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# The Protestant

AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS.

"PROVE ALL THINGS: HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."—1 THESS., v. 21.

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## The Protestant,

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## THE NEW SONG.

Ten thousand times ten thousand sing  
Loud anthems round the throne,  
When he, our solitary tongue  
Began to sing within our ears,  
A song which to angels' ears,  
Of pardoned sins and dried up tears.  
Not one of all the heavenly host  
Could thus high praise extol;  
But spirits from a distant coast  
United in the strain,  
Till he who first began the song,  
To sing alone no longer long,  
Was mingled with a countless throng.  
But still, as hours are fleeting by,  
The angels ever bear  
Some newly-learned song on high,  
To join the chorus there;  
And as the song will louder grow,  
Till all redeemed by Christ below,  
To that fair land of rapture go.

## The Late Royal Visit,

AND ITS PROBABLE CONSEQUENCES UPON THE FUTURE OF THESE COLONIES.

### A LECTURE

Delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association and Literary Association, Charlottetown, December 12th, 1860, by the President, Captain Orlebar, R.N.  
Whilst the late remarkable visit of the Prince of Wales is fresh in our memories, and whilst our ears are still ringing with those cheers, those hearty cheers which only freedom know how to give, and our eyes are still full with the glorious presence of him, who, if the Lord permits, will one day be our future King, it seems appropriate to consider its leading features, and its probable consequences on the future of these colonies. Some of us are perhaps old enough to remember how King George the Fourth, who was not only popular, but deserving of adoration, to be so, what was our George IV., a vain, unfeeling, selfish, devoid of natural affection, a bad son, a cruel husband, living an aimless life, shrinking from observation, avoiding all contact with his people, and known only to the few who ministered to his pleasure, or by their subservience gave a zest to the irregularities of his vicious life.

William IV., who succeeded him, was a great improvement upon his brother. Brought up in the Navy, he had many of the habits common to his profession, and was at first much beloved; and afterwards, even his strong political feelings placed him at variance with a large party of his people, he was never unpopular. All the Sovereigns that have graced the British throne, since the days of Elizabeth, have won for themselves the affection of their subjects as Queen Victoria. Unusual care was bestowed upon her education, and although it was known that she would be the future Queen, her mother, with rare judgment, brought her up as a simple gentleman and in the strictest retirement. She was not eighteen years old when first called to the throne of her vast empire; but from the first, she conducted herself so nobly, so graciously, that she commanded the respect and affection of all. As a Queen, she had the heart and ornament of an English society; as a wife, beloved of her husband; as a mother, the idol of her children; as a mistress of an English house, she has so carried herself, that people of all shades of opinion, and of all schools in theology, in the law, the whig, the republican, the churchman, and the dissenter, alike respect and reverence her; and loyalty seems entwined with her very name. No Sovereign is personally so well known to her subjects as Queen Victoria. At Balmoral, as at Edinburgh, at Windsor Castle, as at Osborne, the Queen is known and valued, as the kind friend of her people, the helper of the poor, and the promoter of all that is good.

Here across the Atlantic, influenced perhaps by the neighborhood of the great Republic, strong in our democratic tendencies, sturdy in our general unbelief of royal excellences, the Queen is less revered and feared as a ruler, than beloved for her many virtues; and we have long learned to separate our Queen from the faults of those called her representatives. Her reign has now extended over twenty-three eventful years, and never has Great Britain and her Possessions enjoyed more uninterrupted prosperity, or advanced more in material wealth, power, and grandeur. Amidst the shock of empire and the downfall of dynasties, the throne of Queen Victoria has remained unmoved; and even the great war upon which Great Britain reluctantly entered, and successfully completed, have not checked the onward march of her greatness or crippled her power; and never has her influence in the commonwealth of nations been greater than at present.

The Queen's amiable relations with the European powers, had given her the opportunity of travelling on the continent of Europe, and of visiting Ireland and the Channel Islands; and her amiable qualities as a mother had led to the visit of her Majesty might be persuaded to visit her territories in person. In these colonies, the personality of royalty was entirely unknown. Half a century had elapsed since the Duke of Kent, father of our Queen, was on our time since the Duke of Clarence, and a younger son of the Duke of Cornwall, visited Newfoundland. That long interval had allowed to obliterate nearly all remembrance of them; and many of our people were ignorant of their names, and of their titles, and of their position, and of their duties.

that they were too distant and distant from Great Britain to remain long colonial dependents.  
Some political economists, in writing on the colonies, have contended the idea so long cherished by all classes in England, "that ships and colonies and commerce were one and the same, and constituted the greatness of our nation." They declared, on the authority of the books, that the sums devoted to the support and defence of our colonies, were a heavy burden upon the finances, and for which the Parent Country received no equivalent. That colonies, in short, were a source of weakness rather than of strength, and that neither in propriety did they bring wealth, nor did they bring honor; and that the troops and ships, required for their defence, diminished the power of the Parent Country to resist foreign aggression. Some few years ago these sentiments or opinions were supposed to influence the action of the British Government towards the colonies; and it was thought that the settled policy of the Imperial Government was to educate the people of the North American Provinces for practical if not absolute independence of all foreign aid. I shared in this opinion; nor could I think it strange, considering the number and extent of the British colonies, their great distance, their various and often conflicting interests, their democratic institutions, that cautious old-world politicians should strive to escape the responsibility of governing them, and should endeavor to thrust them into a position of independence, that even now they could hardly maintain without external aid. But I rejoice to be undeceived on this point, and to find that both our gracious Queen, and the powerful party now holding the reins of power, do not share in this opinion, but on the contrary recognize the colonies as integral parts of the British empire. This is a step in the right direction, and although it may never be intended and never be possible to incorporate and unite the North American Colonies with the British empire in the same manner as Scotland and Ireland have been heretofore; yet it is possible and highly desirable that now, and in the future, we should earnestly seek to perpetuate and strengthen that connection with the Mother Country, which is now so productive of good to us, and so little burdensome to her. There is no privilege denied to us, that is granted to our brethren in Great Britain,—the army and navy are open to the citizen of the British Empire, the highest honors in the Universities,—the highest place in the Courts of Law, and the highest position in the Legislature, may be striven for, and acquired by those of us who have the talent. We are still British in our colonies, and our policy can best in unison with our great country's interests, and in unison with our own. And whilst our living out of Great Britain, and the prestige of her great name, surrounds us with a wall of fire; and our island, that from its defenceless state, might be ravaged by any foe, remains, even in the midst of war, safe and intact.

In view of the present position of these colonies, the late Royal visit was a great and wise stroke of policy, and although emanating from an invitation sent by the people of Canada to our beloved Queen, its obvious purpose was to inaugurate the reign of the British Empire in the Colonies. Some formal state reasons precede the Queen's accepting the invitation; but the substitution of the Prince of Wales for his Royal mother was a happy thought, and met equally well all the requirements of the case. For the first time in the annals of our Country, the heir apparent of the British Empire, at the early age of eighteen, and as the first step in official life, has been called upon by his mother the Queen, and the voice of her subjects on this side of the Atlantic, to cross the wide ocean, to gratify the curiosity by his welcome presence, and to inaugurate the completion of the great tubular bridge, and the new line of the great railway, and to inaugurate the new line of the great railway, and to inaugurate the new line of the great railway.

The Government, to mark the sense of the importance of such an event, sent with the Prince a befitting suite, together with the Duke of Newcastle, the Secretary for the colonies. After suitable preparations, the whole party embarked on board one of our noblest steam ships of war, the *Hero* carrying 80 guns, and accompanied by a monitor frigate, called the *Arcturion*, of great power and swiftness, and a despatch steamer called the *Plymouth*. Great care was taken to arrange beforehand the programme of the visit, so as to economize time; and it is remarkable that every appointment was made and time, although extending over three months, was punctually kept, and that in the short space of time, by the blessing of God, every one of our North American Colonies has been personally visited by the Prince, as well as a considerable part of the southern United States.

The Prince's progress by sea and land has been one continued triumph or ovation. Old English loyalty has been stirred to its depths, the hearts of the colonists have warmed to the occasion, and no expense or exertion has been spared to give the Prince a right royal welcome to the Admiralty, I was amongst the first to welcome the Prince on the side of the Atlantic, and my intercourse with him and his suite, commencing on the 24th July, did not cease till the 18th August. During this time I had many opportunities of making his character and disposition. On board the *Hero*, he was in his uniform, and in his own words, he was most favorably impressed with its simplicity and good temper, and with the total absence of pride and self-interest in his conduct on all things. With good natural parts and quickness of observation, he like most boys of his age, was delighted to escape from books and intellectual pursuits, and to devote his time to learning, and to the study of the Bible, and to the study of the Bible, and to the study of the Bible.

He was always unassuming, gentle and amiable, and avoided giving trouble, and would rather give up his own than call for a service. He was simple and temperate in his habits and conversations in his dress, and was even thoughtful of the comfort of those about him—I have seen him eat the most common food of high officials on the continent, and he has been very generous in his way, to give help and sympathy to one of the most deserving of the poor, and to one of the most deserving of the poor, and to one of the most deserving of the poor.

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justly loved and respected by all on board. He was unshaken in one of England's largest ships, and the accommodation afforded him and his suite was all that could be expected; but still there is a certain amount of space for locomotion, and a necessary submission to noise and bustle at all times of day and night, that must be taken as a necessary evil, and especially so to a Prince; therefore it was a surprise and a pleasure to see him always cheerful and happy, and quite indifferent as to whether the sea was rough or smooth, or the wind was fair or foul.

I had not been long to intercommune with the great ones of the earth, nor did I wish it, but if anything could have commended me to it, it would have been the occasion that afforded me of seeing with thankfulness the very qualities of this young Prince, that seem to fit him for his high station, and to give promise of future good to the great people whom he is one day destined to rule.

The young middle was the Prince's especial favorite. Whenever he would emerge from state trappings, he would be with them, and with the high spirits belonging to youth and health would join with hearty glee in their amusements and their jokes.  
How different were my feelings. I really felt sorry I could not be equally light-hearted; but the sobering effect of fifty winters was upon me, and the vast ship with its countless sails, its crowded decks, its heavy artillery, and no less ponderous routine only excited my wonder and destroyed my comfort. In fact, to me, there is something so artificial and constrained in the life of a sailor on board a ship-of-war, that it must require very early training, and the strong inducement of ambition, or a deep sense of duty to make it even tolerable. After living so long on detached service, to return after twenty-five years absence to the restraints of a sea life, and the close atmosphere of a cockpit cabin was irksome indeed, and I felt often the desirability of a prisoner and the odiousness of an exile when entering my cabin, after the bustle and excitement of my day's work as Pilot.

Their grand dinner, with all the pomp and state of full dress, what were they to me, but the gills chains of a splendid slavery—but provisions to appetite, and occasions of display, and I would gladly have exchanged my cabin, after the bustle and excitement of my day's work as Pilot.

I do not mean to say, that state or pomp are not necessary, but I do say, that excess, which means an unnecessary and a great deal of discomfort and very little of enjoyment is, in my opinion, and I do believe that no one in that bright company, of which the Prince of Wales was the centre, delighted to throw off state more than he for whom that state was thought most necessary. Being myself a statesman with a son just entering upon a noble career, I was on the watch to ascertain whether there was any respect to religion on board the *Hero*; and I saw not much, but then my opportunities for observation were small, and there were some doubts among the many hundreds of young men crowding their decks, that I had for nobler purposes, and not the eye of the casual observer.

Shortly after I came on board, I was thinking of my loneliness away from all Christian intercourse, and to escape the noise and bustle of the crowded wardroom, I went down to my cabin. As I was stooping to clear the hammocks of the middle, hung up in the cockpit, and just as I arrived at the main deck, I saw a light chest thrown up, an open Bible lay spread on the till, its previous page lighted up by a piece of wax candle stuck on the side of the chest, and there was a kneeling young lad only half dressed. It was a kindly praying and reading his Bible before going to bed. Thus even here, I found the Lord had his hidden ones.—Each evening I remained on board, as this repeated; and I felt more pleasure in marking by stealth the quiet earnestness and boldness of that gentle lad than during all my time in approaching his God and Saviour, than in all the pomp and ceremony that awaited me in the upper deck.

The following day was Saturday, and at noon as the *Hero* was at anchor, I went down to my cabin to rest and read, my thoughts involuntarily went towards the coming Sunday, and as I was hoping but hardly expecting that it might receive the honor rightly due to the Lord's day, of a solemn, there rose upon my ear the sound of young people singing, and I was surprised and delighted to recognize several favorite and familiar tunes. It was the choir beginning the practice for the morrow, and under the leading of the Band-master, about fifteen young lads were chanting and singing in chorus the *Psalm* and *Hymns* for the Sunday's service. The day following was fine and calm, and after breakfast the Commodore ordered the crew to be banked up and the engine stopped; and after trimming sails to a light air from the S.E., one was taken to give the men an opportunity for rest and worship. A pulpit and altar were prepared on the main deck, and the usual inspection of the well dressed crew, all hands congregated on the main deck for Public Worship. In a few minutes the Chaplain appeared. The service at once commenced by singing the morning hymn, and in the presence of the King of kings and Lord of lords, all sat in humble reverence. How precious those moments are, when earthly state and distinctions are cast aside, and we feel our common brotherhood, and plead our common name before our Father's throne. The custom on board ship is not commonly to kneel in public prayer, but the Prince knelt reverently, and paid marked attention to the service. The sermon was evangelical, and well and earnestly delivered. Afterwards I heard the Prince remark—"I like Divine service on board ships, it is very solemn, the men seem so attentive, and it so becomes our place upon the wide deep sea." It was afterwards on board another Monitor, *the Arcturion*, that I saw a daily recognition of the claims of God upon us, and the captain remarked to me, that most truly had God put honor upon him, ever since he had thus publicly acknowledged his dependence. "The captain's plan was to ring the bell for morning and evening prayer, and himself, and many of the crew, and the captain stood, while the Chaplain read a selection of *Psalm*, and then prayed; and this public recognition of God only occupied five minutes, not too long surely for the worship of Him who hideth the winds in his fist. That ship was the happiest ship on the sea, and I was drawn from penitence, and that Captain for his practice of good sense and faithfulness was the most trusted by his Admiral.

But to return, I mentioned above the *Hero* until we arrived at Quebec, and as an Englishman I felt unusually gratified at the thorough heartiness of the welcome the Prince received everywhere; and I was above all pleased to observe the Prince's recognition of the claims of God upon us, and the captain remarked to me, that most truly had God put honor upon him, ever since he had thus publicly acknowledged his dependence.

your volunteers along the streets, the heartiness of the cheers, and the sweet singing of the national anthem, most favorably impressed our Royal visitor.

After this, the Admiral requiring my services in the *Victoria*, I proceeded in her to Montreal, and from thence I was permitted to return to the scene of my more immediate work. Before leaving Montreal, I saw all the preparations, visited and inspected the magnificent ball-room, passed under the noble arches, had my eyes dazzled with the brilliancy of the illumination, and witnessed the gathering of the many thousands of that busy city on the quays facing the river, in marked preparation for the Prince's landing. The bells of all the churches were pealing out their merry welcome as I drove to the railroad station, and the cars soon bore me away across the Victoria Bridge, to quieter scenes, and to employments more congenial to my tastes and habits. From that time I have only watched the progress of the Royal party through the medium of the public journals, and with unflagging interest have followed the Prince to Ottawa, Canada's future capital, to Kingston, Toronto, Niagara and Hamilton. The only interruption to thorough history and geography, which occurred with reference to the Orange lodges, I regret much that so distinctive and to the Roman Catholics so obnoxious an organization should have been placed in the foreground on such an occasion. I do not like secret societies, and as a public officer I shall always discountenance them. If the law was strictly and impartially enforced, it could afford no protection to the weak, or if there were secret combinations amongst the Roman Catholics inflicting injury upon the inoffensive, then there might arise a necessity for combinations in self-defence. But in mixed communities, like the one we live in, for the sake of our common Christianity and our best interests as a people, I should prefer to see both parties into which we are unhappily divided, confide in the protection of British law, and leave truth to work its own way. Not a few of those who have been at all prominent in the movement for introducing the Bible into our Common Schools, have been threatened by letters bearing a coffin, and purporting to come from Roman Catholics; but I can hardly suppose that ever the most bigoted priest or layman of that body would justify such threats; whilst I am sure there are thousands of them that would be greatly pained, and would be ready to lay down their lives for the cause of the Bible.

Schools, have been threatened by letters bearing a coffin, and purporting to come from Roman Catholics; but I can hardly suppose that ever the most bigoted priest or layman of that body would justify such threats; whilst I am sure there are thousands of them that would be greatly pained, and would be ready to lay down their lives for the cause of the Bible. The spirit of persecution is natural to man in all conditions, although we are apt to suppose it confined to Roman Catholics, because of the known intolerance of their creed; but living as we do under the protection of a law equal in its provision for rich and poor, I should give, and hope to see intolerance die out, and to witness instead all men walking in quietness and love, not provoking nor envying one another. In fact, to ensure real freedom, there must be toleration of all religions and all opinions, not the exercise of public order, nor injurious to public morals. But let me come from this digression, and let me follow our young Prince into the country of our natural friends and allies of the United States.

Every where the Prince, although affecting no state, and travelling as Lord Renfrew, was received with enthusiasm and respect. I shall be content to mention to see much of that wonderful country; but never since those early days, when the Colonists, thought of England as a fearful daughter thinks of a haughty mother, have the sympathies and attention of the Americans, been turned so strongly to the Parent land as during the visit of the Prince of Wales. Intervening time and history appeared forgotten, and one could almost fancy they were welcoming a Prince as in the olden time. As an American said, "we have welcomed him as a brother for our own sake, and for the sake of England, with the respect and honor due to King, when the Prince landed at the Battery, New York, all the world was abroad and waiting for him.—It was a scene not easily forgotten. Broadway gay with British and American flags suspended across the street and decorating the houses,—the booming fuses of the winter gun, and the great crowd surging below, excited yet orderly,—the long line of soldiers with its stirring music, and as the centre of all interest, the open barouches where the Mayor and the Duke of Newcastle sat the Prince, raising his hat, and showing his pleasant face, as he bowed in acknowledgement of the cheers that everywhere greeted him. Scarcely there was not one of that multitude whose heart did not say—God save, not only the Queen, but the future King of England.

An American adds the following concluding remarks, which I earnestly hope may be true of our relations towards one another in all time to come.—A few days more he will return to his studies at Oxford and his life of courtly ceremony in the palaces of England. But his visit will not be forgotten,—its influence upon the public mind will be wide reaching and long continued. His noble mother will be deeply gratified at the universal welcome and honor he has received, and the great nation which he represents will think more warmly of us, for our cordiality to him. Should trouble arise in after days, when perhaps he is on the throne, he will remember the kind hospitalities that greeted him in his youth, he will recall the fertile grounds, the great labor, the bustling cities, and those eager multitudes that came forth to wish him well, and it will not be in his heart to do us wrong. And for our own part, when we shall look back, and remember his handsome youthful face, his interest in our country, his graceful acceptance of our professed friendship, we shall not be able to judge him harshly, no matter what years may intervene. From our hearts we thank the Queen for her visit, we love her more than ever—and we see in the signs of the brighter day which is to dawn upon the nation. May God guide him safely home.

That such sentiments find an echo across the Atlantic, may be seen by the following condensed paragraph which was given by the *Standard* on the Prince's return to England after a passage of 27 days.—  
"The Prince has been made much of; he has passed under 100 arches of welcome, and walked through miles of torches, he has danced with hundreds of fair ladies, amid showers of oriflamme; he has received the official hospitality of the Capitol, and visited the grave of Washington. He has expressed to the Americans the real sentiments of his countrymen. Truly there is no nation in which the English are more interested; truly there is none whose successes and glories we so sympathize with, and none whom we so warmly wish to see triumphant as we do the English. The Prince of Wales, while thoroughly English, has elicited the kind feelings of all true-born Americans, and in his most propitious visit we are again made to feel the closeness of our relationship. May our statesmen and people never forget it."

We now take our leave of the Prince, and proceed to consider the probable future of these colonies, with relation to that event.  
[To be continued.]

## The Midnight Call.

In one of the flourishing academies in New England during a season of more than usual religious interest, Miss N., a member of the school, was deeply impressed with a sense of her lost and ruined condition as a sinner in the sight of God, and led to inquire with earnestness what she must "do to be saved."

She boarded at the time with an aunt, a lady of kind feelings, but who had never experienced the power of religion in her own soul; consequently she could not guide the inquiring mind of her niece in the way of life. When she spoke to her aunt of her deep sense of sin, and the fear that her soul would be lost, her aunt undertook to quiet her fears, and soothe her troubled conscience by telling her not to be so much alarmed, it would all be right at last. This did not have the desired effect. Miss N. retired to her room, but her sleep departed. She saw herself to be the chief of sinners, justly under condemnation; and what could she do? She had no Christian friend in the house to counsel and guide her, and she feared to delay even till morning, lest death should suddenly overtake her, and she should perish in her sins. She soon determined to seek some Christian friend to whom she could freely communicate her feelings, and ask prayers in her behalf. Accordingly, at the midnight hour, when all was hushed in quiet slumber around her, she prepared herself, slowly descended the stairs, opened the street door, and tremblingly rang the bell at the door of a good man, an officer in the church, which he soon answered by opening the door. Her errand was told, and he bade her come in, where she was soon joined by his wife. They all knelt in prayer, and there, before the morning light, she trusted she gave herself to be the Lord's for ever. Had she delayed until the morning light even, the Spirit might have been grieved to depart for ever from her, and her heart have been hardened in sin, or she might have been touched by the finger of God, and her restless spirit hurried into eternity.

My friend, have you settled the great question between God and your own soul? If not, let nothing hinder you. Seize the present moment, while Christ invites, lest you be left to perish in sin.—*Rev. Mr. C.*

## Sectarianism.

An Irishman, entering the fair at Ballymore saw the well-defined form of a large round head bulging out the canvas of a tent. The temptation was irresistible—he went to his shillings—there went the money. Forth rushed from the tent a host of angry fellows to avenge the onslaught. Judge of their astonishment when they found the assailant to be one of their own faction.

"Och, Nicholas!" said they, "and did ye not know it was Brandy O'Brien ye hit?"  
"Troth did I not," says he, "had luck to me for that same; if my own father had been there, and his head looking so nice and convenient, I could not have helped myself!"  
Poor Paddy; true type of some controversial spirits; it is not in them to let the chance of a blow go by. They are of the brood of the vulture, not of the dove. They scent the battle from afar, and many mooted points for which they have done desperate fight, are so infinitesimally small that I would not give the turn of a button-shank to get them infamously decided.

Many contentions arise out of sheer misapprehension. Disputants often become metaphysical, who should be practical. Disputants, given by the Scotchman, who said:  
"Why, ye see, metaphysics is when two men are talking together, and the one of them don't know what he is talking about, and the other canna understand him."

Dr. Chalmers and Stuart may have been "one bit" metaphysical the day they got into the controversy about the nature of faith. Chalmers, compelled at length to leave his friends, said:  
"I have time to say no more; but you will find my views fully and well put in a recent tract, called 'Difficulties in the way of Believing.'"  
"Why," exclaimed the astounded Dr. Stuart, "that is my own tract! I published it myself!"  
That man was surely wise who professed "every debate with 'Gentlemen, define your terms.'"

During the Peninsular War, an officer of artillery had just served a gun with admirable precision against a body of men posted in a wood to his left. When the Duke rode up, after turning his glass for a moment in the direction of the shot, he said, in his cool way:  
"Well aimed, Captain; but no more; they are your own men."  
This ad blunder has been repeated to offend the armies of James. With what frequency have great guns of the Church, which might have battered down the citadels of Satan, been misdirected against Christian brethren? There are surely deficiencies enough in the world, and most at without bringing into each other.—*Rev. S. Collyer.*

## Treasury.

### The First Act of Faith.

The final spirit is at once the first and the highest expression of the divine life in the soul of man. The first words of the returning prodigal, the first words he meditated even when he resolved to return, were, "Father, I have sinned." To the hardened sinner of Judah, who had "polluted the land with their wickedness, and defiled it to be ashamed," God dictates the same feelings, and loving language as the first act of penitence: "Will thou not from this time cry unto me, 'My Father, though art the guide of my youth?' The first address to God which Christ dictates to all who pray is, "Our Father." The apostle Paul accounts this among the highest and most superlatives privileges of believers—"Ye have received the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, 'Abba, Father.'" "God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, 'Abba, Father.'"

No creature can rise to a dignity or felicity above that which is expressed by an addressing God, "My Father." That relation is but imperfectly realized so long as we abide in the flesh and bear the image of the earthly, just as the first born son and heir of a great monarch would have no idea of what was implied in his first utterance of the name of father. But the name of eternal glory is included in the first words of the returning prodigal, the faintest exorcism





