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Poetry.

Lines Written in a Lady's Album.

"There is no God," the fool hath said;
The senseless ask, Where is he? Who hath
seen
His glorious form? What space contains him?
Ask not, but look around—not here, not there,
But every where he dwells, an all pervading
God?
Dost thou not see, not hear?—creation speaks,
Creation sings, in one unending strain,
The eternal being of efficient cause!
Sprang all this beauty, order, life from
nothing?
Did intellect—that very intellect that moves
The sceptic's daring soul to impious thought—
Did that infernal mass of torpid clay
Without superior energy, and bid it live?
Ah! use the noble gift, all adequate, and know
Thy Benefactor! on thy right he stands,
And on thy left, around the teeming earth
Beneath thy feet to minister and charm!
And crown it glories with the vaulted sky,
He raised the mountains from their lowly beds,
And Alps in ether's hemisphere,
And taught them where to check their aspiring
heads
Amidst the mantling clouds. His hand con-
ceals
In their capacious treasures the gem,
And gave the latent lustre and the hue.
Trees, herbs, and flowers, at his command, per-
form
The work assigned—put forth their leafy arms
To tremble in the breeze, or rear on high
Their leafless heads to brave the reckless blast,
Nourish the healing balms, or diffuse
Their grateful fragrance through the recipient
air.
Vain art of man! How limited, how weak!
Man gives to earth inanimate the go—
Thus far—no further can he go—his power is
staid.
Sends he the genial warmth, the soft'ning dew,
The early and the latter rain? Not man:
Omnipotence alone—the gifts are his.
He curves the tendrils, hangs the clustering vine,
Moulds to infinity unnumbered forms,
And fits all nature with unnumbered eyes.
Could man—could angels scoop the wondrous
gulf
The store house of the deep? Power, uncre-
ated,
Uplifts the ponderous waves and bids them meet
The impending cloud, while the pale mariner
In trembling safety guides his fragile bark,
An atom in the elemental war.
Is there a God? Go ask whence order comes,
Job, Summer, Autumn, Winter take their
rounds:
They come—they pass—return, each in his
time.
From that auspicious hour when chaos fled,
Is there a God? Who made the mass of light,
Who placed it in the glowing heavens, and
marked
His annual never-deviating course?
Those other sparkling stars that cheer the night,
Resplendent Sirius, summer's balmy star,
Orion and Arcturus, to beautify
This lower sphere; while thousands shine be-
yond,
Far from the vulgar gaze, and scarcely found,
By searching science with their utmost aids?
There order reigns, and harmony presides.
Confusion never visits these bright realms,
Though faithful comets bring their glaring
trains
Across the vast domain, and furious storms
Would seem to visit, and agitate the glorious hosts.
These are His works: thy voice intelligent
Goes forth, and speaks, wherever man is found,
The eternal being of Efficient Cause.
These, and much more than mortal eye can
reach!
And all, far, far beyond the feeble grasp
Of mortal intellect. But most glorious hosts,
Thyself examine, proud, ungrateful man!
"A little lower than the angels made."
And, if thou canst, withhold from God the
praise.
—Mrs. Hill.

Religious Miscellany.

The Cross.

There is no object in itself, shameful and dishonourable—an instrument of torture—a symbol of ignominy—dark-stained with blood; but the Cross of Calvary, as connected with scenes so strange, mysterious, tragic, yet glorious—as the grand centre, where culminate the softest radiance of Eternal mercy, and the brightest outshining of Infinite love, round which the redemption-glory, hastening on to its sublime consummation, still accumulates with intensified lustre—possesses an attraction for every class of mind, and for every range of created intelligence in the universe of God.

The Cross teaches our relation to God.—Nothing can be of greater importance to us than to ascertain this relation. But here the teachings of nature are indistinct and uncertain. We are left in doubt whether to look up to God as a loving Father, or as an offended Sovereign Lawgiver. The bounteous gifts of Providence—the verdant landscape, the living sunshine, the fields waving with rich grain, and whitening to harvest, may speak of the goodness of the Creator; but the sterile desert—the simoon blast—the midday, blighting fair harvest—the lightning stroke—becoming a swift messenger of death—the tempest-storm, streaking the coast with shattered wreck—the earthquake, swallowing a city with its inhabitants—the volcanic eruption, sending forth its molten waves; these speak of a Sovereign's wrath. Distracted with doubt and uncertainty, we turn to the cross, and learn that we are sinners, under an economy of grace.

The cross reveals, in lovely harmony, the attributes of the Divine nature. One attribute is not magnified at the expense of another: nor the glory of one perfection sullied or eclipsed by the glory of another perfect one. Together they mingle their beams, and flow in one celestial stream of radiant and glorious harmony. Justice and grace, vengeance and compassion, wrath and love, truth and purity appear more awful or more amiable.

—Nor does a creature gaze,
Which of the cross brighter shows,
The justice of the grace.
The cross is the masterpiece of Infinite

wisdom. In the reconciliation of man to the favour of God, conflicting, and apparently incompatible claims had to be conciliated. Can impunity be offered to the transgressor on the ground of mere mercy? Can God show mercy without ceasing to be just, and holy, and truthful, was the great problem which might have puzzled the profoundest of finite minds. But in connection with the cross we contemplate a scheme, where all conflicting claims are conciliated, all discordant harmonized, all attributes glorified—God honoured, justice satisfied, the law magnified, the sinner saved.—"Mercy and truth are met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other."

The cross is the measure of that love displayed in our salvation. But for that manifestation of love in connection with the cross, not even angels, clear, just, comprehensive as may be their views of the character of God, could have conceived that such love dwelt even in Deity. Infinite love was afulness unexplored, an expanse unmeasured, an ocean unfathomed. The cross was the sounding line of that ocean, by which it is to its lowest depths. The angels desired to look; but

"In vain the first-born seraph tried
To sound the deep of love divine."
The contemplation of this love is overwhelming to our minds, we know of no standard by which to measure it, that would bring it within the grasp of our thought. A mother's love is tender, a seraph can love, and love intensely, but could we bring together all the love that ever dwelt in a mother's heart, or ever thrilled in a seraph's breast, it would only be creature love, and in comparison with the infinitude of Divine love would be as a drop to the ocean; or as an atom floating in the sublimity, to the vast globe revolving in its lofty sphere.

The cross demonstrates the inflexibility of Divine justice. No where does the rectitude of God's character, his strict adherence to moral principles, and his stern vindication of an insulted law, appear in such a light as in the cross. The justice of God had been displayed in punishing the rebel angels, in kindling the flames of hell; and shall be eternally glorified in punishing the finally impenitent. But when we contemplate the mystery of Getsemane and Golgotha—the vials of Divine wrath poured upon the agonizing heart of the Sufferer—the flaming sword of vengeance quenching its fiery glare in the streaming current of the Redeemer's blood—we become more deeply impressed with its awful, inflexible, and tremendous character.

Nor, in view of the cross, are we less deeply impressed with the holiness of Jehovah. All other declarations of God's hatred to the iniquitous evil in his sight: the world submerged—cities consumed with fire—the asphaltic lake—the flame-symbol of Eden—the second veil, guarding the sacredness of the holiest place in the temple, are nothing in comparison with the death of Jesus. O Thou immaculate sufferer! Thy blood was "forbearing" for us; if Thy soul was bruised and wounded, how infinite must be the evil of sin in the sight of that holy God who could not contemplate it in His own Son but with an averted eye! And if these things be done in a green tree, what shall be done in a dry?

The Cross is the object of the world's hope. It is a beacon-light, shining its soft and steady light upon the dreary way of the sinner in the darkness of the polar star, which, in the darkest night fixes the wandering sinner's eye—the sun, around which revolves all that is noble and glorious in our moral nature. What were the world without the Cross? The Jew from his sacred festivity, and the Priest from the atoning altar, would be "withrew shall I draw near to God?" The Heathen with the charm around his neck, and the spikes in his sandals, exclaims, "O that I knew where I might find him." The advocate of natural religion, whether he make nature his God, or whether he worship God independent of nature, proposes the question, "How shall I be forgiven?" But the oracle is silent! Salvation is a phrase not found in her vocabulary. She has no speech, nor voice, nor language, in which to speak of the merits of God to the sinner. But every difficulty in the case of the conscience-stricken penitent, who, pointed to the cross, offers the prayer, "Lamb of God which takest away the sins of the world, take away my sins." Disenfranchised from the darkness and power of sin, he enters, redeemed and regenerated, into the liberty of the sons of God.

The cross, it is true, is sadly mortifying to the wisdom and pride of the world.—Men, there are, who lead the morality, yet pour contempt upon the doctrines of the gospel. Some years ago an eminent English, and American, visited England. He had prepared a book with a book entitled "The Precepts of Jesus, to convince the scornful Brahmins of India." Even so, such is the reasoning of a worldly philosophy, the Bahminian refinement and wisdom of Judea, Greece, and India alike stumble at the doctrine of the crucified One.

But the wisdom and efficacy of this appointment have been demonstrated. The sacred doctrines, venerated mysteries have been brought to light; but the cross still remains—the object of the sinner's hope, and the sinner's trust. It trophies are the myriads of the redeemed before the throne of God, and the confessors of the still militant host.

Attempts have been made to assist the faith of the believer, by means of painted pictures, or wooden crosses. But ever all exhibited as relics of the true cross, to be brought into one vast pile, and were to be given up in a thousand years, it could not benefit us. It is the eye of faith, not the

eye of sense, by which we gaze upon the cross, and discover its glory, and realize it to the power of God.

To the simple form of a cross, as marking the sanctuary, we know of no valid objection. It is a pity, that it should be appropriated by an apostate Church. Certainly, as a symbol, surmounting the spire of our Protestant churches, it would be more beautiful, more appropriate, than the changing weathercock and other unnecessary symbols, which have been adopted.

J. L. Cornwallis West, July 13th.

All at the Prayer Meeting.

We were travelling for pleasure—a party of us—in Vermont, in the summer of 1856, when at the close of a warm afternoon, we reached the pleasant village of— After taking tea at the quiet hotel, we strolled out to look at the place and enjoy the scenery, when the church bell commenced ringing, and then tolling, and we noticed a large number of people coming out of the various residences that bordered the village street, and passing on in the direction of the house of God. Supposing that only some unusual occurrence—the presence, perhaps, of some popular lecturer, or of some distinguished statesman or politician, could call out so large a proportion of the inhabitants, two of our party fell in with the current, and entered the church. One after another, family after family, and individual after individual, the people came in till the body of the house was well filled. By the time the bell had done tolling, all was still; when, with a quiet step, not some distinguished stranger, but the minister of the parish, walked up the aisle, and took his seat behind the pulpit.

With his eyes closed, his head bent forward, and his face covered with his hand, a moment was given to silent thought and prayer, and then rising he gave out a hymn, which, without instrumental aid, was sung most seriously and heartily by the whole congregation. Next, he called upon two of the brethren to lead in prayer, which was done with such earnestness and feeling as could not but be profitable to all. Then he read a chapter from one of the gospels, following it with a plain, instructive and practical address, the materials for which had evidently been gathered from personal intercourse with his people. And at the close of his remarks, turning to himself as a stranger, whose presence he presumed evinced my interest in the service, he remarked that this was their regular weekly prayer meeting, and invited me to address them.

I did so willingly, and after presenting a few thoughts that seemed appropriate to the occasion, before sitting down I turned to the minister and said, "May I take the liberty, sir, to ask if this is nothing more than the usual weekly prayer meeting? Has nothing occurred, or is there no unusual religious interest in the village, to call out so large a number of people? And what proportion of the members of your church are here this evening?" In reply, he assured me that there was no peculiar religious interest among the people—no more than had been manifest for a long time, that this was but the ordinary aspect of their weekly prayer meeting, and looking upon the number of the people, he added in answer to the latter part of my question, "I believe all the members of our church (every one who is in the village and in health) are here. It is not so, Deacon B.?" "Yes," said the good con- siderate looking man, "I believe they are all here."

I was astonished, as I think many others will be with me. All the members of the church at the weekly prayer meeting. And I came away thinking how blest was that pastor and his church; and how good, how perfect, and how true, and how ever faithful to the weekly prayer meeting.

Such is the substance of an account given me by an excellent layman—a member of one of our churches. I have thought of it frequently; and finally concluded to write it out, and send it to your paper, for it suggests lessons that ought to be sent out through the length and breadth of the land, and pondered by every disciple of Christ.

All the church at the prayer meeting!—What an encouragement it would be to what a discouraged and almost worn-out pastor! What a testimony to the world that Christians were in earnest in their profession, and that they loved communion with God! How would it make sermons and means of grace fall of interest, and life, and power, that new seed dull and lifeless!—How would it promote growth in grace, and honor Christ, and quicken souls, and increase the church in heaven! Let all the church be regularly at the prayer meeting, and all would be faithful, and active, and useful; all would be a help to the pastor and to each other; all would feel the power of the gospel in their own hearts, and thus be burned and shining lights; and men would take knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus!

See to it, Christian reader, that you do your part towards having all the church always at the meeting.

Every Man's Life a Plan of God.

Every human soul has a complete and perfect plan, cherished for it in the heart of God—a divine biography marked out when it enters into life, to live. This life, right fully unfolded, will be a complete and beautiful whole, an experience led on by God and unfolded by his secret nurture, as the trees and flowers by the secret nurture of the world; a plan with no part wanting; a divine study for the man himself, and for others; a study that shall forever unfold in wisdom, beauty, the love and faithfulness of God; great in its conception, great in the Divine skill which it is shaped; above all great in the momentous and glorious issues it prepares. What a thought is this for every human soul to cherish! What dignity does it add to life! What support does it bring to the trials of life! What investigations does it add to send us onward in everything that constitutes our excellence! We live in the Divine thought.—We fill a place in the great everlasting plan of God's intelligence. We never sink below his care, never drop out of his counsel.—Bunnett's Sermons.

A Great Wonder.

The Rev. Mr. Guthrie, an eminent minister of Scotland, of the old time, was one evening travelling home very late. Having lost his way on a moor, he laid the reins on the neck of his horse, and committed himself to the direction of Providence.—After long travelling over ditches and fields, the horse brought him to a farmer's house into which he went, and requested permission to sit by the fire till morning, which was granted. A Popish priest was administering extreme unction to the mistress of the house, who was dying. Mr. Guthrie said nothing till the priest had retired. Then he went forward to the dying woman, and asked her if she enjoyed peace in the prospect of death, in consequence of what the priest had said and done to her. She answered that she did not; on which he spoke to her of salvation through the atoning blood of the Redeemer. The Lord taught her to believe the message of Christ, and she died triumphing in Jesus Christ as her Saviour. After witnessing this astonishing scene, Mr. Guthrie mounted his horse and rode home. On his arrival, he told Mrs. Guthrie he saw a dead great wonder during the night. "I came," said he, "to a farmhouse, where I found a woman in a state of nature; I saw her in a state of grace; and I left her in a state of glory."

There's not a name beneath the skies, nor is there one that of Jesus can suffice the sinner's burden to remove. Sweetest home! when once thy virtues' know, how weak all other he is as a man. The sun's beams are it alone, and fade the grand spots:—there.

Reader, are you in a state of nature, or in a state of grace? If in a state of nature, you are "condemned already," "dead in trespasses and sins," and "in danger of hell fire." Neither Popish priests, nor Protestant ministers can translate from nature to grace. None but Christ can do it; but he is both able and willing. "Ye must be born again," for "except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." "I came," said he, "to a farmhouse, where I found a woman in a state of nature; I saw her in a state of grace; and I left her in a state of glory."

Faith.

Faith is the life of christianity, and a good life. So that if you are a christian, you will find even in death to confess, not only the articles, but in affliction and death, trust the promises, in the lowest nakedness of poverty you can cherish yourselves with expectations of God's promises and dispensations, being an expression of your desire, when all is in God's hands, as you are when it is in your own; if you can be cheerful in a storm, smile when the world frowns, be content in the midst of spiritual desolations and angelic visitations, all should be together for the best, according to the promise; if you can strengthen yourselves in God when you are the weakest, believe when you see no hope, and entertain no jealousies or suspicions of God, though you see nothing to make you confident; then, and then only, you have faith, which in conjunction with his other parts, is able to save your souls. For in this precise duty of trusting God, there are the rays of hope, and great proportions of charity and resignation.

Religious Intelligence.

The Confessional in the Anglican Church.

An open-air demonstration of the Protestant inhabitants of Belgravia and its vicinity was held on Monday evening in the grounds of the Pavilion, Sloane-street, to adopt a memorial to the Queen, and to petition Parliament to take such measures as might be deemed advisable for the immediate suppression of the confessional system now attempted to be introduced into the Church of England. It was estimated that nearly 10,000 persons were present, and this celebration was a grand and successful one. His Majesty's assent to the memorial was given at the entrance to the grounds. The assembly appeared to belong chiefly to the middle and lower classes, the former perhaps preponderating; and notwithstanding frequent ebullitions of strong Protestant feelings, the proceedings were marked by great order and decorum.

The chair was taken at half-past six by the Rev. E. Niven, Incumbent of St. Saviour's, Chelsea, with prayer.

The chairman commenced his remarks with a history of the legal proceedings connected with the St. Barnabas disputes, and expressed his regret that the decisions of Dr. Lushington and Sir John Dodson were reversed by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, in favour of the Roman Catholic party. They had all heard of the great meeting which was held a few days ago in St. James' Hall. On that occasion disclosures were made by Mr. Baring to which he (the Chairman) would not allude, except to say that it was most startling that such things could be carried on in a Protestant Church. It would be improper in him to speak of Mr. Poole, because he had appealed to the Archbishop and his case was pending. There would not allude, except to say that they could deal, because it was uncontradicted and beyond dispute—namely, that confession, in some shape or other, was practised in the Church of England. In the morning papers of that day, there was a long correspondence published by Mr. Poole

in the very nick of time, and which contained everything in their hands in the most convenient form for the purpose of that meeting. Colonel Vereker then quoted from the correspondence in question a considerable length, with a view to show that Mr. Poole admitted that he had used confession. As he had before observed, they had now reached a crisis in the history of their Church. The evil was a most gigantic one, and called for decided and stringent measures. Their seats of learning were deeply impregnated with this unfortunate confession, and the consequence was that vast numbers of the clergy who went forth to minister in the churches and parishes throughout the kingdom carried the taint with them. The revenue of the Church of England was probably from £7,000,000 to £8,000,000 per annum; and supposing, as he believed to be the fact, that from one-third to one-half of the clergy were tainted with these Romanising views, the same portion of the revenue of the Church must be applied to the propagation of Popish error. If this evil were allowed to go on it would produce the most frightful results, not merely to their religious; but even to the civil liberties; if the confessional were allowed to spread throughout the country it would pave the way for the acquisition of Rome.

Mr. Edward Harper then moved the memorial to Her Majesty, which stated that—"We desire more particularly to call your Majesty's attention to the fact that it is notoriously known and publicly avowed that the confessional is an established institution in certain Protestant Churches; and we humbly to submit to your Majesty that it is quite impossible that this system can be carried into effect in the Church of England without alienating her members, disturbing the peace of families, and preparing the way for those pernicious results which experience and history have shown to be inseparable, in all ages and countries, from the practice of auricular confession, penance, and priestly absolution."

"We are emboldened, in thus appealing to your Majesty, as temporal head of the Church and as defender of the faith, to interpose your royal authority for the suppression of this great and rising evil, by the knowledge of the fact that your Majesty was pleased in the year 1851 to express your royal desire, through a letter from Sir George Grey, then Secretary of State for the Home Department, to his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, that means should be taken 'to maintain the purity of the doctrines taught by the clergy of the Church of England, and to discourage and prevent innovation in the modes of conducting the services of the Church not sanctioned by law or general usage, and calculated to create dissatisfaction and alarm among a numerous body of its members.' And, further, your Majesty expressed your desire that the Church should endeavour, by a 'judicious exercise of their authority and influence, to uphold the purity and simplicity of the faith and worship of our reformed Church.'"

"We were deeply to inform your Majesty that innovations are still made in the mode of the Church, without the authority of law; that the purity and simplicity of the faith and worship of the reformed Church are greatly departed from; and that much alarm and dissatisfaction are thereby created."

This attempt to introduce the confessional system (said Mr. Harper) was only a small portion of a vast conspiracy, which had now continued for a long period, and the object of which was to reconcile the country to the use of Rome, and to subvert the liberties—religious, social, and political. The documents referred to by the chairman had received persons for the express purpose of confession, more especially with reference to the violation of the Seventh Commandment. In one letter Mr. Poole said, "I admit that when persons, male or female, have sought my ministry in confession, I have put to them such questions as have been suggested by the matter confessed, which have appeared to me necessary in order to enable me to give the counsel and advice which the case required." With that admission the whole question was at an end. After that he did not care what might be the result of the appeal to the archbishop. Here was a broad admission by Mr. Poole that, having received persons who had come for the express purpose of confessing sins which were unfit to be named, he went on putting to them such additional questions as were suggested by the matter confessed.—He would put it to anybody whether that was not an admission that males and females were subjected to a catechetical examination by Puseyite priests in relation to sins of thought, word, and deed. It was further admitted that the system of absolution was combined with that of confession. He would now lay before the meeting a few extracts from Puseyite works in relation to this subject. The first was from the "First Catechism of Christian Doctrine," which was printed and circulated, he believed, by tens of thousands throughout England. It was published by Wm. Palmer and Sons, the publishers of the Union newspaper. He there found the following questions and answers:—

"What is the fourth commandment of the church?—To confess our sins to our pastor or some other priest whenever they trouble us."

There was no such commandment as that to be found in the Book of Common Prayer. It went on to—"At what time may children begin to go to confession?" He begged the attention of mothers, fathers, uncles, and guardians to the answer:—

"When they come to the use of reason, so as to be capable of mortal sin, which is generally supposed to be at the age of seven years."

"What is confession?—It is to accuse ourselves of all our sins to a priest, in order to obtain absolution."

"What if one wilfully conceals a mortal sin in confession? He commits a great sin, by telling a lie to the Holy Ghost, and makes his confession nothing worth."

There was a specimen of Popery, Nay, it was worse than Popery, because it was under a Protestant guise; and all this blasphemy was instilled into the minds of the rising generation. He would now refer to

another, the "Ordinance of Confession," the author of which was the Rev. William Gresley, Prebendary of Lichfield Cathedral, and the publisher, Joseph Masters, of London. Mr. Gresley had preached a sermon at St. Barnabas within the last month. According to this gentleman persons who went to confession were to tell when the sin began, the length of time it lasted, any aggravations of it, how it ramified into other sins, and under what different forms it appeared.—If it were a sin of the senses, what different senses were engaged in it, as the sight, the hearing, the touch, &c. Here was a passage well worthy of special consideration.—"The very shame of the avowal and confession made is a part of the contrition and the cure." Mr. Gresley went on to say that with regard to the sins of females, however vile and impure and unutterable a sin might be, the necessary question must be insinuated in language which would shock the modesty of the penitent. One portion of the revenue of the Church must be applied to the propagation of Popish error. If this evil were allowed to go on it would produce the most frightful results, not merely to their religious; but even to the civil liberties; if the confessional were allowed to spread throughout the country it would pave the way for the acquisition of Rome.

Mr. Paul Fokett, Chairman of the Brighton Protestant Association, seconded the resolution. Only about ten days ago a woman, the wife of a respectable tradesman, came to speak to him on the subject. She told him that her daughter went to confession. (A voice: "Name?") He would give the name. She went to the Rev. Mr. Gresley, the author of the little book which had been quoted from. What was the result? Her mother said she was now about entering a nunnery at Versailles.

Mr. Westerton, in supporting the motion, stated that application had been made to two noblemen to preside on that occasion, but that both of them had declined. It was then determined to make the meeting purely a middle-class meeting, and such in fact it was. He could not forget that the lady mentioned the bulk of the Church. He trusted that the result of the meeting would be that a second reformation would date from it, and that the verdict of the public would be unmistakably expressed, that the confessional should not be imposed upon the Church of England. There would be long to be a general election. Let all true Protestants exert themselves to secure the return of members who would promote Protestantism irrespective of party considerations.—He begged to see that the Bishop of London was promoting the formation of brotherhoods in different parts of London. Such institutions were injurious to the Church, and fraught with danger to the Protestant religion.

The motion was then put and carried. On the motion of Mr. James, seconded by Mr. Berry, and supported by Dr. Yates and Mr. Dexter, a petition to Parliament was adopted.

On the motion of Mr. Hall, thanks were given to the Dean for the use of the grounds. Thanks having been voted to the Chairman, the meeting concluded by singing the National Anthem. It was past nine o'clock when the crowd dispersed.—London Paper.

Removal of Scripture Incriptions.

Dr. Duff writes:—In a former letter I referred to the lamentable procedure of Mr. Frere, Chief Commissioner of Sindh, in ordering inscriptions, consisting chiefly of Bible texts, within the Bible depository at Hyderabad, to be removed, on the petition of a worthless Mohammedan. The order seemed so strange, in the face of all that has been said and written against the old tradition, and policy of favouring heathenism and discountenancing Christianity, that I indulged in the hope that possibly there might be some mistake in the statement. It now appears, however, that the whole statement was too true, as the following extract from an address delivered by Mr. —, the excellent Church of England Missionary at Hyderabad, plainly shows:—

"With no little surprise, humiliation, and we add, alarm, do we learn that Mr. Frere has made his concession to the whim of a Mohammedan. Let the circumstances be considered. This shop is the house of an Englishman. Mohammedans are at liberty to come to it; they are equally at liberty to stay away. If anything calculated to offend them is there uttered or exhibited, they will naturally stay away. The inscription were not on the outer-wall, but in-doors. And finally, they informed those that read them of nothing but what is conceded by all Mohammedans,—by all certainly that know anything of the Koran. A man could not, without renouncing the Koran, claim that Mahomed was sinless, or that he wrought miracles. Such doctrines are not doctrines of Mohammedanism; and a Mussulman who objects to see it stated that they are not does far greater dishonour to the Koran than they do who cite passages from the Koran testifying against the truth. The inscription furthermore set forth the great truth that every Christian is commissioned to announce, namely, that Christ is the only Saviour for sinful men."

To disseminate one thing. After they had been inscribed and seen by multitudes, to order them to be removed, and that at the request of a Mussulman, is a very different thing. By this act the Commissioner virtually pours contempt in the eyes of the natives, upon the Missionaries, their books, and their preaching. For the statements which have been advanced are substantially what all their books and discourses set forth. They distribute among all classes of the people, in all parts of the land, tracts declaring that Christ is the one Saviour, and that the pretensions of every other reputed saviour are equally required the rejection of the one we have been speaking of? Yes, the Mussulmans of Hyderabad, and not only of that

place, but of the whole country, (for the report of this thing will travel far and wide,) will consider that the Christian truth and Christian Missionaries have been dishonoured by a special order of Government, in order that honour might be rendered to Mohammedanism. Had this order emanated from another source, we could have better understood it. The antecedents of Mr. Frere had prepared us for a different style of procedure."

Such is the authoritative expose of the conduct of one of our avowedly Christian rulers! And yet, if the last telegraphic overland bulletin from Madras is to be depended on, this very Mr. Frere has just been appointed Provisional Member of the Supreme Council of Bombay! So that he will have an opportunity of displaying his philo-Mohammedan and practically anti-Christian tendencies, on a wider stage than that of the province of Sindh.

A case like this ought to open the eyes of our Christian people in Great Britain, and enable them to see the quarter in which our real difficulty lies. Of what use will it be to proclaim ourselves a Christian people and our Government a Christian Government, if our rulers and their subordinates are allowed to act as if they favoured heathenism and frowned on Christianity? Of what use is it to boast of our neutrality, our toleration, as regards our creeds, when that of the heathen is encouraged, and our own discountenanced? What a burlesque on all such professions does a case like that of Hyderabad furnish! Mohammedans build mosques, and piously adorn them, without as well within, with sentences from the Koran expressive of their own faith in the Imam. And this they are allowed to do by a Christian Government, on a score of neutrality and toleration! The keeper of a Bible depository causes some verses from the Bible, expressive of the Christian faith, to be written, not on the outside, but within the walls of the depository. These prove offensive to some bigoted and intolerant Mussulmans, and these usual remarks, were given to a Christian magistrate to be expunged,—in the name, it is to be presumed, of neutrality and toleration!

Pillage of a Mission Settlement.

The following is a letter from the wife of a Missionary in South Africa, who has been driven from his station by the Boers. It is addressed to her mother:—

"On the 21st of March we were still in our happy home—we had spent a more than usually blessed Sabbath. I felt, and remarked to my daughter, that we could never be sufficiently thankful for all His goodness towards us, more particularly for the promising hopes raised by the steady and Christian walk of our people, without enemies, the Dutch farmers, had in vain attempted to find a just cause of complaint against them. Monday saw them all returning to their usual occupations. The two schools were full. Our Catechists, returning from their usual rounds, were giving pleasing accounts of their success and no one believed in the floating rumours of war. It had, however, been already proclaimed; but our papers being purposely kept back, we were ignorant of the fact. After sunset, however, many of our people, who were assembling a message from the magistrate (Soer) that he was coming next day with an armed force, cannon, &c., but with friendly intentions. The whole of that dreadful night our poor people were running away; in the morning only a few people, who were chief remained, with three hundred lads, women, old men and children. I was busy preparing a dinner for the magistrate and his men when 500 Boers surrounded our village. My husband, who was graciously welcomed, went and tried to save the men of his flock. They answered him with cries of 'Blood!' Roughly they demanded the few arms that our people possessed—meekly they were given up. The cattle, then, and the innocent herds, 5,000 in all, passed into the hands of the oppressor. They were then driven to their homes. They pursued the fugitives—wrested their Bibles from them, destroying all they could find—stripped some of the poor women, and cast them naked into the river, where, in all probability, they were drowned—lugged an elderly man to death to another into prison, and took one as a hostage 'for our good behaviour.' All this time I was cast upon my bed, or when the shot rattled through our roof, under it; for I was rather dead than alive—my noble husband and brave daughter doing all the sad duty they were able to do, seeking to touch the furious men by words of peace and deeds of kindness, they actually coming after to beg for fruit, coffee, &c. Then commenced the work of plunder. Our beautiful gardens were torn to pieces—the neat cottages we had encouraged our native Christians to build, were set on fire; their simple furniture, so hardy earned, destroyed; the female clothing carried off, and every article of value with it. For more than twenty days this awful scene of fraud and wickedness was carried on. The remaining four days in our desolated home, enduring more cruel mockings, insults and injuries than I can describe, order after order was given, the last even more impossible than the rest. No Basutos was ever more to be allowed to pass his foot on the station, and my B. threatened communication with the Basutos. Knowing how gladly they would put it through to execution, we have felt it our imperative duty to quit our most loved home. Accursed be the man who says he believes that such white men will carry him off, that such a long time meditated war is to be against Missionaries, Bibles, and stations, though it professes to be for the annihilation of the Blacks. The English Government is new, it is not. Ah! where is now the white man, Dr. Philip? How often did he ward off such blows as this by his bold and unflinching courage! We are, for the present, at Bethel. Lennox was forced into the service of the Dutch army; several sons of English men were taken in a place of safety, and—Your afflicted but ever affectionate Daughter, E. B.—"

