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THE
CANADIAN PRESBYTER.

DECEMBER, 1858.

REVIVAL OF RELIGION.

This has been the great topic, and we trust, in some quarters, the great event of the year. It may, with special emphasis, be termed a "year of grace;" a year in which Christ has increased, and angels have rejoiced, and saints multiplied, and sinners passed from death to life.

We need not argue in favor of a Revival. All Christians, having life, long to have it more abundantly. The Church prays continually—"Wilt thou not revive us again"? And ever since the Church was founded, it has had its epochs of quickened inward force and augmented demonstrative activity. These epochs have come not by human might or power, but of the Spirit of the Lord.

All history, civil and sacred, is marked by æras; and it is a laudable desire and warrantable prayer, that the present time may prove a good æra in the history of the Church—a year of the right hand of the Most High. This desire need not be greatly discouraged by a fear of the follies and abuses which have damaged former revival movements in Britain and in America; for the experience of the past has not been lost, its warnings have not been forgotten—the Church has grown into more intelligent and reverential views of the operation of the Holy Spirit, and maintains a wholesome fear of mere ephemeral excitements, or of those feverish pulses of emotion that are so likely to be succeeded by languor and exhaustion.

Of the reality and importance of the present American Revival we entertain no doubt. Though we may see it to lack the depth and the thoroughness we could wish, we yet heartily and joyfully recognize the abundant evidences of quickened devoutness and activity, and pray God to strengthen that which He hath wrought. We are assured by eye witnesses as well as by the public press, that the prayer-meetings in some of the chief cities of the Union, especially in New York and Philadélphia, far from dwindling away, increase in godly interest; and that out of them seem to flow rivers of living water. It is certain too,

that the fruits of this Revival have already appeared in enlarged congregations, reinforced Theological Seminaries, multiplied Sabbath Schools, and zealous efforts to reclaim the more reckless and degraded classes of society. Yet fruits are wanting, that every true friend of the United States longs to see. The public mind does not seem to be bowed down before God. Levity, extravagance, and disorder appear to have received no material check. Moreover the public conscience does not show itself even in religious circles, pierced for notorious national sins—the worship of wealth, the holding of slaves, and the disgraceful traffic in bodies and souls of men. Under the pretext of excluding subjects on which difference of opinion exists, petitions to the Just One for the deliverance of millions of bondsmen, are, as we are informed, ordinarily suppressed in the American Prayer-Meetings. Now, however much we feel for the embarrassment of the American Churches on this question, we cannot approve of this worldly wise silence, this reluctance to confess that which forms in the esteem of all Christendom the darkest blot on the American name. We should, with less hesitation, rejoice to see the Americans drinking of the wine of gladness, if they had first filled their water-pots with the waters of unfeigned repentance, and the Lord had then turned their water into wine.

One may over-rate the American popular religion, and under-estimate in proportion that of British Christians, by not considering the greater readiness of the former to express and declare itself. We do not allege that the national boastfulness finds its way into the very reports and statistics of American Churches and Societies. All we mean is, that the Americans have a peculiar natural fitness for such manifestations as have characterised the present awakening. Accustomed to live in public, they readily talk and make themselves at home in a crowd; without shamefacedness they declare, and expect others with equal freedom to disclose to every ear the most intimate feelings of the heart. To the British (especially to the Scottish) people, this is repugnant; and to this circumstance, more than to the error of making long prayers, we are disposed to trace the failure of attempts to reproduce American meetings in the Mother Country and in Canada. To some it appears a portentous fact, that these attempts have failed, but we have always been convinced that meetings on the American plan could not be maintained among us without violence to our national habits of mind and sense of propriety. No doubt we, (the Methodists excepted), carry reticence to an undue extreme; but any sudden effort to break down the guards and cautions of our religious communication can only give undue prominence to those few more forward and pretentious men, who, at all times of movement and interest, are ready enough to push themselves into the front. In so saying, we make no excuse for apathy or coldness of heart. Let us be humbled in the acknowledgment of our slowness and leanness, and pray for revival—but not prescribe to revival modes and manifestations that are uncongenial to our national disposition. The Spirit of God works with the spirit of man.

Another observation we think it our duty to make, at the risk of being thought suspicious and severe. The disposition manifested to detach the religious

movement in the United States from Church order is fraught with serious dangers. Under the plea of drawing out the piety and exercising the gifts of the laity, the ordinance of preaching is less esteemed than free voluntary exhortation. It is claimed as a favorable feature of the present awakening, that there has been no unusual employment of the pulpit, the brethren exhorting one another. But awakening minds peculiarly need frequent, earnest and lucid preaching of the Word—and a series of abrupt, unconnected exhortations form but a poor substitute for it, and can never ground young converts properly in the principles of our holy religion. We must add that we do not like to see what ought to be the Church's most cherished work placed under the direction of Young Men's Christian Associations, which are, in many places, assuming a position to which they have no title, and sorely disappointing some of their warmest and earliest friends. Their members, it is true, are in general excellent young men, such as we rejoice to see in their due place and rank in the visible Church, and whose alliance and intercourse we regard as in itself a delightful sign of the times. Yet we think it extremely rash and unbecoming to concede to such Associations, the guidance of the greatest religious movements of the age—and this the more, when we perceive how apt they are to fall under the influence of men who are impatient of all Church government, and who, themselves young men no longer, *use* the young men for their own purposes, rising on their shoulders into a certain importance, and exercising, through their activity, a sort of power not merely inter-denominational but super-denominational, in which they delight, and which they glorify under the title of "a Catholic spirit."

In the American cities, a large proportion of the prayer-meetings are "under the auspices" of Young Men's Christian Associations. Large tents and other places of concourse for special services are also under their care; and they choose and invite the officiating ministers. Now granting them all praise for zeal, and perhaps for a good and impartial choice of Preachers, can any one dispute that these are dangerous precedents, and that a power is being yielded to these Societies, which may hereafter be very unwisely and very unfairly used? The tendency is, not to strengthen the Church, but to form new centres of religious interest out of the Church. Thus we read of the fire-men being assembled at their engine-houses on the Lord's Day for prayer and brotherly exhortation, instead of connecting themselves humbly and unostentatiously with some Christian congregation, and going up, as other men, to the House of God. Sometimes, the firemen have marched in procession to Church, to hear a Preacher whom they have specially invited. Well-meant as such measures are, how unwise, and how inconsistent with that awed sobriety and humbleness of mind which ought to characterise a time of religious revival! Firemen and military volunteers are sufficiently tempted through the week by their love of parade and display, without having the same feeling called forth on the Lord's Day, and beautified with an aspect of religion.

In thus writing, we have no wish to cast doubt on the American awakening,

and should be sorry to grieve any of the generation of God's children; but we deem it a duty to point out attendant circumstances that may give a wrong impression of the nature of the movement, and dangers that, if overlooked now, may lead to much chagrin and mischief hereafter.

In England, there have been, during several years, symptoms of revival spreading through the cities and chief towns of the kingdom. It is rather a quickening of earnestness in the ordinary courses of religious feeling and activity, than a distinct movement of a new and surprising order. It shows itself in an increase of philanthropic and benevolent exertion, in a greater thirst for the Word of life, at the lips of evangelical Preachers, and in the strenuous efforts made to have the Gospel preached to the poor.

We regard the religious condition of Scotland as also full of promise. The American awakening has attracted much attention there, and the report of it has stirred the people of God to prayer and conference. The beginnings of revival are certainly apparent, and these are the more likely to have genuine and lasting results, since Scotland has not only (like the United States) been visited and humbled by financial calamity, but has also (unlike the United States) been led to confess and bewail her great national sins. While the national shame of America is lightly passed over, the moral sores of Scotland are with poignant grief acknowledged at this time by her pious people, who are humbling themselves in dust and ashes before the Lord. In some parts of the country, a manifest blessing has attended the labors, not only of the stated ministry, but of volunteer Evangelists cordially welcomed by godly ministers, as Mr. Brownlow North, and Mr. Grant of Arndilly.

Great value is justly attached to the employment of zealous evangelists for the awakening of careless sinners, and the rousing of formalists from their lethargy. In the Witness (Edinburgh) of 27th October, we find the following from the pen of the Rev. Wm. Reid, the conductor of Mr. Drummond's Stirling Tract enterprise, who is well qualified to give an opinion on this subject. "Considering the facilities I have for judging of the state of religion, and the signs of the times, I think it is not too much for me to say that *we appear to be on the threshold of a great awakening*. Scotland is in a most interesting condition. A breath of the Divine Spirit is evidently passing over us. Let us have but *fifty men*, who might be named, picked out from the existing ministry by any one best acquainted with it,—men gifted by nature as well as by grace for evangelizing; and let arrangements be made for sending them over the entire country to preach continuously, night after night, the cardinal verities of our "most holy faith," and in less than what now remains of this present auspicious year, it is not enthusiastic to believe that 'Scotland would be a garden all in flower.'"

When will Canada awake? How long, O Lord, hidest Thou thyself? How long!

Religion, *in its rise*, interests us almost exclusively about *ourselves*; *in its progress*, it engages us about the welfare of *our fellow-creatures*; *in its more advanced stages*, it animates us to consult in all things, and to exalt to the utmost of our power, *the honour of our God*.—Simeon.

WONDERS OF CREATION IN THE WEEDS OF THE WATERS.

II.

In the last month's number of the magazine we led our readers into the fields to survey with us some of the beautiful little works of God, which he has concealed from ordinary observation, but which the diligent student of nature may see and admire by the aid of that most curious instrument, the microscope. Finding that our little excursion has been agreeable to many of our friends, we shall again invite them to follow us while we look at one or two other objects of equal beauty and interest to those we have already described. Although the biting frost has sealed up all our fountains and rivulets, with the shores of our rivers and the edges of rapid streams, from which we were wont to gather our little plants, and which served us as a garden, richly stored with an amazing variety of vegetable forms; and although on this account we cannot just at this time take an actual forenoon's walk, yet we may go back in imagination to those fine autumn days with which, but a few weeks ago we were favoured in Canada East. Suppose then that we start from our own door in the heart of the city, under the shade of four magnificent Normandy poplars, the sun shining brightly, and the heavens dotted and adorned with fleecy clouds. Before however we go, we may as well cast our eyes around and see whether there be not some beauties just at our door which we may find without even the labour or the pleasure of a walk. Let us glance round this corner into Vitro street. This is not certainly the best street in the city. It contains, as you may observe, many little cottages, with a few very good and genteel houses interspersed. If you look along the path way you will see here and there little pools of water, collected in hollows, to carry off which there is apparently no sufficient drainage. These, you may well remark, are evidences that our City Fathers are not very particular about the state of our thoroughfares, and that the people of Montreal are either very poor or what is worse, very indifferent about the decent condition of their streets. Leaving that matter to be settled by the politicians, let us look and see if we can find anything for our amusement and instruction in these little city ponds. Do you not observe on the surface of that pool just at your feet, a green scum floating? Look a little closer and you will find that it covers patches of the moist mud with a really pretty green, just as if to show that there is no desert without an oasis to cheer it. This green is pretty indeed, but it is not perhaps, very pleasant to touch. That however, is a matter of *feeling*. We who are accustomed to handle these children of nature have no dislike to them at all. If, however, you fear to soil your fingers, you must follow the advice of the proverb, which says in reference to another matter, "Touch not the cat without a glove." Here is a piece of card with which you can take up a little of this green scum, that we may examine it and see what it is. To see this object properly we shall have to use in our microscope an object glass, measuring at least 200 diameters, or 200 squares the natural size of the object seen, which will make it appear 40,000 times bigger than it is. Large as this may be thought, you will not after all, see the plant very big. Having placed it in our atomic glass with a little water and spread it out nicely, and having adjusted our glass to the proper focus or distance from the object to suit our eye; What now, let me ask, do you see? You reply, a cluster of the most beautiful sparkling emerald gems. They float about in the drop of water. Some of them are perfect circles, others are a little elongated at one side; the sides of some look as if broken. This plant appears to be a group of little cells or chambers, not much, if any larger than the cells of the snow plant. The delicate dark lines which surround them are, I presume the outer membranes of the cists or sacks. Look a little more closely at one of the largest cells and tell me what you see. Inside of it I see a crowd of little

tiny balls, of a bright green color and floating as if in a clear liquid. They are very distinct, and apparently have coats just like the large one. How beautiful they are! I see also one of the large cists broken and from its side the little ones seem to escape and float about quite smartly. These, let me tell you are the young ones. They have grown too big to remain longer in their snug retreat, and out you see they come, like children pouring out of school, romping and rollicking in the pride and joy of their young life. Now you will perhaps wish to know what botanists say about this beautiful emerald. In the first place let me say that those who interest themselves in these atomic wonders are generally called *Algologists*, because they devote themselves to the study of the botanical sub-kingdom, called that of the *Algae*. They have named this plant *Hæmatococcus frustulosus*. What a terrible name you say to call such a little beautiful thing! It is not perhaps the best name that might be chosen, but it is significant, and describes with some accuracy a class of plants to which this one belongs. It is derived from two Greek words, "*haima*" blood, and "*kokkus*" a berry. There is, however, no red in this plant. Still the largest number of the family are blood-red, and none the less beautiful on that account, and because this one happens to be green, we see no reason to deny it the family name, when, in every other particular, it is brother or sister to the rest. If for example, you have black hair and your sister has curly auburn, you would not on that account permit any one to say she was not your sister; nor will you love and cherish her the less because her hair differs in color from yours. So we say of this plant. Its brethren happen to have red coats and its coat is green, but it would be a cause of grievous complaint, if on this account it was to be denied the rights and titles which belong to its kindred. The next name *frustulosus*, is that of the species or the group of individuals identical with itself. It is a Latin adjective, and means "cut into very little bits"; so that you see the English of this big name is just a "*Blood-berry cut into very little bits.*" With this explanation I am sure you will acknowledge that the description is not bad, and that the name, though rather hard to pronounce, may yet be very useful.

Before we go on our walk, now that I think of it, just please stop in with me to my cottage in St. Urbain street. I shall show you one or two interesting plants in my garden. From the gallery on which we stand direct your eyes to that patch of ground on which the water from the spout above frequently falls. Some of it you will see has a green glossy appearance, and some spots are red just as if blood had been recently spilt there. Let us take up a little of these two things and look at them. We shall prepare the red first and apply to it the same power as before of our microscope. Now tell me what do you see? Well, I see bright red globules clustered thickly together, not unlike the globules of animal blood which I have seen by the microscope before; only in this case the red particles are surrounded by a clear transparent coat. This you will, I suppose, call mucous or hyaline. The plant is not unlike those little glass beads of which the eyes of stuffed birds are made, and into which the coloring matter is injected. They all seem, too, to lie in a bed of mucous and to be immersed in it just like those *Nostocs* you spoke of before. The red snow plant was, you will see, very like this, but then it was only planted or stuck into the mucous a little way, whereas this is surrounded by mucous. Do you see any other point of difference? Yes, the red matter does not appear granulated or in grains, but is like a liquid. As *Algologists* would say it is not *Grumous*. How then, you ask, does this grow. Look a little more closely and tell me if you see anything peculiar that you have not yet observed in these plants. Well, I see some of the cells broken, and their red liquid is poured out into the mucous in which they are embedded; but it seems to be dissipated like water.

But now I see little, very little, red spots among the liquid. Just so, these we find are the germs of new plants. They were not formed in the mother cell; but after the red liquid is poured into the mucous in which the life germs may be protected and nourished, these spots make their appearance, and very soon grow into the same form as the mother cell. This is the way in which they increase, and spread themselves as you will see they have done, over a considerable space of ground.

This you say must be one of the real *Hamatoroccus*, for it is red and not green; a genuine *blood-red berry*. In this conjecture you are, I must tell you, mistaken. We call this plant *Palmella cruenta*. It belongs to a family which we name the *Palmelleæ*. Their distinctive peculiarity is that the coloring matter of the cells does not granulate, but is germinated in the mucous matrix. This name is derived from the Greek word *Palmos*, which means *vibration*, in allusion to the gelatinous nature of the mucous in which the cells are embedded and which is called the frond.

What wonderful little things these certainly are! How could you ever imagine that such things were in your garden? I am sure I never could have thought that there was any thing worth notice in that discolored earth. I will not now be astonished at any thing you show me. I now see that I live in a world of wonders. I shall look for something new and striking in that other green substance which we have collected. Let us prepare a little of it and see what it is. Please now adjust the focus of the microscope to your eye, and tell me what you see. I see threads this time, no globules, beautiful green threads interlacing one another. How clear and pretty they are. I expected to have seen round plants, but these are long. They must be two or three inches in length, and how fine they are, finer than the finest fibre of silk. I see too certain transverse markings upon them, not cells, for they do not appear to be cellular, but lines of grace and beauty adorning the coats which they wear. They have also a peculiar tremulous motion. They don't bend much, but spring backwards and forwards like a piece of whalebone. If you look a little more intently you will see that some of them are broken, and out of them there comes a chain of green colored substance, called "endochrome," which means *endon* within and *chroma* color—internal coloring matter. It is the points of junction of the chain that gives the appearance of transverse markings to the thread or filament. What shall we call this? We call it *Oscillatoria autumnalis*. This too is a big name for a little thing. Nevertheless it is expressive, and by far the best we can find. The first is the family name, or rather the name of the genus, and explains itself. It refers to the oscillating motion of the fronds. In this particular, this family of plants is very peculiar. The movements of some of the species in the water are very curious, so much so that they have been classed among the lowest forms of animal life. Were you to find the species *Oscillatoria nigra*, or black, specimens of which we have obtained from Canada West, you would see that it sent out long radii with rapidity. A little piece of the plant, if left on damp paper or in a vessel with water, would, in twenty-four hours completely cover its surface, and probably creep over its edges. This species which we are looking at develops itself chiefly in Autumn, hence its name; and curiously too, it is found almost constantly associated with *Palmella cruenta*. When the ground is moist it spreads very rapidly over it. You see it has covered a space of two or three yards, and that too in a very brief period of time.

Shall we now set out on our walk? We had better perhaps look at this other plant which my garden contains. Direct your attention to the end of this rail of the gallery upon which you stand. It is under a water spout, so that when the rain falls in torrents, as it frequently does in Autumn, the water overflows

its channel and runs down upon this corner. What then do you see there? A light green substance of a silky, shining appearance. Just so. It seems to grow upon the decayed wood to which it is attached, and looks very like what I suppose a fungus to be. Let us look at it under the microscope. Do you now see anything different from the other plants we have examined? Yes, you say; I see beautiful green threads, larger considerably than the last, and very differently formed. These are composed of a string of cells, each separated from the other by a clear line. The coloring matter assumes a square-like appearance, and is very clear and bright. Here and there I see too some cells quite empty, and beside these one large cell as if two cells had united. It is much swollen, and has the appearance of a perfect circle. One or two coats of a clear substance surround it, and within these there are innumerable little granules of a reddish brown color, and not green as the contents of the others are. This large cell, is I suppose, the fruit. Yes, it is formed by the junction of the endochrome of two or more cells, which in ripening, changes its color from green to red. By looking carefully you will find some of these round red cells floating entirely free from the plant. These have come to maturity, and having disjoined themselves from the parent, are now in process of becoming independent plants. The mucous with which they are coated enables them to adhere readily to moist rough substances. How they got into this out of the way place it is difficult to tell. That the germs did not fall with the rain is pretty certain. They very likely have been borne to the house top by the wind or have been lodged in the wood of which the roof is constructed, and under favourable circumstances have developed themselves as you now see. It is a well ascertained fact in botany, that every plant must have a seed or a germ from which it springs. Nothing that has life is spontaneously generated from inorganic matter. God having long since rested from his work of creation, that therefore which we now see of life, however impossible it may be to trace its origin, has sprung out of an already created germ. The name which we attach to this plant is *Lynghya muralis*. The first name is in honor of a distinguished Danish Algologist who first described and classified these plants; the second is descriptive of the position on moist walls in which the plant is most frequently found.

Having made these observations we shall now proceed on our contemplated walk. As before, let us go out by Mile End road. We shall pass the old race course in which we formerly spent a little time, and walking beyond the Toll Bar we shall come to a large and handsome new Church, not yet completed. It stands in the middle of a barren field, much cut up into holes. These are the deserted quarries from which the stones were taken for building the ancient parts of the city. They are now filled with debris, and some of them have been converted into water-ponds of considerable size and depth. The name of the village, which lies in the rear of this Church, is the Tanneries de Bellaire. In that quarry immediately behind the Church the student of Geology will find a remarkably fine trap dike. The limestone rock, has been cut away from it to a considerable depth, and it stands out to a height of at least ten feet. It is interesting to observe how it intrudes itself into the fissures and crevices of the Silurian limestone, and how it enfolds large masses of the rock in its iron grasp. The alteration produced by the trap upon the adjacent limestone is here well marked. Some parts of it are rendered highly crystalline, but others seem scarcely to be affected, and the fossils are as perfect in some parts in contact with the trap as they are in any other place. We can scarcely conceive that this grey ferruginous trap has been intruded into the place in which it is here found in a molten state, or in the form, as is frequently supposed, of burning lava. It is more likely that these dikes were intruded masses of mud, heated to a moderate temperature by chemical action. This we think sufficient to ac-

count for the phenomena they present, and is in accordance with the most advanced investigations of Geology. But we are forgetting our weeds. Directing our course to a field adjoining that in which the Church stands, and about a hundred yards nearer the city we shall here find two or three large shallow pools. They are completely filled with a peculiar looking plant which is regarded as a botanical *wais*. Nobody knows to what family it properly belongs. Some writers assign it to the Algae, but others, and these the most recent, give it a place among the higher Cryptogamous plants. The plant we refer to is *Chara hispida*, to which perhaps we shall afterwards direct attention. In the meantime stoop down with us and look closely into the water at the edge of the pool. You will see round shaped gelatinous substances of a light olive brown color. Agitate the water a little with your hand and many of these gelatinous balls will rise from the bottom with the force of air bubbles, of all sizes and various forms. Some grow upon blades of grass, but the most part of them seem to have no root at all and float free in the water. The larger ones you will observe are hollow and contain sometimes a round or oval body, very firm and dense in the character of its gelatine. This appears to be a young frond growing within the large one.

How this plant is reproduced botanists are not agreed. Most likely it germinates in the same way as the Nostocs. The enlarged terminal cells which its internal filaments contain most probably become detached, and, clustering together in the heart of the frond, develop themselves into the little nucleus which we commonly find contained in the larger plants. But their life-processes are carried on so remotely from our observation, within a little world of their own, that it is very difficult positively to say what they are. This only we know that the one is the parent of the other, and that they pursue the universal course of life in constant circles of reproduction and decay.

What then you will ask is this. It looks very like that beautiful *Trichormus incurvus* you spoke of in our last walk. It has, we grant, certainly some external likeness to that plant, but when it is examined it will be seen to be something very different. Let us cut a thin slice of it with this sharp knife and place it between two narrow slips of thin glass. We shall press the object a little to make it quite transparent. Now adjust the microscope and tell me what you see! Wonderful! I see ever so many little serpents. These are surely animals. They have all the appearance of the young of some diminutive sort of snake. They seem all to radiate from a common centre as if they were all feeding round some morsel of food. Their heads are composed of a colorless globule, perfectly round, which in some aspects looks like a ring in the animal's snout. One-third of their bodies consists of an inflated cell of a light olive color to which two or three other cells of smaller size are attached. The whole is terminated with a long clear tail like the lash of a whip. The greater part of the body is again enclosed in a clear gelatinous sheath which swells out toward the head or base with an indentation on each side, and looks exceedingly like external gills. A more animal looking vegetable, you will allow, can scarcely be found. These filaments, are too, you will observe, very numerous. Although we have cut only a very thin slice from the plant, yet under the glass there must be nearly a hundred of them. They have no locomotion, and in this respect belie their animal form. They are very beautiful objects, and in every part are very delicately formed.

This plant has certainly some resemblance to the Nostocs, but it is yet very different, and is entitled to be classed as a separate family and to receive a distinctive name. It belongs to a very beautiful class of Algae called *Rivularia*, from the circumstance of their being generally found in rivulets or brooks. Its generic name is *Raphidia*, which is a Greek word signifying a *little needle*. We

certainly think it more like a little serpent than a little needle, and that the name *Ophidia*, from *Ophis*, a serpent, would have been more appropriate. However, it has been registered under this title, and it is not lawful for us to make any change. Its specific name is *Raphidia angulosa*, from the angular form of its gelatinous sheath. This plant makes a fine preparation for the microscope. By the use of a liquid preparation of salt, the invention of Dr. Goadby, a celebrated microscopist, it can be preserved either in a viol or in cells prepared for mounting microscopic objects.

What you may ask can be the use of these tiny and beautiful vegetable productions? They have we believe their use, and perhaps it is as important in proportion to their size, as that of any other plants that grow. They, for one thing, feed, and we doubt not, make fat the little infusorial animals, the worms and aquatic insects of various kinds which abound in streams and ponds. The minnows that sport about the waters are, too, very fond of them. They besides perform an important sanitary function in absorbing the carbonic acid gas evolved from decayed animal or vegetable matter; and, like other water plants, they give off oxygen, and thus aerate the water with a healthy atmosphere, by which it is rendered suitable for animal life. They also serve for our instruction and amusement. We can see in them much that excites within us the emotions of beauty and admiration which are at all times delightful. Their forms, their color, and their modes of reproduction give striking evidence of creative plan or design, and lead us to recognize the perfect handiwork of the great First Cause. If, on the one hand, the magnitude of the stars induce us to think meanly of ourselves in comparison with objects so great, and to say, "What is man that thou shouldst take knowledge of him," on the other, the littleness of these microscopic wonders is calculated to impress upon our minds the idea of God's paternal care of the least and lowliest of his creatures. We may therefore be sure that we who are the highest and best in form and faculty of all His works, will not be forgotten or forsaken, and that the Divine benevolence and love will extend gracious blessings to us. We have much more to say about the WEEDS OF THE WATERS, but here we shall close our second walk, hoping to meet again with our readers, and to bid them a Happy New Year. K.

THE MORALITY OF OUR COUNTRY.

In Canada we are wont to boast of our British descent, and as we enjoy many of the privileges of Britain's constitution, to lay claim to her virtues also. It is interesting, indeed, to observe the contemptuous style in which reference is sometimes made to the United States, by a certain class of writers and speakers, who, looking down from the supposed pinnacle of English freedom and morality, denounce the "democracy," the lawless proceedings, the slave-holding enormities, and the revolting crimes which from time to time disfigure American society.

We have no wish to reproach our parent land for her sins. Her present position is, however, in some respects, confessedly above ours in morality; nor have we any desire to speak disparagingly or despairingly of the morality prevailing in Canada. Our object, in this paper, is simply to enquire, Have we a morality of which, when compared with our national gospel-privileges, we can boast, and is the moral tendency in our country for the better or for the worse? We are ready to acknowledge the deep debt which this country owes to its immigrants, finding, as we do, that those whose influence for good is most powerful among us, are for the most part of foreign birth. This very fact, however, is ominous. How comes it, that in a country now two generations old, so few of her own sons have risen to positions of influence and honor? We

much fear that our question, if followed out, will let us see that but for imported conservative influences, the state of our country, morally and religiously, would have been very much lower than it is.

But let us look at the facts which meet the moral statist in trying to form a correct estimate of our condition.

When we examine the various calendars of crime—police office records, assize reports, &c.,—the most cursory perusal convinces us that immorality is fearfully rife among us; and this impression is deepened when, to those recorded instances, we add the undetected crimes, which, in an older country, would quickly come to light. Crimes of violence and blood are continually before us. Suicide and infanticide are not unknown. Carrying of fire-arms and deadly weapons, itself a breach of law, and a practice in most instances highly reprehensible, is quite common. Drunkenness is on the increase in almost every place. Intemperance is indeed receiving in some places the approving stamp of fashion; while both in public and private, men, whose influence might be used on the side of morality, countenance if they do not participate in scenes of revelry and riot. Gambling, from the billiard saloon to the card-table through all its phases, to the cock-fight, or more debasing still, to the ring, abounds. Theatres and play-houses are springing up in almost every little town, as well as the large cities, bringing with them, too, their necessary satellites of saloons and houses of prostitution. We might go on to enumerate; but enough has been said to show that every one who wishes his country well, should look to these things.

Now if we are correct in supposing that immorality is on the increase, and particularly among the native population, it is only right to inquire to what cause this is to be attributed.

The late commercial and agricultural distress may have hastened the development of much crime, as we invariably find the tendency among a people not prospering, is to the gratification of lusts and passions; and idleness, when combined with want, will lead to acts of desperate villainy. Yet this fails to account for the varied and extended immorality around us. Nor can we, to any great extent, point to crowded cities or neglected country districts and mining localities, as the causes of profligacy which we witness. In our new and favored and these causes have little existence; but we think we discern some other things which lead to the development of our fallen nature.

1. First among these, we place the want of religious instruction, both in connection with schools and churches. Our common school system is not, we grant, without a provision for religious instruction; but the evil is that trustees and parents are too often regardless of the character of the men whom they appoint as teachers. The teachers, too, in many instances, even when they are good christian men, shrink from inculcating the principles of true religion on their pupils, so that in effect morality and religion are frequently *not taught* in our schools. Sabbath schools indeed do something; but even there, from the defective qualifications of many of the teachers, little instruction is given, or salutary impression made. Churches too, are frequently remiss in the moral instruction of the young. We love the preaching of the cross; but we like holiness, practical godliness along with it. The death of Jesus for sin, and the death of sin in believers through Jesus, are parallel practical truths. We desiderate the affectionate inculcations from the pulpit of relative duties and faithful dealing with conscience. We much fear, however, that some ministers fall under the great temptation of seeking to be popular, and are more anxious to build up a large congregation than to be useful to their fellow-men. More faithfulness in the pulpit would, we believe, tend to check the levity which prevails among the young, as well as Sabbath desecration, and the use of profane language.

Men brought to reverence God once in the week would fear him more on the other six days.

2. We consider the books and periodicals generally read, to be positively immoral, or, at least, negative in their tendencies. If they do not inculcate immorality, many of them are far from commending morality and religion. It is to be lamented, that in so many districts of our country, good books are hard to be obtained; and still more, that where they can be had, the youth of our country general do not read them. By good books, we do not mean exclusively religious works; but works on science, history, and literature. The people most commonly read periodicals and newspapers, of which, perhaps, Harper's Magazine and the New York Ledger are among the most respectable. But besides these, our land is flooded with novels, both profane and vicious. These are quickly devoured and stealthily circulated, and, considering their tone, we cannot be surprised that morality suffers. The newspapers are, however, the principal reading of our community, and what have we there? Religious newspapers have a very, very limited circulation. The greater part of our papers are purely political, and, unfortunately for the welfare of their readers, are frequently filled with the details of immoralities. Sometimes, too, the spirit of party induces public writers to apologize and defend the vicious, and to use the language of malicious abuse. To allure the frivolous their columns are, with a few exceptions, filled up with foolish stories, ridiculous "varieties," or items of intelligence, many of which had better have remained unchronicled. Theatres, circuses, and lotteries, are patronised for a consideration; the revolting details of a prize fight, of scenes of crime, are given at large, and with little consideration of the moral effect. And why not? they say, "these things pay, and we must suit our paper to our readers." And so they bring before the mind of the unwary, and yet uncorrupted readers, the things which satisfy the cravings of the most depraved. There are noble exceptions, we admit, but these are comparatively few, and will be till the public taste improves. Pity it is that those political journals which have obtained a place in the public estimation do not wield their influence more generally to raise the moral feeling of our country. Were this done, they would become the friends and helpers, rather than the antagonists, of the Christian philanthropist.

3. We further regard the imperfect execution of the laws as a source of immorality. Criminals very often go unpunished among us—even our Legislature has, as we think, shielded fraud. Police authorities are found shutting their eyes to flagrant breaches of law, or compromising evident cases of felony. Murderers elude search, and justice is too slow for villains. And if the criminal is arrested and tried, juries too often refuse to convict. Personal considerations or doubts about the propriety of capital punishment have, it is to be feared, sometimes induced jury-men to violate their oaths, and to give a verdict contrary to the clearest evidence; and when conviction has been effected, the mildest penalties have not unfrequently been awarded, and sentence of death is almost systematically commuted. Some of our jails, from the contaminating influences of felon prisoners, are in reality schools for vice. These things unquestionably have a tendency to produce crime. Certainty of punishment it is true will not change the heart or prevent crime altogether, but it will check the criminal in his course; on the other hand, a hope of escape, or at the worst, a prospect of being well fed, clothed, and cared for, while engaged in healthy labour, interposes no sufficient check to prevent men from yielding to their worst passions.

4. The last thing we would mention is the indifference of the respectable and moral to the prevalent vices of society. They feel, it is true, that things are not right, but seem to think that it is not their affair to put them right, and so,

shutting themselves up in their virtuous homes, provided with all that ministers to a virtuous taste, they try to let others alone, in hope that they will be let alone in turn. No course can be more mistaken. A father should remember that his child must come into contact with the immoralities around him, and may be seduced without the knowledge of his parent. Servants must come, too, from the general community, and may have known and been infected with its immoralities. Let no one think that he can live in a community in which morality is low, and not feel, to some extent, its fatal effects. The present crisis has made many exclaim against corruption and fraud, who cared nothing about it till it affected their own purses. And if the floods of immorality gather strength and sweep over our country, many will have cause to cry out with aching hearts, who now care little for the good of their fellowmen or the moral interests of our country.

HYMNOLOGY.

(Abridged from the Encyclopædia Britannica, New Edition).

Hymn, a sacred ode, adapted in its original design to religious services of a public character. The primary idea of the hymn was adoration; but its specific meaning and purpose have been gradually extended, till the name has come to be applied to all classes of devotional compositions treated in the shorter metrical forms. Hymns were an important feature in the religious festivals of the ancient world. The classic mythology, that wonderful product of the legends of an imaginative people, yielded rich materials for poetical treatment; and numerous specimens of the lyric ode, sung in temple and theatre amidst music and choral dances—the exulting pæan, and shrill, maddening dithyramb—are preserved in Greek and Roman literature.

Hebrew Hymns.

It is in the sacred poetry of the Hebrews that we find the perfect development of the hymn. In the odes of Moses and Deborah, there is a higher and purer inspiration than that of Aonian mount and Castalian spring. Daily, in the temple of Jerusalem, bands of priests and Levites with alternate voices chanted psalms, in which saintly genius had been consecrated to the noblest ends. These psalms, chiefly composed by David, continued to be employed in the more spiritual worship of the Christian Church. They formed the language of its earliest praise, as they found in its faith their clear and full interpretation; and on this ancient and sacred basis has the whole superstructure of Christian hymnology been raised.

Christian Hymns—Early and Mediæval.

At what period hymns distinctively Christian were introduced into evangelical worship cannot be exactly ascertained. The apostolic writings speak of "psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs"; and the last of these expressions has been supposed to refer to the doxologies, or fervent strains of thanksgiving uttered by those who possessed spiritual gifts. We learn from Philo (*De Vit. Contemplat.*) that hymns of their own composition were used by the Essenes or Therapeutæ, a set of Jewish ascetics, in their religious assemblies. Michaelis and others think they discover fragments of apostolic hymns in such passages as Eph. v. 14; 1 Tim. iii. 1, 16; 2 Tim. ii. 11, which have a kind of rhythmical flow. We have the testimony of Pliny, in the famous letter to Trajan, early in the second century, that the Christians "repeated hymns among themselves to Christ, as to a God." An early Christian writer remarks, that "the praises of Christ, the Word of God, were set forth in psalms and hymns of the brethren, written at

the beginning" (Eusebius, lib. vii. c. 28). Three ancient Greek hymns, transmitted to us in the "Apostolic Constitution," are supposed by Bunsen, a competent authority, to be the sole authentic specimens we possess of the ante-Nicene psalmody and hymnology. The first of these, the "Gloria in Excelsis," commonly termed the "Morning Hymn," forms part of the communion service of the Anglican Church. Another, a "Hymn at the Lighting of the Evening Lamp" (*Hymnos tou Luchnikou*), is an interesting relic of the simple devotion of the early Christian household. The first writer known to have composed hymns for the worship of the Western Church is Hilary, bishop of Poitiers, who died A.D. 368. About the same time, Ambrose introduced choral singing into the church of Milan, and wrote the "Te Deum"—a magnificent composition, moving in the majestic cadences of the Hebrew psalm. But both hymn and choir-song had existed from a much earlier period in the Eastern Church. A specimen of the Greek hymn, the earliest known, is found in the writings of Clement of Alexandria, who flourished in the beginning of the third century (Paedag. lib. iii., *ad fin.*). Gregory of Nazianzus, towards the end of this century, acquired reputation as a writer of hymns. The general diffusion and influence of the earlier hymns may be inferred from the fact of the heretical sects availing themselves of the popular taste in order to disseminate error. Arius wrote songs "for the sea, and the mill, and the highway, and set them to music." These rude chants materially promoted the spread of his doctrine. Chrysostom found Arian canticles in great esteem at Constantinople, and combated their tendencies by counter-hymns in defence of the Catholic doctrine. The Gnostic Bardesanes imitated the Psalms of David, not only in style and structure, but in number. He composed one hundred and fifty mystical hymns; in these pseudo-psalms "presenting to simple souls," says Ephraem Syrus, "the cup of poison tempered with seductive sweetness." This false coinage shews the currency of the genuine metal; and Jerome tells us, that in his day "you could not go into the fields, but you might hear the ploughman at his hallelujahs, the mower at his hymns, and the vine-dresser singing David's Psalms."

In the fourth Council of Toledo, A.D. 633, the use of hymns was formally sanctioned by the Western Church. Most of the hymns for the festivals of saints and martyrs had been written at a much earlier period by Prudentius. We find some great names of the Latin Church in the list of its sacred minstrels—Popes Gelasius and Gregory, Paulinus, Venantius Fortunatus, Bernard, Anselme, Bede, &c. The famous hymn of Thomas Aquinas—"Pange lingua gloriosi"—fixes the epoch of transubstantiation, the point at which the rhetoric of the pulpits froze into the logic of the schools.

The great harvest of hymns was produced from the eleventh to the thirteenth centuries in the Gallican and German cloisters. Many a monk employed himself, in the interval of inditing palimpsests and illuminating missals, with stringing together leonine triplets and sextains. The constant perusal of the Fathers strengthened this tendency. In the prose of Augustine we are struck by the frequent recurrence of rhythmical cadence and balanced antithesis. It was the delight of the monkish versifiers to compress hard theological formulæ into pithy epigrams, and set them to a rough jingling music. The learned Benedictines of the congregation of St. Maur specially laboured in this vocation, and weeded the service-books of many puerile and barbarous ditties (vide Leysser, Polycarp. Hist. Poet. et Poem. medii ævi).

Some of the best Latin hymns are anonymous, as the "Cœlestis urb Jerusalem," long a favorite in Scotland ("O mother, dear, Jerusalem"), though the original may be found in Augustine's "Meditations"; "In Abyssio Deitatis," and "Veni Creator Spiritus," translated by Dryden. The "Dies Iræ" was composed by Thomas von Celano, a Minorite friar, and the "Stabat Mater" is ascribed to Jacopone.

Reformation Hymns.

The Reformation was accompanied by an outburst of song on the part of the people throughout Christendom. The altar-screen, which fenced the priestly caste from laic intrusion, was broken down. Instead of canons or friars intoning drowsy antiphons in the choir at the hours of prime, sext, and compline, the Reformed congregations, young men and maidens, old men and children, were heard with loud voices praising God. Translations of the psalms prepared the way for hymns which popularised the tenets of the Evangelical Confessions, and became to the religious life of the Protestant communities what the ballads of a nation, according to Fletcher's maxim, are to its political life. In Luther's hand "the thing became a trumpet." His hymn, "Ein' fest Burg ist unser Gott," has been called by Heine the "Marseillaise" of the Reformation.

English and Scotch Hymns.

In striking contrast with the number of hymns elicited by the great religious awakening on the Continent, is their comparative scarceness in the early Protestant literature of England and Scotland. We know that in both countries religious canticles were adapted to old and favorite tunes, and widely diffused, but they were never so thoroughly assimilated with the religious life of the people, and incorporated with its ritual, as in Germany. The sublime poetry of the Bible satisfied the popular heart, while it nourished the intellect and imagination; and the psalms of the Jewish temple were sung with clearer emphasis and fuller response in the Christian sanctuary. The hymnology of British Protestantism may be said to be the growth of the last century and a half, before which period Germany possessed a classic literature of sacred song. The rude English version of the Psalms by Sternhold and Hopkins was superseded by that of Brady and Tate—a sacrifice of rugged strength to insipid smoothness and inflated verbosity. Milton's attempts at translation only shew that his strong arm could not bend the bow of Ulysses. The Scottish version, though in reality the work of an English Puritan, has, with all its roughness and dissonance, preserved more of the vital spirit, the rich and pure aroma of the Hebrew original.

The sacred poems of Herbert, Quarles, Vaughan, and other writers of that period, cannot be accepted in the strict sense as hymns. A few written by Mason, who died in 1694, more justly deserve the name. They are often quaint and harsh in diction, but compact with thought, and luminous with imagery. The hymns we have from Addison's pen are marked by elegance and refinement, and devoutness of feeling, though his muse stands in the outer court of the temple. Tried by the test of popularity—here a true criterion of excellence—one of the highest places must be assigned to Watts. He is our most voluminous writer, and though his effusions are occasionally deformed by conceits and false ornament, they are often lofty, impassioned, and felicitous in expression, while, above all, the living spirit of devotion breathes in every line. More simple and spontaneous are the hymns of Doddridge, with the same sacred warmth and glow. The numerous hymns of Charles Wesley are distinguished by the predominance of the subjective and emotional elements. Everywhere they are stamped with a fervid individuality, which verges at times upon vagueness and mysticism of the Moravian type. The hymns of Toplady, the great antagonist of the Wesleyan theology, are often charged with dogmatic statement to a degree of prosaic stiffness and austerity; but some of them, in their simple energy and fulness, and a kindling ardour which reminds us of Wesley, have obtained general currency. One of the most popular collections is that known as the "Olney Hymns," the joint production of Cowper and John Newton. Newton's hymns are sound, vigorous, and sensible presentations of Christian truth, penetrated and

vivified by deep Christian experience; while those of Cowper, by their tenderness and truth, their touching personal allusions, solemn saintliness, and sweet imagery, have made their way to the universal Christian heart. Two of Logan's hymns in the Scottish Paraphrases take rank with the finest in the language. Among more recent writers may be mentioned the names of Beddom, Steele, Jane Taylor, and, above all, James Montgomery, who exhibits some of the highest excellences of a sacred lyricist. His lines on prayer are household words. The "Christian Year," by Keble, may be noticed as having contributed, equally with the "Tracts for the Times," to the success of the Anglo-Catholic reaction in the Church of England. In these pensive, dreamy, soothing strains, we have the logic of the Oxford schools turned into rhetoric. The academic cloister and the Gothic aisle, are the "haunt and main region" of his song. The white Levitical vestment is his singing-robe, and you listen in the dim religious light to a music, the lulling chime of church-bells.

Lutheran Hymns.

The Lutheran Church may be proud of her hymnology. Those who wish to see the flexibility, compass, and affluence of the noble German speech may look for it there. Her singers have swept every string of the many-chorded lyre—sounded the full diapason from heights of aerial rapture to depths of penitential sorrow. Most of her great writers have cast their sickel into the temple-treasury. Goethe in his last days regretted having made no contribution to her sacred song; but his was the loss, not hers. The Reformation period, and that immediately succeeding are illustrated by the names of Luther, Justus Jonas, Nicolaus Decius, Herberger, Schalling, Nicolai, and many others. The Thirty Years War gave birth to the "Kreuzund Trost-Lieder," songs of trial-and-comfort, by men like Neumark, Albinus, Joachim Neander, Paul Fleming, and Paul Gerhardt. Her later poets have not attained to the rank of the first; though names like those of Terstegen, Zinzendorf, Gellert, and Klopstock, have inscribed themselves indelibly on her annals. During the period when Rationalism ruled in her schools and pulpits, an attempt was made to tone down the rich evangelic colouring of the "Gesangbuch" to the dead neutral tint of the dominant Neology. This process of dilution was known as "Gesangbuchs Verwässerung"—hymn-book watering—but it did not succeed, and the sound doctrine and fervid devotion of the old hymns remained to protest against, not seldom to counteract, the petrified theology of the pulpit. Among modern writers may be mentioned the names of Novalis, Arndt, Hiller, Spitta, Knapp, &c.

French Hymns.

The comparative poverty of the classic literature of France in hymns is striking when contrasted with its richness and fecundity in other departments. The Gallican Church continues to intone its praises in the old sacred language of the Vulgate and the Breviary—the Sanscrit of the Western ritual—while the Reformed Church has for the most part remained faithful to its simple version of the Canonical Psalms. The first translation of the Psalms by Clément Marot, in the earlier half of the sixteenth century, marked an epoch in the religious history of France. The sacred words wedded to native melodies found an echo in the heart of the nation. The king hummed them as he rode to the chase. The burghers of Paris sung them in crowds in the Pré aux Clercs; and the sweet music was heard in the vineyards of Provence, and among the market boats of the Loire and Rhone. This famous version, retouched and completed by Beza, made a way through France for the triumphal progress of the Reformed theology. The sacred compositions of Mad. Guyon are well known to English readers through Cowper's translation. Though a member of the Ro-

mish communion, her writings are singularly free from its peculiar tone and bias. We find in them deep Christian feeling, aspiring fervour, and chastened emotion; often a sweet and tender simplicity, illumined with a pure, still fire of contemplative devotion. It is the pious, but too introverted spirit of Thomas à Kempis flowing into the poetic mould, and, as in the "Imitation," the thought often shines dimly through a soft warm haze of sentiment. The keen scent of the Jesuits (*odora canum vis*) soon detected in these effusions the taint of Quietism—that vague suspicion which threw a shadow on the reputation even of Fenelon. In later times, the Catholic missionaries have availed themselves of the influence of vernacular hymns among the common people, and combated Protestantism with one of its own weapons. Simple rhymes or *cantiques* in honour of the Virgin and the saints are a distinctive feature of these missions, and hold the same place in France as the *laudi spirituali* in Italy.

Among hymn writers of the Reformed Church the most voluminous and best known is Cæsar Malan of Geneva. To the higher qualities of the poet this writer makes no pretence, but his hymns are characterized by ardent utterance of devout feeling, and clearness of doctrinal statement, in fluent and unaffected verse. The list of her sacred lyrists, though small, includes the great name of Vinet. He has written little, but left on his hymns the stamp of his powerful intellect, genial heart, and all pervasiveness of spirituality. After all, it may be doubted whether the genius of the French language, with all its grace and pliancy, lends itself with such facility as the sister tongues of Germany and England to the grave and simple measures of the hymn.

PUBLICATION OF THE VATICAN CODEX.—At last this long-expected work, which has for the last twenty years sorely tried the patience of the Biblical scholars of Europe and America, has made its appearance. The Vatican Codex—the queen of MSS., to inspect which Bentley, Tischendorf, Tregelles, and many others, have made journeys to Rome—is no longer a sealed book, an unknown volume. Here are its whole contents, given to the world, and available to all who can afford to pay the goodly price at which the work is published. As the title-page announces, the MS. is edited by Cardinal Mai, to whose laborious industry we are indebted for many other valuable works. Although but recently published, it has been long known that this edition of the Greek Scriptures has been printed some years. The Cardinal showed Tischendorf the whole five volumes ready for publication in 1843, and from the work itself we learn that it was printed so far back as the year 1838. Various reasons have been suggested to explain this unaccountable delay. Dr. Tregelles says that when Rome was in the hands of the Republican Government, and the authority of the Pope could no longer hinder the appearance of useful works, Cardinal Mai offered the impression for sale to Mr. Asher, the publisher at Berlin, but the terms named by the Cardinal were deemed too high, and thus the negotiation came to nothing. The French occupation of Rome, and the restoration of the Papal Government, soon prevented Cardinal Mai from publishing his edition, and thus biblical scholars have been doomed to wait another ten years for this precious boon. Now that it is in our hands, it is melancholy to reflect that the learned editor did not live to see the consummation of his labours, and that the work was finally sent forth to the world under the superintendence of another. The work is well and handsomely got up. The type is very good, and the paper very stout and capable of being written on. The text of the MS. is comprised in five stout quarto volumes, of which four contain the Old Testament, the fifth the New. The Old Testament—the Septuagint translation—is, of course, valuable, having never before been correctly published; but the New Testament is beyond all comparison that which renders this work so especially important. On this account it is much to be regretted that the one cannot be separated from the other. The Old and New Testaments must be bought together. As the cost of the work is rather considerable (£9), this is a serious matter to scholars, a race not usually burdened with wealth. It is true an edition of the New Testament alone, in smaller size, is announced as to follow hereafter; but the editor adds, some considerable time will, probably, first elapse. The Vatican Codex, thus at length given to the world, we need scarcely say, is generally regarded as the most ancient copy of the Greek Scriptures in existence.—*British Quarterly Review*.

WORDS OF THE WISE.

JOHN FLAVEL, OB., A. D. 1691.

UPON THE SIGHT OF A BLACK-BIRD TAKING SANCTUARY IN A BUSH FROM A PURSUING HAWK.

When I saw how hardly the poor bird was put to it to save herself from her enemy, who hovered just over the bush in which she was fluttering and squeaking, I could not but hasten to relieve her,—pity and succour being a due debt to the distressed; which when I had done, the bird would not depart from the bush, though her enemy had gone. This act of kindness was abundantly repaid by this meditation, with which I returned to my walk: My soul, like this bird, was once distressed, pursued, yea, seized by Satan, who had certainly made a prey of it, had not Jesus Christ been a sanctuary to it in that hour of danger. How ready did I find Him to receive my poor soul into His protection! Then did He make good that sweet promise to my experience, “Those that come unto me, I will in no wise cast out.” It called to mind that pretty and pertinent story of the philosopher, who walking in the fields, a bird, pursued by a hawk, flew into his bosom; he took her out, and said, “Poor bird, I will neither wrong thee, nor expose thee to thine enemy, since thou comest unto me for refuge.” So tender, and more than so, is the Lord Jesus to distressed souls that come unto Him. Blessed Jesus! how should I love and praise Thee, glorify and admire Thee, for that great salvation Thou hast wrought for me! If this bird had fallen into the claws of her enemy, she had been torn to pieces indeed and devoured, but then a few minutes had despatched her, and ended all her pain and misery; but had my soul fallen into the hand of Satan, there had been no end of its misery.

Would not this scared bird be flushed out of the bush that secured her, though I had chased away her enemy? And wilt thou, my soul, ever be enticed or scared from Christ thy refuge? Oh, let this for ever engage thee to keep close to Christ, and make me say with Ezra, And now, O Lord, since thou hast given me such a deliverance as this, should I again break thy commandments?

UPON THE HALTERING OF BIRDS WITH A GIN OF HAIR.

Observing in a snowy season how the poor hungry birds were haltered and drawn in by a gin of hair, cunningly cast over their heads, whilst, poor creatures! they were busily feeding, and suspected no danger; and even whilst their companions were drawn away from them one after another, all the interruption it gave the rest was only for a minute or two, whilst they stood peeping into that hole through which their companions were drawn, and then fell to their meat again, as busily as before; I could not choose but say, “Even thus surprisingly doth death steal upon the children of men, whilst they are wholly intent upon the cares and pleasures of this life, not at all suspecting its so near approach.” Those birds saw not the hand that ensnared them, nor do they see the hand of death plucking them one after another into the grave.

Omnibus obscuras injicit ille manus.—*Ovid*
 Death's steps are swift, and yet no noise it makes;
 Its hand's unseen, but yet most surely takes.

And even the surviving birds for a little time seemed to stand affrighted, peeping after their companions, and then as busy as ever to their meat again; just so it fares with the careless inconsiderate world, who see others daily dropping into eternity round about them, and for the present are a little startled, and will look into the grave after their neighbours, and then fall as busily to their earthly employments and pleasures again as ever, till their own turn comes.

I know, my God, that I must die as well as others; but, oh! let me not die as

do others; let me see death before I feel it, and conquer it before it kill me; let it not come as an enemy upon my back, but rather let me meet it as a friend half way. Die I must, but let me lay up that good treasure before I go, (Matt. vi. 19) carry with me a good conscience when I go (2 Tim. iv. 6, 7), and leave behind me a good example when I am gone; and then let death come and welcome!

UPON THE CLOGGING A STRAYING BEAST.

Had this bullock contented himself, and remained quietly within his own bounds, his owner had never put such a heavy clog upon his neck; but I see the prudent husbandman chooses rather to keep him with his clog than lose him for want of one. What this clog is to him, that is affliction and trouble to me. Had my soul kept close with God in liberty and prosperity, He would never thus have clogged me with adversity; yea, and happy were it for me, if I might stray from God no more, who hath thus clogged me with preventive afflictions; if with David I might say, "Before I was afflicted I went astray: but now have I kept Thy word" (Psal. cxix. 67). O my soul, 'tis better for thee to have thy pride clogged with poverty, thy ambition with reproach, thy carnal expectancies with constant disappointments, than to be at liberty to run from God and duty.

'Tis true, I am sometimes as weary of these troubles as this poor beast is of the clog he draws after him, and often wish myself rid of them; but yet, if God should take them off, for aught I know I might have cause to wish them on again, to prevent a greater mischief. 'Tis storied of Basil, that for many years he was sorely afflicted with an inveterate headache (that was his clog): he often prayed for the removal of it; at last God removed it: but instead thereof, he was sorely exercised with evil temptations; which when he perceived, he as earnestly desired his headache again, to prevent a greater evil. Lord, if my corruptions may be prevented by my affliction, I refuse not to be clogged with them; but my soul rather desires thou wouldst hasten the time when I shall be for ever freed from them both.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

What is it? Hast thou ever been among those who roam afar,
Whose forgotten household fires gleam on them like a star;
A guiding star that glitters still to show a haven blest,
Where the wand'rer yet may moor his bark, the weary yet may rest?

Hast thou marked them when they spoke of home, and seen the flushing brow,
The eyes that soften now with tears, and now with pleasure glow?
The voice whose earnest tones grow sweet with music of the soul,
As mighty tides of love and hope across the bosom roll.

Oh! I have seen the happy smiles that childhood used to wear,
Come back to brighten for a while the man's pale brow of care,
As thought's bright magic pencil wrought a picture half divine,
Of home and all the thousand joys round childhood's home that twine.

And not less dear the Christian's home, that blessed land, should be
To him who hopes its golden streets, its living streams to see;
The breathings of its summer air should reach him even now,
And light the smile upon his lip, the gladness on his brow.

Then when the travellers to that land should hold communion here,
How blest, how glad those hours would be! how sacred and how dear!
Nor weariness nor cold restraint to cloud their brightness come,
Forgotten while the full heart holds no thought but that of home.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES OF BOOKS.

THE EXTENT OF THE ATONEMENT, IN ITS RELATION TO GOD AND THE UNIVERSE. By the Rev. THOMAS W. JENKYN, D. D., late President of Coward College, London. Third Edition, carefully revised by the Author. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1859. Pp. 376.

THIS is the republication of an English work of ability and repute, with the last revision of the author specially obtained for this edition by the American publishers. It is not a work that we feel at liberty to recommend for general circulation, but it may be read with advantage by Divines and Students of Divinity, as a lucid and comprehensive discussion of the doctrine of the Atonement on the principles of New School Theology. The views propounded are similar to those of Dr. Beaman and Dr. Wardlaw, who have followed Amyraut, Daillé, and Baxter.

Though the book professes to discuss only the extent of the Atonement, it includes of necessity a statement of the nature and design of the Atonement also. With great pertinacity Dr. Jenkyn attacks and belabors the theory of a "commercial or limited atonement." He exclaims with warmth—"This is the principle that unnerves our ministerial addresses, that jaundices our view of Christian doctrines, that cramps and crushes missionary efforts, that drives its thousands to apostacy, and lulls its millions into a false and fatal security." These are heavy denunciations, and lead us to ask—Who are they that hold this "commercial" theory? We are unwilling to attribute to Dr. Jenkyn the controversial trick of caricaturing the views he wishes to condemn; but if he means by the "commercial theory of the Atonement" the notion that Christ endured exactly so much suffering for so much reward, so that if more were to be saved, He must have had more pain, and if fewer, less pain—we can only say, that however this notion may be detected in the writings of two or three incautious and injudicious Divines, it is not held by Calvinistic Theologians generally, and would fall into utter oblivion, if it were not continually set up as a target to be shot at by such controversialists as Dr. Jenkyn. The attempt to involve Dr. Owen in this theory, made at page 169, is an utter failure.

The theory of the Atonement propounded in this volume is that of a governmental demonstration, to maintain the honor of God's public justice, and deter men from going on in sin. In this view, there is no satisfaction rendered to the demands of the Divine law—or real substitution and suretyship of Christ for sinners—and no result secured by the atonement other than a grand impression on "the universe," and "an honorable ground for showing clemency to transgressors." We hope that all our readers are well enough grounded in the faith to perceive, without any words of ours, the grievous defects of such a representation of the import and effect of Christ's sacrifice on the cross.

If we regard the Atonement only in the light of the New School Theology, we care little for any controversy touching its extent. We concur in the statement, that its character as a "demonstration" is universal, but all its force as a demonstration arises out of its strictly vicarious and sacrificial nature, the very aspect of it which the New School Divines try to obscure. A great many plausible things may be said and are said, by Dr. Jenkyn, in favor of a universal atonement; but it will occur to thoughtful readers, that the universality of extent is maintained by a most costly and fearful argument—by under-stating the nature, and denying the saving efficacy of the great propitiation. The extent of the atonement is a favorite topic of written controversy and popular declamation among Arminians and New Schoolites generally; but the controversy turns in reality not on the extent, but on the very nature of the Great Sacrifice. So far as it was a demonstration of Divine perfections, no one denies that it was

universal. So far as it was an efficacious redemption, how can it be denied that it was limited to those who obtain the saving benefit? We should be sorry to prolong a contest of mere phraseology. But we are very jealous of a Theology which disparages the efficacy of the blood of the cross, teaching that it did not secure the salvation of so much as one sinner.

Dr. Jenkyn is very loud in the assertion, that none but those who hold his view of the atonement can with consistency and with unfettered minds preach a free gospel to all. The gospel such as it appears in this book we cannot preach to any; but the gospel of redemption by the precious blood of Christ we rejoice to preach to all. True, we do not preach it on the ground insisted on by New School Divines, that "Christ tasted death for every man." We can account for such a use of the Text in Hebrews ii. 9, by the illiterate, but not for the use made of it by scholars like Dr. Jenkyn, who must know that the word "man" is not in the original text. The text so incessantly harped upon gives in fact no countenance at all to the dogma of universal atonement, for it affirms that Christ "should taste death for every one." Every one of whom? Plainly, as the following verse intimates, every one of the "many sons" whom He brings "unto glory," and of whose salvation He is Captain. Neither do we preach the gospel to all, as is alleged against us by Dr. Jenkyn, on the ground that, for anything we know, all who hear us may be elect persons, and so salvable. Our simple ground and warrant for preaching the gospel without restriction is the Saviour's command—"Preach the gospel to every creature."

The author of this volume indeed ventures to imply very plainly, that God himself cannot truthfully offer mercy to all men, unless the atonement was universal. Here we cease to debate, contenting ourselves with the query:—Can God offer mercy to all, when He has not elected all "to obedience and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ"? Must the doctrine of Election be renounced also, in order to preserve the Divine character from suspicion, and support the "bland" conception of universal atonement?

We think it an ominous circumstance for the English Non-Conformists, that such works on the Atonement as Gilbert's *Congregational Lecture*, and the *Theology of England and New England*, attempting as it does still to connect itself with the Calvinistic scheme, seems to us more perverse and dangerous than open and undisguised Arminianism. We can hardly imagine any to be imposed on by the modern prophets of this Theology, who have studied the masterly discussions of the Scriptural doctrine of Atonement by Turretin in his treatise, "De satisfactione Christi," and by Dr. Owen in his volume entitled "The death of Death in the death of Christ." These old works, however, are little known to this generation, and there is need that orthodox Divines of the present day address themselves to this great theme with special adaptation to modern modes of thought and language—exposing alike the sacrifice-denying views of Maurice and Robinson (who rise very little above the Socinian hypothesis), and the 'demonstration' theory of the New Schoolites, who empty the atonement of all proper saving efficacy. Dr. Hodge's crushing reply to Beman, and Dr. William Symington's sound and satisfactory treatise on the Atonement, are types of the literature on this great subject, which we should delight to recommend.

MEMOIRS, LETTERS, AND JOURNALS OF HARRIET MARIA JUKES; compiled and edited by MRS. H. A. GILBERT. *New York*: Robt. Carter & Brothers. *Montreal*: B. Dawson & Son. 1859. pp. 314.

A recent critique of popular religious Biographies in Blackwood's Magazine has been resented by some of our contemporaries as spiteful and unjust. We

confess that we agreed to a considerable extent with the critic—especially in the opinion, that Biographies are too much multiplied, that many of them are hastily and clumsily prepared, and that even some that win great popularity fail to represent to us any distinct individual character in the religious hero or heroine.

Accordingly we own that we opened the life of Mrs. Jukes, of whom we had never heard, with very small expectations of profit or pleasure. We are bound to add, that we have been most agreeably disappointed. The Biography is compiled and edited with good taste and fine womanly affection—and it opens up to us the record of a beautiful and godly mind. We have read it with care, and give it our most cordial commendation.

Harriet Maria Hole, daughter of a Captain of Royal Marines, was born in Devonshire, England. About the age of eighteen, her heart was drawn to the Lord, and she became a devout Christian. Marrying Mr. Jukes, she emigrated with him to Canada West, and resided from the year 1841 to 1851 near Dunnville, on Lake Erie. Mr. Jukes, after recovery from a severe illness, resolved to devote the remainder of his life to the Christian Ministry. After a short course of study, he was ordained by Bishop McIlvaine of Ohio, and appointed to a Church in Maumee city of that State. There he died of Cholera in 1854, and on the following day, the same disease called away his admirable and devoted wife. In every relation of life, as a daughter, a sister, a wife, a mother, and a friend, the character of Mrs. Jukes shines out in holy beauties. She was natural (in the good sense of the term,) cheerful, unpretending—and at the same time, ardently pious. We regard the daily life of such a woman as one of the most convincing and valuable “evidences of Christianity.”

The letters and diary contain many fine thoughts, and reveal a mind gifted with clear spiritual perceptions—sound in the faith, and glowing with Christian love. Though we do not concur in the views of Mrs. Jukes on the visible presence and reign of Christ in the Millennium, we cannot but prefer her vivid realisation and desire of the Lord's Second Advent, to the forgetfulness and apathy of so many regarding the “blessed hope and glorious appearing.” The Lord will give a crown of righteousness to all them (whatever their theoretic mistakes) “who love His appearing.”

CHRISTIAN HOPE, by REV. JOHN ANGELL JAMES. *New York: Robert Carter & Bros. Montreal: B. Dawson & Son. 1859. pp. 333.*

We have long regarded Mr. James as a master in Israel, and his works as among the most healthy and useful in the practical religious literature of England. It is enough to say of the present volume, that it is worthy of its venerable Author, bearing on every page the stamp of Christian wisdom and experience. In the preface, Mr. James takes occasion to express his fears for the tendencies of doctrinal sentiment among the young non-conformist Divines, on the great topics of the Atonement and Inspiration. He points out also, with great fidelity, the temptation to despise plain preaching of the Gospel in the pursuit of pulpit *intellectualism*. The eleven chapters, into which the treatise is divided, discuss briefly, but comprehensively and lucidly, all the teachings of Scripture on the subject of religious Hope.

The author remarks in the preface, that, as in the department of the fine arts, some modern paintings are intended to be “after the old Masters,” so his book is intended to be “after the old Authors.” Accordingly we find many traces of a familiarity with such grand old Masters in Theology as Howe and Gurnal. But the writer has wisely given us the jewels of the ancients in a modern setting;—expressed their thoughts in a style, and expanded them in illustrations, adapted to the taste of the present age. Every religious family would do well to possess themselves of this book.

THE BOOK OF PSALMS AND SACRED HARMONIES, with the words printed for expressive singing. *London: T. Nelson & Sons. Toronto: James Campbell. 1858.*

We find in this beautiful volume a new and improved edition of a publication originally issued by Messrs. Johnston & Hunter of Edinburgh. The music of the "Scottish Psalmody" is attached to the Psalms and Paraphrases in such a way, that the Tune selected may be before the eye along with the words that are sung. Prefixed is a classified index to the Psalms and Paraphrases, pointing out the tone and character of each, and suggesting the appropriate music. By printing particular verses and parts of verses in Italics, Capitals, &c., an effort is also made to indicate the special expression that ought to be given to those passages. This is designed to correct the too common practice of dull, lifeless, uniform, unintelligent singing.

Nothing is neglected to make the book invaluable to our Precentors, and to Heads of Families in conducting household worship. We are of those who desire a revision of the Scottish Paraphrases and Hymns, in order to secure at once a better collection of Sacred Songs, and a greater variety of metres. Such a variety would give opportunity for diversity and richness of musical expression, precluded by the perpetual common metres of the existing collection. But the best that can be done at present is done in the work before us, which is entitled to great praise and wide circulation.

THE BEAUTIFUL HOME, and other letters to a Child; by the Author of "Ministering Children," &c. *New York: Robt. Carter & Bros. Montreal: B. Dawson & Son. 1859. pp. 150.*

The title sufficiently indicates the character of this little book of religious instruction for the young. It is written in a fine spirit; and, bating a little grandiloquence here and there, is well adapted to interest and influence the minds of children.

THE SHEEPFOLD AND THE COMMON, OR THE EVANGELICAL RAMBLER. *New York, R. CARTER & BROTHERS. Montreal, B. DAWSON & SON. pp. 350.*

The preface to this book informs us that it was originally published about thirty years ago, that it then had a very extensive circulation in England and America, and that it has long since been out of print. It has been thoroughly revised by the author, and is now issued under a somewhat new title, with suitable and remarkably good wood cut illustrations. As might be expected, the style and character of this volume has a flavour of the time to which it belongs, and of the country in which its scenes are laid and its characters and incidents drawn. It is unmistakably an English book. The author is evidently a lover of Hervey in his Theron and Aspasio. The stories which the volume contains are happily strung together, and very well told. It belongs to the better class of religious novels of which the works of Hannah More are types. Its evangelical piety and Catholic spirit are unquestionable. Between the pious churchman and dissenter it recognizes no line of separation. It aims too at breaking down the exclusive pretensions of High Churchism, and at supplying an antidote to the mysterious influence of Puseyism. We welcome this publication, as one most suitable for family reading, and for Sabbath School Libraries. It is beautifully printed, and is highly creditable to its spirited publishers in its external appearance. The illustrations are drawn and engraved by English artists, and are superior to those found in most American illustrated books. It will form a most suitable and interesting Christmas Gift to the young.

A LIGHT FOR THE LINE, OR THE STORY OF THOMAS WARD, A RAILWAY WORKMAN, by the Author of "Memorials of Captain Hedley Vicars." *New York*, R. CARTER & BROS. *Montreal*, B. DAWSON & SON. pp. 98.

In six short and interesting chapters, the story of a remarkable life is told by the authoress of this book. Her Christian and devoted labours for the welfare of the navies employed at the Sydenham Crystal Palace in England, brought her into acquaintance with Thomas Ward a young Englishman, of fine manly form and bearing, and one of "nature's gentlemen." By attending the meetings held for reading the Scriptures and prayer, to which he had been invited by the kind lady, his biographer, he was brought to a saving knowledge of the truth, and created anew by the Spirit of God. The change in his case was very marked. Although he had never sunk deep into the mire of iniquity or indulged in the excesses for which many of his fellow-workmen were noted, he yet lived a careless, easy, frolicsome, godless life. But when under spiritual conviction of sin, he was led to accept of Christ with all his heart, the whole strength and frankness of his nature was turned into the current of true, manly religion. He was not henceforth ashamed of Christ. Faithful in every duty, kind and considerate to all, commending the gospel by the urbanity of his character and deportment, as well as by the simplicity and earnestness of his speech, he was a beautiful monument of Divine Grace. While engaged on the railway he met with a severe accident, by which he lost his left arm. The wound never fairly healed, and after a time of much suffering, and a last and very striking conflict with the tempter he departed this life in joy and full assurance to meet the Lord he loved. To the children of God this book will be sweet and refreshing. We commend it to those who love communion with Christ, and to follow him in the triumphs of his grace. For the young we know no better book. It should be in every Sabbath School Library.

THE JULIA, by the Author of "Vera," &c. *New York*, ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS. *Montreal*, B. DAWSON & SON. 1859. pp. 388.

This is a tale by an American author, written apparently to commend evangelical and practical religion, and to warn against the seductions of the theatre. The story is rather improbable and unsatisfying; but there is some skilful delineation of human nature, and no one can find the volume tiresome or stupid.

THE AIMWELL STORIES; JESSIE, OR TRYING TO BE SOMEBODY, with illustrations. *Boston*, GOULD & LINCOLN. 1859. pp. 230.

Bating a few "Yankee" forms of speech which we should be sorry to teach to our children, we regard this as a capital book for the entertainment of young readers. The type is clear, and the illustrations, though not very numerous, increase the attraction.

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

ECCLESIASTICAL AND MISSIONARY.

KNOX COLLEGE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—We are pleased to learn from the Thirteenth Report of the Students' Missionary Association, that two young French Canadian Missionaries have been employed with good results among their countrymen in the County of Essex, C. W. These are Messrs. Labelle and Paquette, both natives of Lower Canada, and now preparing at Knox College, Toronto, to enter on the Ministry of the Presbyterian Church.

BRITISH ARMY IN INDIA.—Mr. McLeod Wylie writes from Calcutta, to the "News of Churches," in the following terms :

"I think I have mentioned before, the encouragement afforded to the friends of Missions, by the signs that many of our gallant troops have come out here to be blessed and made blessings. I have heard of some delightful proofs that the Spirit of grace is working among them. To-day I received a letter from a friend in a hill station, who says, 'Eight or nine have given their hearts to God. I hold a class meeting with them every Sabbath morning at nine o'clock. Yesterday I had nine, and a more melting and refreshing season I have not enjoyed in India. Several of the regiment give good evidence (I think) of having passed from death unto life, and some of them have been very wicked men. So marked is the change that has passed on them, that the commanding officer, a few days ago, was speaking of it, and wondering what was the cause of it. Almost every prayer-meeting brings before us new and deeply interesting cases. A chaplain who is here on sick leave for a few days, tells me that quite an extensive work of grace is going on in the army generally.'" I have reason to believe that this is the case. It strikes me as remarkable, that so many regiments have come out with some devoted men in the ranks labouring among their comrades. I have heard from three, in different and widely-severed stations, calling for more of Mr. Carns Wilson's tracts, and speaking of the good work spreading around them. How different were our expectations! How many of us expected that the influx into India of such crowds of excited soldiers, filled with animosity to the native troops, and engaged, in their first year of residence, in harassing marches and bloody encounters, would be the prelude of extensive mischief; that the Christian name would be dishonoured among the heathens; and that the popular hatred of Christianity would be strengthened. But there are proofs, that among these soldiers the Lord has many whom he designs to employ here in His service; and must I not add that here is another subject of prayer?

VACANCIES IN THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Several excellent Ministerial charges have lately become vacant in the Presbyterian Church of Canada—by the resignation of their Pastors, e.g., the congregations at Belleville, Woodstock, and Guelph.

The Free Church, Coté Street, Montreal, one of the largest and most important Presbyterian charges in British America, will soon be vacated by the translation of the Rev. D. Fraser to the Free High Church, Inverness, Scotland.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—The foundation-stone of the Memorial Church at Constantinople was laid on the 19th of October, by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, in the presence of a very large assemblage of British residents. The site commands a noble scene, as the ground falls rapidly towards the port, and gives a view of the Seraglio point, the opening of the Bosphorus and Scutari. On the previous Sunday the new embassy chapel was opened. It is a small, neat building inside the embassy grounds, and capable of seating about 200 persons. A spacious sloop of sixty-five tons burthen has also been purchased, and is now stationed in the Golden Horn as a Sailors' Floating Chapel.

THE LATE DR. JOHN BROWN.—The death of Dr. John Brown, of the United Presbyterian Church in Edinburgh, has been more deeply and universally felt than any event since the death of Dr. Chalmers. His funeral was attended by a very large procession, in which the magistrates were present in their robes of office. No man combined more harmoniously the graces of the gentleman and of the Christian. Though determined in the maintenance of his own views, as shown in the voluntary controversy, he had yet a large-hearted sympathy with christians of all denominations. His theological learning was very extensive, and he has left behind him many valuable exegetical and other theological works, almost all published in his latter years. He was one of the contributors to the volume of pamphlets on Evangelical Union which laid the foundation of the Evangelical Alliance.

CONFESSONAL IN ENGLAND.—At a recent public meeting held in Liverpool, under the auspices of the Evangelical Alliance, the Earl of Roden in the chair, the following observations were made by the Rev. Samuel Minton, of Percy Chapel, London:—

"I contend that the whole spirit and genius of the Church of England is entirely against angular confession, and all I want is the removal of every expression in our formularies which even appears to be at variance with that spirit and genius. (Hear.) As I heard it said this morning, on no mean authority, our national liturgy ought to be like Caesar's wife, above suspicion. (Hear, hear.) There ought to be no "ifs" or "buts" in the matter, but if there are expressions that require explanation they ought to be entirely removed, so that the whole thing may be clear and straight forward, and above-board, and the true spirit of the Church of England may breathe plainly and unmistakably in every word of her formularies. (Hear, hear.) I call, then, upon the nation at large to rouse and demand a revision of our national liturgy. (Loud applause.) I con-

tend that this matter should not be left to members of the Church of England alone, but that the whole nation should rouse itself and demand this clearance of the liturgy of the nation's Church. (Hear, hear.) A practice like auricular confession cannot be allowed to spread itself in the National Church without the whole framework of society being affected by it. (Hear, hear.) If this evil is allowed to creep on and develop itself within the National Church, is there any part of English society that will not feel the influence? It is not, then, a mere Church question; it is a social question. Here is a great social evil springing up, and the whole nation should rouse itself with one united effort to strike at the root of the evil, and remove everything like a peg which any one may fancy he has to hang this practice of auricular confession on. (Loud applause.) The subject has already been brought before Parliament, and it will unquestionably be brought before Parliament again; and when it is, I call upon the Evangelical Nonconformists who are members of Parliament to assist us in this matter, or rather to do their own duty to the nation in this matter—(cheers)—not quietly to sit still and say, "This is a Church matter, and we can't enter into it; these things the Churchmen must fight out for themselves," but to consider it as a national matter, and to do all in their power to help us in getting rid of the evil. (Applause.) We are told if we do this we shall have a disruption in the National Church. We should have no such thing; but I will tell you what we should have, and it is just what we want. We should have a large secession from the National Church. (Applause.) We never shall do much good in this direction until we can get a good clearance of some of the dangerous and mischievous persons who are adhering to us. (Applause.)

MODERATORS FOR 1859.—The Rev. Principal Cunningham of Edinburgh is to be proposed as Moderator of the ensuing General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland. The same office in the Established Church is to be filled by the Rev. Dr. John Cook of St. Andrews.

LITERARY.

NEW BOOKS.—The following are announced by Edinburgh Publishers:—

A Volume of Sermons on the Epistle to the Colossians, by the Rev. Dr. Guthrie.

The late Sir William Hamilton's Lectures, delivered in the University of Edinburgh—in 4 vols. Vols. 1 and 2 to be issued immediately.

Among the London publications of interest we note:—

The Bampton Lectures for 1858, by Rev. H. L. Mansel, B. D. Oxford, on "the limits of Religious Thought."

Gavazzi's "Recollections of the four last Popes"—in reply to Cardinal Wiseman.

Also an English Edition of the new Exposition of the Gospel according to St. Mark, by Dr. Joseph A. Alexander of Princeton.

MATTHEW HENRY.—It is intended to perpetuate at Chester the memory of the Rev. Matthew Henry, the celebrated Bible commentator, who spent twenty-five years of his life in that city, and whose chapel still remains one of the most interesting relics to be seen there. It is proposed to erect a monument, found one or more scholarships at Oxford, and print a cheap edition of his commentary.

BRIDGE WATER TREATISE ON GEOLOGY AND MINERALOGY.—Dr. Buckland's son, already known by a book of his own as a lively student of some branches of natural history, has here performed a duty to his father's memory in issuing that third edition of the Bridgewater Treatise on Geology, which Dr. Buckland had himself meant to prepare. Not being a geologist himself, the Editor has relied upon the good offices of his late father's friends, and has obtained from Professor Owen a revision of the Palæontology of the book, from Professor Phillips a revision of the Geology, and had obtained also from the first of modern English botanists, the late Mr. Robert Brown, an examination of the part of the work that relates to Botany. Thus, while the original argument on the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God remains untouched, we have the best assurance that the natural facts stated in the book stand at the level of existing scientific knowledge. Mr. Francis Buckland has prefixed to this edition of the treatise a most interesting memoir of his father, rich in anecdote, but richer in a true appreciation of his labours. It is throughout written with the good taste that does not err, because there are the best and finest feelings of the heart engaged in its direction.

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