HARVEST.



THOU Great First Cause! when, of thy skill
 And might the traces viewing,
 I see too how thy love is still
 The good of all pursuing,
 Astonished at thy watchless ways,
 How can I render worthy praise,—
 My God, my Lord, and Father!
 The Earth, where'er I turn my eyes,
 Reveals her Maker's glory;
 Through day and night the shining sky
 Of praise repeats its story;
 Who for the sun there fixed his place?
 Who clothes him with majestic grace?
 The starry hosts—who leads them?

Who rules the fierce, raging winds?
 The clouds, in rain distilling?
 And who the lap of earth unbinds,
 Our stores with plenty filling?
 Great God, thy praises shall abide,
 And with thy goodness, reach as wide
 As wide creation reaches.

Praise thee the sunshine and the storm:
 Thy praise the ocean raises:
 "Come!"—says the meanest reptile form,
 "Sing, to my Maker, praises!"
 "Me"—says the tree in bloom arrayed,
 "Me"—says the grain, "thy God has made,
 "Sing praises to our Maker!"

'Tis Man,—a body, of thy hand
 The marvellous formation;
 'Tis Man,—a soul to understand
 Thy wonders of creation;
 'Tis Man,—who to himself supplies
 Best proof that thou art good and wise,—
 Who best should sing thy praises.
 Now pay thy honours to his name,
 My soul, his glories telling:
 Thy Father and thy God proclaim,
 The world's glad anthem swelling:
 Let all our race, with one accord,
 Love, trust, and serve our common Lord:
 Who can refuse to serve him?

THE MATTERHORN.

There are few Alpine peaks now which have not been surmounted by energetic and ambitious climbers. Mont Cerrin, or the Matterhorn, was one of the most impracticable, but its summit too has this year been reached, under tragic circumstances too well known. On the 14th of July, Lord Francis Douglas, Mr. Hadow, Mr. Hudson, Mr. Edward Whymper, and three guides, Michael Croz, and the Tangwalders, father and son, made the successful ascent. In descending the neck of the crest, Mr. Hadow, a less experienced mountaineer than his companions, lost his footing, and in his fall carried down also Croz, who was first, and Mr. Hudson and Lord F. Douglas, who were following. The rope broke under the fearful strain, and the elder Tangwalder, Whymper, and the younger Tangwalder were saved. Two days later, on the 16th July, four guides, C. A. Carrel, G. Birch, A. Meinet, and A. Gorret, reached the summit from the Italian side from the valley of Touraanche. The expedition was planned by Signor Giordano, of the Italian Alpine Club, but the guides would not allow any traveller to accompany them, on account of the uncertain weather. A record of their ascent was deposited on the summit by the English party, and the Italians planted their national flag on the highest point.

FAMILY WORSHIP IN DARK DAYS.

A TRUE STORY.

(A. D. 1562.)

I.—WHAT IS LOST.

The powers of darkness are all abroad,
They own no Saviour, they fear no God;
And we are trembling in dumb dismay,—
Oh, turn not Thou thy face away!

—*Anonymous Midnight Hymn.*

IGHT had fallen, and the narrow streets of the little town of Nyssel were quiet and very dark. If a solitary footfall now and then broke the stillness, it was only that of "some burgher home returning" from an unusually late errand of business or pleasure; though here and there lights gleaming from the casements told that the inmates of the houses were still astir.

The comfortable dwelling of Messer Ogier, the cloth-weaver, betrayed no such signs. Through no chink or crevice could a ray of light escape to attract the attention of the passers-by, and bar and bolt had been drawn across every door and window. But spirits can pass through closed doors without knocking for admission, and their footsteps make no sound. In spirit, therefore, we may enter the house of Ogier, and find our way, unquestioned and unforbidden, to the quiet upper room where the members of the family are assembled.

Four persons were seated at a table, upon which there burned a single lamp. Before the lamp lay a large book, which the father, a man of grave and thoughtful countenance, was evidently about to open, when an inquiry from the youngest member of the group caused a

momentary delay. Martin Ogier, a bright and happy-hearted, sometimes even a thoughtless boy, might perhaps have chosen a better moment for indulging what seemed mere idle curiosity by asking his brother, "What kept thee so late from home to-night, Baldwin?"

His mother evidently thought the question ill-timed, for her words, though gentle, implied reproof. As she raised her head you saw at a glance one of the ordinary faces of the Flemish type, broad, fair, and calm, with a calmness that seemed almost that of apathy; but it would have required more than a glance to perceive, what was in fact the truth, that the quiet and apparently common-place woman was one who had felt and suffered deeply.

"Martin, thy father waits," she said gravely.

Baldwin, a noble, intelligent lad, whose countenance bore marks of recent distress and agitation, quickly interposed. "My father, and thou too, my mother, shall know what detained me. The tidings I have heard concern us all."

"I fear from thy look they be no good tidings, my son," said Robert Ogier, with an anxious glance at his wife.

The unexpressive face of the Flemish matron showed but little emotion as she remarked, "I have never heard that bad tidings improved by the keeping."

"These may keep," returned Ogier, "until we have read the Book of God, and together asked His help to meet whatever He may send."

"Father," cried Baldwin impetuously, "if we dare do so, it is at the peril of our lives."

"We have long known that," answered Ogier, sadly and calmly.

Yes, they had all known it. In full consciousness that the act might cause the forfeit of their lives, had father, mother, and sons assembled night after night to offer to their God the sacrifice of prayer and praise. Surely they did not offer that which cost them nothing.

"You do not know the worst," resumed the boy. "John de Swarte's house has been broken into, and all within arrested."

His hearers started and grew pale; each feeling, perhaps, as a soldier on a forlorn hope might do when he sees the man beside him struck by a fatal bullet.

Ogier was the first to speak, and his voice was broken by emotion. "How knowest thou? all was quiet when I came home, two hours ago."

"I tarried late at my master's workshop, and as I was showing him my finished work, a friend of his came running in, all pale and breathless, and told him the tale in my presence. I durst not let them see what I felt, so I hurried thence as quickly as I might. On my homeward way I passed the house; a crowd was gathered round the door, and I heard many a murmur against our persecutors."

"All the worse for the murderers," said young Martin, bitterly.

"Whom did they find in the house?" asked Ogier.

"Alas! my father, they found, it is said, twelve persons in all. De Swarte himself, his wife, his four children—"

"What?" interrupted Joan Ogier, "did they take the children?"

"Peter Fitchnau, Lord Inquisitor of the Faith, spares neither womanhood nor childhood," said Ogier sadly, yet without bitterness.

"Resides these," resumed Baldwin, "there were with them six other persons, whose names I know not; but Jacob, the shoemaker, whom I met in the street, told me there were two new-married couples—God help and strengthen them all."

"Amen!" Ogier responded fervently.

There was a long pause of horror and dismay, which the youngest of the party broke by asking in a low voice, "Father, what will they do with them?"

"Peter Fitchnau is here," was the answer of Ogier.

"And where he comes, there Satan's seat is," added Baldwin.

"But, father," resumed Martin, "surely they will not—they cannot—"

"They can and will execute upon them all the doom denounced by the king's edicts against those who read or hear the Word of God—*Death by fire.*"

The shudder that followed his words was real, though scarcely perceptible. Over each head there hung suspended the same frightful doom, and each heart knew and felt it. Yet none whispered the suggestion that peace and security might be purchased by closing or destroying that Book on the table. At length the father's voice arose calm and solemn, but with an undertone of deep feeling. "If we suffer with Him, we shall also reign with Him: if we deny Him, He also will deny us." Words familiar to us all, but how different their import when read by the glare of martyr piles! A diamond is one thing in a darksome cave or dimly lighted room, another when a ray of sunshine smites it, calling forth by its magic touch the hidden fire within. "If we suffer with Him,"—upon that "if" hang the destinies, here and hereafter, of those four immortal beings.

After a few moments' silence Ogier said, "Let us worship God!" All bowed their heads and joined in a brief prayer for the divine blessing. Then he reverently opened the Book, and read the twelfth chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews. The words of holy hope, of glowing promise, and of solemn warning sank deep into the hearts of the little group. Upon other nights there had been an eager flow of question and comment, as the minds of the children opened to receive the truths taught by a father's lips, and the deep anxieties of awaking spiritual life gave words even to the silent mother. But to-night they thought of those who had walked beside them in their daily paths, as even now about to be numbered with the great cloud of witnesses; and they asked themselves if they too were ready to resist unto blood; then, from earth's change, and fear, and anguish they raised their eyes in sure and certain hope to the city of habitations, the kingdom which cannot be moved. God's voice was speaking to their souls, and no other voice was needed.

"Let us pray!" said Ogier again. They all knelt together, while he prayed, in very simple language, for their persecuted brethren, that the God of all consolation might be with them

in the fiery trial; for themselves, that their sins might be forgiven for the Saviour's sake, and that they also might be strengthened to endure whatever lay before them. Then he prayed for their native land and city, their rulers and magistrates. Nor was their king forgotten, bitter enemy though he was to them and to their faith; he prayed that God would make "his reign prosperous, and his life happy," and grant him success in all his lawful undertakings. And every prayer was sanctified by the name of Him whom they recognized and adored as the one Mediator between God and man.

When the little party had arisen from their knees they seemed awed but comforted. There was in their countenance an expression of sober, perhaps of mournful peace, like the light of calm and clear evening after a day of rain. For a few moments they looked at each other in silence and as if unwilling to part. Then Robert Ogier took up the Book, which to them had been the messenger of life, (was it also to be that of death?) and placed it in the hands of his eldest son, saying as he did so, "Lay it in its hiding-place. Quick, my boy, the hour is late."

Baldwin took it with a sigh. "Would to God, my father, the hour were come, when, instead of hiding the lamp, we might set it on high to guide the footsteps of our poor benighted neighbours."

"Come it may," said Ogier, "but I trow that as for thy mother and I we shall scarce see it. Perchance it may be otherwise with you, my children."

"Nethinks," said Baldwin, standing for a moment with the book in his hand, "we may be like those flowers of the early spring time that bud ere their season. The frost smites them and they perish, but the spring comes for all that."

"Spare us thy likenesses and parables, brother," cried Martin; then with a sudden change of tone and manner, "Hush, hearken! What is that?" He trembled, and drew closer to his mother, whilst the father and eldest son looked silently in each other's faces. A loud and impatient knocking at the street door was the cause of their alarm. The bold, impetuous Baldwin was the first to speak. "Mother, fear not. Father, I will go forth to them; they may not mean us harm."

"We will go forth together, my boy. And we will not fear, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them."

One short half hour has passed, and has done the work of years. The home of Robert Ogier is silent and deserted. A voice of wild weeping has been heard there—a woman's agonized prayer for her husband and her children, a father imploring for those he loved the mercy he sought not for himself. But vain tears and fruitless pleadings are over now. The household that knelt so lately together at the throne of grace walk bound and guarded through the silent streets. "Not divided" are they in their anguish, this at least is mercy. Robert Ogier may speak words of comfort to his true wife, who walks by his side in this bitter hour, as she has so often done in happier days gone by. The boys follow closely; Baldwin, with head erect

and steady footsteps, looking often from the narrow street and the scowling faces of their Spanish guard to the starlit sky above; Martin, pale and almost bewildered, clinging timidly to his brother.

They have not far to go; already the doors of the gloomy town prison are opening to receive them—doors that in those evil days might almost have borne the inscription, placed by the poet's imagination above the gates of hell,—

"All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

II.—PARTING AND RE-UNION.

"Come for a minute, my son, from this room into
[the next.
I too shall go in a minute. What time have I to be
[next?"]

TENNYSON.

Truth is greater, nobler, and more beautiful than fiction. There are times therefore when the simple record of facts as they were, present a more striking picture to the mind than any effort to delineate them as they might have been. For this reason not one grain of alloy shall be allowed to mingle with the pure gold of the brief narrative of Robert and Baldwin Ogier, even for the sake of stamping it in the mind of imagination.

"Their crime," says the historian, "consisted in not going to mass, and in practising private worship at home. They confessed the offence, for they protested that they could not endure to see the profanation of their Saviour's name in the idolatrous sacraments. They were asked what rites they practised in their own house. One of the sons (Baldwin), answered,—

"We fall on our knees and pray to God that he may enlighten our hearts and forgive our sins. We pray for our sovereign, that his reign may be prosperous and his life peaceful. We also pray for the magistrates and others in authority, that God may protect and preserve them all." The boy's simple eloquence drew tears even from the eyes of some of the judges, for the inquisitor had placed the case before the civil tribunal. The father and eldest son were, however, condemned to the flames. "O God," prayed the youth at the stake, "Eternal Father, accept the sacrifice of our lives in the name of thy beloved Son."

"Thou fiend, scoundrel," fiercely interrupted a monk who was lighting the fire, "God is not your father; ye are the devil's children."

"As the flames rose about them the boy cried out once more, 'Look, my father, all heaven is opening, and I see ten hundred thousand angels rejoicing over us. Let us be glad, for we are dying for the truth.'"

Thus "they overcame by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony, and they loved not their lives unto the death."

But this was not the end. The lurid glare of that fire in the market place shone through the barred windows of the town prison, and shed a light, more terrible than Egyptian darkness, on the pale features of a woman, who sat silent and stricken with bowed head and clasped hands, and those of a boy who stood beside her.

"My father, my brother?" cried the boy, wringing his hands in anguish.

The wife of Robert Ogier looked up, and there was a depth of sorrow in her quiet grey eyes. While the boy's tears had fallen like summer rain, she had not wept.

"Pray for them, Martin," she said, "in a few brief moments we can pray for them no more."

The boy looked at his mother with wondering eyes; her calmness awed, even terrified him, more than the wildest wailings could have done.

"I shall go to them, though they shall not return to me," were the words that answered his look. And although he heard no sound, he saw that her pale lips continued to move as if in prayer.

There was a long, long silence. At last, as the crimson glow died slowly away, Martin exclaimed, "It is over!" and sinking down beside his mother, he buried his face in her lap, and burst into a passion of tears.

"They have overcome—they rest! I thank thee, O my God!" said the martyr's widow. And if she spoke calmly it was not because her agony had turned her heart to stone, and dried up the well-springs of feeling. She had borne the anguish, she bore it still, but in that anguish Christ was with her, in the very valley and shadow of death his presence sustained her.

She laid her hand gently on the head of the weeping boy, "My son," she said, "thou didst not mourn thus when thy father and thy brother went from us to Antwerp."

"Alas, mother, they came thence again; that parting was not like this."

"Yet was that parting longer than this shall be," said Joan Ogier, "We and they counted that by weeks; this we count by days, and they, O my son, even at this moment they are looking on the face of Christ! For them time is no longer—eternity, an eternity of glory, has begun!" Was it joy—joy in the midst of unutterable sorrow, that thrilled the heart of the desolate woman, and kindled her eyes as she raised them upwards? It may have been, such joy is at times given by Christ to those that suffer for him. Moreover, she had always lived in and for those she loved; and now that in spirit she followed them through and past their fiery trial, a ray from the light within the veil, that light in which they had already begun to walk, may well have been permitted to fall upon her.

"Martin, listen to me, for they may divide us soon," she said. "Weep not, my son. Thou seest I do not weep. Why should I? God hath been very gracious unto me. Scarce have I time to feel I am parted from my beloved ones, ere I go to join them in that home where parting comes not. Thou knowest what the monks threaten?" And something akin to a smile gave the last word peculiar meaning.

The boy answered with a pale cheek and quivering lip, "I know they gave us seven days' respite, and promised pardon if we would—"

"Deny the Lord that bought us. My son, my son, I feel thee tremble! Must I tremble for thee?—I thought all earthly fear was past. O God, help us!"

Martin's pale lips echoed the prayer, "O God, help me!" There was a pause; then—

though he still trembled, he spoke in a quiet voice, "Fear not for me, my mother. I am young and weak, but my heart is fixed, trusting in God my Saviour. His strength avails for me, even as for my father, and for Baldwin, and for thee."

The mother clasped him in her arms, and pressed her lips long and fervently to his. "God bless and strengthen thee, my youngest bora, and for a few short days my only one! God make thee a faithful witness of his truth, even as—"

Here, to the surprise of both, her utterance was choked by emotion, and for the first time since the storm of adversity swept over them, "she lifted up her voice and wept."

Martin then assumed the office of comforter, and more by mute caresses than by words, sought to soothe her and to restore her calmness.

It was some time before this was accomplished, for Nature, long repressed, was now asserting her rights and would not be denied.

But at last the weeper dried her tears. "It is over now," she said, "and I thank God, even through these tears, that he hath given unto me and mine this great honour, not only to believe on him but also to suffer for his name. I shall thank him soon where tears are no more."

"Yes, mother, soon. The way is short, and though it may be dark, there is One who will walk beside us. When I am afraid I will close my eyes, and put my hand in his, and I know he will lead me safely through."

The light of seven cheerless days stole through that prison window, measuring the brief respite granted to those appointed to die—that awful breathing space between two funeral piles. But

on the eighth day the prison doors were opened, and the captives led forth. Once more the fresh breeze fanned their brows, once more they looked up to the blue sky, and thought as they did so that all they loved was beyond it, and that in one short hour they also should be there.

And thus it was Rome had her will with these faithful martyrs of Jesus Christ. They were burned to ashes at the stake. "And so there was an end of that family," writes the historian with a pitying sigh.

"An end of that family," yes, upon earth. Nothing remained to tell that they had lived and suffered except a heap of ashes in the market place, and a few lines in the city register, recording the deaths by fire of Robert and Baldwin Ogier, and eight days afterwards of Joan and Martin Ogier.

But in another record, even "the Lamb's Book of Life," their names are written in characters of light that shall be legible when suns and stars have passed away. In another city, even the New Jerusalem, their ransomed footsteps tread the golden streets, and their triumphant voices sing the praises of Him through whom they overcame. Brief was their agony, but lasting is their joy and bright their crown. In the many mansions of their Father's house the martyr family are united once more, a precious fourfold cord, with not one part missing or slackened. Together they bow before the throne, thus resuming as it were their family worship; broken prayers from trembling lips exchanged for glad hosannas, and for the new song which none could learn except the redeemed from the earth, those who came out of great tribulation, having washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb.

For the Young.

NORA.



It was the month of June. The roses were just us red and full as they could be; the grass was still fresh, and green as an emerald; the trees made dark, cool shadows along the road; and as to the sea and sky, it was hard to say which was the bluest.

The drawing-room windows of Daisybank House were open; they reached down to the ground, and the gardener had fine work to keep the creepers that grew outside from shutting out the light. This was the first day that Mrs. Lindel had left her room for six weeks. She was sitting on a low chair by the window, her gentle face almost as white as the muslin curtains, and on a stool at her feet sat her little daughter Nora, who was seven years old; there was no lack of roses in her cheeks. Now Nora had been left very much to her own devices during her mother's illness, and she had got into so many scrapes and troubles, that she felt quite

relieved to be once again under firm, yet loving control. She was a fidgetty little elf, and Mrs. Lindel was too weak to bear her rapid and ceaseless prattle; so she said at last, "Nora, my dear, I think you had better play in the garden till tea-time; and be sure, my darling, not to go into the fields." Nora was rather loath to go, but she got up nevertheless, and kissed her mother lovingly. "And, Nora," added Mrs. Lindel, as the child opened the door, "you may as well take Tip with you."

Tip lifted up his head on hearing his name, and, in answer to the rather imperious "Come, Tip!" bounded into the hall. Nora took her garden-hat from the stand, and passed through the glass doors into the garden, Tip racing about in front. You must know that Tip was a very wise dog, and never thought of running on the beds or snapping off the flowers. Nora and her companion were very happy racing up and down the lawn; but at last Tip lay down in the sun with a resolute air, as much as to say, "I've done my duty for to-day, and I won't stir from here." So Nora was obliged to amuse herself. She ran to her own little scrap of garden, and pulled up two or three cuttings

to see if they were taking root; and then she opened all the buds on her fuchsia tree, in order that it might be in full flower sooner! Presently a butterfly flitted by her; it was a very small one; but its wings were as blue as the sky when the sun shone on them, and Nora thought it far prettier than the humming-birds under the glass shade in the drawing-room. She followed it from plant to plant, across the lawn, down the shrubbery; and when she lost sight of the fluttering bit of blue and silver, where was she? Why, at the end of the field, close to the road. Now Nora had often been in the field during the last six weeks, and it was almost unconsciously that she had crept through the broad railings this time. Mrs. Lindel did not like her little daughter to run about alone in the meadows, because the cows were often led there to graze, and one of them was fierce and easily irritated. There were no cows there to-day. As soon as Nora had discovered her disobedience she ought to have run home and told her mother all about it, but, instead of doing anything of the kind, she stood still, thinking whether she should return by the path that went round the field or go back the shortest way, straight through the grass. She would much rather have walked down the road than have done either. Nora had no thought of telling a lie about her fault when she got home. She would probably have said even before she was asked, "I've been in the field, mamma;" for it came as naturally to her to tell the truth as to get into a scrape. All this time she stood swinging the gate backwards and forwards, and the hinges were making an uneasy creak, creak, as much as to say, "O dear, O dear! Do have pity on our old bones!"

While Nora was still wavering between her inclination and her duty, what do you think that she saw far down the road? Why, nothing less than Tip scampering away as fast as his four little black legs could carry him.

"Come back, Tip,—come back, sir. Oh, you tiresome dog, come back!" shouted Nora. In her secret heart, however, she did not think Tip so very tiresome, after all. "Mamma wouldn't like Tip to run about alone, I'm sure," thought Nora; and in one moment she had slammed the gate after her, and was running down the road as fast as her two little legs could carry her. Tip was soon out of sight, and yet Nora went racing on, swinging her hat in her hand, her cheeks flushed, and her brown hair tossing about her shoulders. All of a sudden she stopped. Was her conscience pricking her?—was she tired and out of breath? Not in the least; it was the sight of a white chalky path cut through the cliffs to the shore, a gap, as the country people call it, that brought those active little feet to a stand-still. She could just catch a glimpse of the water rippling idly along the beach, and the temptation was too strong when she thought of the delights of the sands,—of the rocks covered with bladder-rack, that cracked and popped so merrily under her feet,—of the bunches of dainty pink sea-weed,—of the curious shells, with their stranger inhabitants,—of the sweet sea-music, and soft, helpless jelly-fish. So, quite forgetting Tip and the tea awaiting her at home, she ran down to the shore.

The first thing that Nora did when she reached this fairy land of delight was to collect a quantity of limpet shells with which to make boats. She wandered slowly along the water's edge, paying no attention to the slanting sunbeams, or to the waves creeping nearer and nearer to the cliff barrier, and only looking up every now and then to follow the long swoop of the sea swallow as it skilfully caught up an unwary little fish that had been swimming too near the surface of the water; or to watch a ship sail across some dark cloud, that seemed rising out of the sea. Nora turned her hat into a basket, and many and varied were the treasures that it was made to hold. At length she began to feel a little tired with her long ramble, so she chose a nice flat stone beside a tiny pool, and spread out her store. As she sat down beside her spoils the last sunbeam kissed her little brown head, and then the sun, having done his duty for that day, as it were, sank down to rest.

We will examine Nora's treasures. First of all there was quite a cargo of limpet shells, and two or three little crabs. She had put a bigger one with the others, on account of his bright green legs; but he had proved a troublesome crab, and persisted in wriggling out of his prison, so she had been forced at last, though with great regret, to leave him in peace on the sands. Besides these, Nora had picked up a bunch of sea-grasses, some different kinds of sea-weeds, red, brown, and green; numberless little shells, and several pebbles that looked bright and pretty, now that they were wet; but Nora prized an old brown thing called a mermaid's purse more than all the rest, and she carefully examined it, and then as carefully opened it. Alas! it was empty, and the little skate that had found its first home in the square leather-looking bag had long since been a gentleman at large on the sea. Nora tried to set her limpet shells afloat, and filled them with smaller shells, sea-weed, and sand, and a wee crab was promoted to be a commander; but he was either unconscious of the honour, or he did not appreciate it, for he sunk himself and his boat at the very outset. Nora thought this very bad taste on the part of the crab, as she would have given a good deal to have been small enough to sail in a limpet shell. She amused herself in this way for a little time, and then she began to think it was time to return. She collected her remaining treasures, and turned towards home. She had no idea that tea-time and bed-time were past.

Nora's walk home was not very pleasant. She was tired, and her conscience was troubling her a little; so she looked out anxiously for the gap, and almost thought that some one must have filled it up while she was playing. At last she reached the very end of the bay, and she knew that the path was round the other side of the cliffs; but alas! the tide that was so unloyal as to wet King Canute's feet many hundred years ago (you have all read about it in your English history) had been as busy as Nora, and was rippling and splashing two or three feet upon the rocks round which she had passed so easily two hours before. Nora was by no means a coward, and she did not begin to cry when she saw herself a prisoner in the bay, with the

black clouds (she had not noticed them before) gathering overhead, and the night slowly deepening. She let all her precious shells and seaweeds fall sadly on the sand, and retraced her steps along the grey solitary beach, in the hope of finding another path; there was none, and Nora felt the first heavy rain-drops pattering on her hands. Poor little Nora! A man could have easily climbed up the cliffs, for they were slanting and not very high; but it was hard work for a tiny maiden of seven. She determined to try, however. She got many a tumble, and scratch, and bruise as she clambered up the uneven slope, catching hold of loose chalk, tufts of grass, and sea-convolvulus. When she was half way up she heard a well-known voice shouting, in clear, firm tones, "Nora! Nora!"—but the light was too dim to see anything distinctly now, and Nora's voice was choked with sobs as she called out, "O papa! papa! do stop! I'm down here. Papa, papa!" And so the shout overhead died away.

At this time the inmates of Daisybank House were in a state of great anxiety and dismay. Mrs. Lindel had thought that Nora was having her tea in the nursery; nurse had thought that she was in the drawing-room with her mother; and it was only when Mr. Lindel came home at half-past seven that her absence was discovered. You can fancy what a commotion there was in the house. No one thought for a moment that Nora had gone down to the beach; and Mr. Lindel and the servants scoured the fields and roads in every direction, and enquired at all the cottages, and at several places in the village, but of course without success. Mrs. Lindel was too anxious to go to bed; she kept walking up and down the room, her hands tightly clasped, her face flushed, her lips dry and feverish, while she listened with an aching

heart to the heavy rain, and longed for the sound of footsteps.

At about half past nine, or perhaps a little after, the drawing-room window was pushed open, and a pitiable object presented itself,—a little girl, dripping wet, with her clothes torn and dirty, her hands scratched and bruised, her bright eyes dim with tears, her curly hair lank, and one shoe gone. Mrs. Lindel fainted away directly she saw her little daughter, and Nora's screams attracted the only servant left in the house. Very soon after this Mr. Lindel returned to see if any one had been more successful than himself. When he saw Nora he caught her up in his arms, saying fervently, "Thank God!"—and when Nora looked in his face to see if he was very angry, she saw that he was paler than she had ever seen him before, and there were big tears in his eyes.

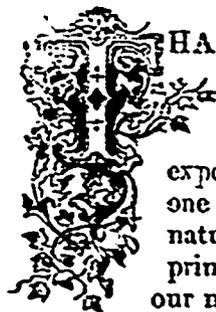
No one said a word to Nora about her fault. She was amply punished by seeing her mother shut up in a room for three weeks longer; and the sight of Mr. Lindel's suffering face was a reproach that Nora could hardly bear. She remembered her father's look for many a sad day.

This was Nora's first practical lesson, that it is impossible for any one to measure the consequence of their sins. If you had asked Nora when she stood swinging on the field-gate what punishment she would get if she disobeyed her mother, she would probably have answered a good scolding, and perhaps an hour spent in the corner. Now she had not been punished in either of these ways. Let us therefore pause before we do wrong, even the smallest wrong; for we cannot tell what poisonous plants may spring from the seed we sow. There is one who can make us strong to resist the very beginning of evil.

Sabbath Readings.

BROUGHT TO THE SAVIOUR.

"He brought him to Jesus."—*John i. 42.*



HAT the most important features of man's character are derived from his association with others, all experience goes to show. It is one of the great laws of our nature that our habits and principles, the complexion of our mental and moral existence, should be, as it were, moulded by associations, sometimes brought about in a way seemingly accidental, but which exercise a powerful influence over our whole lives. How often are talents elicited, aspirations kindled, thoughts and feelings originated, and resolves formed, after, it may be, a first brief intercourse with some master mind,

so as to shape the man's character and destiny not in time only but for an endless eternity.

Events of this kind stand out in bold relief before the memory. They can never be forgotten, especially in the matter of religion. Take, for instance, the case of a man's conversion, and do you not find it so? Now this derives all its importance from the fact of the man being then for the first time brought into contact with the Saviour,—from its being the commencement of an intercourse with Jesus,—the formation of a friendship which will influence his character and destiny for ever!

To be brought to the Saviour—to be made one of his disciples,—these are events never to be forgotten, because of the consequences they involve. To yield the understanding to the authority of his word, and

the conscience to the claims of his law, and the whole life to the interests of his government,—all this is involved in the conversion of a sinner to God; but in this is the essence of religion, the turning point on which hinges the real interests of man.

Now such events, however brought about, by whatever instrumentality effected, can never be lost to the recollection. Could the disciples, who now for the first time met the Saviour, forget the interview? Could the woman of Samaria forget Jacob's well? Could Paul forget what happened on the way to Damascus, or in the house of the street that was called Straight? This is not likely. Nay, when we consider the various means instituted to awaken and perpetuate the remembrance of such events, we must pronounce it impossible to forget them. There are, for instance, the Sabbath, and the sanctuary, and the ordinances. For what purpose? Is it not to call to our remembrance our acquaintance with the Saviour, our relationship to him, what he has done for us, and what is our duty in consequence, viz., that we should "bring men to Jesus,"—introduce them to him, that they too may cultivate friendship with him, and thus become prepared to be "for ever with the Lord?"

Now there are two propositions suggested by the Scripture under consideration. First, that true religion must ever be the result of a personal acquaintance with Jesus Christ, and a thorough conviction of his claims. Secondly, that all who themselves enjoy this personal acquaintance with Jesus Christ will be concerned to bring others to the same enjoyment. Here is the narrative: "John stood, and two of his disciples; and looking upon Jesus as he walked, he saith, Behold the Lamb of God! And the two disciples heard him speak, and they followed Jesus. Then Jesus turned, and saw them following, and saith unto them, What seek ye? They said unto him, Rabbi, where dwellest thou? He said unto them, Come and see. They came and saw where he dwelt, and abode with him that day. One of the two which heard John speak was Andrew, Simon Peter's brother. He first findeth his own brother, Simon, and saith unto him, We have found the Messiah (which is, being interpreted, the Christ). And he brought him to Jesus."

Here we have the two principles noticed: Andrew first finds Jesus for himself, and then he sought out his own brother Simon, and "he brought him to Jesus." Thus we have pointed out, first, what we

owe to ourselves; and again, what is our duty to the unconverted world, which is to make known to them their dangerous condition, if they know not Christ; to proclaim to them the remedy provided in the gospel, to bring them to the Saviour.

But, in order to do this effectually, we must ourselves be possessed of that which we propose to others. We cannot impart to others what we do not know ourselves; nor have we any right to hope that God will communicate his blessing upon any effort that proceeds not from a conviction of its being a Christian duty urged upon us by the claims of God.

Would we, then, exhibit an enlightened devotedness to the interests of the Saviour, and to the cause of God in the world, we must ourselves be possessed of a personal interest in Jesus—of a personal knowledge of him. It must not be a mere theory, or a speculation, or profession; it must be the religion of the heart, possessed by ourselves, the result of knowledge, conviction, and experience.

The order is, "I will bless thee; and (then) thou shalt be a blessing." It is in harmony with this order that we pray, "God be merciful unto us, and bless us, and cause his face to shine upon us." Why? "That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations." This is the order recognised by the Redeemer himself: "He that believeth on me," he says, "shall never thirst, and from within him (that believeth) shall flow rivers of living water."

The disciples of John were not satisfied with a mere passing glance at the Saviour, the impulse of curiosity. No; they looked to Jesus,—they followed him,—they sought an interview with him,—they dwelt with him that day. There was in their case observation, intercourse, conviction; and if we be truly seeking after Christ for ourselves, and if we be sincere in our labours to bring others to Christ, we shall do as the disciples did,—we shall examine and judge for ourselves. We are not required to take anything on trust; we are challenged to investigation: we will "come and see."

In respect to the second proposition, viz., that all who are themselves acquainted with the Lord Jesus Christ will be concerned to bring others to the Saviour, that they may be sharers of their joy—this is simply a deduction from the former. Everything in the new creation leads to this; so expressive is everything in religion, the object

of which is still more and more to spread the Divine glory, to widen the circle of Christian faith and joy.

It is not a matter of mere sentiment; it is a grave responsibility which rests upon every believer to carry out, as far as in him lies, the object of religion, which is to bring men to Jesus. Are you yourselves possessed of the knowledge of Christ? Then that very knowledge is imparted to you by the Holy Spirit, that you may impart it to others; and by the knowledge you possess your responsibility is increased, because of your moral relation with the other men, and the claims they have upon you by means of that relation.

Look at the working of this principle as respects the body. Did you know of a specific remedy for any of those fatal maladies which afflict the body, would you not feel it a duty to make it known, though no command to that effect was given? And if you found that, from ignorance, or malice, or misapprehension, a prejudice existed against this infallible specific, should that so paralyze your benevolence as to prevent you from publishing abroad its efficacy?

Well, then, where is the difference between your temporal and spiritual responsibility? Is not the weight fearfully increased when taken in a spiritual view, because of the infinite worth of the soul, and your express obligation, under the command of God, to make the way of salvation known to the perishing sons of men?

Some perhaps will admit all this, but excuse themselves, from want of ability or opportunity, to act out this principle. This, however, is not true. No man was ever disposed to do good who did not find opportunity; no man ever had a determination to do good who was denied the ability. Alas! had we more of sanctified energy, more of holy zeal, more of honest determination, we should find both ability and opportunity,—the “way and the means.”

But there is in us a cowardly spirit, a temporizing, selfish spirit. Fearing reproach, ashamed to be thought fanatical, or enthusiastic, or obtrusive, or ostentatious, we shrink from our duty, and prove ourselves unworthy. While the voice of prophecy is onward, and onward the voice of Providence, we shrink back, we trifle away our time,—we defer till to-morrow, but to-morrow never comes.

Perhaps with some who read these lines conscience is now at work, but who yet will put off to a more convenient season;

but be it known to them, that never while life lasts will they have a more convenient season than now. The Son of Man waits now to forgive them,—the ear of the Eternal is now ready to hear them,—the gates of their refuge are now thrown open wide to admit them,—and angels would delight to bear to the realms of glory the good news that they have repented and turned to God.

Then why should not their happiness begin this day?—and though it be “the day of small things,” it will not so remain. The penitent sinner becomes confirmed in righteousness, he becomes “holier still.” From the fulness of God he adds grace to grace. The day of small things shines more and more. The Christian pilgrims grow vigorous as they advance; they go from strength to strength, till coming within range of their native heaven, they inhale its atmosphere, and with heart ready, and tongues already tuned to Zion’s melody, they put on the brightness of angels, and enter the city of their God, Jerusalem, their happy home.

As to want of opportunity, alas! it is not so; there is no lack of opportunity. There is abundant occasion for all amongst us, be their talents, their means, their peculiarities what they may, for the display of the gospel, and for the exercise of benevolence in the haunts of ignorance, wickedness, and indifference,—these scenes of temporal and spiritual destitution with which we meet at every turn; ample opportunity for the offices of every good Samaritan to take up the poor and helpless, the wounded and stripped by worse than the passing robber, going on as they are unreclaimed, and sinking, parent after parent, and child after child, into an eternity for which they have made no preparation.

And how are we all encouraged in this holy work, knowing that “God is not unrighteous, that he should forget the labour that proceedeth out of love to him,—that there is a book of remembrance kept,—that there is a memorial kept before the Lord,”—that every act of Christian sympathy, every act of self-denying labour, every effort to alleviate the sufferings of our fellow men, to feed the hungry, “to clothe the naked, to instruct the ignorant, to direct sinners to the cross, to bring men to Jesus,” shall receive a glorious recompense. “Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.”