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THE
CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

VOL. IX.

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No. 10.

ROMAN CATHOLIC SEPARATE SCHOOLS.

A severe blow is aimed at the Common Schools of Upper Canada by the Bill introduced by Mr. Scott, of Ottawa, securing special and exclusive educational privileges to Roman Catholics. Already legislation on this important question is far advanced towards the accomplishment of the ends of those who have in past ages proved the determined foes of liberty and light. Strenuous efforts are necessary to check the establishment by law of the provisions of this Bill. Let the voice of the people be heard. Surely the Legislature will pause ere they force so unpopular a measure on Upper Canada. However interesting the aspect of this question as affecting the political relationship of Upper and Lower Canada, it is on the moral and spiritual view of the subject that we feel deeply moved. Our school system is unsectarian, and can only stand in justice while it remains so. The only just and proper principle of national education, in a country like this, is to have schools open for the secular instruction of all on an equal basis. To favour one party is to inflict an injury on others, and to introduce an element which must ultimately prove destructive of the system. The encroachments of Popery are well known, and this measure is strikingly marked by an aggressive and ecclesiastical spirit. We hesitate not to affirm that the political influence of such parties as carry it to law all tends to fix the ascendancy of Papal power, and perpetuate feuds and animosities which should for ever terminate. What else does it amount to than the endowment, from the public funds, of Romanism?—And that to enable the adherents of that system to indoctrinate and train the rising generation in the dogmas of the Church of Rome. It is not as resisting those who seek by their own means to accomplish their own ends that we speak. To Popery we yield a fair field and no favour, to meet on the lists of controversy its antagonists, and to spread itself by fair and moral influences; but that is widely different from special grants and exclusive legislation. Far from us be admiration of the policy that warms into vigour a system that exalts the tiara above the crown. What we hold dear as men and citizens must be guarded with holy jealousy. These educational privileges which are so perseveringly sought, would endanger one of the best institutions of Upper Canada. It were better that education should stand alone and be diffused on the voluntary principle, than that the State should become through it a nurse of deadly religious error. Unless the life-blood of Protestantism has become in many quarters cold and

dead, an enactment of the character which we oppose, will rouse an energy not to be easily vanquished, which shall demand the abolishment of Separate Schools, or otherwise work for the destruction of our present school system. The clergy reserves—that source of past contention—will also find its way again on the arena of strife, for the proposed law has a section providing for a share to Separate Schools in the fund annually granted by the Legislature of this Province for the support of Common Schools, and shall be entitled also to a share in all other public grants, investments and allotments for Common School purposes now made or hereafter to be made by the Province or *the municipal authorities*. Many of the municipalities employ their share of the clergy reserves not on roads, bridges, &c., but on education; and so it would come about that a fund originally intended for the Protestant faith would find its way into the coffers of the Church of Rome.

It has been alleged as a reason for Separate Schools that the conscience of the Roman Catholic is affected by sending his children to the Common Schools. Now, we deny that there is anything in the Common School Law to interfere with an enlightened conscience: further, we point to the fact that Roman Catholic teachers are employed in hundreds of Common Schools in Upper Canada, and also that many children of Roman Catholics are at present enjoying the advantages of a secular education in Common Schools, while some of the highest dignitaries of their Church are in the Council of Public Instruction. These facts we deem a sufficient answer to the supposed necessity for Separate Schools on the ground of conscience.

We feel further that it may be well to point out some of the very unfair provisions of Mr. Scott's Bill: five Roman Catholics can call a meeting and form a Separate School: it requires twelve persons to exercise the same power in forming a School Section. Trustees in Common Schools must be either householders or freeholders; in the proposed Separate Schools they are not required to be either. Roman Catholic teachers can receive certificates of qualification to teach from their own trustees. Residence within three miles (in a direct line) of the site of the school-house qualifies a person to be deemed a supporter of a Separate School. There may be other items which might be advanced, yet these are enough to stamp the measure with an unfair and improper character.

Every possible effort should be made by the friends of education to secure the rejection of this iniquitous Bill. The hope of the general enlightenment of our population, and the unity of our people is much influenced by the success or overthrow of our present system of education. Let Protestants unite vigorously to oppose the inroads of what history proves to be a determined foe to liberty. Plans, however well laid, may be frustrated by a manful and vigorous protest against Papal aggression. Let it be known that the Protestantism of Upper Canada cannot stand tamely by while an invasion of its rights is attempted.

BACKSLIDING.

This is a sad condition. An extended observation leads us to fear that it is no uncommon thing. Hence the necessity of uttering a few thoughts on a state so pregnant with dire results. There are few congregations in which

some marks indicating wanderings from God are not present. Few live in the genial temperature of a perennial spring of holy affections. Buds of promise are often nipped by killing frost. Every close observer knows of some who cherish too favourable an opinion of themselves, the blessedness they knew has departed, the beauty of Christ fails to attract, and earth has a witchery that allures them, still they say peace, peace. Others are known to be tremblingly alive to their state as having gone back, and cry, "Oh, that I knew where I might find Him;" while a third class have settled down in a state of apathy, regarding their condition as past recovery, they seem to stand as lonely pillars by the sea of Sodom, like Lot's wife, who looking back became a monument of wrath. Hence it becomes necessary to unfold Bible truth on this subject. We have no sympathy with any system of teaching that prepares an expectation of falling into this backsliding condition. The true development of religion in the soul is life, growth, progress, victory; nevertheless, conscious that there are many cases of spiritual declension, we desire to advance such views as may tend to the restoration of wanderers. It is the declaration of God, "I will heal their backsliding."

Backsliding implies going back from a former position, and involves, when the process is commenced, acceleration of speed and easy progress in the fearful direction of going downward to hell. This state is not that of the staggering believer falling into sin but fighting against it. One spot is not a mark of the leprosy. It is when sin is unrepented of, when the contest with inward sin expires, when the delight of the soul in spiritual things is dead, when the way to the closet is full of proofs that it is unfrequented, *then* has a soul backslidden. It may be open or secret. When known to men it is open. In *open* backsliding a distinction is to be made between those who apostatize from a profession of religion, and such as fall into sin who yet have the root of the matter in them. Judas by transgression fell, and many went back and walked no more with Jesus; but the case of David is widely different, his prayer was, restore unto me the joy of thy salvation. In *secret* backsliding the transgressor does not all at once by a sudden leap spring from virtue to vice. There are gradual approaches. Wiles of the Devil reach heights and depths by almost imperceptible inclines,—that is how the engineering is done. Outward appearances may be fair, while black, crawling, loathsome creatures revel within, rendering the beauteous fruit a mass of corruption; so it is in the heart that has said, come in, to the accursed caitiffs that murdered Christ. The secret duties of religion are no longer practised, or if kept up in form, the relish of former days is gone. The life of public service is exchanged for interest in the world. Religion does not live.

See the guilt of the Backslider. Every sin is black, black as hell, but this is against light and knowledge. It dishonours his own profession, it treats religion as vain, and forsakes the fountain of living waters. The Son of God is trampled under foot, and the Holy Spirit grieved. What does such guilt deserve? But, ah, the loss it brings to the soul! O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself. There is loss in the forfeiture of God's approval. Sweet communion has fled. Torturing apprehension prevails. Power to resist sin is paralyzed, as when the spider weaves its thread around its insect victim and leaves its prey by each additional coil the weaker, thus is it with the ensnared

sinner. Rich pastures in the plain of Sodom covered Lot by and by with shame. Pleasures drawn from poisoned springs are bitter and deadly. Even in the event of recovery from backsliding, the couch is wet with tears by reason of groaning. Loss, total and eternal, to the soul, is the consequence of sin, when unforgiven and unforsaken; yet even if recovering grace displays its power, those rewards and heights of heaven are never reached in all the fulness enjoyed by the ever faithful, the always true.

Though the backslider in heart shall be filled with his own way, we dare not hide the gracious words to be found in God's book pointing to recovery. Let none be driven to despair though they have gone astray. How tenderly God pleads—return, O backsliding Israel. What have you found in God?—has He been a wilderness? What has the world proved to you?—darkened are its brightest scenes, withered are its fairest flowers, blighted are its sweetest fruits. Sinner, conscious of departing from the truth, losing sight of Jesus, amid fancies, speculations, and questions of a subsidiary nature, return to the slighted cross, go back to a neglected Saviour. "If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." Wandering disciple, departing from the fellowship of God's people, let it not be said of you, they went out from us, but they were not of us; for if they had been of us, no doubt they would have continued with us: but they went out, that they might be manifest that they were not all of us. Stand by your colours, say, I am a companion of them that fear God. Backsliding professor, departing from correct practises in the duties of life, in conformity to the world and indulgence in pleasure, take heed. Cast aside your sins, crucify every bosom lust. Apply for healing to Jesus. As at first you ventured on the Redeemer for salvation, so take him now. Take with you words and turn to the Lord: say unto Him, Take away all iniquity, and receive us graciously; so will we render the calves of our lips. Then shall His gracious answer be, I will heal their backslidings, I will love them freely: for mine anger is turned away from him.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

The current Volume of the *Canadian Independent* is drawing to a close, while a large number of our friends and supporters have not yet put into operation their settled purpose, formed long ago, and revived on the reception of every successive number, to send their subscription. Need we say, that our magazine cannot live exempt from the ordinary laws of the commercial world. A prompt remittance therefore of "that dollar," or those two, three, or four dollars, as the case may be, would have a good effect just now, not only in meeting existing liabilities, but in furnishing encouragement and inspiring hope for the future. We owe much to the generous efforts of many who have rendered efficient service in collecting and forwarding subscriptions in the past,—their renewed exertions are earnestly solicited.

Trans-Atlantic Retrospect.

The marriage of the Prince of Wales is the most prominent topic, *the* topic in the English papers and the mind of the English public. We are at the time of writing yet without particulars of the wedding, but we have details of the reception of the Princess Alexandra in London on the 7th. Those only who have been in the Metropolis on some of the occasions of great public rejoicing can form an idea of the scene, as depicted in the newspapers. Five or six miles of streets through which the procession passed, and every foot of ground filled with sight-seers; every spot from which a glimpse of the youthful couple could be obtained, seized and held determinedly for hours. Probably more gathered in the streets that day than the entire population of the Province of Canada, and throughout the length of this densely packed mass of human beings but one feeling and one voice, and that a shout of welcome to the bride of England's Royal son. Well might it be that the "Prince and Princess were much affected;" they would have been something less or something more than human, if they had failed to be so. We trust that, under the blessing of God, this union, which is inaugurated so auspiciously, may prove a blessing to themselves and to the British nation. When we turn back the page of history and read of another Prince and Princess of Wales, of their marriage and its results, it is impossible not to feel how much depends upon this union. If, as is stated, it is a union of hearts, and if the wedded life of Albert and Alexandra shall prove as happy as its commencement is promising, it will have an incalculable effect upon the nation at large; the tone of the Court is, and must be felt down through every strata of society. If pure and good, it will elevate and ennoble, but if unhappy and disastrous, it will demoralize the whole nation. What a responsibility, what an opportunity! May they have wisdom to improve it.

"In that fierce light which beats upon a throne,
And blackens every blot;"

may their actions be spotless and worthy, so that when in the course of nature they shall be called to rule the greatest empire in the world, our children's children may love and revere Albert the King, as their fathers have done his father, Albert the Prince.

Since the above was written we are in receipt of full details of the marriage of the Prince. Those details will, no doubt, be copied into every newspaper in the Province and read with intense interest. The account we have seen (from the *London Times*) is most eloquently and vividly told, and calculated to excite the deepest emotion. Surely such a day was never witnessed in England before, the rejoicing was so universal, so hearty, so boundless. The details of the ceremony are described with that reality which only a most gifted writer can give; we see everything, we note the minutest action, we hear the indissoluble word, "till death do us part," and we join to break the oppressive silence with the universal sigh of relief. And the Queen, "the poor Queen," there in her widow's weeds, struggling, but unable to overcome the emotions under which she laboured; the whole scene, the music of the chant composed by her dead husband, the recollections

which crowded upon her mind, all proved too much for her, and she burst into tears. What a solemn lesson was that mourning Queen in the midst of that grand ceremony, how her presence, *felt rather than seen*, bade that magnificent assemblage remember the future. It is too late in the month to write more extensively upon the subject, we may return to it again. Meanwhile, as twenty-three years ago, we shouted, "God bless Albert and Victoria," so now, with as much hearty earnestness, we write, "God bless Albert and Alexandra!"

What is SCHISM? Worcester defines it to be division, discord, disunion, and marks 1 Cor. xii. 25, as an illustration; those, therefore, who cause division and disunion are undoubtedly schismatics, are to be avoided and rejected. Such have just shewn themselves to be a party in the Church of England, who, headed by the Bishop of Oxford and the Bishop of Cape Town, propose to thrust into Antananarivo, the capital of Madagascar, a body of Episcopal teachers; the certain result, if not the determined object of whose mission, must be to cause strifes and divisions in the infant churches in that city, to present the sad spectacle to the natives, of a class of men denouncing as unauthorised teachers and dangerous, those who have been *the means, under God, of converting the brave confessors and the "noble army of martyrs,"* who in the times of persecution, now happily past, gave such noble testimony of their faith, and to whose ministrations is owing whatever of Christianity and civilisation now exist. Can anything be conceived more disastrous, or more likely to check the progress of the faith, and to afford a triumph to the heathen? Surely Queen Ranavalana was ignorant and short-sighted. She wanted to destroy Christianity from the island, and she tried the ordeal of the tangena; she tried death by spearing, by crucifixion, by burning, but all was unavailing. Had she known, the more effectual way would have been to have let the teachers remain, and have invited the ultra-tractarians to send over a bevy of their episcopally ordained ministers; then there would have been hope that the disunion and strife between the two parties might have accomplished what persecution did not and never can. Let us glance a moment at the facts of the case. Forty years ago the London Missionary Society despatched their first Missionaries to Madagascar, there they laboured for a number of years, God owning and blessing their work; at length came the sad events now so well known among us, of the accession of the late Queen, the prohibition of the Christian religion, the expulsion of the Missionaries, and the long series of terrible cruelties against the believers which followed. But the Missionaries had left behind them that which no persecution could destroy, nor queenly edict could touch, the faith of the living God in the hearts of the converts. They were few comparatively—not over two hundred—but they were earnest and sincere, and counted not their lives dear unto them. The stories of Rafaravavy, of Rasalama, of Rafaralah, and others, are now household treasures in thousands of Christian families. They did not forget their teachers, but from time to time, as opportunity offered, sent them messages of love and remembrance, couched in the most touching and simple language. At length the Queen died, and a Prince, whose antecedents were all favourable to freedom and to Christianity, ascended the throne. The London Missionary

Society at once made preparations for occupying its former field of labour. It sent out Mr. Ellis, and as soon as possible after him a body of Missionaries, with all the requirements for working the Mission effectively. The right of the Society to the ground was so evident and so strong, that no other Society attempted in any way to interfere with its operations or to occupy the same sphere of labour; and when Mr. Ellis met the Bishop of Mauritius at Antananarivo last summer at the coronation of the King, it was agreed by the latter, on behalf of the Church Missionary Society and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, that they should not interfere with the work of the London Missionary Society at the Capital, but as there were many parts of the Island—in fact, all parts except the capital—still unprovided with Christian teaching, in some of which the people were very anxious to receive Missionaries; that to such places all the labourers sent out by those two Societies should be designated. This was right and Christianlike, and the Societies at Home confirmed the agreement. It soon was whispered, however, that there was a party in the Episcopal Church who were dissatisfied with this, and resolved that Missionaries of their stamp should be sent to hinder and destroy as far as possible the labours and usefulness of the agents of the London Missionary Society; the promoters were for a time unknown, but it now appears, as we before indicated, that the movers and leaders in it are Bishops Wilberforce and Gray. To the honour of the members of the Church of England the design has met with almost universal reprobation. High, Low and Broad have spoken more or less strongly against the project, and we yet hope that such a storm of indignation will be raised by it that it may be scattered to the winds, and the Church in Madagascar spared the pain and scandal which would inevitably follow the proposed action. A magnificent meeting on behalf of Madagascar was held in Exeter Hall, at which the Earl of Shaftesbury spoke in the following manly and Christianlike manner:—

I confess I have heard with sorrow, ay, and with dismay, the fact that it is contemplated, that over and above the efforts which are to be made by the Church Missionary Society, and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, there shall be a Bishop and a certain body of clergy—the Bishop springing from what I know not, and tending to what I know not—a Bishop and clergy sent into that island not to roam over those regions where the Gospel has never been preached, not to carry light and life to the heathen who are “sitting in darkness,” but to go to the capital itself, and there to encumber, by an effulgence of glory, the light that the blessed missionaries have already diffused. This scheme is altogether unnecessary, and, being unnecessary, it is very perilous. It is perilous, I do maintain, that there should appear before the eyes of these weak and uninstructed natives a body of christian men, all professedly belonging to the Protestant faith, but apparently antagonistic to one another, leading these men to doubt whether they really concur in those great principles which they profess, whether there be not some wide and broad difference, placing them in the difficulty of having to choose between the two. I believe that the issue of all this must be fatal to religion. It will check the progress of our excellent friends of the London Missionary Society, and I believe it will bring very great discredit on the Church of England for having thrust itself in there uncalled for and unneeded. I believe great dissension, great schism, great doubt, great ridicule will ensue. But I will also maintain that nothing can be more ungenerous. Why, take the history of Madagascar and the labours of the London Missionary Society, take the self-devotion of these men, take all that they have expended in money, in time, in

energy, in health and in life. See how they have made the soil, as it were, their own. I call it ungenerous. I read the history of the Christian Church in Madagascar. Is there anything so full, is there anything so noble, is there anything more grand than the history of those confessors and those martyrs among that primitive, simple, and heathen people? And by whose instrumentality was that effected? Under the grace of God, and by His blessing upon their operations, it has been done exclusively by the London Missionary Society. I cannot conceive anything more ungenerous than to step into that vineyard, to enter into other men's labours, not for the purpose of carrying them on when those men have become disqualified, but to set them aside, and, under the prestige and influence of their great name and their holy operations, to come and disturb them in the great work which God has so signally blessed. I do hope that all parties will very seriously consider, before they allow themselves to go one step farther. I should most deeply lament to see that the Church of England, that has been so true and so energetic, that has exhibited so deep and solemn an appreciation of the work of its brother Protestants and brother Christians in foreign lands, should now be coming forward in a spirit of selfishness and mean aggrandizement, for the purpose of tearing from the hands of others the work that they have so nobly and so signally performed.

These are truthful words, and do honor equally to the head and heart of the noble Earl; we trust with him that the parties engaged in this most "ungenerous," "unnecessary" and schismatic work will pause, and that the manifestations of disapproval which are arising from all sections of the church will cause them at once and finally to abandon the attempt, and to turn their energies and means into fields (and, alas, how numerous are they) where other men have not laboured, are not labouring, to sow there the seed of Divine truth and life, and to reap from thence, in due season, an abundant and blessed harvest.

The meeting on Madagascar, alluded to above, demands more than that passing notice, being, as it was, one of the most important and interesting meetings in connection with the Missionary movement which has taken place for years. The chair was filled by the Earl of Shaftesbury, who gives lustre to his rank by being forward in every good cause, no matter by whom inaugurated or by whom carried on. The Rev. Dr. Tidman, the Secretary, gave a history of the Mission, brief and very comprehensive. We wish that it could be in the hands of all our readers, we are sure that it would deepen the sympathy which is felt for that most interesting people. We can only give one extract, which summarises the labours of the Missionaries from their entrance into the land, under Radama I., until their expulsion by Ranaivola:—

During the fifteen years of their residence in Madagascar, the missionaries laboured with unwearied diligence and zeal; and the results of these labours must command our highest admiration. The number of schools they established amounted to nearly 100, containing 4,000 scholars; more than 10,000 children passed through these schools, to whom were imparted the elements both of useful instruction and religious truth. Elementary books were provided for the pupils; and a large proportion of these were distributed among the people, who acquired the art of reading without attendance on the schools. Two large congregations were formed at the capital; and nearly two hundred persons, on a profession of their faith, were admitted to church-fellowship. Preaching stations were established, also, in several towns and villages, at a distance from the

capital; and many services were held weekly at the dwellings of the native christians. Two printing-presses, sent out by the Society, were in constant operation, and besides school books and tracts, printed and put into circulation, a dictionary of the language was prepared and printed in two volumes. Above all, the whole of the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments were translated, corrected, and printed in the Native language.

The meeting was a representative one, as the names of the speakers will shew; they were the Rev. S. Martin, Rev. W. Arthur, Secretary to the Wesleyan Missionary Society, Rev. Dr. Macfarlane, and the Rev. W. Mackenzie, with one or two laymen of note. The amount raised towards the fund for the memorial churches at the meeting was £90 19s. 4d. The total amount raised for this purpose, as we see by the last *Missionary Magazine*, approaches £7,000. One word to our Churches. Cannot we give a little—be it ever so little, to shew our sympathy with these Malagasy Christians; they have been persecuted, despoiled, exiled; they want places of worship, let us help them to build what they need. We are glad to know that one Church has collected a liberal sum, which will be immediately transmitted to Dr. Tidman for that purpose; let all the others go and do likewise.

The appearance of Dr. Campbell, Editor of the *British Standard* and *British Ensign* as plaintiff in a libel suit, has the merit certainly of being a novelty. Campbell *v.* Spottiswoode, or in other words the *British Standard* against the *Saturday Review*, has been the topic of the week, and from the character the latter paper has obtained the case has been watched with considerable interest. The facts briefly stated are these: Dr. Campbell has been writing in *The Ensign* a series of letters on Christian Missions with reference especially to the evangelization of the Chinese. Wishing to obtain an increased circulation for these letters he called for subscriptions to the paper, urging those who had the means to assist him—as they only could, in the work he had undertaken. Those who know Dr. Campbell, who have watched his career as an editor for the last twenty years or more, will fully understand the whole movement, they know how heartily he throws himself into whatever he undertakes, how in the same manner he has established other periodicals and papers, and they would not for a moment suppose that he had any ulterior or selfish views. The *Saturday Review* not knowing, or not caring for this, and seeing only circumstances that looked very suspicious, broadly accused the Reverend Doctor of seeking to benefit himself under pretence of benefiting the heathen, and that the whole thing was, as they expressed it, “a most scandalous and flagitious act.” With the most caustic irony the writer seized and held up to ridicule and scorn Dr. Campbell and his whole scheme, charged that the letters of correspondents on the subject were fictitious, and that it was “a mere pretext for puffing an obscure newspaper into circulation.” Dr. Campbell thereupon laid his complaint, and after two days trial a verdict was given for the plaintiff with £50 damages. There is scarcely a difference of feeling as to the result of this suit. There is general satisfaction that the *Saturday Reviewer*, as it is termed, has been taught that there are limits of criticism, which it cannot transgress with impunity; that however it may deal with facts it must be careful how it attributes motives, or imputes chicanery and deceit to those whom it designs to attack. £50 is

not a great sum, still it carries costs, and besides it is not likely that a second prosecution would be followed by so small an award. We wish that the plaintiff had gone into Court with clean hands. The moral effect would have been far greater if he could have pointed to his long editorial career and defied any one to place their finger on an act of his equally reprehensible. Unhappily it is far otherwise; a little volume on our shelves, lettered "Rivulet Controversy," and painful recollection of many articles which have appeared in the *British Banner* and *British Standard*, constrain us to say that the defendant in this case has not gone much farther than the plaintiff in many others, and if the latter, unlike the former, has escaped prosecution, it has been owing in some degree, at least, to the Christian forbearance of the men who were attacked. Let us hope, therefore, that both parties may be the wiser for the event, if their articles lose a little occasionally in pungency, that loss will be amply repaid by the greater moral weight they will certainly have.

Dr. Colenso has been requested by his brother Bishops, as an act of consistency, to resign his position,—the following is their letter:—

To the Right Rev. J. W. Colenso, D.D., Lord Bishop of Natal,—

We, the undersigned Archbishops and Bishops of the United Church of England and Ireland, address you with deep brotherly anxiety, as one who shares with us the grave responsibility of the episcopal office.

It is impossible for us to enter here into argument with you as to your method of handling that Bible which we believe to be the Word of God, and on the truth of which we rest all our hopes of eternity. Nor do we here raise the question whether you are legally entitled to hold your present office in the Church, complicated, moreover, as that question is, by the fact of your being a Bishop of the Church in South Africa, now at a distance from your diocese and province.

But we feel bound to put before you another view of the case. We understand you to say (Part II., p. xxiii., of your "Pentateuch and Book of Joshua Critically Examined") that you do not now believe that which you voluntarily professed to believe, as the indispensable condition of your being entrusted with your present office. We understand you also to say that you have entertained, and have not abandoned, the conviction that you could not use the Ordination Service, inasmuch as in it you "must require from others a solemn declaration that they 'unfeignedly believe all the Canonical Scriptures of the Old and New Testament;' which, with the evidence now before" you, "it is impossible wholly to believe in." (Part I., p. xii.) And we understand you further to intimate that those who think with you are precluded from using the Baptismal Service, and consequently as we must infer, other offices of the Prayer-Book, unless they omit all such passages as assume the truth of the Mosaic history. (Part II., xxiii.)

Now, it cannot have escaped you that the inconsistency between the office you hold and the opinions you avow is causing great pain and grievous scandal to the Church. And we solemnly ask you to consider once more with the most serious attention whether you can, without harm to your own conscience, retain your position, when you can no longer discharge its duties or use the formularies to which you have subscribed. We will not abandon the hope that, through earnest prayer and deeper study of God's Word, you may, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, be restored to a state of belief in which you may be able with a clear conscience again to discharge the duties of our sacred office; a result which, from regard to your highest interests, we should welcome with the most unfeigned satisfaction.

We are, your faithful brethren in Christ.

The address was signed by thirty-four bishops of the United Church of England and Ireland, and six of the colonial bishops now in London.

To this Dr. Colenso replies:—

My Lord Archbishop,—I have seriously considered the address which has been forwarded to me by your grace, signed by a great number of the archbishops and bishops of the Church of England.

In reply, I feel obliged to say that I am unable to comply with the suggestion therein conveyed to me, that I should resign my episcopal charge.

I trust that I yield to none of your lordships in a heartfelt reverence for the Holy Scriptures. But certainly I do not believe, as the words of the address seem to imply that your lordships do believe, that “all our hopes for eternity rest” on the literal and historical truth of such a narrative as the Scriptural account of the Noachian Deluge.

But I must refer to my books for a statement of the reasons which justify to my own mind the course which I am taking. To resign my office would be to admit that my conduct has been legally or morally wrong, which I am very far from feeling.

Rather, I am persuaded that my duty to God and the National Church, through which I have received, in the same manner as your lordships, that episcopal commission which we have no power of abdicating, requires me to persevere in the task which I have undertaken—namely, to set before the English Church the real facts of the case in regard to the composition of the Pentateuch, in accordance with the most trustworthy results of recent criticism.

I venture to add, that the progress of true religion appears to me to be grievously impeded in this country by the contradictions which undeniably exist between the traditional notion of the historical truth of all the narratives contained in the Pentateuch and the conclusions of science, as now brought within the comprehension even of the youth of both sexes by the general extension of education.

And it is my firm conviction that this subject deserves, more than any other at this time, our most serious consideration, and if possible our united action as bishops of the National Church.—I am, my Lord Archbishop, your Grace’s very faithful and obedient servant,

London, March 5, 1863.

J. W. NATAL.

Of course not! He is bound by oath to teach and maintain all the doctrines of his Church, and to ordain only those who are prepared to do likewise, and yet he can attack a large and important part of the Bible and retain his position; unbelief certainly relaxes the conscience considerably.

The internal squabbles in the English Church just now are not calculated to check the wane of that admiration, which, for centuries, the people of the land have, in some degree, intelligently or unintelligently, accorded to it. Jowett, Maurice, Pusey, Close; High, Low, and Broad Church, all men of mark, and we must believe of piety also, are at present doing their best, or worst, to split the establishment into fragments. They are causing thoughtful men to ask how the Church of England can be the vaunted defender and guardian of orthodoxy, the palladium of the faith she has been so long represented, when one can not only hold but teach such diverse opinions as those represented above. Dr. Pusey institutes a prosecution against Mr. Jowett for his teachings, as being heterodox and opposed to the articles of the Church of England. Thereupon comes forth Dr. Stanley and Mr. Maurice,

attacking Dr. Pusey, and stating that "he knows, or he ought to know, that he is only saved from prosecution (for heretical teaching) at this moment by the forbearance of those who shrink from dealing out to him the same measure as he has dealt to them." Then comes reply and rejoinder, crimination and recrimination, and finally Dr. Close steps in and delivers this most extraordinary judgment.

"Here are three distinguished men—learned, scientific, of accomplished minds—and they not only differ about an affair of a prosecution, but the most modest of them, though not the least known to fame, says of the other two—'I distrust Mr. Jowett's theological teaching. I distrust Dr. Pusey's. I believe either may tend to bewilder the consciences of simple men and women.'" So says he who is so modest as to affirm his belief that his 'name will not carry any weight with your readers,' although that name is Frederick D. Maurice. I wish I could believe him. For, strange to say, Sir, I distrust the theological teaching of Mr. Maurice as much as he does that either of Dr. Pusey or Professor Jowett, and I have little doubt they all equally distrust mine. What a happy exhibition of Christian unity in men *who have all signed the same contracts and all ought to teach alike.*"

"What a happy exhibition of Christian unity" indeed. We shall watch earnestly the progress of this controversy, there are in it the seeds of much hope, unhappy as it now appears and undoubtedly is.

Official.

RECEIPTS FOR CONGREGATIONAL COLLEGE, IN MARCH, 1863.

Newmarket, per Rev. E. Barker, additional	\$13 50
Guelph, on account.....	47 10
Listowel, per Rev. R. McGregor.....	4 00

Pastors and others having charge of taking up contributions, are respectfully reminded that the financial year closes on the 31st May, *to the day*, in order that the Treasurer's account may be made up and audited before the Annual Meeting. It is therefore earnestly hoped that every Church, which has not contributed since the 1st June, 1862, will take up and forward a subscription at once.

F. H. MARLING, *Secretary.*

Correspondence.

CORRECTION.

Dear EDITOR,—In the "Notes of a Tour among the churches of the Western Peninsula," which appeared in the last number of the *Canadian Independent*, there was an inaccuracy, arising doubtless from mis-information. It was in the statement as to the *application* of the proceeds of the Social Meeting in London. The amount realized was correctly stated, but, I am sorry to say, it was not a donation to the pastor, but was applied to the funds of the church, thereby enabling them to pay the arrears due to the Pastor and Janitor.

The account given by your correspondent reads so nicely, has so generous and loving an air about it, is so much like what pastors and many of their beloved flock would like to see generally prevailing in our churches, that nothing less than love for the simple truth induces me to mar the pleasant picture.

I have great pleasure, however, in stating that a year ago, on a similar occasion, a very handsome donation was presented by this church to their pastor.

Yours truly,

London, March, 1863.

C. P. WATSON.

To the Editor of the Canadian Independent.

NOT GUILTY.

My much esteemed brethren of the Middle District, Western section, Missionary deputation, in February informed your readers, that I for the first time went not with them to the work, but were kind enough to give me the advantage of a verdict, equivalent to that of an Irish jury, not guilty, &c.

The cause of my not accompanying the deputation not being stated, has created some uneasiness among my numerous friends and acquaintances. Some supposed it was occasioned by illness, others that I had, after over twenty-six years missionary labor in Canada, grown cold in my zeal and love to missionary work; these and similar surmisings are groundless.

I do not remember ever having enjoyed better health than I had during the past year, and till this mortal life ceases I hope to labor, love, support, and pray for our God-honored and noble Missionary Society. Our missionary history in this country is full of instruction and encouragement, when we consider that it forms a link of connection with all the British Colonies and the Congregational Churches in the Fatherland, it claims our entire sympathy, our warmest love, our most earnest prayers for its successful operations.

At the time the Missionary Meetings were going on we were holding special services here for the conversion of the ungodly, and an increase of spirituality and holiness among God's children. Our prayers and labours were not in vain. We have much cause for thankfulness.

Since I became for the second time the Pastor of this Church twenty-two have been received by profession into the Church, the congregation has considerably increased, and the influence of the blessed Spirit is enjoyed among us.

Besides my ministerial work among my own people, I have during the last twelve months travelled by my own conveyance over a thousand miles, preached twenty-one sermons among our Missionary Churches at present destitute of Pastors, embracing Oro, Trafalgar, and Erin. I visited Oro last summer, preached seven sermons, made many visits, and addressed a delightful Sabbath School Anniversary meeting; three were received by profession to the Church. At the earnest request of the Church, I made them another visit this winter, preached eight sermons to good and attentive congregations. The Holy Spirit blessed the means to the conversion of souls; five more were received by profession to the Church, and others are anxiously enquiring after the Saviour.

To live useful and happy is to be constantly obedient to God's commands. This requires a fixed and firm resolution, that neither hope, nor fear, nor shame, nor love of any person or thing shall hinder one from doing what they believe to be duty. By God's all sufficient grace this resolution is mine until death.

Please give this a place in your forthcoming number.

Your's affectionately,

Alton, March 23, 1863.

HIRAM DENNY.

MISSIONARY MEETINGS.—EASTERN DISTRICT.

Missionary Meetings were held in *Belleville*, *Cobourg*, and *Cold Springs*, on the evenings of the 26th, 27th, and 28th January respectively. They were meetings of great interest—well attended, earnest, spiritual. Had a

stranger entered any one of them after the Report was read, he would have found it difficult to discover the denomination under whose auspices the meeting was held, but he would have had no difficulty in ascertaining whose Name was being commended above every other name. I never attended more uniformly spiritual meetings for three successive evenings. Permit me to depart a little for once from the usual mode of reporting Missionary Meetings, and group some of the facts commonly brought forward. It will give variety, if not interest, to the Report.

Dr. Hope presided at Belleville; J. Field, Esq., at Cobourg; and Rev. W. Hayden, at Cold Springs. Dr. Hope complimented the denomination for its devotion to principle: Mr. Field and Mr. Hayden alluded with much feeling to the great number of meetings which they had been spared to attend. There were three addresses delivered at Cold Springs; four at Belleville; and six at Cobourg. Episcopal Methodist brethren contributed two of them: Wesleyan brethren an equal number: Canada Presbyterian brethren, three: and our own brethren, six. Messrs. McLaren, Pomeroy, Fenwick, and Burpee, spoke on Monday evening; Messrs. Adams, Bishop, Laing, Climie, Reikie, and Fenwick, on Tuesday evening; and Dr. Thornton, Professor Wilson, and the writer, on Wednesday evening.—Permit a word or two concerning each church, in conclusion.

A new church is being erected in *Belleville*, which is much needed. It is admirably situated, and promises to be very neat and commodious. Brother Climie is severely taxing his strength in efforts to establish a cause in *Belleville*, and merits the sympathy of our churches throughout the Province.

Father Hayden labors at *Cold Springs* with unabated earnestness, although much enfeebled by increasing bodily infirmity. May he and his estimable partner see the results of their labors in richest clusters of ripening fruit!

In *Cobourg* there has been of late, increasing interest; and with your permission, I would add from the "*Cobourg Star*" of the 4th March, the following notice of a Soiree recently held:—

"The Soiree in the Congregational Church, last Friday evening, was successful beyond expectation, every congregation in the town being represented. The material part of the entertainment was excellent and abundant; the speaking was a happy combination of cheerfulness and instruction; while the Music, by Miss Stephens (who presided at the Melodeon), Mrs. Stanton, Dr. Powell, and Mr. Lambley, was most appropriately selected and most admirably executed. It was intimated that the Church desired to contradict a report which had gone abroad to the effect that its dissolution was contemplated. The Church has no such intention, and the presence of so many persons at this social meeting was taken as evidence that brethren in other churches had no such desire. The Revs. R. Corson, and J. H. Bishop, (Wesleyan), J. Q. Adams (Methodist Episcopal), John Laing, (Presbyterian), John Field, Esq., with the pastor of the Church, Rev. A. Burpee, were the speakers. The entire meeting finely exemplified the words of the Psalmist: Behold! how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

A. B.

NOTES OF A VISIT TO THE CHURCHES IN THE "QUEEN'S BUSH."

DEAR EDITOR,—According to the programme of arrangements for Missionary Meetings published in the *Independent* on the authority of the Secretary of the Western District Committee, it was necessary for me to leave home at an

early hour on Monday the 23rd ult. By means of Cutter, Stage, and Cars, I reached STRATFORD; *via* Fergus, Elora, and Guelph, about 3 P. M. Brother P. Watson, of London, more fortunate in that he arrived earlier, was at the station to lead the way to the hospitable mansion of Mr. Kirk, where we were glad to meet brother Durrant, pastor of the now feeble, but certainly not hopeless Congregational Church of Stratford.

In the evening we had a pleasant and I trust profitable meeting. The audience was good—representing the various denominations of the town. The pastor both presided, and led the choir, whose performance was a credit to all concerned. Addresses were delivered by the Baptist and New Connexion ministers of the place, and the deputation. The Stratford Church has of late years met with many discouragements; yet many signs of life are visible. Contributions about equal to last year's.

On Tuesday morning, early, we were off towards LISTOWELL, with horse and buggy, your Correspondent driving, and brother Watson distributing tracts to school children and others whom we chanced to meet. Let us hope that the seed thus sown by the way will take deep root in honest hearts. According to previous arrangements, a friend from Wallace met us at Mitchell; so, leaving our borrowed horse in the care of the Inn keeper, saying, "keep till the owner comes", by noon we were enjoying all the advantages of a pleasant day, good sleighing, and willing horses. About 3 P. M. we reached our destination, and received a hearty "highland welcome" to the generous board of brother McGregor. Here we also met with brother Day. The meeting in the evening, not so large as was expected, elected D. D. Campbell, Esq., to the chair; and the pastor and deputation severally addressed the attentive audience.

A pleasant drive of six miles on Wednesday evening, brought us to MOLESWORTH, one of brother McGregor's principal stations. The good people of that place have lately erected a new chapel, which is now finished except the *pews*. As there is no debt on the building, we may expect that this exception will soon be removed. The pastor presided, and in well chosen terms introduced the subject and the deputation. Brother McGregor speaks hopefully of his sphere of labour, and believes the contributions of his people will be equal or over that of former years. We returned to Listowel that night to be ready to start next day for

HOWICK.—After a funeral service held on Thursday at 11 A. M., in the Congregational Chapel, your Correspondent preaching a sermon from 2 Kings iv. 26, we set out on a seventeen miles drive. We reached the place of meeting in good time and had the pleasure of seeing a respectable assembly in the house of Mr. Samuel Johnston. The pastor or missionary, Mr. Day, presided, and the audience was addressed by McGregor, Brown and Watson.

At an early hour on Friday morning, Day, Watson and myself got packed into one cutter, and set forth in all haste for BLUEVALE,—the place where Mr. or rather Mrs. Day, resides; as for her good husband, his field is so large and his abiding places of necessity so numerous, that it may be said of him, he is never more at home than when he is abroad. The distance is seventeen miles, the roads chiefly new, consequently uneven and crooked: the driver Mr. D. was eager, and such a lesson as we got of "roughing it in the bush"

let brother Watson to whom back-wood's life was a novelty, tell the story. In good time and in perfect safety we reached Bluevale, where we spent the rest of the day; and in the evening, with the same arrangement, we drove six miles over similar roads to brother Day's Turnberry station; where brother McGregor again joined us. John Gemmil, Esq., admirably performed the duties of the chair. The audience was large, and marked attention was given to the words of exhortation from the pastor and deputation.

Respecting Mr. Day's field, it is right to say that it is exceedingly hopeful, but certainly far too large for one man. It is gratifying to see how many in that new country are ready to embrace Congregational principles. Here is surely an opening for evangelistic labours. And are there not many such openings in Canada? Why say, "there is no pressing call for young men to enter the ministry because there are but few vacant stations." Are we to seek for young men to fill vacancies only? No, let us have young men of the right stamp, and they will make stations for themselves. They will make openings in the wilderness.

I may say that the sad story of "frozen wheat" "scarcity of money" and "hard times," met us every place we visited. It is hoped and believed that better times will come, that as the forest is cleared the frost will disappear.

At 3 A. M. on Saturday, Mr. Watson and I were making ready to reach the stage which runs between Wroxater and Seaford station on the B. & H. R. R. The details of our journey home would be tedious, suffice it to say that brother Watson and I separated at noon in Stratford. I reached home at 9 P. M., having travelled that day over 125 miles, more than 50 of which was by stage, pleased indeed with my visit to the Churches in the "Queen's Bush," delighted, cheered and refreshed, by the companionship of more experienced brethren, but never more tired and seldom so *sick*.

I am yours, &c.

Garafaxa, March 18th, 1863.

ROBERT BROWN.

Reviews.

THE PENTATEUCH AND BOOK OF JOSHUA CRITICALLY EXAMINED. By the Right Rev. John Willin Colenso, D.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Rollo & Adams.

RECENT INQUIRIES IN THEOLOGY; being "Essays and Reviews." Boston: Walker, Wise & Co. Toronto: Rollo & Adam.

TRACTS FOR PRIESTS AND PEOPLE. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co. Toronto: Rollo & Adam.

THE EVIDENCES OF DIVINE REVELATION, EXTERNAL, INTERNAL AND COLLATERAL. By Daniel Dewar, D.D., LL.D. London: Houlston & Wright. Toronto: Rollo & Adam.

The evidences of our most holy religion must be studied by every intelligent person in this age of doubt and unbelief. Christianity seeks the light; as its miracles were not done in a corner, so does it ever come forth to the day, that its deeds may be made manifest that they are wrought in God. It

is one of the darkest signs of the times, that a Bishop and several clergymen of the Church of England should occupy a position so inimical to truth as that of Colenso, and the authors of the "Essays and Reviews." Investigation, however, is not to be shunned. The foundations of our faith will in our view be more clearly revealed and more widely known by the controversies already evoked. Dr. Dewar's volume is designed to furnish a full and complete view of the evidences of the truth and divine authority of the Old and New Testaments, as concisely as possible, consistent with the elucidation of the numerous topics to which reference must necessarily be made on so important a subject.

PRAYING AND WORKING. By the Rev. W. F. Stevenson. London: Alex. Strahan & Co. Toronto: Rollo & Adam.

This book, as its title page indicates, shows what may be accomplished by earnest religious men. The work to which it incites is the blessed employment of doing good. John Falk, Immanuel Wichern, Theodore Fliedner, John Evangelist Gossner, and Louis Harms, men who on the continent of Europe have been singularly successful in raising up the destitute and fallen, are held up not for mere admiration, but to inspire others with faith in God and practical benevolence to man; their works of faith and labours of love may well fire the church of Christ with zeal to attempt great things for a perishing world.

The following extract is illustrative of a remarkable work of grace in Bavaria, and is indicative of the style and spirit of the volume.

Among the students at Dillengen, there had been one too noticeable to be forgotten. Martin Boos had been dropped into the world apparently by mistake. He was the fourteenth child of a small farmer—a "Christmas child," yet born in so cold a night that the water in the room froze. An orphan at four, his eldest sister's first thought was how to dispose of him with due regard to economy. Being a sturdy girl she set him on her shoulders, and started for Augsburg; but, getting tired, she flung him into a corn-field by the way, where he cried himself to sleep. However, in the afternoon she returned, laid him at an uncle's door in the city, and went her way. The lonely child managed to grow up in some fashion in this surly uncle's house, saved himself by his scholarship from becoming a shoemaker, and went to Dillengen, where, a brilliant, handsome student, he carried off the first honours. Sailer's teaching had more influence than he knew, and when his uncle had celebrated his mass by giving a three days' shooting party, he quietly subsided into a quiet parish priest, cultivating in thorough Romish fashion, holy yearning after that calm, mystic relation to Christ that had been pointed out in the lectures. "I lay," he says, "for years together, upon the cold ground, though my bed stood near me. I scourged myself till the blood came, and clothed my body with a hair shirt; I hungered and gave my bread to the poor; I spent every leisure hour in the precincts of the church: I confessed and communicated every week." He "gave himself an immense deal of trouble to lead a holy life," and was unanimously elected a saint; but the saint was miserable, and cried out, *O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me?* Going to see a pious old woman on her death-bed, he said wistfully, "Ah! you may well die in peace!" "Why?" "You have lived such a godly life." "What a miserable comforter!" she said, and smiled: "if Christ had not died for me, I should have perished for ever, with all my good works and piety. Trusting in Him, I die in peace." And from this time the light fell in upon my soul; the dying woman had answered my miserable cry. He stayed some months with Feneberg,

at Seeg, as voluntary chaplain; with Sailer, was one of those who accompanied the good man on the first Sunday he went out with his wooden leg; then received a curacy at Wiggensbach, near Kempten, and began preaching Christ. "Flames of fire darted from his lips, and the hearts of the people burned like straw." He declared their sins, and when they cried, "What shall we do?" he gave them no answer; "repent?" no answer; "confess?" no answer; "good works?" no answer; until the question was driven deep into their souls, and then they knew how vain was any answer but one—*Christ*.

Moreover, he had a terse, original way of putting things, and a power of homely—some may think too homely—illustration. One or two examples may be given at hazard: "They are dearer to God that seek something from Him than they that seek to bring something to Him." "He that says he is pious is certainly not." "The most read their Bibles like cows that stand in the thick grass, and trample the finest flowers and herbs." "People think it a weakness to forgive an insult. Then God would be the weakest in heaven and on earth, for no one in heaven or on earth forgives as much as He." "Death strips us of this world's glory, as a boot-jack draws off your boots. Another wears my boots when I am dead, and another wears my glory. It is of little value." "The most learned declare that they know nothing, and the most learned that they have nothing; therefore the profoundest learning is in knowing nothing, and the profoundest sanctity is in having nothing." "A gentleman passed through to-day, and the people said, 'He wore the cross of St. Theresa; he must be some great man.' A cross was once a disgrace. Now, the larger the cross, the greater the man."

A preacher of this stamp would make himself be heard anywhere; and it is little wonder that great excitement gathered about that little country chapel in Bavaria. Many found their Saviour when he preached; persons came long journeys to hear so strange and precious a doctrine; and the chapel was thronged with men and women who had gone about anxious, heavy laden, and hopeless for years. Feneberg heard of it, longed for more than he had yet found, and wrote that he was like Zaccheus, waiting till Christ should pass by. "Then wait quietly in the tree," Boos wrote back; "Christ will soon enter thy house and thy heart." This was in the autumn of 1796, when Feneberg was bitterly crying for light. In December, Sailer came to him on a visit, much disturbed by the news from Kempten. "Let us send for Boos, and hear it from himself," he said. Boos came and brought with him some of the awakened to speak of their own experience.

According to one of Feneberg's poems, his vicarage was—

"Lean and ugly, all decaying;
And a haunt of loneliness."

But it received the guests genially, and a more singular Christmas party has seldom met. There was the vicar himself, with his two curates, Bayr and Siller; Sailer, Boos, and the converts—five Romish ecclesiastics met to hear about an evangelical revival begun by the evangelical preaching of one of their number. A peasant girl from Boos's parish whispered him, almost as soon as she saw his old professor, "That man has much that is childlike, and a good heart, but he is a Scribe and a Pharisee, and must be born again of the Spirit." Boos was startled, and assured her she must be mistaken. But before the evening was over she said openly before them all, "Sir, you have the baptism of John, but not the baptism of the Spirit and of fire; you have drunk out of the river of grace, but not yet plunged into the sea. You are like Cornelius, and have done and suffered much for the truth, but you have not yet received Christ." There was an awkward pause; no one knew well what to say. But, finding Sailer silent, Boos himself urged the truth with great earnestness. Sailer, still silent and much disconcerted, withdrew. He had left the next morning before the house was astir, but one of the peasants said he had met him, and had repeated out of John *He came unto His own, and His own received Him not, but as many as received Him,*

to them gave He power to become the sons of God ; and that he had replied, " Good, good," but his face was troubled, and he rode away. They blamed themselves, fearing they had offended him, and the woman wept ; but presently she lifted up her eyes and said joyfully, " Be comforted ! grace has met him on his way. God works wonders with him. The Lord will appear to his heart." She had scarcely spoken, when a messenger came to the door with some lines written by their friend on horseback. " Dearest brethren," they ran, " God has given me an unspeakably quiet mind. I do not doubt that He has come to me in soft whispers ; yea, is already in me. I believe that John baptizes with water, but Christ with the Spirit. Pray, brethren, that we may not fall into temptation. The rest we will give over to God. Farewell." " Blessed be God," exclaimed the vicar, who had never ceased to pray, *Lord, if thou wilt come to us, come first of all to him.* Before the Christmas party broke up, Feneberg was also filled with joy, and Bayr and Siller received Christ.

News of the Churches.

ORDINATION SERVICES, SOUTHWOLD, C. W.

On Wednesday morning, March 4th, the Rev. Thos. Pullar, of Hamilton, Rev. Wm. Hay, Scotland, C. W., and Rev. C. P. Watson, of London, met with Mr. J. Malcolm Smith, the Pastor elect, for the purpose of hearing from him statements respecting his views of Scriptural truth, his christian experience, &c. This interview lasted the whole morning, and the statements then made afforded great satisfaction to the brethren.

At 2.30, the time appointed, for the Ordination services to commence, the place of worship, which, by the way, has been recently painted, and looks vastly improved, was well filled. Besides the ministerial brethren already mentioned, there were present the Rev. D. W. Rowland, Baptist minister of St. Thomas, Rev. A. Scott, Baptist, Fingal, and Rev. J. W. Yokom, Methodist Episcopal minister. The devotional services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Rowland, whose catholicity of spirit and kind services contributed greatly to the interest and profit of the occasion. A sermon was then preached by Rev. T. Pullar, on *the characteristics of the Church of Christ, and what constitutes A Church of Christ.* All present appeared deeply interested in the plain Scriptural truths which were so forcibly presented. Many members of other denominations enjoyed the opportunity now afforded them of becoming acquainted with the distinctive features of Congregationalism. After again singing a few verses of an appropriate hymn, the usual questions were put to the candidate by brother Pullar, to which very satisfactory replies were given. While singing the familiar verse,

" Come Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers." &c.

The ministerial brethren came together, and the candidate kneeling down, the Rev. Mr. Watson offered the Ordination prayer, the ministers joining in the laying on of hands. A deep solemn feeling, and hallowed influence seemed to pervade the entire congregation, while our young brother was thus set apart for

the work of the ministry. The right hand of fellowship was now given, and again the congregation joined in singing, using this time the beautiful hymn,

"How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill." &c.

The Rev. W. Hay,—Mr. Smith's former pastor, now proceeded to give the charge to the Pastor. The discourse was founded on the words, "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed," &c., 2 Tim. 2, 15. The charge was characterized by appropriateness, affection, and force of Scriptural illustration. The Doxology was now sung, the pastor pronounced the benediction, and an intermission of two hours, was then taken.

On re-assembling in the evening, the congregation was again large. The charge to the church was delivered by Rev. A. Scott, from "We beseech you, brethren, to know them that labour among you," &c., 1 Thess. 5, 12. The duty of the church to provide an adequate support for their pastor, to encourage and strengthen him by their prayers, sympathies, and zealous efforts, was forcibly dwelt upon. We could have wished that the brother had had the ears of all the sluggish members, and luke-warm deacons, that are any where to be found in our churches. Addresses practical and interesting were also given by Revs. Yokom, Rowland, Watson, Hay, Pullar and the pastor, and so terminated the services of one of the most pleasant and profitable days we have enjoyed in the communion of saints.

May the abundant blessing of our God, rest upon the labours of our young brother, who has so auspiciously commenced his pastorate in connection with one of our oldest Canadian Churches!

C. P. W.

A SURPRISE PARTY.

The Rev. E. Rarker received a donation of about \$55, mostly in cash, from the members of his own congregation, and from some of other congregations in Newmarket, on the evening of Wednesday, 25th ult. This is specially gratifying, as it follows so closely upon a donation of nearly \$30 in cash not five months before, and as the salary is punctually paid every week in its proportion. A pastor's labour is very much lightened when his people thus manifest their regard, and their desire to have him free from worldly cares that he may be wholly devoted to the duties of his office.

FAREWELL TESTIMONIAL TO THE REV. DR. TURNER.

A meeting of the friends of the Rev. Dr. George Turner was held in the hall of the Religious Institution Rooms, Glasgow, for the purpose of presenting a testimonial to that gentleman on the eve of his return to his former sphere of missionary labour in the South Seas. There was a numerous attendance of ladies and gentlemen. Mr. Henderson, of Park, was called to the chair.

After a few words from the chair, Mr. J. H. Young intimated that letters had been received from Mr. David Paton, Tillicoultry, who wrote on behalf of himself and his brother James; from Mr. John Crossley, Halifax; and from the Rev. William Watson, Langholm, expressing their cordial sympathy in the object of the meeting, which they had been prevented from attending on account of the distance at which they resided. Mr. Young stated that, so far as he knew, the movement for presenting the testimonial to Dr. Turner owed its origin to Mr. Logan, but for whom he did not know that it would have been commenced.

The Rev. Dr. Anderson, who was then called upon, referred to the great changes in public feeling as to Missions which had taken place in the last fifty years. In

1818, with the exception of the contributions of the two Congregational churches under the care of Dr. Wardlaw and Mr. Ewing, all that could be raised for Missions in Glasgow was £90. Now, the modest William Logan, in raising £750 for Dr. Turner, had done more for the missionary cause than the whole of the Presbyterian clergy of Glasgow did for one year, even so recently as the year 1818. The change at every point now is as marvellous as it is gratifying. While he magnified not Dr. Turner above others, he placed him side by side of the most eminent men that could be found at present in the missionary field—excluding consideration of Dr. Livingstone, who was, properly, not a missionary, but a missionary pioneer. He should not speak of Dr. Turner's personal character further than saying that all who intimately knew him held him in the warmest esteem. No one could suspect his integrity and piety; some might think, however, that, having passed through many perils, he would assume a kind of consequence to himself, and be obtrusive. There was nothing further from the character of the man, than whom there was not a more humble, affable, accommodating, pleasant person present. Dr. Anderson subsequently referred to the career of Dr. Turner, and to the marvellous results which had followed his singularly zealous labours in Polynesia, to the important work in which he had been engaged since his return to this country, in which, in the task of correcting his proofs, he had been so essentially aided by Mrs. Turner, who had also nobly shared with him in all his trials, and had stood by him in the time of greatest peril. Their last exemplification of the true missionary spirit was that of leaving their five children in Britain, while they themselves returned to a comparatively savage country in the South Seas. After remarking on the feeling of indebtedness which was due to those who thus went forth to do our work, Dr. Anderson concluded by presenting Dr. Turner, amid applause, with the testimonial, assuring him that it was in the warmest sympathetic friendship that all who knew him presented the gifts which he had now, on behalf of the subscribers, to hand over to him, namely, a purse, containing £750, and an elegant and massive timepiece of red and black marble, on a plate in front of which was engraved the following inscription:—"Presented to the Rev. George Turner, LL.D., along with a gift of £750, on the occasion of his returning to missionary work in Polynesia, by a few friends in Scotland and England, in admiration of his personal character, and also of that of his wife, the devoted sharer of his trials and labours, but especially in devout acknowledgment to God that He has endowed His servant with such qualifications, inspired him with such zeal, and prospered him with such a measure of success—an earnest, it is hoped, of a measure yet larger, to the praise of Divine grace. 'Be thou faithful unto death, and the Lord will give thee a crown of life.'"—Glasgow, February 27th, 1863."

The Rev. Dr. Turner, in the course of his reply, said: "I recollect being asked by a passing visitor one day in the South Sea Islands what salary I had. 'A hundred,' I said, 'and some extra allowances for our children.' 'A hundred a year!' said he in astonishment, 'I would not live here for three hundred!' And, no doubt, he went away talking to his fellow-travellers in pity about the poor missionary. But wait a little. There is a day coming when true wealth will be better understood, and when it will be seen who is the richer man. Viewing the case in the light of eternity, he ought rather to have said, 'I would give three hundred a year to be able to fill your place. Busy every day laying up treasure in heaven! What a joy the saved from Samoa will be to you in heaven! And you will have friends there, too, from Nengone and Lifu, and Tanna, Savage Island, and Eromanga.' Yes, Christian friends, the missionary who is faithful to his calling has joys of which the worldling knows nothing. He makes haste to be rich for eternity. He invests his all in the service of the Lord Jesus, and at last, after having turned many from darkness to light, he ascends to the better land, where he finds that his riches in souls saved through his instrumentality are far beyond his most sanguine calculations. I need not occupy your time in

telling you what I have been doing since I came to this country. I am glad to say that I have accomplished all that I intended, and now leave, taking with me part of the new edition of 10,000 copies of the entire Old and New Testaments in the Samoan dialect, and also four volumes, containing 1,084 pp. of Scripture comments, and a Scripture history, some of the first fruits of our efforts to give to the Samoan people a Christian literature. These books you are aware are all sold to the natives, and the proceeds of the sales refund the British and Foreign Bible Society and the London Religious Tract Society to the entire extent of the cost. Our passages are taken in the ship *Wellesley*, bound direct to Melbourne, and we are to sail from London next week, accompanied by four young missionaries and their wives. After resting a little at Melbourne we shall probably visit Tasmania and Adelaide, as well as Victoria, as a deputation from the London Missionary Society, and then proceed to Sydney for the same purpose, before finally leaving for the Islands. Our course from Sydney will probably be through the New Caledonia and New Hebrides groups, touching at any of them, visiting missionaries and native teachers, and locating fresh teachers who may be received on board on our way, ready to enter wherever we may obtain an opening. We hope to reach the close of our long voyage about the beginning of December. In Samoa, I hope to resume my much loved work in the institution for educating a native agency. My fellow-tutor, Mr. Nisbet, is now there and plodding on single-handed since I left, with the entire charge of the eighty and upwards of young men, who are there preparing for the work of the ministry." At the conclusion of Dr. Turner's address, the Rev. Dr. Robson offered up an impressive prayer.—*British Standard*.

ORIGIN OF THE MISSION TO MADAGASCAR.

The writer of the following letter has been long well known to us, as he has been, indeed, to many Christian ministers and people of various denominations in the North of Ireland. It gives us pleasure to insert his communication; but we do so, chiefly because we believe it conveys intelligence respecting the introduction of the Gospel to Madagascar which will be entirely new, and deeply interesting to most of our readers.

DUBLIN, January 8, 1863.

"As there has of late appeared much in the public papers respecting the operations of the London Missionary Society in the island of Madagascar, stating the remarkable success of its Missionaries during the reign of Radama the First, the cruel persecution and depression which followed under the sway of the late Queen, and the delightful change which has taken place since the accession to the throne of the present king Radama II., it has appeared to me that some information respecting the origin of that important Mission might be useful, and prove interesting to those who are the friends of Missions to the heathen; showing how God, in His providence, often by unexpected ways and means, works out His gracious designs in the extension of His kingdom in the world.

"Soon after my ordination in 1809, I was sent out by the directors of the above society to India, to attempt the formation of a Mission in the Madras Presidency. On my arrival, after much difficulty, I obtained from the Government permission to settle at Bellary, a large military station, 350 miles from Madras. On my arrival there, in 1810, I found at that station H.M.'s 56th Regiment, and about 200 more Europeans, of different grades and professions in the East India Company's service, but there was no Christian minister, no church, and no Sabbath—consequently, no real Christianity, but open, unblushing immorality. Pained at my heart to see so many of my fellow-countrymen, professing to be Christians, living in such a manner, and concluding that while this continued I could hope for little success among the 30,000 Hindoos and Mohammedans at the station, I determined that, until I had mastered the native language and could begin my direct Missionary work, I would give my Sabbaths to the service of my countrymen.

I therefore engaged a large public room, and, with the concurrence of the General commanding the station, commenced Divine service on Sunday mornings, formed a Sunday-school, which I attended, and visited the European hospitals in the afternoons, and held a service in my own house in the evenings. Among my hearers was a young officer—Mr. Hastie, a Scotchman—whose heart the Lord opened to receive the truth; he became my friend and helper, especially in the hospital.—Some months after the Regiment was ordered away to join a large force under the command of General Farquar, and was sent to take from the French the island of Mauritius, near Madagascar. The island was taken, and Gen. Farquar was appointed Governor. The Mauritius being partly dependant upon Madagascar for provisions, led to the formation of a friendly treaty between General Farquar and King Radama; and my friend Mr. Hastie, having won the esteem and confidence of General Farquar by his excellent conduct, and some special public services which he had rendered, was appointed by him British agent at King Radama's court. There he remembered his friend the Missionary at Bellary, and the blessing he had received through his ministry. He saw the benighted condition of the poor Malagassees, and mourned over it, and longed for a Missionary there. He first applied himself, in conjunction with General Farquar, to obtain from Radama the abolition of the slave trade in Madagascar, and succeeded. He then persuaded the King to send the Prince Rataaffe, one of the nobles of his family, to visit England, and take with him ten lads, sons of noble families, and get them placed in the British and Foreign School in London, that they might there receive such an education as should prepare them on their return, to assist in the education of his people; and finally, being acquainted with the operations and success of the London Missionary Society in the South Seas and elsewhere, he prevailed upon Radama to write to the Directors of the Society, requesting them to send Missionaries to Madagascar, and send the letter by the hand of Prince Rataaffe. That letter was presented to the Directors by the Prince, when he was invited to attend the approaching annual meeting in May. He was there, and after the reading of the King's letter by the Secretary, the Prince arose from his seat, and was introduced by the chairman to the Meeting, when a burst of feeling and delight was displayed by that great Assembly which can be better conceived than described.

“Soon after, four Missionaries and their families and four pious artizans were sent, and were received by the King and Mr. Hastie with open arms, and everything that could be desired, both for their personal comfort and for promoting the success of the Mission, was done for them by Mr. Hastie, who, as long as he lived was to them and their families a father and a friend. He died before Radama.”

JOHN HANDS,

Late Secretary to the Hibernian Auxiliary of the London Missionary Society.
—*Missionary Herald, Belfast.*

Poetry.

A NEW NATIONAL ANTHEM FOR THE WEDDING-DAY, 1863.

BY THE REV. JOHN WESLEY THOMAS, THE TRANSLATOR OF DANTE.

God save the princely pair;
 God bless our Sovereign's heir;
 And his young Bride:
 May Heaven their union bless,
 May they in happiness,
 Love, honour, joy, and peace,
 Ever abide.

On them the Imperial Isles,
 And Heaven, with brightest smiles,
 Blessings bestow ;
 For them we humbly pray,
 On this auspicious day,
 That peace and comfort they
 Ever may know.

May Heaven its bounty shed
 On Queen Victoria's head ;
 Long may she reign :
 Bid all her sorrow cease,
 Make all her joys increase,
 And with abundant peace
 Her heart sustain.

May her whole family
 Live still in amity,
 Happy and blest ;
 May they her solace be,
 May she her empire see
 Still flourish great and free :—
 Late may she rest.

And from this earthly scene
 When Heaven shall call our Queen,
 God save the Queen !
 May her posterity
 Reign in sincerity,
 Peace, and prosperity :
 God save the Queen !

A GREETING TO THE "GEORGE GRISWOLD."

[The ship which bore to the Mersey the contributions of the United States to the relief of Lancashire.]

Before thy stem smooth seas were curled,
 Soft winds thy sails did move,
 Good ship that from the Western world
 Bore freight of brothers' love.

'Twi't starving here and striving there
 When wrath flies to and fro,
 Till all seems hatred everywhere,
 How fair thy white wings show !

O'er the great seas thy keel plough'd through
 Good ships have borne the chain
 That should have knit old world and new
 Across the weltering main.

The chain was borne—one kindly wave
 Of speech flashed through its coil;
 Then dumb and dead in ocean's grave
 Lay hope and cost and toil.

But thou good ship, again hast brought,
 O'er these wide waves of blue,
 The chain of kindly word and thought
 To link those worlds anew.

—*Punch.*

Fragment Basket.

UNSELFISH LIFE.—Could we count up the immense sums that have been used for individual pleasure, or in supplying the lower wants of the race, and in the same connection, see how little is devoted to the moral elevation of man, we might then be constrained, not to commence a crusade against the comforts of miserable men, but to teach men the comfort there is in self-denial and the unselfish life; and seek to incite men to at least as much zeal in spending for God, in saving the lost, as they now have in spending for folly or fancy.

During twenty-seven years past, the French people have paid for tobacco money enough to support the A. B. C. F. M., at one hundred thousand dollars a year above the present cost, for a period covering twenty-eight Jubilees! Every twelve months, enough is thus spent to support all the missions for one generation.

The support of the turf in England is a million a year. New York theatres receive a million and a half yearly; men are patient under a long and filthy play who weary with half an hour of gospel. Forty thousand dollars, and ten thousand extra for champagne, are easily spent in a ball for the Japanese. When there may be a call for funds for Japanese missions, will it then be hard to raise fifty thousand dollars?

If we lay the world under tribute to help us through life; may we not lay ourselves under tribute to help the world to an eternal life? Six per cent. of the yearly cost of tea in the United States will give six hundred thousand dollars; but what family will save six per cent. of their yearly cost of tea and send the gospel to China?

No sane man will doubt that the New York Central Park is a great missionary force; but if it is wise to spend so much for that, what money shall be poured out for the far nobler charities? More money has now been expended on that park than the cost of the A. B. C. F. M. for fifty years; and while fifty millions more are proposed for it, how many millions per year will American missions find at their service? The one is a place of fresh air for half a million of people; the other is a free gospel for twelve hundred millions, who know not of the free air of Christ's heaven.

We find money laid out more liberally in Satanic adventures than for missions; more paid for politics than for the gospel of God; the costly vices of appetite better patronized than the needs of heathen souls. Our houses are built strongly for ourselves, while human souls, both here and across the waves, wander homeless. We clothe ourselves and leave our brothers' souls naked. We care for our dogs and horses, and are content that our brothers in Adam shall fare worse; we feed to the full and neglect the hungry; the people praise any writing which bolsters up their sin, and in the patronage of fine arts, or the amusement of travel forget the arts that adorn the soul, and forget that we journey toward a better country. Many of these uses of money are of high good and ought to be patronized, but the complaint is that there is not a corresponding outlay for the nobler needs of men.—*Jubilee Essays.*

THE ETERNITY OF FUTURE PUNISHMENT.—It becomes us to speak cautiously and reverently on a matter of which God has revealed so little, and that little of such awful moment; but if we may be permitted to criticise the arguments of the opponents of this doctrine with the same freedom with which they have criticised the ways of God, we may remark that the whole apparent force of the moral objection rests upon two purely gratuitous assumptions. It is assumed, in the first place, that God's punishment of sin in the world to come, is so far analogous to man's administration of punishment in this world, that it will take place as a special infliction, not as a natural consequence. And it is assumed, in the second place, that punishment will be inflicted solely with reference to the sins committed during the earthly life; that the guilt will continue finite, while the misery is prolonged to infinity. Are we then so sure, it may be asked, that there can be no sin beyond the grave? Can an immortal soul incur God's wrath and condemnation only so long as it is united to a mortal body? With as much reason might we assert that the angels are incapable of obedience to God, that the devils are incapable of rebellion. What if the sin perpetuates itself—if the prolonged misery be the offspring of prolonged guilt?

Against this it is urged that sin cannot for ever be triumphant against God, as if the whole mystery of iniquity were contained in the words *for ever!* The real riddle of existence—the problem which confounds all philosophy—ay, and all religion, too, so far as religion is a thing of man's reason—is the fact that evil exists *at all*; not that it exists for a longer or a shorter duration. Is not God infinitely wise, and holy, and powerful *now*? and does not sin exist along with that infinite holiness, and wisdom, and power? Is God to become more holy, more wise, more powerful hereafter; and must evil be annihilated to make room for His perfections to expand? Does the infinity of His eternal nature ebb and flow with every increase or diminution in the sum of human guilt and misery? Against this immovable barrier, the existence of evil, the waves of philosophy have dashed themselves unceasingly since the birthday of human thought, and have retired broken and powerless, without displacing the minutest fragment of the stubborn rock, without softening one feature of its dark and rugged surface. We may be told that evil is a privation, or a negation, or a partial aspect of the universal good, or some other equally unmeaning abstraction; whilst all the while our own heart bears testimony to its fearful reality, to its direct antagonism to every possible form of good. But this mystery, vast and inscrutable as it is, is but one aspect of a more general problem; it is but the moral form of the ever-recurring secret of the Infinite. How the Infinite and the finite, in any form of antagonism or other relation, can exist together: how infinite power can co-exist with finite activity: how infinite wisdom can co-exist with finite contingency: how infinite goodness can co-exist with finite evil: how the infinite can exist in any manner without exhausting the universe of reality; this is the riddle which infinite wisdom alone can solve, the problem whose very conception belongs only to the universal knowing which fills and embraces the universe of being. When philosophy can answer this question, when she can even state intelligibly the notions which its terms involve; then, and not till then, she may be entitled to demand a solution of the far smaller difficulties which she finds in revealed religion; or rather, she will have solved them already, for from this they all proceed, and to this they all ultimately return.—*Mansel's Bampton Lectures.*

LISTEN to the warning: "You cannot say, 'I have made the world my all indeed, but I didn't know it was my all;' yes, you did, for you have had the gospel, which directed to a higher and better all. You cannot say, 'I was poor indeed, but I didn't know that I had anything else to do but get my daily bread;' yes, you did, for you had the gospel, and that taught you to labour not for the meat that perisheth, but for the bread that endureth to everlasting life, and directed you to

urable riches. You cannot say, 'I had this world's good indeed, but *I didn't know* that anything more was expected than to enjoy the fruit of my labour;' *yes, you did*, for you had the gospel, and that taught you to be rich in good works. You cannot say, 'I thought I had a soul, and I knew it was not safe, but I didn't know what to do, where to go, or that I had anything to do but to die in doubt or despair at last;' *YES, YOU DID*, for you had the gospel, which sets before you a glorious hope, a faithful saying directed to you. Oh how different your case and your guilt in rejecting Christ, from pagans, and from ignorant peasants in countries or parishes where the Gospel never comes!"

WHY CHRIST LEFT NO IMAGE.—Four men who loved Christ with a love stronger than death, wrote his life but left no hint of his height, complexion, features, or any point that could help the mind to a personal image. Others wrote epistles, of which he was the Alpha and Omega; but his form is as much kept secret as the body of Moses, hidden by the Almighty in an undiscovered grave. The Christian tombs and relics of the first centuries show no attempt to make an image of Christ. Too deep a sense of the divine rested upon the early church to permit any attempt to paint the human as it appeared in him.—*Rev. William Arthur.*

EXCITEMENT.—Mere excitements of mind on the subject of religion, however powerful, unless they arise from the known truth of God, are never safe. Excitement, however sudden or great, is not to be feared or deprecated, if it is originated simply by the truth, and will be guided by the truth. All other excitements are pernicious. It is easy to produce them, but their consequences are sad. A true history of spurious revivals, would be one of the most melancholy books ever written. The great leading doctrines of Christianity are the truths which the Holy Spirit employs when he regenerates souls. If young converts are really ignorant on such points, not having experimentally learned them, they are only converts of error and deception. It is not to be expected, perhaps not to be desired, that young Christians should understand doctrines scholastically, or theologially, or metaphysically; but if they are Christians indeed, it is probable that their mind will be *substantially* right on such doctrines as human sinfulness, divine sovereignty, atonement, justification by faith in Jesus Christ, regeneration by the special power of the Holy Spirit, and the constant need of divine aid. God's children all have the same image, and same superscription—the family mark. Heaven has but one mould. "Beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, we are changed into the same image"—*J. S. Spencer.*

Family Reading.

A WARNING TO YOUTH.

"Among the companions to whom reference has been made, there was one with whom I had held the most intimate fellowship. He had been the companion of my earliest years; we left the scenes of our youth nearly at the same time, and under very similar impressions. We commenced our course of dissipated pleasures under the same auspices. He was, however, somewhat my elder in years, and greatly my superior in mental qualifications. These circumstances combined to induce in me a greater willingness to engage in the enterprises of guilt than I should otherwise have done. I accompanied him until he so far outstripped his compeers in daring flights of infidelity and acts of sin, as to induce me tremblingly to decline more than an occasional intercourse with him and my other associates.

“Our personal intercourse from that moment ceased, nor had I heard anything concerning him until one morning I received a note the purport of which was, that he intended to take an excursion on the river the following Sabbath for the last time, for that afterwards he should be more attentive to religious matters. The sequel will show that it was truly the last time, and that a space for repentance was hardly found, though he sought it with tears. He urged me to accompany the party, but I did not comply. The great Head of the Church had other work for me to perform that day. By what would be deemed the merest accident by some, I was obliged on that morning at a very early hour to visit a distant part of the metropolis. On my return, perhaps about the time he was commencing his voyage, my attention was arrested by an individual preaching in the open air. I approached the assembled multitude with indescribable feelings, for I had been some time past endeavouring to commend myself to God by my own righteous deeds; but in vain did I seek peace from this source. Distressed and perplexed as to the way of escape, too proud to enter at the strait gate, too guilty to find admittance by any other, I feared to die; under such feelings the preacher announced his text—‘My grace is sufficient for you.’ He dwelt on the fulness and freeness of divine grace. My soul was quieted; I wept, I prayed, I sought for pardon through the blood of the cross.

“On the morning of the following Sabbath I received a note written in an unknown hand, informing me that the unhappy youth was lying in one of the hospitals in a most deplorable condition. I hastened to the scene of distress—a scene that will ever be fresh in my memory. I found him stretched on a pallet, labouring under a dangerous inflammatory attack, brought on by exposure to midnight damps. His once calm eye flitted with distraction from object to object and his features were distorted by wild mental and bodily suffering. He was either recounting some recent scene of guilt, or calling upon his vicious companions for aid, but not one was there. ‘No’ I thought as I stood, ‘my once loved friend, the bed of death is not the place where the guilty living come to visit the guiltier dying.’ Oh, how forcibly did I feel the truth of that passage, ‘The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.’ Never, never shall I forget his references to his own awful state, and then he would exclaim in the bitterest agony, ‘I shall die, I must be eternally damned; he that knoweth the will of God and doeth it not, to him it is sin. I have known; but I have not done.’ Then shading his face with his hands, he exclaimed, ‘O Saviour, Thy look of mercy distracts and condemns me.’ I stood by his dying couch, I spoke to him, I pressed his palsied hand, but in vain; at length his countenance became more calm, and he appeared to be himself again. He looked round and recognising me, he shrieked, and exclaimed, ‘My friend! my friend! Oh, have you come to see me die? I am lost, lost for ever! Infidelity may do for the living sinner, but it will not do for the guilty dying sinner. No, no! Oh, that I could tell you all that I now feel—horrors, horrors, indescribable!’ In the midst of this distress I told him he ought to pray. He replied ‘I cannot; but perhaps you may be heard, will you pray for me?’

“Had I attempted to describe my feelings at that moment it were impossible. I felt that I could scarcely pray for myself; that I was but a stranger to the throne on high. With tears I lifted up my voice to the Father of Mercies, but such were my agonised feelings that I forgot the dying youth in offering supplications for myself. He clasped my hand, which reminded me by its palsied touch that the lamp of life was almost extinct. I breathed a supplication to the Father through the Son of His love, for his soul’s welfare. He looked once more in the most imploring manner, but his speech was gone, his eye grew dim, and ere a few hours had passed he was at the bar of God. I need hardly say that a circumstance so awfully instructive, and in connection with the sermon, led me in my then sad condition, with great earnestness to the foot of the cross,

where I lay in deep distress, until God by his Holy Spirit enabled me to arise singing ;—

“A guilty, weak and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall ;
Be Thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my all.”

“The history of this once hopeful young man needs no comment ; it is written like the handwriting on the wall of Belshazzar’s palace, in characters of fire so intense as to strike terror into every guilty conscience.”—*The Mission Pastor : Memorials of Rev. T. Boaz, LL.D.*

CHRIST OUR GUEST.—AN INCIDENT IN FALK’S ORPHANS’ HOME.

When one of the boys had said the pious grace, *Come Lord Jesus, be our guest, and bless what thou hast provided*, a little fellow looked up and said—

“Do tell me why the Lord Jesus never comes? We ask him every day to sit with us, and he never comes.”

“Dear child only believe, and you may be sure he will come, for he does not despise our invitation.”

“I shall set him a seat,” said the little fellow : and just then there was a knock at the door. A poor, frozen apprentice entered, begging a night’s lodging. He was made welcome ; the chair stood empty for him ; every child wanted him to have his plate ; and one was lamenting that his bed was too small for the stranger, who was quite touched by such uncommon attentions. The little one had been thinking hard all the time :—

“Jesus could not come, and so he sent this poor man in his place ; is that it?”

“Yes, dear child, that is just it. Every piece of bread and every drink of water that we give to the poor or sick, or the prisoners, for Jesus’ sake, we give to him. *‘Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.’*”

The children sang a hymn of the love of God to their guest before they parted for the night, and neither he nor they were likely to forget this simple Bible comment.—*Praying and Working.*

THE MEAN BOY.

When I was a very little boy, as I was playing in the streets of a large city, I met a little boy, younger than myself, who seemed to be in great distress. His eyes were much swollen by crying, and his loud sobs first attracted my attention.

“What’s the matter, Eddie?” I inquired.

“Why—why, I have lost my penny, and mother will whip me,” he replied, and then burst anew into tears.

“Where did you lose it?”

“It dropped out of my hand and rolled right there into the gutter.”

“Poor little fellow !” I thought, as I really sympathized with him, and offered to help him to find the lost treasure.

Eddie brushed away the tears with his arm, and his countenance brightened with hope as he saw me roll up my coat sleeve, and thrust my hand into the gutter.—How intently did he watch each handful, as it came out freighted with mud, and pebbles, and pieces of rusty iron ! Perhaps the next would bring out his penny ! At last I found it.

“O, I am so glad !” I hear the little readers say. “And how glad you must have been too ! Now you could dry up little Eddie’s tears, and make his face bright and his heart happy. Now he could skip and run all the way home without the fear of his mother’s displeasure.”

But, dear children, listen to the end; but while I know it will make you sad, and perhaps bring a tear to your eyes, it may do you good for a lifetime. *I kept little Eddie's penny!*

As soon as I felt it in my hand, all covered with mud as it was, I forgot all the lessons I had learned at home and at the Sunday school. I forgot about God—that his eyes were looking right down on me. The wicked one entered into me, as you know he once did into Judas, when for money he betrayed the blessed Saviour. I sold my honor, my good feelings, and my truthfulness all for a penny.

I searched a little longer after I had washed it and contrived to hide it, and then putting on a sad face, told little Eddie that I could not find it—that there was no use in looking any longer for it.

O how the big tears swelled in his eyes as with a disappointed look, he turned away! How mean I felt! I felt guilty, as well I might, for I had already broken three of God's commandments.—I had coveted; that led me to steal; and then came, in regular order, the lie, to cover up all. Alas! what one sin leads to!

Many years have gone by since that wicked act. Since then I have asked God to pardon me for that and many other sins I have committed; and though I love my Saviour, and hope that, in his mercy, the sins of my youth and of my riper years will not be remembered against me, yet I can never blot out of my memory's page the dark spot which that muddy penny has imprinted upon it.—*Our Children's Magazine.*

THE PRIEST SILENCED.

A Romish priest was once talking to a clever boy, belonging to his parish, who had been attending a Protestant school in the neighbourhood. The priest tried to persuade him to give up his Testament and pray to the Virgin to take care of him and keep him from danger and harm.

"Plase your riverence," said the boy, "I read in the gospel that when the Virgin was on earth, in going home from Jerusalem she lost her son. She could'nt tell where he had gone, and was three days before she found him. Now, if she could'nt take better care than that of her own child, who was so near to her, I'm thinking its little care she'll take of me, who am so far away from her!"

GOD LOVES ME; OR THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

A certain man, who had been for some years a consistent professor of religion, was perplexed to know why he should meet with so many misfortunes as he did. He was fully convinced that he was a sinner, and that all sorrow was the result of sin. But still, why he should be so much more afflicted than his brethren he could not understand. It seemed to him that others could succeed in their various undertakings, and that their cup of prosperity was filled to the brim. But as for him, adversity met him at every step. He was doomed to disappointment in every wordly scheme he attempted. He did not want to indnlge a Pharisaical spirit, but really he could not see what he had done so much worse than his fellows to merit such adversity.

One day, while brooding over his misfortunes, the thought came on him with unwanted power, that "he was a child of God, and that God loved him." And then, quick as thought, he recalled the expression of the Apostle; "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth."

"Ah," he said, "God loves me; and the mystery is solved! Here I have been harboring for many years a feeling of complaint against God because he did not allow me the same measure of prosperity that he did my neighbors, when if I had taken thought I might have seen in all my misfortunes constant evidence that God loved me!"

Here is the happy point! To realize the precious truth that God loves me! To believe with the whole heart that all my disappointments and troubles are permitted by a kind and loving Father, for my everlasting good! To be able to

regard them all as proofs that "God loves me." O, that is a blessed consolation! It is a sweet draught that takes away much of the bitterness of sorrow's cup.

"God loves me!"—Then let me never repine again at what he does with me; for if he loves me he will do what is best for me. Though I have to walk through darkness that can be felt, yet may I remember that God loves me! Though the waters of affliction completely overwhelm me, I must remember that God loves me! Though my earthly life be one scene of uninterrupted adversity, still I must remember that God loves me!—*Christian Times*.

THE OLD TESTAMENT ONLY.

The following occurred at the Breslau Bible Depôt:—A Jewish young lady one day walked into the Depôt, and intimated her desire to buy a copy of the Old Testament. She declined taking one in the Hebrew language, and as we do not circulate the Old Testament alone in any of the Western languages, there was a difficulty. Rudolph, our old Colporteur, observed that she might easily have the New Testament removed, if she did not wish to act on the principle of proving all things, and holding fast that which is good, or else she might simply abstain from reading the New Testament. "No," said she, "she would examine nothing; it was dangerous to enter on such speculative matters; impressions might be made sufficient to disturb the peace of the mind. She would hear absolutely nothing of Christ," she added. I had a long conversation with her, during the course of which she confessed that she had burnt a New Testament, which had been given her by a friend. "A day or two later she returned, and told me," says Rudolph, "after I had again impressed upon her the necessity of searching the Scriptures, that she had been forced by her father, when he was on his death-bed, to promise never to enter upon any conversation, or read any book, relating to Jesus; but she *could not help* thinking on religious matters, and she felt she must now have a Bible." May the book be blessed in her experience!

THE TWO CHAMPIONS.

The death of the Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher, and especially his last touching request, "Lay me by the side of Bro. Taylor," brings before me so vividly an incident connected with these two noble New England divines, which occurred nearly forty years ago, that I cannot well forbear to relate it.

The scene was laid in old Connecticut, where a small Congregational church in a rural district had become involved in a bitter and implacable quarrel. The parties in controversy were nearly divided, fierce animosity was fast taking the place of brotherly love, and Christ was being cruelly wounded in the house of his professed friends. A majority in the Church had excommunicated the minority, the latter had established a separate place of worship, and it was hard to tell where the mischief would stop.

At length one of the excluded members, a sister who was deeply grieved at the reproach which this quarrel was bringing upon the Christian name, proposed an appeal to the Association. The step was taken and a day appointed for the hearing of the case. Meanwhile the appellants were advised by a neighbouring minister to secure the services of Dr. Taylor in presenting and defending their cause. The Doctor had some personal friends in the aggrieved party, and consented to undertake their case for them.

There was and had been no settled minister in the parish for several years, so the respondents felt that they must have an advocate before the Consociation. Whom should they seek? Dr. Taylor was a man of pre-eminent ability. Where should they find a champion able to contend with him? A divinity student from the Seminary at Yale, who supplied their pulpit, was told of their perplexity. "Oh," said the young theologian, "there is but one man for you—get Dr. Lyman Beecher, of Litchfield. He is fully the equal of Dr. Taylor, and if your cause is sound, you

may be sure of success. It will be worth something to see the two pitted against each other," he added; "and you must have the pleadings in the meeting house, so that we can all come and hear them."

When Dr. Beecher was invited to defend the church against the appeal of its aggrieved and excluded members, he strongly objected to the proposal. No inducement seemed likely to win his consent until he was told that the other party had secured the services of Dr. Taylor. "Ah," said he, in his quick, abrupt way "is it Brother Taylor you want me to fight? Well, I should certainly have a foeman worthy of my steel. I'll come—I'll come." On the appointed day the Consociation met. The two champions who had come to the village from the opposite points of the compass—the place being nearly midway between Litchfield and New Haven—were each to be entertained by a leader in their respective parties, and after dinner to meet the church and council at the meeting house. The two families where the Doctors were to dine lived about half a mile apart. While the hospitalities were in preparation, each of the reverend gentlemen was fully posted by his party upon the merits of the case, so as to be ready for the contest.

But when the dinner was fairly on the table, neither of the distinguished guests could be found. Members from each household were dispatched in search, and meeting each other in the street, stared strangely at their mutual perplexity. At length a little girl whom an errand had led to an orchard in the rear of Dr. Taylor's stopping place, found the two missing ones together. They were seated upon a low fence beneath a spreading apple-tree; and to the child's surprise, who supposed they must necessarily share the hostility of their respective parties, Dr. Beecher's arm was thrown around Dr. Taylor's neck. Both the dinners were cold ere the two gentlemen could be persuaded to eat, and at last they dined together.

This most significant fact foreshadowed the issue. More intent upon healing the wounded cause of Christ and the divisions among brethren than of winning a suit in the ecclesiastical court, Dr. Beecher had sought Dr. Taylor's help in devising plans of reconciliation. Their united efforts were successful. The two contending parties were made to see their errors—mutual confession and forgiveness followed—the excluding act was rescinded—and a resolution of thanks was heartily and unanimously voted by the reunited church to the two champions.—*Independent*.

NO SMALL CHANGE.

Collectors for missionary and other Christian objects are often painfully impressed with the fact, that, while the silver and the gold are the Lord's, some, to whom these gifts are entrusted, are wonderfully unconscious, seemingly, of the responsibility attaching to their possession. Were such, who, when they are invited to aid the cause of Christ, set about searching in the corners of their pockets for *small coin*, to have an eye to observe the ways of Providence, they probably would not unseldom have their consciences aroused to understand that the Lord observes it all, and would teach how easily he can deprive them of that which they grudge giving to promote his purposes. A Colporteur, labouring in the port of Danzig, writes:

"A sailor's wife was very glad to have an opportunity of buying a Bible. Her conscience felt alarmed and uneasy. A short while ago she was at Berlin, where she had been met by a Colporteur, who solemnly addressed her, admonishing her to buy the Book of Truth. She declined, on the ground that she had no change, and did not feel inclined to part with the only silver thaler she had left. When she got home, she found that her thaler had been stolen out of her pocket. This struck her as very remarkable. She thought she could recognise the hand of God in this, and dreaded His further judgment for having contemptuously treated His revelation. When, then, I brought her the same book, she eagerly grasped it, and gladly paid its price."