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Poetry.

ADDRESS TO THE OPENING YEAR.

Child of ages vanish'd now,
Take the homage of a tear;
For the star upon thy brow
Glitters on thy Father's bier.

Child of promises unfailling,
Take the smile thy birthright brings;
For our bark of hope is sailing
With the gale upon thy wings.

God, the God of ages, bless thee
With a seraph's joyful flight;
And the choral earth confess thee
Herald of millennial light.

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Doctrine and Duty.

HOW SHALL WE BEGIN THE YEAR.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH.

Beloved friends, as the Lord has graciously spared us to enter upon another portion of time, it becomes us to ask, How shall we begin it? Much often depends on the beginning. It is important to begin well. Let us reflect. Let us enquire. Let us decide. Shall we not begin it in

Faith? This is the stay, the staff, the stimulus of the soul. Let us afresh exercise faith in God as our Father,—in Jesus as our Saviour,—in the Holy Spirit as our Comforter. Let us believe the love which God hath to us,—that "God is love." Let us take up the promises as the pledges and proofs of his love. He made them to inform us, to cheer us, to draw our love to him, and our confidence in him. He will fulfil them. He never violated a promise yet. He never will. It is impossible for God to lie, or to prove unfaithful. His throne is not more stable than his promise. Let us therefore believe the word, seek the blessings, and expect the favours. He has promised us wisdom, to understand our way; strength, to prosecute our journey; grace to subdue our iniquities; pardon, to pacify our consciences; righteousness, to justify our persons; an answer to all our prayers; and a supply of every want. Let us, therefore, enter upon the

new year taking up the promises afresh, and exercising faith in the almighty and never-changing promises. And in the prospect of the arduous duties, painful trials, determined foes, and bright prospects which are before us, say, "I will go in the strength of the Lord God: I will make mention of thy righteousness, even of thine only."—*Ps. lxxi. 16.*

Shall we not begin this year also in

Penitence? How many sins we have committed! How many duties we have neglected! How many opportunities for usefulness we have lost! What evil tempers we have displayed! What fearful corruptions still work in our hearts! Let us look to the crucified One, who has borne the punishment of our sins in his own body on the tree, and let us mourn as one mourneth for his only son, and be in bitterness, as one that is in bitterness for his first-born. Sorrow, deep and pungent sorrow, for sin, becomes us. Our sins have not been of an ordinary character; they have been sins against clear light, against tender love, against solemn professions, and against repeated warnings and expostulations. We have sinned against God and against man. We have sinned amidst the uncertainties of time, and in prospect of the solemnities of eternity. Let us bow before the throne of grace, and make a frank confession. Let us go to Gethsemane and Golgotha, and have fellowship with Jesus in his sufferings. Let us earnestly entreat the Holy Spirit to produce deep compunction, and to give us the grace of repentance, that we may sorrow after a godly manner.—*2 Cor. vii. 9.* Nothing will become us more at the beginning of this new year, than deep and profound repentance for sin.

But shall we not begin this year also in

Prayer? In special, fervent, and importunate prayer? We need grace, special grace; therefore we should make use of special prayer. Our prayers have been too formal. They have been offered up too much as a matter of course. There has not been that life, that earnestness, or that importunity in them, that there should have been. God is willing to give what we want. He waits to be gracious unto us. He has promised that he will not turn a deaf ear to our prayers. But we must feel our need. We must realize our dependence. We must pray in earnest. We

must ask as if we meant it. Cold prayers will not do. Formal devotion cannot be acceptable. We must stir up ourselves to call upon God. Let us select subjects for prayer, and stick to them. Let us feel our dependence upon the Holy Spirit as the author of prayer, and seek his direct and powerful operations. Our heavenly Father is calling, "Call upon me, and I will show thee great and mighty things." Our exalted Redeemer is saying, "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, I will do it." The Holy Spirit is saying, "The fervent effectual prayer of a righteous man availeth much." Let us believe in the efficiency of prayer. Let us try and prove the power of prayer. Let us mix faith and hope with every prayer we present.

Let us begin the year by renewing our

Consecration. Let us, with deep devotion, listen to the apostle, "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service: and be not conformed to this world."—*Rom. xii. 1, 2.* Let us imitate those spoken of by the prophet, "One shall say, I AM THE LORD."—*Isaiah xlii. 5.* Let us retire, let us place ourselves before the Cross, immediately under the eye of God; and there let us anew solemnly surrender our persons, property, talents, and all we command, to God and his service: there let us consecrate the whole to God, to be his, for his use, and for his glory. And let us endeavour this year to go about our business as consecrated persons, let us consider that we are set apart for God, devoted to God, and that every power is to be held sacred to the glory of God. This would be consistent. This would only be honest, for we are not our own, we are bought with a price: and should, therefore, glorify God in our bodies and spirits which are God's.—*1 Cor. vi. 19, 20.* We are not hired servants, but the absolute property of the Lord Jesus, ransomed by his blood, redeemed by his power, and placed and kept in this world for his glory.

Let us enter upon this new period of our existence in a spirit of

Watchfulness. The times are dangerous. We are surrounded by snares. We have traitors within us. We have hosts of enemies all around us. We are in an ene-

my's country, and are every moment exposed to danger. Let us watch against our foes. Let us watch the intimations of our Lord's will. Let us be sincere, devotional, active, diligent, peaceable, and upright before God and man. If we believe, faith will keep us steady; if we repent, penitence will make us humble; if we pray, prayer will assure us supplies; if we consecrate afresh all our energies to the Lord, consecration will preserve us from a worldly spirit; and if we are watchful, we shall escape many temptations and snares which overtake and overcome the heedless and unwary.

Beloved, may this year bring you much grace from God; may you live and walk in close and holy fellowship with God; may you be entirely devoted, and bring great glory to God; and if death should overtake you, may an abundant entrance be administered unto you into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. And may the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that you may abound in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost.—*Rom. xv. 13.*

COMMUNINGS IN THE SANCTUARY.

He made darkness his secret place; his pavillion round about him were dark waters and thick clouds of the skies.—*Ps. xviii. 11.*

Christianity deals not with trifles, nor was the mission of Jesus for unimportant ends. The subjects and the purposes which are here presented to our view are, on the contrary, of the deepest moment, and of the most absorbing interest. Rejecting the vain objects of the fleeting world, and all the idle themes which appertain to earth, the gospel embraces the things of life and death, and, entering at once upon the stern realities of human destiny, dwells on those solemn truths which, from their very nature, are fitted to engross the attention of every human being.

Yet life and death, the great themes of religion, in which man is so deeply concerned, are among the great *mysteries* of the universe. How little we know of life, although it is every where around us, and even within us! How much less we know of death, of which we have had, as yet, no personal experience! Doubtless, however, it is this very obscurity which gives to these subjects an interest so deep and permanent. What we have fully explored and comprehended, wearies us by familiarity, and loses its attractive charm. But mystery awakens curiosity; engages attention; excites inquiry; gives activity to thought and zest to enjoyment. How just, then, that the most important things should be the most mysterious! How proper that we should be thus led to dwell upon these with fixed attention! How natural, also, that we should be most deeply interested in the things which Christianity presents!

Nature attracts us by the wonders of a life and a death which are temporal, but religion enchains the soul by the deeper mysteries of a life and a death which are eternal!

In proportion as the mysteries presented to us deepen, *they approach nearer to God.* He is the great mystery of mysteries, and we draw nearer to Him as we approach the veil that conceals the sacred arcana of his inner temple. *Life* natural is to us a great enigma, and it reveals to us much of all that we yet know of God; but *DEATH*, that still greater mystery, will open to the soul still nearer views of God in the world of spirits. In our investigations of nature, we may trace effects to their immediate causes, and discover important truths in regard to the divine system of material things. It is when we would seek to explain and analyze these causes themselves, that we find ourselves involved in deeper and more remote researches, and it is then, when we approach the *mystery of the divine will*, that we are brought nearer to the invisible Creator. It is untrue, then, that a mystery that is truly divine, can obstruct our progress or hinder our vision. On the contrary, it tends to give us truer and nobler views of the Deity, because it brings us nearer to Him, and yet veils, in a favouring obscurity, that dazzling glory which would otherwise blind our feeble vision. Thus it is not the light of day that gives to us the most glorious and sublime view of the material universe. We then see the earth beneath us, and the blue expanse above us, with its single sun, on which, from its very brightness, we dare not gaze, and whose very light conceals from us the rest of the material system. It is when that light is withdrawn, and darkness casts her sable mantle over the things of earth, that our view, instead of being contracted, is enlarged, and fixed upon the heavens. It is then that worlds upon worlds arise before us, and millions of suns appear in place of one, and distant and still more distant orbs lead us farther and farther through the regions of illimitable space, to the unresolved nebulae of utmost vision: to the sublime mysteries of nature; to the overwhelming grandeur and magnificence of the divine creation; to the infinite power and glory of the Creator. So, also, though life reveals much of God to man, it is *death* that shall unfold much more. It is the night of death, the darkness of the grave, which, while it hides from us the earth, shall reveal to us the heavens, and display to the soul those sublime mysteries of Deity which, though now above us and around us, are yet concealed from us by the very brightness of our day of light.

But what is true of our own life and death, is eminently so of *the life and death of Jesus.* How great was the mystery of the life of Christ! How thick the veil in which the divine glory was then enshrouded!

Yet it was thus alone that man was enabled to approach so nearly, and to contemplate so fully the glory of the Only Begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth. It was through that mystery of the *incarnation*, that God was indeed revealed to mortals. It was amidst the darkness of the world, that this infinite love, mercy and condescension, shone forth to the view of man. But ah! how much greater *the mystery of his death!* and how much more it presents to us of God! What new and wonderful developments it gives of the divine character! What awful and sublime conceptions of the Infinite One it presents to the soul! What startling thoughts it suggests of the things invisible! What sorrowful memories of the past; what blissful fellowship of the present; what joyous hopes of the future, cluster in the broad heaven which the death of Christ reveals! Ah! it is here that we see more of God than angels knew before! It is amidst the darkness of the grave of Jesus, that new visions of God arise, more sublime and glorious than all that could precede! It is, indeed, the bright light of His presence that dazzles and blinds. It is *LIGHT* that renders him inaccessible, so that no man can approach him. It is into the thick darkness that we must enter, like the leader of ancient Israel, if we would find Him. It is when He shrouds his glory in the veil of immortality; when he partakes of our deep woes, and enters into the gloom of our dark and dreary prison, that we may presume to draw near to Him in trustful faith, to enter into a holy spiritual communion, and partake of the ineffable joys which wait upon his presence.—*Millennial Harbinger.*

PRESS ON, CHRISTIAN!

Press on, Christian, to your crown; let not Satan throw his delusive veil over you; let every temptation of his, prove a fresh impetus to draw you near the Saviour, and consider your eternal rest. Fain would he rob you of your God, your Saviour, your Heaven, and your all. Let watchfulness and prayer be your mighty weapons, for by them through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, can you come off more than conquerors through him that loves you. The road to Heaven may be difficult, but the end thereof is peace. There is no danger of fainting on the way, relying upon the proper scourge. The malice of the evil one can do you no harm, resting upon this stay. Perishable as this world is, and doomed to the fires of the last day, you are safe in the bright one to which you go. Its burning conflagration can never reach you: its dissolving wreck can do you no injury. Lift up your bowed head, then, raise your desponding spirits. Sound aloud your notes of praise, sing your sweetest anthems; tune your voices in praise and exultation to Him

that sitteth upon the throne. Let the music of your glad hearts ascend to Heaven and strike the harps of angels. Let the joyful eye and overflowing bosom proclaim your future prospects.

But the conflict is not yet over, Christian. Unless you are called speedily away, many are the temptations and trials to which you are subject, to prove your faith. Others are watching your progress in the path of righteousness. Angels and devils are gazing with anxious solicitude upon you. The former would raise you to Heaven, the latter pluck you down to hell; the former would rejoice at your safety, the latter laugh with a fiendish laughter, at your eternal misery. Press, on your movements are observed from both worlds. The inhabitants of each are gazing, invisible with intense anxiety upon you. Amid the glories of the celestial world they are interested, deeply interested for you; amid the torments of the damned, hellish spirits would have you for their prey. hold out faithful to the end, and eternal glory shall be yours:

“Not many years their round shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.”

THE POOR MAN'S COURSE AND COMFORT.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH.

It is no uncommon thing for a poor man to be in trouble, for man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward. The single man has some troubles, the married often more. Want of work,—want of health,—want of skill,—want of proper remuneration for his work,—all these are at times sources of trouble. Hard times,—hard masters,—hard work,—hard speeches,—these also add to his troubles. There is trouble at the factory, trouble at the mill, trouble in the shop, and trouble in the field. Some troubles come from God, but more are the consequence of our own folly. However, trouble is trouble, come from what cause or quarter it may: and the great thing is to know what to do with it, and how to get rid of it.

Well, we are going to look at a poor man in trouble, to point out what he did with his trouble, and how he got rid of it. He lived many years ago, his witness is in heaven, and his record is in God's book. Hear it, “This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles” (Ps. xxxiv. 6). No doubt but that he had temporal troubles, perhaps just such as yours. A large family and a small income. Hard work and a weak body. Little employment and many demands. Providence seemed to frown upon him, and many things to go wrong with him. Then he had spiritual troubles. A hard heart, a bad memory, a bitter enemy,

many fears, distressing doubts, perplexing cogitations, and violent temptations, separate or combined, at times troubled him. God hid his face. Unbelief gained strength. Satan suggested hard thoughts. His own heart misgave him. He looked back with regret, and forward with foreboding. He looked within with alarm, and upwards without confidence. A cloud covered him, he fancied all things were against him, and he drooped and hung down his head. He felt that he was a poor man. He had no stock in hand. He had nothing of his own with which he could be pleased, or in which he could trust. Tried in body and in mind; tried in his family and in his circumstances. Yet he did not lie down in despair, he did not give way to despondency. What did he?

“He cried unto the Lord.” This was the very best, the wisest thing he could do. Had he cried to creatures, they might have been destitute of sympathy, or unable or unwilling to help. He cried unto the Lord, his father's God, his own God. Unto the Lord who is full of pity, plenteous in mercy, and pledged to answer prayer. To the Lord, who is accessible at all times, and in all places; who never said to the seed of Jacob, seek ye me in vain. To the Lord, who had heard millions of poor souls in trouble, and had never refused to deliver one. To the Lord who sent or permitted the trouble, to furnish him with a message, give him an occasion, and compel him to apply at his throne. He cried unto the Lord, he cried from his heart, he cried with his voice; his prayer was simple, earnest, importunate, and therefore successful. He carried his trouble to the Lord, he told his heavenly father all about it, and he left it at his throne. He went with all his fears, cares and sorrows; he opened his heart, he unburdened his soul, he relieved his mind. He cried as one in distress. He cried to one who could help. He cried as one who hoped to be heard and answered. He went again and again, and again, until he obtained relief. He cried in trouble, he cried because of trouble, he cried to be delivered from trouble, nor did he cry in vain. Dear reader, are you poor? Are you in trouble? Is your trouble great? Is it spiritual or temporal, or both? Carry it to the Lord. Do as this poor man did. He is set before you as an example. This verse was written on purpose to encourage, comfort, and direct you. Say not that you know not what will be the end. Cry unto the Lord, and he will deliver you from all your troubles. You have a friend at God's right hand. Jesus is there. He knows what trouble is. He knows what are the effects of trouble on the soul, the spirits and the animal frame. He has been tried like you are. He was made our High Priest, because he can have compassion on the ignorant, and those that

are out of the way. God will hear you for his sake. He will answer you when you plead his dear name. Imitate this poor man, and in doing so, remember that the Lord

“Saved him out of all his troubles.” They were numerous. They were painful. Perhaps some of them had been long continued. They required an omnipotent helper, an all-wise deliverer, a present God; and prayer brought the power, wisdom, and presence of God to bear upon the poor man's circumstances, and he was saved out of all his troubles. God loves to save us from our troubles as well as our sins. He saved Isreal from Egypt, David from all his foes, and Jeremiah from the dungeon; he is saving many from trouble now, and he will save us. Many are this day singing their songs of deliverance, to the praise of his glorious grace; and he is saying to us, “Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee; and thou shalt glorify me.” Let us not, then, nurse our troubles, encourage our fears, or give way to our foes; but let us go to our God by prayer, let us go in faith, and let us expect, that as this poor man cried and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles, so he will hear, appear for, and deliver us. We have the same promises as he had, our claim upon God is as good as his was, and we have more to plead than he could have, for we have the dear name, precious blood, finished work, and constant intercession of Jesus, the High Priest of our profession.

Poor, tried, tempted, tempest-tossed soul, look up; yield no longer to thy fears, listen no longer to Satan, that enemy to God and man, think not of sinking under thy load, but “roll thy burden on the Lord, and he shall sustain thee;” cast “all your care upon him, for he careth for you;” cry day and night unto God, this will prove your election and secure your deliverance. Hear what your Saviour says, “Shall not God avenge his own elect, which cry day and night unto him, though he bear long with them? I tell you that he will avenge them speedily” (Luke xviii. 7, 8). That trouble will never hurt you that leads you to the Lord, the pain it causes is salutary, and the energy it awakens does you credit. Carry all your troubles to your God, plead with him to sanctify them to you, and then remove them from you; but seek their sanctification first, and let their removal be a secondary consideration. Be jealous, lest you should loose the benefit of an affliction, for no trouble is sent but with a special object in view, and if the present trouble does not accomplish that object, another and perhaps a heavier trouble may be sent. Reader, do you know the God of Isreal, who delivered this poor man? Has he ever delivered you? We know of no more pitiable object, than a sinner in trouble with no God to go to, no promise to cheer

him. We wonder not that some fly to strong drink, and others to self-destruction. My dear friend, seek the poor man's God, look to the poor man's Saviour, read the poor man's book, pray for the poor man's comforter (the Holy Spirit), and so will you arrive safely at the poor man's home, where toil, trouble, disappointment, perplexity, sin nor sorrow, can never come.

"BE CAREFUL TO ENTERTAIN STRANGERS."

From the New-York Recorder.

A sailor boy having returned from sea to spend a few weeks with his pious mother, was earnestly requested by her to attend Sunday-school during his time of leisure on the land. Though not well pleased with such a proposition, he however from a wish to gratify his mother, consented. Accordingly on the next Sabbath, he took his stand at the door of an evangelical church, hoping that the superintendent or one of the teachers would invite him in. To his great mortification they all passed him, and the time had arrived for opening the school; hearing singing he ventured to go within the door, and there, with his cap under his arm, he stood until the singing and prayer were over. Poor Jack, but for the promise made to his mother, would have left, not to have returned. At length the superintendent called out, "There is a sailor boy, who will take him?" All eyes were turned towards the young son of the Ocean, but no one seemed anxious to take him into his class. A lady, with the smile of benevolence, said, "I will take him." with a number of young ladies, Jack was soon seated as a pupil. Having ascertained that his time with her, would be short his teacher put him at the top of the class, and devoted the most of her time for the benefit of her new scholar. The time arrived when our sailor boy must leave home, and the teacher to whom he had become much attached, by her he had been taught, *under God*, that he needed salvation, and through her instructions he had been taught to seek an interest in the Saviour. To the joy of his pious mother and devoted teacher, he went to sea a *praying sailor*?

THE LIBERTY OF MARRIAGE.

"She is at liberty to be married to whom she will, only in the Lord."—1 Cor. vii. 39.

"Marriage is honourable in all;" but the christian should marry, *may* marry, *only in the Lord*. This is the law of Jesus Christ. He is our Master, how shall we dare to break his commands?

If you marry in the Lord, you secure the council and guidance of your Heavenly Father. If in any thing whatsoever you need wise advice, surely it is when you select the partner of your life. Your happiness depends upon your choice. Mark

the promises of God which are suitable to your case. "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He will direct thy path." "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and *it shall be given him*." How sweet to feel that in your choice you are guided by God, and in your union are blessed with his approbation! What a comfort in any trouble that may arise, to feel, this is the Lord's dealing; He will deliver me. But how could you ask God to bless you in marrying an unbeliever,—*to bless you in breaking His law*? Surely even an impious man would not venture to offer such a prayer! How painful to know, even on your wedding-day, that Jesus turns from you wounded and displeased! And, whatever trials may overtake you in after life, you cannot ask your Saviour to pity you. You violated his law.—you must expect trouble; it is the fruit of your sin. Your comfort is destroyed.

If you marry an unbeliever, you slight Christ your Saviour. If you are, indeed, a christian, God is your best friend, and Christ the object of your supreme regard. You love him with all your heart and strength, for he loved you, and gave himself for you. How, then, can you love one averse from or indifferent to your Saviour? How can you press to your heart one that loves not your God? If Jesus could say to his friends, "He that receiveth you receiveth me," would he not also say, he that loveth my despisers and neglecters cannot love me?

If you marry an unbeliever, there can be no christian sympathy between you. True you will feel one with each other in the things of this life, but not in the things that make for your eternal peace. You will blend your joys, and divide your sorrows, that rise from this world; but in relation to the world that is infinitely more important than this, you will not have a single feeling in common. Your mind may be darkened by clouds of doubt, but you cannot tell *him* of your fears. You may rejoice in the Lord, but you cannot tell your partner of your gladness. He lives for this world, you live for Christ. His portion is in this life, your inheritance is in heaven. You love to speak of that Saviour who bought you with his blood, and with whom you will dwell in heaven, but your husband will not listen. "What communion hath light with darkness? And what concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an unbeliever?"

An unbeliever cannot comfort you in trial and sickness. He may perform every kind office with fondest attention, and hang over you with a bleeding heart, but these are not all you will need in that hour. You will ask for an affectionate *prayer*, and words of sweet consolation. From no one would these spiritual aids be so comforting, as from him who is dearest to your heart.

But, alas, he cannot pray! He has no God upon whom he can call for even *you*; and the precious promises of the Bible, even if he were to whisper them for your solace, would freeze upon his lips. Your last hour draws nigh. No hope of meeting him in heaven supports you, as your lips quiver the last farewell. Your last moments are disturbed by the thought, "We part forever." You wing your way to bliss, but you leave him.

Think of the difficulty, if God should bless you with children. How will you train them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, when the head of the house gives no weight to your pious example, and the father cannot pray with his child? And, think, if you should be called home, your children will be left without any one to train them up in the way they should go, and having no one to care for their souls, they may perish in sin.

If you neglect the command of Christ to marry "only in the Lord," you will greatly injure your own soul. "Be not deceived, evil communications corrupt good manners." Companionship with the ungodly, under any circumstances, taints the feelings and weakens the spirituality of the mind; but when you constantly associate with unbelievers, and love them too, as is the case in the conjugal state, the effect must be doubly mischievous. We so rapidly assimilate to those whom we love, that we soon change from the beauty and lustre of piety to dulness and deformity. Solomon, the wisest of men, became a gross idolator through the influence of wicked wives. Thousands who once "walked with God," have departed from the way of holiness, where the sunshine of God's favour fills every heart with joy, and have wandered in darkness and perplexity, and died in doubt, through the influence of an ungodly partner. Rely upon it, the path of obedience is the path of peace. "Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? Who shall dwell in thy holy hill? He in whose eyes a vile person is contemned; but he honoureth them that fear the Lord."

THE WORDS OF JESUS.

BY A WORKING MAN.

"And they remembered his words."—Luke xxiv. 8.

Who can wonder that the words of Jesus Christ should be remembered? It would be a wonder if they should ever be forgotten. These now referred to, were farewell words, and the farewell words of friends are generally tender and impressive; they are long remembered, and never fail to call up the image of our absent friend, and revive our affections. But the last words of a dying friend remain indelibly fixed in our hearts. They follow us through all the changing scenes of life, awaken to a

thousand lively emotions, and fill the soul with a gush of feeling not to be described.

Now, Christ is the wisdom of God. He came from heaven to reveal the truth concerning our lost condition, our salvation, and the state of our souls in the future world. Hence these words of Christ retain their interest through all ages, and are equally applicable to all the human race. No change of circumstances can supersede them, or deprive them of their interest. They are all true, and contain the most important truths for every one to know.

The words of Christ are the only words of pure and unfailing consolation to sinful mortals, and on that account are entitled to perpetual and universal remembrance. All the consolation we enjoy in this life from books and friends, from honours, or riches, or science, is frail and temporary. The sources of it all, are human, fallible, and fluctuating, and will one day be exhausted or dried up. But the words of Jesus Christ spring up in our hearts as a well of waters. They comprehend the whole of our nature; they go to the root of our miseries and sufferings; they reach the source of all our ills and errors; they work within the soul the most wonderful and most glorious of changes.

The words of Jesus Christ, like pure gold, will bear the severest trial. How have they been sifted by jealousy, criticised by malice, assailed by infidelity, and tried in every possible way by the suspicions of friends, and the hostility of foes! But still they retain their unblemished excellency, their unimpeachable truth and authority. They are still worthy of all acceptance. In trials and afflictions, the Saviour's words are encircled with a glory they never had before. They teach us by experience the emptiness and deceitfulness of the world's promises, and demonstrate the stability of that foundation the Saviour has laid for our hopes.

Let the word of Christ, then, dwell in you richly in all wisdom. It will be a shield in temptation, a consolation in suffering, which will never fail. How often has the remembrance of a verse, or a single word, or the bare recollection that there is such a book as the Bible, stopped men on the eve of yielding to temptation, and armed them against it, and made them more than conquerors through Him that loved them. The Lord's word is sure for evermore. Not one jot of it shall fail. The assurance of this will bring relief to the soul in every trial and every temptation. In the strength of this assurance may you live; in the confidence of it may you die; in the anticipation of its everlasting accomplishment may you welcome the day which will present the world in flames, the Judge on his throne, and all the souls awaiting his final award.

“He ever liveth to make intercession.”

For the Young.

TRUE GREATNESS.

“I was quite surprised,” said Elizabeth, as with her mother she was returning homewards, after a call which they had been making in a neighbouring village; “I was quite surprised to find that Miss Myles lived in so small a house. I thought we were going to a beautiful place, like the Hartlands’.”

“I did not say so, my dear,” quietly returned Mrs. Owen.

“No, mother; but I expected it, because I have heard that Miss Myles has a great deal of money to spend as she pleases; and, of course, I supposed she would have lived in a very nice house.”

“You are difficult to please,” said Mrs. Owen, with a smile. “I think that Miss Myles’s cottage is remarkably pretty, besides being in a most delightful situation.”

“Oh, yes!” answered Elizabeth, “it is very well for a cottage; but I thought there would be spacious grounds, and a handsome entrance. Then did you notice how plainly she was dressed?”

“I must confess,” said Mrs. Owen, “that I did not observe Miss Myles’s dress so particularly as you seem to have done; but I was much struck with the neatness and pleasing simplicity of her appearance.”

“She looked like a lady, certainly,” said Elizabeth; “but still, mother, do you not think, that if she has so much money, she might live in a larger house, and have more expensive furniture, and wear better clothes?”

“I do not think,” replied Mrs. Owen, “that Miss Myles is rich enough to purchase these things, without giving up other objects which she regards as much more important.”

“What objects do you mean, mother?”

“Miss Myles is very kind and charitable, and does much good among the poor people of the village, many of whom look to her as their best earthly friend. She is also a liberal supporter of several benevolent institutions, both for our country and for distant lands. All this could not be done with her income, if she were to indulge in needless luxuries.”

“Then, mother, do you think it wrong to live in a house like the Hartlands’, and to have carriages and servants, and beautiful gardens, and all other delightful things, as they have?”

“Certainly not, my dear; provided such is the station of life which God has appointed to an individual, and if the claims of duty are carefully attended to, and the poor remembered and assisted as they ought to be. Provided also, I should add,

that the heart is not set upon these earthly possessions, nor the soul endangered by love of the world and forgetfulness of God. But I will try, my dear, if I can reconcile you to Miss M.’s small house and simple attire. And here,” continued Mrs. Owen, stopping to tap at a cottage door, “I may, perhaps, obtain some assistance towards this end, from a person whom I have known for many years.”

They entered, and found a poor woman, evidently very ill, but sitting in an easy arm-chair by the fire, propped up with pillows, and with many tokens of humble comfort around her. On the other side of the fire-place, was a young girl, busy at her needle. The house was clean; and there was an open Bible lying, with a few tracts, upon the table.

After a little conversation, during which it appeared that the sick woman, though greatly afflicted, was in possession of that “good hope through grace,” which makes all earthly sorrows light, Mrs. Owen purposely mentioned the name of Miss Myles. Immediately the poor woman’s countenance brightened with an expression of gratitude and pleasure. She spoke of her as the kind friend who had first told her of a Saviour, had read to her of his dying love, and prayed that she might be a partaker of his pardoning mercy. It was Miss M., too, who had provided her with a comfortable lodging in the abode of pious cottagers; and who, now that her last days were approaching, had sent for her daughter from a distant service, to wait upon her, and supply her wants. Ever since the time when she was left a distressed and ailing widow, with a young family dependent upon her for support, Miss M. had pitied and befriended her. “The Lord alone can reward her,” said the poor woman, “for all that she has done for me and mine.” After some further conversation, it became time for Elizabeth and her mother to leave the cottage.

Mrs. Owen perceived that an impression had been made upon her daughter’s mind; but before Elizabeth could remark upon what she had just heard, they again stopped at a little low-roofed building, and lifting the latch, the door opened, and several rows of smiling, healthy-looking children met their sight. It was the village school, established and supported by Miss Myles, who gave to it, not only money, but a considerable portion of her time and attention.

Elizabeth looked at the work of the little needle-women, and examined their copy-books and their sums. Some of the older girls then read a portion of Scripture, upon which they were afterwards questioned by the governess, and their answers showed that they had been carefully instructed in the way of eternal life. Mrs. Owen pointed out to Elizabeth the value and importance of such an education to the children of the

village, as fitting them for the duties of this life, and above all teaching them to seek, through Divine grace, for the pardon of their sins and their everlasting happiness in a world to come. Elizabeth was interested and delighted with all that she saw; and left the school with evident reluctance and a hope that they might shortly visit it again.

"Now, my dear," said Mrs. Owen, after a short silence, "can you forgive Miss Myles for living in a small house, and for choosing to wear a plainer dress than our friends, the Hartlands?"

"Oh, mother!" replied Elizabeth, with tears in her eyes, "I am quite ashamed of the disdainful thoughts that were in my mind while you were talking to her this morning. Dear, kind Miss Myles! I little knew the good she was doing with her money."

"Henceforth, my child," said Mrs. Owen, "endeavour to form your estimate of persons, not from mere outward circumstances, the style they live in, or the clothes they wear, but according to their real qualities of mind and character. Let us also learn another lesson from the self-denying charity of Miss Myles. Let us seek to imitate her, in our measure, by sometimes giving up our own gratification or enjoyment, when others may be benefitted by the sacrifice; always remembering that acts of kindness when proceeding from a right motive, are graciously regarded with favour by Him who has said, 'that whosoever giveth to a disciple a cup of cold water in the name of Christ, shall in no wise lose his reward.'"

BEWARE OF THE FIRST STEP IN SIN.

There is no such thing as a little sin. A sin that God has seen fit to condemn, and disapprove, cannot be a small sin. The first setting out in sin is like the letting out of waters. It is the first half-uttered oath that paves the way for another, and that for another, till you become a profane swearer. It is the first shilling that is taken from the drawer, that prepares the way for a dishonest character. It is the first sip at the glass of wine that prepares the way for you to die the death of the drunkard. It is the first rebellious word that you utter against Heaven, that prepares you to be the cold sceptic or the sneering infidel. The temple of sin has many apartments, and there are the mysteries of iniquity within them, and they all have descending floors when once you have entered them, the first place for caution, and resolution, and firmness, is at the threshold. If you will not cross that, you are safe. A very little resolution and effort, by the grace of God, can keep you from temptation and sin; but when once you have yielded, you are carried away as on the waters of a flood. I once knew of two apprentices who lived

in a Christian family. They were very intimate—ate at the same table, and slept in the same bed. There was a very unusual attention to religion in that village. They were both interested, and apparently both equally so. One evening, there was to be a very solemn meeting—what we call, an "inquiry meeting." It was the first of the kind that had been held. The young men set out together, and walked nearly to the room. They then stopped, and one said he would not go in. The other said he would. Up to that point, they were both apparently on their way towards the kingdom of Heaven. The one who went to the meeting soon found peace in believing; and in a few months he publicly made a profession of religion. The same day, the other young man was locked up in a State Prison for crime! Oh, beware of the first step in sin!

Religion and Science.

GEOLOGY POINTING TO A NEW HEAVENS AND A NEW BATH.

BY THE REV. JAMES INGLIS.

The speculations of science are poor proofs of the doctrines of revelation; (and happily we are not left to seek a hope for the future in a knowledge of nature either in the past or the present;) yet there is something more than a gratification of curiosity in tracing the analogies of nature and revelation, and in beholding science lay its latest and best acquisitions as humble tributes at the feet of faith. The ingratitude with which human science repays those ennobling influences which have changed astrology into astronomy, and transmuted alchemy into chemistry, is characteristic of the race which rejected and crucified the Son of man. She has omitted no opportunity of seeking a stealthy treacherous advantage over Christianity. On her descent into any new and unexplored mine of nature's treasures, the first report she invariably brings back is the discovery of a complete refutation of the Scriptures. On such occasions the faithful are at first startled by the confidence of her boasting. But, by and bye, Christian intelligence sends an exploring party into the mine to "see if things be so," and as invariably they return laden with new testimony in favour of revelation to shame the adversary. This has been strikingly exemplified in the progress of geology. Whilst it was only beginning to assume the form of a distinct branch of science, and men were beginning in a dim twilight to scan the records of creation, its votaries spoke, with confidence, of driving Moses from the world as an impostor. But their tone is changed as the light of day gives certainty to their observation, and at last we find the most devoted Christians amongst the most successful cultivators of the science.

To point out the illustrations and verifications of the Mosaic account of creation, of the antediluvian age, and of the general deluge which sci-

ence furnishes, would be aside from the purpose of the *Observer*. And it may not be thought probable that this science of the past will throw much light upon the great hope of the future; yet there are analogies which, though they would avail little as independent proof, are not without value as corroborations of the great doctrine of a pre-millennial advent and the glory that shall follow. In submitting a few ~~hints~~ ^{regarding these} corroborations, suggested by an able analysis of Hugh Miller's *Foot-Prints of the Creation*, in the *North British Review*, it may be premised that nothing is to be built upon the conclusion of geology, either in the shape of a theory of the millennial state, or of an argument in favour of the near approach of that great change. Our knowledge of that state, and of the time of its introduction, is derived from a more sure word of prophecy, and theorizing is forbidden by the nature of the case. The utmost we expect to accomplish is, to interest and attract some who have not otherwise been induced to investigate the Advent views. And it may be, these hints will aid in expanding the views of some who, embracing the doctrine, fail to rise to a just sense of the inheritance. The essential greatness of that inheritance does indeed lie above and beyond the illustration of science; but a proper estimate of its circumstances may lead on to a better appreciation of its essence.

Although the majority of the readers of the *Observer* have probably devoted little attention to geology, many of them are aware that an opinion is abroad in the world, that we are no more to regard the six days of creation, as enumerated in the first chapter of Genesis, as so many periods of twenty-four hours, than we are to imagine "that the whole process of a general judgment will be limited to the compass of a natural day as we count time." Without discussing this opinion, we may take it as established, that beneath the soil upon which man lives, and in which he is buried, there lie the remains of successive acts of creation, which stretch back into an immeasurable antiquity. The rocks which lie beneath that soil are arranged in strata distinct in their characters, and formed at different periods. An examination of these strata, justifies Mr. Miller's description of them as "platforms of death." Each is crowded with organic structures, which lived and died where we find them. And it is evident they must have perished by a sudden destruction, which was effected by a force too subtle and quiet to disturb their habitation. In descending through successive strata, we find still lower and ruder forms of life. Thus it appears that mammiferous quadrupeds preceded man. Next in order we find the remains of birds. In lower strata we find the remains of reptiles, and in lower still the remains of fishes; showing that creation advanced from what may be called rude beginnings, to its present state.

It has been a favourite scheme of infidelity, that this progress has been a natural development of life, in which the rude improves towards perfect organization, without the interposition of creative power. So that "immortal and intellectual man, is but the development of the brute—itsself the development of some onard or molouse, which has

been smitten into life by the action of electricity upon a portion of gelatinous matter." We have striking illustrations of the manner in which the progress of science proves fatal to the devices of infidelity, in the exposure of this theory by recent discoveries in geology. It is true, that the researches of geologists prove a progress in creation from the crawling reptile up to man. But if this theory of development were correct, we ought to find the successive classes of creatures first in an embryo state, then gradually advancing till they passed into the higher orders. Whereas, on examination, precisely the reverse appears. Up to a certain point no trace of the existence of a class of animals is found, then all at once that class is found full grown and mature. For instance the earliest fishes that appear rank not with sprats and minnows, but with sharks and sturgeons. From a collection of observations, Mr. Miller shows that the tendency has been not to development, but to degradation; that the most perfect type of its class is found at the earliest stage, and that afterwards there is a degradation, both in size and organization. "There was a time" he says, "in which the ichthyic form constituted the highest example of life, but the seas did not then swarm with fish of the degraded type. There was in like manner a time when all the carnivorous and herbivorous quadrupeds were represented by reptiles, but there are no such magnificent reptiles on the earth now as reigned over it then. There was an aftertime when birds seem to have been the sole representatives of the warm blooded animals, but we find from the prints of their feet in sandstone, that the tallest men might "walked under their huge legs." Further, there was a time when the quadrupedal mammalia were the magnates of creation, but it was an age in which the gigantic elephant was the inhabitant of every country in the old world, and when vast herds of a closely allied and equally colossal genus occupied its place in the new."

The conclusion is irresistible, that in the successive stages of advancement, through which the earth and its inhabitants have passed, there has been an interposition of the creative power, distinct and direct, as is represented in the Mosiac account, when on the first day God said, "Let there be light;" when on the second day God said, "Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters;"—when on the third day God said, "Let the earth bring forth grass," and so on until, man's home being prepared, God said, "Let us make man in our image." At each successive stage, when the earth was prepared for any of the series of its inhabitants, the creative fiat brought forth that class perfect in its kind. Throughout its peculiar period it became degraded, perhaps by the very influences which were preparing for another and a higher class of occupants. Then when the ends of that age were served, by a silent and sudden destruction, "the world that then was, perished." Again the Creator comes forth, and over the graves of the former establishes new orders of beings, which in like manner passing through their reign become in turn subordinate to a higher. There is in all this a manifest design pressing on towards perfection. For under the divine admin-

istration, change is the proof of defect, and that which is perfect must be permanent.

It becomes a most interesting question to us, has the perfections aimed at been reached, and is this world now in its ultimate condition? We do not need to come to nature for the answer. But if we leave out the answer of revelation, nature itself replies in the negative with no ambiguous voice. It is true that responsible man occupies a proud pre-eminence over the mere brute natures which ruled the globe before him, but it cannot be thought that the attributes either of the individual or the race, indicate perfection. It is true that we find a wise and wonderful adaptation of the earth for its inhabitants, but we should have found the same at any previous period of its geological history. When fish and reptiles were its only tenants, it would have seemed a world formed expressly for their reception. Whether we look at man or his circumstances, the very opposite of perfection and permanence is their most fragrant characteristic. Everything in man seems to stretch after a condition which he never attains. And common language speaks of nature's great law in his present circumstances as change. Decay, if there were no other indication of the approaching end, speaks every where with irresistible emphasis. If decay is the highway to dissolution,—if that which is decaying and growing old is ready to vanish away, we have but to open our eyes to read the doom of the existing constitution of things.

The geological history of our planet, as well as the natural and moral history of our race, discountenance the infidel dream of a quiet development of the present imperfection into that perfection of the future, to which every thing points, whilst all that we know of God, and his works, forbid the idea that the present system will merely be cut off, and the world be abolished. It is true that sin has entered, and that man's home has been cursed for man's sake; but we are not to entertain the thought that the Creator was taken by surprise by that catastrophe, and his ultimate plan thwarted. The continuance of the terrestrial state, under a mediatorial administration, was no "happy after thought," but most clearly intimates that the great design of progressive perfection is not abandoned. Geology, then, would lead us to the inference that when the present cycle is fulfilled, a sudden and complete overthrow will be the precursor or accompaniment of a new manifestation of creative power, carrying forward the design, and bringing upon the stage a higher manifestation of creature life. Science, of course, cannot tell us whether the end is at hand, or still remote. It cannot tell us whether the next change will be final, or only one step in advance. It cannot tell us whether the soil on which man now acts his part, will be the sepulchre of the race, as the strata beneath us have proved to be of preceding dynasties, or whether man shall participate in the advancement of his abode, and be raised in glory and honour, to rule in the new order of things. There are, indeed, some things in the nature and history of man which favours the latter supposition. There is this evident distinction between him and the extinct or subordinate

dynasties which preceded him; they served the purpose of their existence, and their destiny came up to their desires and capabilities; but it is otherwise with him. And if the present state of being bounds either his action or his enjoyment, it is an anomaly in the works of his Creator, as marked as if a world had been left unfinished, or abandoned when only half made.

To the above questions, however, geology gives no positive answers, but its conclusions admirably graduate with what the more sure word of prophecy reveals. In the gospel we learn that just such a change as we have anticipated will occur—a change sudden and complete, and bringing into the field once more THE WORD, "without whom was not anything made that was made." It tells us of the subtle, but efficient agency of fire, by which the destruction of the existing system will be accomplished. It tells us of a new creation—a re-creation—new heavens and a new earth. It points us to this as the consummation and perfection of the plan. "Yet once more," saith God, "I shake not the earth only, but also heaven." "And this world, *Yet once more*, significant the removing of those things that are shaken, as of things that are made, that those things which cannot be shaken may remain." There is but one more revolution in which the imperfect shall be swept away. The purifying agency of fire will remove the wood, hay, and stubble; and after this the perfect shall be permanent. It teaches us, moreover, that the ransomed of our race, brought forth in incorruption, will be the occupants of that perfected world. The individuals in actual and conscious identity, but advanced just as far above their present frailty as responsible man now is above the lowest of dynasties which preceded him. By piercing the two records together—that revealed in Scripture and that revealed in rocks—records which, however widely geologists may mistake the one, or commentators misunderstand the other, have emanated from the same great Author, we learn that in slow and solemn majesty has period succeeded period, each in succession ushering in a higher and yet higher scene of existence; that fish, reptiles, mammiferous quadrupeds, have reigned in turn; that responsible man, formed in the image of God, and with dominion over all the creatures, ultimately entered into a world prepared for his reception. But farther, we learn that this passing scene, in which he forms a prominent figure, is not the final one in the long series, but merely the last of the preliminary scenes; and that period to which the by-gone ages, incalculable in amount, with all their well-proportioned productions of being, form the imposing vestibule, shall have perfection for its occupant, and eternity for its duration.

We have but in brief hints pointed the way to a great and solemn study. Viewed in such connections, science becomes invested with an awful majesty, which is not its own, and the every day scenes of life become as portals of the tabernacle of God, which is about to dwell with men,

We should take care we do not make our profession of Religion a receipt in full for all other obligations.—*Newton*.

THE OBSERVER.

TORONTO, JANUARY, 1851.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We send the *Christian Observer* to those who have forwarded to us their names as Subscribers. We have attended strictly to the instructions which we have received relative to the post office address of each subscriber; still it will be marvellous if some mistakes have not occurred. If any paper has been sent to a wrong address, or a wrong post office, parties concerned will please notify us of the fact immediately. It can scarcely be necessary for us to remind the Subscribers of the conditions on which the *Observer* is sent to them. Their names have been a sufficient pledge to us, that they were respectively willing to forward to Toronto one dollar, on the reception of the first number of the paper. On such a guaranty—the good faith of Christians—we have ventured to proceed. Will the pastor of each church, or some brother, where they have no pastor, enclose the money from all the Subscribers in their respective localities, in one letter, and forward the same to A. T. McCord, Esq. Toronto. We ask our brethren in the ministry to exert themselves to increase the list of Subscribers, and as many of them are far from being wealthy, we request such, when forwarding the subscriptions of others, to keep back their own.

In sending money, be sure to give the name and post office address of each individual paying.

New subscribers must forward their money with their names, as we cannot send the *Observer* to them on any other condition. We mention this at the commencement of our career, so that none may hereafter take offence at our course. This is not with us a *business* transaction. We give our own labours for the good of the denomination, and certainly no man can be offended if we do not also give paper and printing. We will send the first number to those who subscribe before the issuing of the second.

We send this number of the *Observer* to some of our brethren who have not subscribed, with the request that they will now do so, with their churches. Should

any decline, it will not be necessary to return this paper. Silence will be understood.

To Editors.—We request our brethren of the press to whom we send this number of our paper, and who are willing to aid us to favour us with an exchange. Address, *Christian Observer, Toronto, C. W.* Will the *Primitive Church Magazine*, London, England, please change the address from *Pioneer to Christian Observer*.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Since men began to multiply on the face of the earth, the world has been in motion; but of late years it has been literally in commotion. There was a time when man was free, when the human body knew no manacle, and the rational spirit bowed only to God's teachings in sacred things. But families soon grew to tribes; tribes grew to nations, and nations expanded to empires. The authority of a father was easily assumed by the head of a tribe, and the increase of power corresponding with the increase of the subjects of his government was the natural result. The monarch took the place of the chieftain with still increasing authority, and the emperor in his greatness, soon sealed the fate of millions of human beings with a nod. Stealthily was man robbed of his civil rights; inch by inch reduced to vassalage. He was led within the inclosure of a snare, and perceived not that there was a snare until he was fast in its toils. To burst the bands asunder now requires a desperate effort.

But his civil bondage, however galling it may have been, dwindles down to a mild philanthropy which contrasted with his moral vassalage. To say nothing of the heavy burdens which the priests of Israel bound upon men's shoulders, while they themselves would not touch them with one of their fingers; or of the desperate moral thralldom in which the masses in heathen lands were held by designing knaves, or cunning philosophers falsely so called; what has been for ages the condition of men under the free Gospel of the Son of God? Christ taught the aspiring that, he who would be greatest amongst his people must be servant of all; and the Apostles rebuked every attempt on the part of Church officers to lord it over God's heritage. Each Church was in it-

self a perfect body, transacting its own business with great simplicity, and exercising its own power in the work of discipline, without, in any case consulting a supreme earthly head, or submitting to the dictation or decisions of a judicatory above the churches. This freedom of the saints, however, was of short duration. Even in the days of Paul, the mystery of iniquity began to work, and its full development, throw darkness and the shadow of death over the souls of men. A darkness, out of which the world has not yet emerged; but which is becoming more and more visible.

An early effort of antichrist was, to keep the Scriptures from the people, and this impious work was soon accomplished. Amongst other means employed, were dreaming systems of interpretation, which so bewildered the multitude as to cause them willingly to resign the sacred treasure into the hands of proud, designing, and in many instances, wicked men, being glad to rid themselves of so troublesome and incomprehensible a book. Thus perdition's bauc, and heaven's high corrective of sin was withdrawn, and a seal placed upon this fountain of living waters. The work of degrading and enslaving the human soul now progressed rapidly. The whole energies of perdition seem to have been exhausted in consummating the heinous plot against the rights and interests of mankind, and against the Christian religion. The institutions of the gospel were modified and changed; additions were made to their number, and saving efficacy was ascribed to all. Faith gave place to ceremonies of human invention, and love yielded to boisterous passion and mole-eyed superstition. Nor is this the whole, *advice* and *council* once honestly sought by sister Churches, and kindly given by the Metropolitan Church put on the air first of authority, next of legislation—democracy in Church government was by the over-reaching power of an aspiring oligarchy repudiated and that in turn was crushed by a haughty despotism. Here was now a body calling itself "*The Church*," although nothing of Gospel simplicity was connected with it. Indeed with a few exceptions, the faith of the Gospel was unknown, within its pale, the love of the Gospel unfelt, and the hope of the Gospel unappreciated. Human enactments were substituted for avon's

laws, and human authority stepped into the high place of Divine. Government civil and sacred, was only another word for despotism, and the reward of righteous remonstrance was, fire and dungeon, sword and rack.

But the human mind is now measurably aroused to thought in all enlightened lands; and men are beginning to ask by what rule of heaven, of nature, or of justice, they are bound to waive all title to think and act like intelligent beings, and to tamely submit themselves to the capricious dictation of crafty politicians, and aspiring ecclesiastics. A war has begun upon the earth, that cannot soon terminate. We hear from time to time of bristling bayonets, of roaring musketry, of thundering cannon, of piles of human beings left dead on bloody fields; but these are but the external symbols of the conflict. It is a war of mind with mind! Usurpation is constrained to meet birth-right freedom face to face, and as the love of freedom can never be slain by ball or bayonet, we are shut up to the conclusion, that the end is not yet.

While we deprecate the ravages of bloody strife, we cannot close our eyes to the instruction which such scenes impart. They are impressive signs of the times. The upheavings in society tell of a mighty power beneath the surface—a power which can no longer remain quiescent, which, although again and again checked, will and must ultimately rise in its strength, and banish the last shred of despotic power from the earth. But what a solemn thought is connected with these considerations. The principles which will bring men out from systems of civil tyranny, will most assuredly also bring them out from those hoary ecclesiastical hierarchies where the intelligence is insulted, and the conscience enslaved. Of this we have evidence in the present condition of the inhabitants of Rome. French guns and swords have placed the Pontiff once more in his chair of state; but all the powers of the earth could not again place him in the affections of the people, nor lead multitudes of them to respect a religion seen to be at war with human freedom. But where will those chafed spirits find a place of repose? This is the trying question! Will they find rest in Christ, or will they plunge headlong into the dark abyss of infidelity?

These are questions which ought to lead Christians with great earnestness to the throne of grace; and religion in its simplicity and purity ought to be held up with fresh zeal to the gaze of the morally benighted.

The Pope has recently made an attempt to establish the Romish hierarchy, with all its attendant pageantry, in England. The effort has convulsed the nation; public meetings have been held in all quarters, and the doctrines of popery have received the unequivocal stamp of disapprobation. But these expressions of public condemnation have reached Oxford as well as Rome, and the emphatic voice which repudiates transubstantiation, and salvation by priests and "sacraments," when promulgated by Romanists, equally deprecates it when promulgated by high Churchmen. The people it is seen, were only winking at the monstrous obsequies of their own state church; but an occasion has arisen to give body to their honest convictions, and one long, loud utterance of condemnation reverberates through the land. Surely such signs of the times are instructive. Men are at least looking back to independence.

Time, in its undeviating onward course, has brought us to the commencement of another annual period. Yes, another year of our frail and brief existence on the earth is past. Its pleasures, its pains, its joys, its sorrows, all swallowed up in the mighty embrace of the past. How appropriate the season to calm and solid reflection.

Let us, then, briefly review the past, the unreturnable past; and see, whether on examination, our improvement has corresponded with our privileges, and whether we are furnished with a present evidence that we are "in the faith." And we would ask each reader as a first point of self-examination. Have you steadfastly honoured God in your family? If you have neglected the family altar, and retired to rest night after night without craving the divine protection to be extended to your household, if no consecrated shrine has been found within your dwelling, and no voice of prayer or praise has been heard to ascend to heaven from hearts and voices around your hearth, if the time of the offering up of the morning or evening sacrifice has been unmarked by any remembrance or acknowledgment of God, yours is a dark account. Again: have you during the past year neglected your closets? Look back reader; look back, have you faithfully, earnestly, and with joy correspondent to the magnitude of the privilege

which you possessed, entered daily into thy closet, and prayed to thy Father who seeth in secret; or has the closet been a neglected shrine? or if not totally neglected, has it been visited rather as a bribe to conscience, than as a place where you expected to meet God, and wrestle with Him for blessings promised in answer to prayer?

Again: Have you absented yourselves from the stated meetings of the church? has your voice rarely been heard in prayer within the consecrated walls of the sanctuary? Has the heart of him whom you call your pastor, and the souls of those whom ye call by the name of brethren in the Lord, been tried and pained in view of your indifference to the claims of Christ and the interests of perishing men? Look back upon all the church and prayer meetings of 1850, and tell us how often the recording angel who keeps the book of God, that must one day be opened before you, how often has he written *absent* opposite your name? Would it not, reader, be a fearful thing for you to look into that book? But it is done, it cannot be recalled: *absent! absent!! absent!!!* is inscribed upon the annals of the past, noted in the everlasting records of heaven! Do you say, that the reason of each absence is also known in heaven. Ah! yes reader, the reason is known; and if the reason shall be found to abide the fiery test of the judgment, all will be well; but if it will not, the fact that it is known, will only annex a terrible horror to the word *absent*. Now in view of time past, and eternity at hand, what says conscience about your reasons? Again: have you been diligent in discharging your pecuniary obligations? Obligations as binding as prayer and praise; the neglect of which is just as withering to the soul as the neglect of any other duty. The man who neglects to sustain the cause of God, when the thing is possible, perils his own soul as much as the man who neglects his closet; or rather furnishes as much evidence as does the prayerless soul, that he has another god besides the Lord, and that there is a radical, and, it is to be feared fatal defect in his heart. His head may be right; he may understand well the scheme of redemption, and appreciate its beauty, but what has he to do with the glory which it reveals, if he does nothing save what he is obliged to do to sustain it upon the earth? Have we all discharged our solemn obligations to God on this point?

We might speak of exhibitions of a Saviour's love; of the incentives of the truth; and the drawings and teachings of the Holy Spirit; but you remember it all! Examine yourself in its light.

We have had few revivals of religion, during the past year! What influence has this upon our hearts and lives?

The Bible in Schools of Learning.

We have heard much of late, in this latitude, of "Godless institutions," and a pious horror has been evinced at the bare idea of having a college, not without a Bible, but destitute of a teacher of sectarian Theology. In excluding from our halls of learning, official Puseyism, our Legislature has pursued an enlightened and equitable policy. It has not, thereby rendered the institution "Godless," unless Godliness and High-churchism are synonymous terms. The Bible, without human commentary to sway the young mind towards any particular sect, or human gloss to bewilder or mislead, is still there; and it is paying a poor compliment to that Book to affirm that its simple, unaided instructions are not enough to save an institution of learning from the appellation, "Godless."

The value of the Bible in all schools of learning, is placed in a strong light, in the following extracts which we give from an inaugural address delivered before the curators of the State University of Missouri by President Shannon:—

"President Wayland remarks:—'For beings who are willing to govern themselves by moral principle, there can be no doubt that a government, relying on moral principle, is the true form of government. There is no reason why a man should be oppressed by taxation, and subjected to fear, who is willing to govern himself by the law of reciprocity. It is surely better for an intelligent and moral being to do right from his own will, than to pay another to force him to do right. And yet, as it is better that he should do right than wrong, even though he be forced to do it, it is well that he should pay others to force him, if there be no other way of insuring his good conduct. God has rendered the blessings of freedom inseparable from moral restraint in the individual; and hence, it is vain for a people to expect to be free, unless they are first willing to be virtuous.'—*Moral Science*, p. 333.

To which give me leave to add a short extract from the farewell address of the illustrious Washington:—'Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labour to subvert these great pillars of human happiness—these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connection with private and public felicity. Let it be justly simply asked, where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths, which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition, that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle. It is substantially true, that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government. The rule, indeed, extends with more or less force to every species of free government. Who, that is a sincere friend to it can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric?'

If the foregoing sentiments be true—and in the present enlightened age, the man would be considered demented, who would seriously call their truth in question—then, indeed, it would be difficult to over-estimate the importance of the proper education of the *moral feelings*.

It is in this connection that the relative value of the Christian Scriptures, in the work of education, becomes almost self-evident. As well might you expect to support animal life without food, as to maintain pure and permanent morality, in any community, without the Bible. Compare the condition of these United States, physical, intellectual, and moral, with that of Italy, Spain, or France. To what is our superiority, in every thing that involves true dignity and enjoyment, to be ascribed, if not to our greater familiarity with the Bible, and our superior reverence for the teachings of that Holy Volume? In every department of education, therefore, from the nursery to the common school, the academy, and the college, the Bible, and especially the New Testament, is of indispensable importance.

Some timid people, however, are alarmed, lest if the scriptures be admitted into educational establishments, they will be perverted to the vile purposes of sectarianism. That they may be so perverted, cannot be denied. So may every good thing and holy in the Universe. But this enlightened audience needs not to be informed, that the argument against the use, from the abuse, either actual or possible, is a sheer sophism.

In this instance the objection overlooks the fact, that whatever belongs to the essence of Christianity is not sectarian, but catholic in its nature and tendencies. The Bible is not a sectarian, but a catholic book; and he would be wholly unworthy to be trusted with the business of education, who would even desire to pervert it to sectarian purposes. Nay, more, he would manifest a profound ignorance of the spirit and power of Christianity. The very essence of piety, under every dispensation of religion, consists in a supreme regard for the divine authority. Consequently if any individual believes and acts religiously in a particular way, simply because I believe and act thus, he is worshipping me and not God; and, therefore, his religion, no matter what may be his zeal in its maintenance, possesses all the elements of idolatry.

A spirit of proselytism may be, and not unfrequently is, directly opposed to a spirit of piety. It always is so opposed, when it even encourages an individual to join our church, except so far as he is impelled thereto by an intelligent conviction of duty. The language of piety is: "Deny yourself, Call no man Master. Prove all things. Hold fast that which is good." The language of proselytism is: Go with me, and I will show you a lucrative, an easy, or a fashionable road to heaven.

Impress upon the minds of men a supreme and self-sacrificing regard to the divine authority, as absolutely indispensable to the enjoyment of the divine favor, and you have done all that man can do to preserve them from a sectarian spirit.

If the foregoing views be not wholly erroneous, it is manifest that every system of education which does not regard Christianity as the one thing needful, is radically defective, and pernicious in its tendency. The scriptures alone "are able to make men wise unto salvation"—to conduct them to the perfection of their being—to the highest attainable dignity and happiness in the world, and to glory inconceivable and everlasting in the world to come.

Every seminary of education, therefore, should be conducted with an abiding regard for the paramount authority of the Christian Scriptures. The evidences that Christianity is from God, should be thoroughly examined and taught. Its morality, also, and its motives, its precepts and its promises, should be habitually and distinctively impressed upon the minds of the students. Reading the Scriptures and prayer, should form a part of the daily exercises. There is nothing sectarian in all this, and in much more that might be specified. At the same time, enlightened piety, no less than common prudence, will require the teacher in even

a private school, and still more in a public seminary, to abstain from the official inculcation of sectarian peculiarities.

I rejoice to think, that the correctness of these views is now generally admitted. Even in Girard College—into the precincts of which no ecclesiastic can ever be admitted without a violation of the will of the founder—the Trustees have recognized, in the management of the institution, the soundness of the foregoing principles. In this they have acted wisely; for no seminary of learning can flourish—*none ought to flourish*—that aids in propagating the miserable delusion, that the proper training of the moral sentiments is not the chief business of education; or that this training can be successfully conducted, except in harmony with the sublime, the heavenly precepts and promises of the Christian religion.

Towards the close of the last century, in the most literary and polished nation then in existence, an attempt was made to dispense with the Bible. With what success, let the appalling scenes of the *Reign of Terror*, which baptized Paris in the best blood of her citizens, bear witness. Forewarned, it would indicate a most extraordinary lack of common prudence not to avoid a rock on which others have so fearfully made shipwreck."

¶ We learn that the Rev. A. F. Spaulding, a graduate of Brown and Newton, has accepted a call from the St. Helen Street Baptist Church, Montreal, to become their pastor, and has entered upon his labours. We bid him a hearty welcome to Canada, and hope occasionally to hear from him.

COLPORTEGE.—The young men connected with the Bond Street Baptist Church in this city, have for some months past kept a colporteur (Rev. J. Oakley) preaching, and distributing religious books and tracts in some of our back settlements. We are happy to be able to record the fact, that the labours of brother Oakley have been most signally blessed. In one township, where he found, on his first arrival, nothing to encourage the hope that his efforts would prove successful, there is now a most gratifying religious interest. At our last advices, sixteen happy believers had been baptized, while others were expected soon to follow. Brother Howd of Newmarket, has, we learn, rendered efficient service in this work. May the Lord spread the sacred influence.

BOARD OF THE UNION.—The Board of the Regular Baptist Union, held its second session on the second Wednesday of December, at Toronto. Little business was transacted. The most important matter which came before the Board, was the fact, that one of our brethren has been compelled to pay three hundred dollars on the Union's account; and that, in order to do this, he has been constrained to sacrifice some of his property! Will the Baptist Churches in connection with the Union, stand quietly by, and allow this sacrifice to be made? We cannot believe them to be composed of such materials. The Board appointed the Rev. Messrs. Boyd, Davidson, and Pyper, to act (gratuitously) as their agents, and to make a personal appeal to the Churches, to take up collections, and thus wipe away at once, and forever, the indebtedness which hangs upon the Union like an incubus. The different routes of these agents, with the time when they will visit each Church, will be indicated in the next number of the *Observer*.

Miscellaneous.

THOUGHTS ON HEAVEN.

From different Authors.

"The sacred writers have borrowed many images, and employed many figurative expressions, in describing the joys and triumphs of the heavenly world; but yet how inadequate are our highest conceptions of it. It is a life of holiness, without the least taint of corruption; a life of pleasure without any mixture of pain; a life of light without any particle of darkness; a life of happiness where sorrow is unknown; and *immortality* is inscribed on all. Eternity is the knot that binds the crown of life. The bliss of heaven is imperishable as the soul, and eternal as the very being of Jehovah. The flowers of paradise are always in full bloom; the tree of life has no autumnal tint, no withering leaves; the foliage is always green. There is no nipping frost, no burning heat, no unhealthy atmosphere, no blasting milderew. If the inhabitants of yonder bright and blessed world had even a doubt of the *eternity* of their bliss, 'that ghastly thought would drink up all their joy.'"

"What things are passed away in heaven? (Rev. xxi. 4.) *The diversified trials of life.* There shall be no more bodily pain, relative anxiety, or mental agony. *The present imperfect state of the church.* Though here in the church of Christ, there is much to rejoice in, there are many imperfections to deplore. But in heaven all shall be harmony and perfection. *The desolating influence of sin.* Its ravages are seen in a thousand forms: in kingdoms, states, cities, towns, villages, families, and individuals. But in heaven, while there is no sorrow to disturb, there is no sin to defile. *The trophies of death.* Death goes armed on the wild field of nature, and none can escape his scythe. But there shall be no more death. *Every earthly scene.* The world itself shall pass away, and nature sink in ruins. There shall be a new heaven and a new earth."

"You have, doubtless, often observed, that when your minds have been intently and pleasantly occupied, you have become almost unconscious of the flight of time; minutes and hours have flown away with, apparently, unusual swiftness, and the setting or the rising sun has surprised you long before you expected its approach. But in heaven, the saints will be entirely lost and swallowed up in God; and their minds will be so completely absorbed in the contemplation of his ineffable, infinite, uncreated glories, that they will be totally unconscious how time, or rather, how eternity passes; and not only years but millions of ages, such as we call ages, will be flown ere they are aware. Thus, a thousand years will seem to them as one day, and yet so great, so ecstatic will be their happiness, that one day will be as a thousand years."

"Delight in the will of God is the perfection of all intelligent beings, the essence of happiness, the joy of angels, heaven upon earth, and the heaven of heaven."

"Heaven, the passport through its gates, and the right to its joys, are the purchase and gift of another. Nor is it to the believer the least enchanting element in its princely possession, that it is entirely the donation and bequest of his dearest Friend. Looking forward to the pearly gates and golden streets of the celestial city, its love built mansions, and its life-watered paradise, the believer in Jesus delights to remember that they are purely the purchase, and as purely the gift, of Immanuel. To think that he shall yet have his home on that Mount Zion; that with feet, no longer sin-defiled, he shall tread its radiant pavement, and stand on its glassy sea; that with fingers, no longer awkward, he shall tell the harps of heaven what once he was, and who made him what he is; and with a voice no longer trembling, he shall transmit

along the echoes of eternity, the song of Moses and the Lamb; to think that his shall be a brow on which the drops of toil will never burst, and an eye that tears will never dim; that he himself shall wear a form that years shall never bend, and a countenance that grief can never mar; that his shall yet be a character on which the stains of time will leave no trace, and his a conscience pure enough to reflect the full image of Him who sits upon the throne;—the thought of all this is amazement, ecstasy.

"Truly the sufferings of this present life are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us. The incorruptible crown is so surpassingly bright. 'The inheritance of the saints in light' so excellent, that we may well be ashamed to speak of present sorrow. How will the eternal light abolish the darkness there! How will the blessedness of the kingdom swallow up our earthly calamities and complaints! One hour of eternity, one moment with the Lord, will make us utterly forget a lifetime's desolations."

"Heaven is doubly dear to the Christian, as the heritage purchased for him by his divine Redeemer; and all its glory is so heightened and solemnized, when he connects it with that adorable Friend who acquired it for him, and conveys it to him, that though another heaven were in his offer, that other he would not accept. That heaven to which Immanuel is the living way,—on whose earthward entrance atoning blood is sprinkled,—on whose many mansions and amaranth crowns are the symbols which connect them with Calvary,—and, amidst all whose countless joys, the river of deepest pleasure is the love of Jesus—this is the only heaven to which the believer expects an entrance, and is the one of which his most intense longings say 'Would to God that I were there!'"

"When you hear of the joys of heaven, enquire how can you inherit them. It is by personal interest in Christ. Let Christians rejoice that life and immortality are brought to light by the Gospel, and that the earnest and foretaste of them are brought into the heart by the Spirit."

THE WORKING MAN'S DAY.

Man was not made for unceasing labour. Neither his body nor his mind can stand it. We do not need the testimony of physiologists and medical men to prove to us the necessity of periodical repose from labour, and the pernicious results flowing from the absence of it. Experience teaches that man can no more go on smoothly for months and years without the rest of the Sabbath, than he can go on day by day without sleep by night. Some persons may be able to hold on for a few days by taking only occasional repose, as others may for years by occasional times of relaxation; but the tone of the constitution, both of body and mind, will be far best kept up in the way provided for by the God of nature, by taking regular sleep every night, and regular rest every Sabbath.

When the curse came upon this earth on account of sin, the Lord, mercifully remembering man's frame, suffered not the curse to fall on that seventh day which he had blessed and sanctified. For that day, at least, the sentence was repealed, which doomed man to toil in the sweat of his brow till he returned to the ground. Six days he was to labour, but to rest on the seventh.

Those who, in the providence of God, are placed above the necessity of hard personal labour, cannot enter into the gracious beneficence of this enactment. The Sabbath is specially the poor man's privilege—the working man's day. Is it not a sublime spectacle—millions of working men over the land secured in one day's rest out of every seven! they and their families guaranteed a maintenance on that day, without the toil and care of the rest of the week, and left free to recruit their bodies by rest, and to refresh and purify their spirits at the fountains of heavenly truth! Blessed is he who seeks to enlarge the privileges of the working

classes in this hallowed day! Cursed is he who in any way tries to remove this old landmark of God's merciful ways to the children of men!

During the French Revolution the Sabbath was abolished for a time, and one day in ten was appointed as a national holiday. But it was soon found that the public health and the commercial prosperity of the country were alike injured, and the ancient and divinely-appointed day of rest was publicly resumed.

We could easily prove, by statistical facts, that with nations, as with individuals, the proceeds of work during any lengthened period, would be greater from six days of the week, than from the whole seven, that by due observance of the Sabbath, the amount of human labour would be greatly economized, and the average length of human life, throughout the country materially increased; and that by the better economy and application of labour, by the diminution of crime and its concomitant expenses, by the improvement of public health and morals, a vast expenditure would be saved—or, in other words, a vast revenue added to the treasury of the country. Verily, even in a commercial view, in keeping of this commandment there is great reward.

Voltaire, toward the end of his life, remarked to some of his infidel associates, that all their labour must be lost, and that it was utterly vain to try to put down Christianity, so long as there was the Sabbath; so long as every seventh day men were compelled, more or less, to have their thoughts turned to the things of religion. Truly, therefore, even its enemies being judges, the Lord's day may be reckoned one of the chief bulwarks of the social as well as religious constitution of this land.

I MUST GO TO THE PRAYER MEETING.

First.—Because I shall find some very dear friends there. The saints are my friends. I love them, and I love to be where they are. I know some of the best of them will be there. It will do me good to see them. They have a family likeness which I like to look upon. I love to hear their voices, too, in prayer, and in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs. You must not keep me from this meeting.

Second.—Because the above friends, some of whom may fail of attendance, there will there be the BEST FRIEND I have in the universe. He never fails of attending the smallest prayer-meeting. If there be enough to use the word *meet*, or so that the term we can be proper, there I am certain of finding him. To prevent all mistakes about it, he has had it written in a book, and the book is printed, and it is almost everywhere. I believe the book, and I shall go the prayer-meeting. I cannot be denied.

Third.—Besides, I want to refresh myself with a glimpse or two of things invisible and eternal. I have been tossed up and down all day by worldly matters, and have got my eyes so full of their dust, that I feel as if I should like a little clearness of vision, and a little better scenery than I have had all day. The prayer-meeting is a capital observatory. It is very high above the world, and is so much nearer the upper country, that if people can any where get a glimpse of that land, it is there. It is true that visitors must carry their own instruments, such as faith, love, hope, &c., with them; but these instruments are wonderfully improved at this observatory. Many saints have told me that they have got there a sight of "the delectable mountains," and thought they had a glimpse of the pinnacles of the great city; and having, myself, at times, come pretty near the same thing, I do certainly love the prayer meeting, and—I must go.

Fourth.—Besides, I must go to fill a gap. Now I hate gaps. A gap in a shoe, a gap in a garment; tell me who does not hate them? But a gap in a prayer-meeting is a thing to be hated, too; there had better be any kind of gaps than such. If I am not at that meeting, there will be one. Some will be as much troubled by the gap I

should thus make, as I am at such us they make. They shall not be thus troubled. Hinder me not.

Fifth.—My pastor's hands will be strengthened by my fidelity to the prayer-meeting. He cannot but be sad when that prayer-meeting languishes. If there is not life and vigour there, he fears there is not much anywhere. The state of that meeting declares the state of Zion, and the pastor is encouraged or depressed as he looks upon the rise or fall of this thermometer. I am under every possible obligation to cheer and strengthen his heart. He has trials enough without finding one in a sickly, languishing, prayer-meeting. Each absentee increases its feebleness, and I am not going to be one of them. Where is my hat and coat? I must be off at once. I must not be late.—*New York Evangelist.*

"OH THAT MOTHER'S PRAYERS!"

In the spring of 18—, a convict was committed to the charge of friend W—, warden of one of the States in —, who baffled all his efforts to reclaim him. Friend W— learned something of his history from the officer who committed him, and he felt deeply interested to reclaim him from his vicious course, if possible; but the prisoner seemed resolved to maintain his proud and haughty bearing. He received every act of kindness with ingratitude and disdain. In vain did the warden attempt to gain his affection and confidence. He would sometimes enter his cell, and read to him from the Bible; but the prisoner would turn his back towards him, and stop his ears. He would sometimes try to talk with him in accents of kindness and affection; but he could rarely get any more than the monosyllables, "yes" and "no," uttered in a harsh, guttural tone, in reply. His three years of punishment passed away, and he left the prison the same hardened, ungrateful villain, that he was when he entered it. But a few months had elapsed, and he was again convicted of a crime and brought back, sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. Again did the pious and faithful Warden renew his efforts, and try to awaken in the prisoner some virtuous emotion. But he seemed dead to all moral influence. He maintained the same obstinate, surly, sullen mood, as when in prison before, and, if possible, more morose than ever. Still Friend W— was not quite discouraged, and he resolved to make one more effort. With his Bible in his hand, he entered the prisoner's cell one evening, just as he had been released from his toil. He began to read Psalm li. The prisoner turned his back as usual, and tried to seem indifferent to what he read. When the Warden had done reading, he said, "Friend K—, how old art thee?" After a sullen pause, he replied surlily—"Thirty-five." "Thy parents are dead; are they not?" "Yes." "They died when thee was young?" "Yes." "Dost thou remember thy father?" "No." "Dost thou remember thy mother?" In a soft and tremulous voice he replied, "Yes, I remember my mother." The Warden saw that there was one chord of feeling still alive, that he had then touched that chord, and it vibrated, and he continued—"How old wast thou when thy mother died?" The prisoner raised his eyes, and looked the Warden in the face, and the teardrops started as he replied, "I was eight years and five months old when she died." The Warden resumed—"Was thy mother a pious woman?" Oh, yes—my mother was a golly, pious woman, and she is now in heaven." "Dost thou ever hear thy mother pray?" "Yes, she prayed every night and morning, and she taught me to kneel by her side and to pray also. Oh, that mother's prayers!"

Here the prisoner burst into tears,—the pious Quaker wept also; they mingled their tears and their prayers. The prisoner seemed melted into contrition; he asked the Warden's forgiveness, and the forgiveness of his God. From that time he manifested an entire change in conduct and feeling. He seemed humble, submissive, and

penitent. After some months, the Governor of the State was petitioned, and the prisoner was released. He had now become a new man; he removed to a distant part of the country, joined the church, and is now an honest man and a decided Christian.—*Influence of Religious Parents.*

THE MORAL WRECK AND THE SOUL LOST.

From the United Presbyterian Magazine.

We were startled one night, just as we were preparing to retire to rest, by a carriage stopping in front of the house, followed by loud ringing and knocking; and, on the door being opened, I heard a person say, "Is the Rev. M. — at home?" "Yes," "I must see him immediately." The young gentleman was introduced. "My brother, sir, is very dangerously ill; and my mamma will feel greatly obliged if you will come and see him. We fear he won't live till the morning. I have a carriage sir, in waiting, and will take you and bring you back if you will have the politeness to accompany me."

I knew not the gentleman who was supposed to be dying, nor did I know any of his family; but I ascertained from his brother as we were going along that gay and dissipated habits had brought on the tremendous crisis, which was expected to take place during the night, and it was a fearfully dark and stormy night.

On entering his bedroom, which was very large, the feeble taper light merely served to render the darkness visible; and his mother a lady of the highest polish of manners and address, offered an apology by saying, "Our son, sir, cannot bear a strong light. Walk this way, he is lying here sir," drawing aside the bed-curtain. The gloom and death-like stillness of the room depressed my spirits; no one stirred; all seemed terror-struck, as though some tragical catastrophe was about to happen; when we were suddenly startled into fearful commotion of feeling by one of the most piercing groans I ever heard uttered by a human being. "Are you in great pain, sir?" This question coming from the lips of a stranger, whose entrance into the room he had not heard, startled him; he changed his position, and looking towards me, an extra light being supplied for the occasion of the interview, he said abruptly, "I am going to take a leap in the dark;" which was followed by another groan, expressive of the convulsive agonies and tumultuous agitations of his soul, now on the brink of the tremendous precipice of eternal destruction. "I hope not, sir." "No power can save me." "Christ Jesus is able, and is willing, to save the chief of sinners, even in the uttermost extremity of their guilt and their danger."

"Yes sir, but outraged justice sometimes demands a victim to vindicate its own honour I am doomed to death and damnation. I am as sure of going to hell as there is a hell to go to." "My dear Charles," said his agonised mother, who gave a wild shriek, and in an hysterical fit of loud and terrific laughter was carried out of the room. My spirit trembled. I had never before witnessed such a horrifying scene. His brother, who had accompanied me, and his younger sisters, withdrew, but one remained, stood close by my side, calm, yet evidently in great mental torture. She feared her brother was speaking the truth, and this gave to her spirit the power to listen, and the power to endure the terror of what she heard; yet hoping some voice of mercy would control and allay the storm which seemed to threaten the fearful wreck of his soul. "Shall I pray with you, sir?"

"You may, sir; but I am beyond the reach of mercy."

After prayer he became more composed, and listened with fixed attention while I spoke of Christ, and the great salvation; and urged him to call on him to save him. I left him tranquil;

but whether his tranquility proceeded from the effect of truth in his soul, or was the physical consequence of the near approach of death, was a question I could not decide.

"Have you," said his mother, who was pacing the parlour below, wringing her hands in the severest anguish of grief, her hair hanging in loose disorder over her shoulders, "have you, sir, been able to say anything to my dear Charles, which has given him a ray of hope?"

"He is tranquil, madam; but he has not told me the cause of his tranquility."

"Will he die to-night, sir—his wild, stormy night, sir? and if he die to-night, sir, will he leap in the dark into?"—I could not endure the wild scene which I now witnessed. Mother and daughter raised one shouting scream of woe; and in that state I left them to the care of the servants.

In the morning I received the following note:—

"Rev. and dear Sir,—I am happy to inform you that our dear brother lay quite tranquil for upwards of an hour after you left him. He then asked for a glass of water. 'I will now,' he said, 'try to sleep.' Towards late in the morning, we think he did sleep a little. The doctor has just been here. He reports rather more favourably. When you can make it convenient to renew your visit, we shall be most happy to see you. Mamma, sisters, and brother, unite in respectful remembrance. Yours sincerely,
SARAH."

I went to see him in the early part of the following evening, when I found him more composed; his fever had abated considerably, and hopes began to be entertained by all, except himself, that he would recover. They are sanguine, sir, but I am not. I think the sentence of death is at last recorded against me; and, sir, if it were not for that fearful sentence, which is called the second death—that is, the eternal banishment of the soul from all fellowship with God, the fountain of life and happiness—I should not tremble in prospect of the issue. It is that, sir, that fills my soul with horror.

"But I hope, sir, you are not in such a state of deep despair as you were last evening."

"There is, sir, a lull in the storm; but the horizon of my vision is yet surcharged with the elements of his coming wrath. I have less positive agony of soul; but I have no hope. I feel it would be an act of presumption to indulge hope."

"But the Bible tells us, that the Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear him, in those that hope in his mercy."

"Yes sir, where reverential fear of his majesty is blended with humble hope in his mercy the penitent may repose in his security, in his compassion and his love. But I am not a penitent. I am a rebel struck prostrate before him. I dread his vengeance, but I cannot hope in his mercy."

I again called his attention to the character of Christ, uniting the divine and human nature in his person—to his wondrous condescension in assuming the form of man, his death, the design of it, and its efficacy,—to the character he still sustains as a Saviour able and willing to save the chief of sinners, and argued in support of the following propositions, that it was an insult to his benevolence to mistrust it, and an aggravation of guilt to cherish despair, rather than an confidence in the tidings of his promises. This seemed to take effect. He remained silent some minutes, evidently absorbed in thought. At length he said, "If, sir, you will pray with me I shall feel obliged, and then I wish to be left quite alone—not disturbed till I ring—as I should like to follow out that train of thought to which you have now given me the clue."

I did so, and left him with some faint hope that the divine Spirit would preside over his thinking faculty at this eventful crisis of his history, and

invest his thoughts with an unction and a power that might bring peace to his soul.

The threatening symptoms soon began to pass away, his strength rallied, and within the space of a few weeks he was able to leave his sick chamber and appear with the family in the parlour, and in occasional drives into the country. His recovery was hailed by his mother, and spoken of by himself, as partaking somewhat of the marvellous nature of a resurrection. He again went out into active life, and now I began to fear the result. I was very attentive to him during the progress of his recovery, watching with great anxiety his mental tendencies and their development; and while I saw much to sustain hope, yet a certain inexplicable mannerism, associated with casual outbreaks of a spirit yet unhumiliated to a level with his real moral condition, made me, when disposed to rejoice, to do it with trembling. The family, either as a compliment to my polite attention to the son, or as the effect of my conversation and prayers when with them, took a large pew in the chapel, and attended my ministry for some months very regularly, and with apparent seriousness. Mr. Charles—usually headed the family in walking up the aisle; and, after admitting all into the pew, he took his seat next to the door, and seemed by his looks and his attention as though he really loved the habitation of the Lord's house.

But, alas! their habits of external piety had not resumed the regularity of established order more than six months before I observed an occasional break. Sometimes the youngest sisters were absent, then his mother, then his brother, and then himself,—his eldest sister was uniformly regular and punctual. When I called to see them the hearty welcome was exchanged for the cold formality or artificial politeness; frivolous excuses were assigned for irregularity of attendance on public worship, and the re-appearance of the former signs of fashionable gaiety, and nightly revels, soon told the melancholy tale that the promising glory was departed.

As I sat one day in my study, musing over this touching and depressing event in the history of my ministerial life, with the scene of the first night's visit passing in review before my imagination, and going onwards in my anticipations to the awful decisions of the last day, trembling under the burden of my own thoughts and fears, my servant informed me that there was a gentleman below who wished to see me. On entering the parlour, I was surprised, yet gratified, on seeing Mr. Charles—, who most cordially offered me his hand; and then at my request he resumed his seat. He is come at last, I thought, to unburden his mind, and to record now, more decidedly than ever, his vow of perpetual fidelity to God his Saviour. Delusive expectation! it soon vanished away, as the beautiful dream of a midnight hour vanishes when the eye opens on the dawn of the morning light. A scene of moral baseness and consummate folly and impiety, now sprung up before me, which has never had a parallel in the whole course of my varied and extended history.

"I have called, sir," he said, "to tender you my sincere thanks for your polite attention to me during my illness; and am desired by my mother so say that our family does not wish to retain the pew at your chapel, though it is very possible you may occasionally see my eldest sister. As it relates to myself, sir, I have to inform you that I feel no trifling degree of mortification when recalling, what, in the season of intense suffering, and when the mind was somewhat wandering on the other side of sober reason, I said to you; and what I have been induced to allow you to say to me since my recovery. This communication, I have no doubt, will startle you; and with your sentiments and opinions, it will vex, and may depress you; but a regard to my honour compels me to make it. One request, sir; and then I have done. Look no longer on me as a deciple of your faith; repeat to no one, what in the sanctuary of

private friendship you saw and heard; hold all that as sacred as the secrets of the grave. From this moment I shall sail down the stream of time enjoying the pleasures of life while it lasts, and leave the future till the future comes."

I was literally thunderstruck. The elegant politeness of his manners; the cool effrontery with which he delivered these horrifying determinations; his very respectful looks and tones towards myself, tended in some measure to keep down my spirit—to soften it—to melt it—to bring it to play on some latent feelings which I thought might possibly still linger in his soul. The attempt failed; for on opening on him in a calm and affectionate tone and style, he abruptly said, "Pardon me, sir, I merely came, out of respect to your character and your politeness, to announce a changeless determination, not to submit to a remonstrance, nor to argue a question of divinity."

"Really, my dear sir, you do surprise me. However, as you will submit to no remonstrance, nor descend to any argumentation, you will allow me to say, in vindication of my own honor, that I did not obtrude myself on you or your family. I was sent for, and on a night, and at an hour of the night, when but few ministers would leave their homes and wait on an entire stranger as you then were to me. I employed no torturing process to work on your soul. I saw you writhing in mental agonies when you knew not that I stood by your side. It was no remark of mine which wrung from your burning lips, the heart-rending exclamation, 'I am going to take a leap in the dark,' which sent your own mother out of the room wild in delicious frenzy." He moved. "Stop, sir, I must finish, you are bound in honour to listen. You say you will now sail down the stream of time, and enjoy life, leaving the future till it comes. Take warning, or if not listen to an announcement. You may enjoy life, but remorse, and remorse keener than a scorpion's sting is the penalty which you may have to pay. The future is coming: it may be here sooner than you expect and then the threatened wreck of the soul may become a real one; the leap in the dark must be taken, and then you perish for ever. He bowed and abruptly left the room. I did not follow him. I did not like to let my eye look intently on him for the last time, nor touch his hand knowingly for the last time. It was to me the most awful interview I ever held with a human being. Such a combination of evil principles coming out in a set speech so coolly, such base ingratitude to the God of his mercies, such defiance of his authority, such scornful contempt of the great salvation, such bold daring of a readiness to meet what might be involved in the future! Alas! I had no power to bear up under such an accumulated treasuring up of wrath against the day of wrath. My spirits sank within me, and I sought a momentary diversion among the hilarity and playfulness of my much loved children.

Well, that day soon passed away, though not its remembrance; his eldest sister still attended the chapel, though she cautiously avoided all intercourse with myself or any of the people. At length the family removed to a distant neighbourhood, when she also disappeared, and all knowledge and trace of them were lost. Years rolled on; the terrors of that awful night, and the more appalling utterances of that eventful day, were now far back in the distant history of my life; my recollections of them were less frequent, as I had other scenes to witness, and other utterances to engage my attention; and when they did rise up before my imagination, their once vivid impressions lost much of their depressing and agonising power, except when out in a very dark and stormy night, then the past scene of horror, and the ominous exclamation, "I am going to take a leap in the dark," produced a convulsive agitation on my spirits.

After preaching on a Sabbath evening, from the word "Depart," one of my hearers, an intimate friend, followed me into the vestry, and said, "I

wish, sir, you would accompany me some evening in the early part of the week to see a person who is dangerously ill; if you will fix the day and the hour, I will call on you, and take you in my chase." We fixed Tuesday evening. He came, and we left together. He made no allusion to the dying person, except the probability of his not surviving many weeks, if days; nor did I ask any question, except to ascertain if the dying man was pious or not.

On our arrival at a beautiful villa in the suburbs, I was ushered into a drawing room, where to my astonishment, I saw the eldest sister of Mr. Charles—. She attempted to speak, but could not; and, in a few minutes she withdrew and I was left alone. My friend was not with me; he went to make a call on another family. A servant at length appeared, and requested me to follow her, which I did in mournful silence. I entered a bedroom, which was deserted by all, except the dying man and his nurse. This is strange. Is he an orphan in this world of sorrow? Has he no friend, except one hired for the occasion, a mere under-waiter in the ceremony of death? I had my fears, and they were gloomy for I felt as if I were treading near a fatal volcanic spot, marked off as sacred to some awful manifestations of divine justice. I looked on the dying man, whose pale and distended countenance told me that death was near at hand. I thought I knew him, yet was not quite certain. "He has been lying in this state," said the nurse, "nearly half-an-hour, but he will wake up soon." I took a chair and watched by his side. He moved, opened his eyes, look on me with a fixed look, yet remained silent. It is, I said to myself, Mr. Charles—, but how changed! Ah! the voyage of life is nearly ended, and now he will have, I fear, to shoot the gulph; and there he will perish. He must now very soon take the dreaded leap. He still looked, we were both silent; the power of speech was gone from us. He raised himself a little on his pillow, still keeping his eye fixed on me as though he dreaded me, and at length he spoke. "You, sir, saved me once when the stream was drifting me on the fatal rocks, and then I escaped the wreck. But what return have I made to him who sent you with the message of grace; to him who gave me space to repent, and motives and promises to do it; to him who waited to be gracious and was willing to forgive? I rebelled against him again. I sinned yet more daringly and desperately. He has again overtaken me, his heavy wrath has again fallen upon me, the pains of hell have got hold of me. I see the storm coming, and this time I shall go down. I must take the fatal leap now, and perish for ever." I knew not what reply to make, and when making an effort to speak he interrupted me by saying, "Your visit, sir, has taken me by surprise. I knew not that you were sent for; I should have prevented it if I had known it. One confession I will make, a sense of honour, not the hope of mercy, compels me to make it. Ever since the fatal day when I saw you last, and said what I did say, I have been abandoned by God, except when he has drifted a storm of vengeance over my mental pathway; and perhaps he has ordained that you who heard, and have doubtless recorded, my impiously profane determination to enjoy life while sailing down the stream of time, shall be present to witness the struggles of my doomed soul when in the act of perishing for ever."

A fit of delirium now came on, and in that state I left him. He was more calm on the following morning, and continued tranquil during the day, and several succeeding days; and hopes were entertained by his medical friend, and others, that he would again rally, and yet live to taste once more the sweet cup of life. But they were all doomed to disappointment. His fever returned with still greater violence; he became faint and felt dying, and just before the death-stroke was given, he said to his eldest sister, who stood weeping by his side, "It's all over. I perish, let no one else. Yes, I perish—I know it—I feel it. Let no one else. Bid the rest, in the name of one that speaks from

the wreck of his own ruin, haste to the refuge! His voice now failed him. He struggled hard and long, and at last with one loud groan, he expired, and then took the fatal and dreaded leap; but has never come back to tell us what it is for a soul to perish.

Never Despair.

To Sabbath-school Teachers.

Often has the faithful and deeply solicitous Sabbath-school teacher, at the close of his day's labour, to turn away with a heavy heart as he ponders over the obstinate contumacy and the wayward volitions of the will which have been manifested by his class, and the apparent absence of any indication for good being effected; or has he further considers the probability there is, that if any impressions have been made observable, they may during the week amidst the avocations and alluements of the world be entirely obliterated from the minds of his youthful charge: yet, although this is the case in numberless instances, it is not always so; and the following narrative will testify the influence of Sabbath-school training, and may serve to stimulate to further devotedness and energy in so noble a cause:—

Some years since, in a Sabbath-school in the village of K—, a youth was admitted who had been the subject of maternal and pious solicitude, and it was hoped that he would be a desirable acquisition to the school. Being of a ready and quick apprehension, and persevering disposition, he soon obtained a position in the first Bible-class; but, as if the object of his ambition had been realized, and as if now there was nothing else worthy of his attention, since he ranked amongst the first scholars in the school, he grew careless and negligent; the volatility of his disposition soon manifested itself; and it was observed that, notwithstanding the pious remonstrances of his teacher, he took great delight in twisting and torturing passages of the sacred Scriptures in various ways, in order to excite a laugh amongst his fellow-scholars whenever the eye of his teacher was turned away from him. After several years he was removed from school without any evidence of a reformation, and placed as an apprentice in a respectable business; but heeded not the injunctions of the wise man: "My son, if sinners criticize thee, consent thou not,"—"Enter not into the path of the wicked: go not into the way of evil men;"—but as if determined to incline to that which is evil only, and to yield to that which is evil only, and to yield himself up to the promptings of his own heart, he joined wicked companions, and, instead of frequenting the Sabbath-school, he would break the commandment, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," by strolling out into the fields, and by other means wasting the precious time he ought to have devoted to the service of God. However, it pleased God, in his providence, to arrest him in his downward career. One Sabbath, as he was going his usual round for recreation, he had to pass one of those sacred institutions—a Sabbath School: when the remembrance of his former training, and his present course of conduct, was impressed on his mind in such a forcible manner, that he resolved to abandon his wicked course, and become, if possible, a teacher himself. The first noble step he took, was to give up his wicked associates, as they would not go with him; and notwithstanding their cruel gibes and ridicule, he sought and obtained admittance as a teacher; and while attempting to water others, he himself was watered; and, in a short time after, first giving himself to God, he became a member of the Christian Church, and is a standing proof of the mercy and goodness of God, and of the salutary influence of Sabbath-schools. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not which shall prosper, this or that." "He that goeth forth sowing, bearing precious seed,

shall doubtless return again rejoicing, if he faint not."

Hoping that the above will serve the double purpose of warning others of so criminal a course of procedure, and encouraging Sabbath-school teachers in their arduous toil,

I remain, &c.

A SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHER

—Christian Penny Magazine.

A Praying Machine.

I met a company of Tartars and Lamas with their cattle, in the Sutledge valley; some had Manis, but would not sell them. Some time ago, I met one here turning his Mani most quickly whilst he walked. His small bundle of property being on his back, I stopped him, and asked if he would sell it to me, as I have been asked frequently by friends to procure some of these Manis (prayer wheels), for forwarding to Europe. He refused it; but entering into conversation with him, and telling him he could fix his own price, he asked three rupees for it. It was however a very inferior one, made of leather, whilst the valuable ones are made of copper, inlaid with silver letters, &c. I paid him the money, and he gave me the Mani; when all at once, after a little while, he asked me to give it back to him. As soon as he had it in his hands again he put it three times to his forehead, made his salaam to it, and returned it to me, poor fellow, and off he went. It is difficult to get these Manis here, as very few like to part with them. Once, at the Rompur fair, I asked a Ladak man to sell me his; but he refused to do so on the ground that I might turn it round the wrong way, from the right to the left, as it must always be turned to the right—in consequence of which he would have to suffer if he sold it to me.

These little Manis are a remarkable invention. They are wooden or iron, or copper cylinders—filled with a long, but narrow roll of paper or cloth, on which their idols and symbols are painted, and, below, prayers, either printed or written in the Tibetan character—about two inches in diameter and three inches long. It moves on points like a horizontal wheel, and in a small string, a kind of iron or brass frame attached to the wheel to make it swing nicely.

Not only the Buddhist clergy, but also any of the laity, who feel inclined to do so, use this wheel.

Those who are too poor, buy at least the prayers without the wheel, and carry the roll of paper on which they are written, or printed from a wood block, on their chest, sewn in a rag. A part of the Lamas procure their subsistence from writing or printing these prayers or sacred sentences. In Upper Khenav, they have very big Manis in their temples; which one man turns round by a handle. In 1813, I saw a very fine one at Sabinng; one turned it, and a number of people sat near it, so that the wind caused by turning it might touch their faces, which is considered not only fortunate but also blessed.

The people have Manis or prayer-wheels built even in small streams close to their houses, so that the water, by turning the wheel, performs the necessary prayers for them.—Ch. Miss. Gleaner.

THRILLING INCIDENT.—At a Temperance meeting in Philadelphia, says the *Banner of Temperance*, some years ago, a learned clergyman spoke in favour of wine as a drink—demonstrating quite to his own satisfaction, to be scriptural, gentlemanly and healthful. When he sat down, a plain, elderly man arose, and asked leave to say a few words. "A young friend of mine," said he, "who had long been intemperate, was at length prevailed on, to the great joy of his friends, to take the pledge of entire abstinence from all that could intoxicate. He kept the pledge faithfully for some time, though the struggle with his habit was fearful, till one evening

in a social party, glasses of wine were handed around. They came to a clergyman present, who took a glass, saying a few words in vindication of the practice. "Well," thought the young man, "if a clergyman can take wine, and justify it so well, why not I?" So he took a glass. It instantly rekindled his fiery and slumbering appetite; and after a rapid downward course, he died of delirium tremens! died a raving madman." The old man paused for utterance; and was just able to add: "That young man was my only son! and the clergyman was the reverend doctor, who has just addressed this assembly!"

JESUS CHRIST, A PHYSICIAN.—Jesus Christ is a Physician. He comes to heal your sins. If you wish to be healed, come to him at once, just as you are. The soul that waits for purer motives, or for a deeper sense of guilt, or for a stronger interest in the subject before it comes to Christ, is like the sick person waiting for health before he sends for a physician. Jesus Christ came to help you in obtaining these feelings, not to receive you after you have made yourself holy without him. You have, I well know, great and arduous struggles to carry on with sin, and most certainly, if you attempt them alone, you will become discouraged and fail. Come to the Saviour before you begin them; for, be assured you will need help. Come, then, to this Friend. Bring all your interests, and hopes, and fears to him—he will sympathize in them all. And whenever you have wandered, never hesitate to return with contrition of soul to him.—J. Abbot.

SPIRITUAL LIFE.—A life of formality, listlessness, and inactivity, is far from being a spiritual life. Where these things are habitual and predominant, they are infallible symptoms of spiritual death. It is true, believers are subject to many sickly qualms and frequent indispositions; yea, at times, their languishments are such that the operations of the vital principle within them are hardly discernible to themselves or others; and the vigor of their devotion, in their most sprightly hours, is checked and borne down by the body of death under which they groan. Yet still there is an inextinguishable spark of life within which scatters a glimmering light in the thickest darkness, and sometimes shines with illustrious brightness. The pulse of the spirit, though weak and irregular, still beats. There is an active power that reluctates and struggles against the counter-striving of the flesh; that under the greatest languor, puts forth some weak efforts, some faint essays, and under the actuating influence of the Divine Spirit, invigorates the soul to "mount up with wings like an eagle, to run without wearying, and walk without fainting." And oh! the joy, the pleasure of such heavenly activity! We therefore may write *Tibet* on the dull, inoperative religion of many; it serves for no end, but to prove them dead in trespasses and sins. The dispensation of God's grace towards fallen sinners, is their vivification to holiness—"that they may bring fruit unto God," (Rom. vii. 4.) and sure where that design is not obtained, there can be no true religion. Let us therefore beware lest we should have a name to live, while we are dead.—Davies.

OXFORD SELF-CONVICTED.

From the London Christian Times.

The Universities are noble places, and I am sure no man in England has a deeper affection for Oxford than I have, or more appreciates its inimitable advantages. And therefore I wish it improved and reformed, though this is a *therefore* which men are extremely slow to understand.—DR. ARNOLD.

What has inspired the hopes and expectations of Rome? What has prompted the extraordinary course taken by the Pope? With almost literal and rigid truth it might be answered, Oxford alone

has done it?" and upon the Universities, upon Oxford in particular, should public attention, at this time, be concentrated. If spiritual despotism is to be checked; if corruption in doctrine is to be purged; if England is not to be parcelled out into territories for Superstition and Infidelity, then must the Universities be scrutinized—tried, as by fire, and the deformed be transformed.

Oxford has adopted the theology of Rome, and Cambridge has followed in its wake. Let the "distinctive doctrines" of Rome be described, and it will be found that the same terms will define those of Oxford. What is the theology of Rome, stripped of its comparatively unimportant accessories? It is this:—*Salvation by means of Sacraments, made effectual by priests, who are "Successors to the Apostles," and in the place of God to the people.* This is the very essence of Romanism; and this too is the substance of Oxford teaching. Absolute regeneration at the font, by means of the priest; pardon for sin, at the "altar," by means of bread and wine, transformed to divine humanity, by the magic of the priest; the fires of hell extinguished to the penitent, by the confessional; this, the essential faith of Rome, has been adopted in Oxford, and was expounded without reproof, fifteen years ago, in the earlier *Tracts for the Times* and is now vehemently affirmed, and perseveringly taught, by thousands of the clergy of the established Church, and is diffused throughout the land with incredible activity, in almost every department of literature. For years these facts were concealed, or glossed over, and there was feeble talk of "tendencies," when identities were plain to those who had eyes to see, and who were near observers of the Oxford movement.

Under these circumstances, might not Rome hope exultingly in the thought of tully subjugating England to her authority? It is true there are in my who would be Romanists outside of Rome. These have fine distinctions between the Tridentine doctrines and the popular practices and opinions of Roman Catholic countries. They enlarge too, on the undue authority usurped by the Bishop of Rome, to whom they would concede pre-eminence; they enlarge too, as might a Turk or a Jew, on the duty of remaining in the church in which they were born. More than this, they plead the duty of enforcing "Catholic doctrine," and restoring "Catholic practices," within the church. Thus even Dr. Hook, a great Anglican, told his bishop plainly, that though "the extreme of High Church doctrine and practice is Popery, he would at the same time, maintain that this was no reason why that doctrine and practice should be renounced." The same "sound" Anglican divine comforted Dr. Pusey, when censured, with the assurance, that "by his (condemned) sermon on the Eucharist, he had put to silence the ignorance of foolish (Protestant) men."

Need we wonder, then, at the hopes entertained by Rome? Let another fact or two be added to show, that the Pope has not been without temptation from Oxford and the English clergy. A Fellow of Oriel College, writing to a friend—Dr. Jelf, of Christ Church, and King's College, London, and who, ten years too late, is now amongst the London clergy who appeal to the bishop to know what is to be done—Dr. Jelf was then told by his friend, "The Age is moving towards something, and, most unhappily, the one religious communion amongst us which of late years has been in possession of this something, is the Church of Rome." In consistency with this, we were "to sigh to think we should be separate from Rome, to regard Rome as our mother, through whom we were born to Christ!" and, as did Dr. Pusey three weeks since, at the meeting of the London Church Union, we were to appeal to this unnatural and repudiating "Mother of Harlots," for forbearance and sympathy, on account of "common principles!" or, to put it into the poetical form, we were, with another Oxford professor and tract writer, Mr. Kemble, to exclaim:

"O Mother Church of Rome, why hast thy heart Beat so untruly toward thy Northern child?"

And Mr. Kemble, and Dr. Hook, and Dr. Pusey, are still "of us," and in our Church, and will "die in her!" The Pope, our mother, has heard these appeals, and Cardinal Archbishop Wiseman, with his suffragans, is the answer given to yearning Anglicans and Oxford divines! "Why are you not with us, if we have the great something which you have not?" asked Montalembert, the French Ultramontanist, who is now at the feet of the Pope at Rome. "Why are you not with us?" demanded the missionary priest, Father Dominic, of Oxford men, "Why not fly to the arms of your mother?" said French and Belgian priests to Oxford professors, fellows, and tutors. One of these replied privately to the eternal demands. By an indelicacy, to which the French correspondent of the Oxford man was lent, perhaps, by religious pride and Catholic exultation, this reply transpired. Five years since, then, a letter was written from Oxford, in which the following sentences were found, Mr. Sewell, of Exeter College, who, as Whitehall preacher, signed the recent address to the Bishop of London, can name the writer of it:—

"We have a sacred duty to perform to the members of our Church. We cannot yet bring ourselves to believe that our dear England is in the same position as the heretics who boast in the names of Luther and Calvin. Of a truth, Sir, is not the Episcopal order still worth something. A sacrilegious king may, indeed, have stolen from the altars of Canterbury the sacred bones of St. Thomas; but think you he had the power to drive away the great soul, who from his throne in the skies, ever watches over the See which he has illustrated by his life and consecrated by his blood?"

The writer then admitted that the English Church was in a state of disease—there was a Protestant taint in it; but he hoped there was Catholic life; for they were humble, and "groaned at the sins committed by our ancestors in separating from the Catholic world;" and they "experienced a burning desire to be reunited to our brethren." Then we have the following description of the present, and a foreshadowing of the future: "There is at this moment, in the Anglican Church, a crowd of persons who balance between Catholicism and Protestantism; and who, nevertheless, would reject with horror the very name of Rome. The Protestant prejudices, which, for three hundred years, have infected our Church, are unhappily too deeply rooted there to be extirpated without a great deal of address. We must, then, offer in sacrifice to God this ardent desire which devours us, of seeing once more the perfect unity of the Church of Christ. We must still bear the terrible void which the isolation of our position creates in our hearts, and remain still till it pleases God to convert the hearts of our *confreres*, especially of our holy fathers, the bishops. We are destined, I am persuaded, to bring back many wandering sheep to the knowledge of the truth. In fact, the progress of Catholic opinions in England, for the last seven years, is so inconceivable, that no hope should appear extravagant. Let us, then, remain quiet for some years, till, by God's blessing, the ears of Englishmen are accustomed to hear the name of Rome pronounced with reverence; at the end of this term you will soon see the fruits of our patience."

Again we ask, Is there room for wonder that the Pope, thus encouraged, should think the "conquest of England" might be effected by means of Oxford, and the clergy of the Established Church?

Canadian Affairs.

[We cut the following capital hit from a late number of the *Globe*. Such arrogance has, too long, been suffered to pass without rebuke. The assumption of high-sounding titles, civil or ecclesiastical, is, itself, a very harmless affair; but

when the power, implied in some titles, is assumed, and when the people tacitly endorse the pretensions, it becomes quite a different matter.]

"FIRE AT THE PALACE."

On Wednesday morning, about ten o'clock, the inmates of the Episcopal Palace, Front Street, were alarmed by symptoms of fire. It appears that the heated air apparatus for warming the building, had been permitted to become too hot, and the flooring of some of the rooms was found to be in a state of ignition. Most providentially, the fire was discovered and extinguished before any great damage had occurred. If the flames had been permitted to spread for a very few minutes longer, the Palace must, in all probability, have been consumed.—*Church.*

"When our eye caught the title of "fire at the Palace," we were filled with astonishment, that a Palace should have set itself down so quietly in the backwoods of Canada, especially as no member of the royal family had ever been known to visit Toronto. Instantly it occurred that perhaps our gracious Sovereign was about to visit us in the spring, to receive the warm expressions of attachment of her Canadian subjects, and the house intended for her Majesty's reception had, by anticipation, been styled the Palace. But these conjectures were put to flight when we read on, and found that it was only the Brick House of "John by Divine permission," Church of England Bishop of Toronto, the good old Dominic of Kettle! And so without having any branch of Royalty with us, we have a Palace!—Now there can be no objection to any man assuming any title he pleases, or inaugurating himself to live in a Palace when it is but a comfortable dwelling-house, but we do object decidedly to the public acknowledging such distinctions, which are totally opposed to the fact that there is no established sect in Canada. The residence of the Governor General has but the modest title of Government House, but it seems that to make up for this deficiency, we must have Ecclesiastical Palaces, occupied by Spiritual Princes! Numbers blindefolded and overawed by such assumptions of rank, bow down to such pretenders without considering what they do. Every day Prelacy shows a bolder front, and puts forth claims which will be yielded to only by the ignorant or superstitious.

A Crash!—Fall of Part of the Horse Shoe Fall.

On Tuesday evening last, our citizens were startled on hearing a loud and terrific noise, resembling as near as we can describe it, the heavy booming of artillery, in quick succession, which shook the earth around us very sensibly. We did not know for a time what could be the cause of such a fearful noise; and for a few minutes were thrown into amazement, supposing that Miller's Millennium was at hand. It proved to be a part of the Horse Shoe Fall on the Canada side, which had fallen, carrying away about ten rods of the rock in length, by four in width. The canal boat, which has lodged for the last few months on the brink of the rock which has fallen, and which has excited the admiration of all who beheld it, was also carried over with the rock. It is now in the Whirlpool, two miles down the river, dancing attendance to the freaks of that great malstrom.—The crash occurred about 7 o'clock in the evening; and it is indeed providential that it fell at such an hour, and at this season of the year. Had it been in the summer when so many thousands of strangers are here, there undoubtedly would have been persons crushed to death; for it is precisely the spot where so many continually passed, and where so many have stood to contemplate the grandeur of nature, and behold the waters of the mighty Cataract above them rushing terrifically over their heads, that is now filled with the huge masses of rock which have fallen from above. The loss of this portion of the rock has not in the least diminished in appearance the view of the Falls: but

has, in our opinion, added to the scene, and looks grander and more sublime, if possible than ever.—*Niagara Falls Iris*, Dec. 14.

Communications.

SOLEMNITY OF PROFESSING CHRIST.

An Address delivered to Young Converts on their being received into the fellowship of the Church.

BY THE REV. R. BOYD, LONDON, C.W.

There are events in the history of every immortal mind, which can never be obliterated from memory's page. Time may roll on, solemn and silent as the moving of stars, and, in its progress, wipe from our recollection the commoner incidents of every-day life; but these events remain untouched by the ravages of time. These remembrances may be of a painful character; and the man may make desperate and almost frantic efforts to pluck from his soul the unwelcome intruder; he may plunge into the vortex of sinful pleasures; he may try to engross his mind with perplexities of business, and the fretting cares of life; he may seek to cheer his soul with the delights of select friendship, and the sweets of domestic affection; he may gratify his intellect amid the beauties of science, and improve his taste with the flowers of literature; but he can no where find a charm potent enough to destroy the memory of the events which torment him. Even when the spirit stands on the boundary-line which separates time from eternity, and the spirit world, with its awful grandeur, is breaking upon its view, these events in its history, will, according to their character, stand before it like a demon of wrath, or an angel of mercy, to blast with despair, or to exult with joy.

Dear Friends, the events which occurred in your history, last Lord's day, when, by baptism, you made a public profession of faith in Jesus, is an event of this kind. In all future time it will be remembered with joy or anguish, according as you are faithful or unfaithful to the solemn profession you then made. Should you reach yonder bright world of joy, when all that is pure becomes for ever permanent, you will remember it there; and should you make shipwreck of your faith, and become a castaway, it would be remembered in hell with bitterest anguish. We have no doubts upon the doctrine of the final perseverance of the saints; but, doubtless, there are many in the world of woe, who, like you, were baptized amid solemn awe, and in the presence of assembled multitudes. Like you, some kind pastor once took them by the hand, and welcomed them to the fellowship of the warm and loving hearts of the faithful. They sat down frequently at the table of Christ's love, and in the social meeting often lifted their voices to warn sinners of that perdition amid which they now dwell. The pastor, whose heart once rejoiced over them, has rested from his labours on earth. The arm that once grasped the sword of the spirit with such energy, is nerveless in death; and as he looks around amid the glorified throng, he sees many to be his crown of rejoicing, but

alas! he finds many awaiting, whose beginning was as hopeful as any of those who now crowd around him to welcome him to the abodes of purity and bliss. Let this thought rouse you to constant watchfulness. "Hold fast that which thou hast, that no man take thy crown."

Let me intreat you to be diligent in your attendance upon the means of grace. Make your attendance in the House of God, and in the social prayer-meeting, the result of exalted principle. The religion of many is that merely of exalted feeling. You can depend upon them to teach a class in the Sabbath School, or to fill their place in the prayer-meeting, as long as they *feel well*; but when the thermometer of their feelings gets down to Zero, though hell burns as fiercely as ever, and heaven invites as tenderly as ever, and souls are as precious as ever,—they relax their efforts, and leave a perishing world to take care of itself. Their religion is not the healthy glow of steady principle, but rather like a *spiritual ague*—sometimes burning in a consuming fever, and sometimes shivering with cold. It is the destructive fury of the mountain-torrent, formed by heavy and occasional rains, rather than the steady, onward roll of the majestic river. Be it yours, my dear friends, to delight in the meetings of the saints, whatever may be the state of your feelings. A time will come when you shall not be able to meet with God's people—when sickness shall invade your frame, and lay you upon a bed of pain—when the Lord's morning shall arrive, and "the sound of the church-going bell shall break upon your ear,"—when you shall see others going to the house of prayer, and you still a lonely prisoner in your sick-chamber, then the remembrance of neglected privileges will prey upon your conscience with vulturous appetite.

As members of a Christian Church, seek to be active workers in the Lord's vineyard; and be not ashamed to call Jesus—that prince of martyrs—your immortal Lord. Seek to get above "the fear of man, which brings a snare," and stand forth boldly on every proper occasion, in the defence of truth. Continue to cherish unshaken confidence in the power of truth. Truth, in the hands of the Captain of your salvation, is omnipotent. Give it full scope, and it will conquer the world. Truth may be shunned or evaded, but it cannot be vanquished. Men may shackle it—they may imprison it—they may heap lies upon it, and hide it—they may for a time bury it amid the rankest errors, and the most unseemly and unshapen evils; but loose its shackles; give it room for operation, and it will arise fresh and immortal, and dispel into non-existence everything around it that wants the Divine impress of holiness. It says nothing against the power of truth that error is sometimes so prevalent, that the latter seems to triumph over the former. As well might we deny the power of God, because there are many living in the world who neither acknowledge nor bend to that power. As well might we argue against the pervading nature of light, because there are many dungeons in the world that have never been visited by a single ray. When we darken our houses, by shutting our doors and

window-blinds, is this held as evidence that light is less powerful than darkness? I am afraid that there are many professing Christians in the present day who have little confidence in the power of truth, or in the over-ruling providence of God; for they will not brook a syllable against popular error, till they have measured and ascertained to a nicety, the length and breadth of consequences, and how far they may safely venture without giving offence. But why are men so much afraid of consequences now? Oh, that like Noah, and Daniel, and Paul, they would but do their duty, and trust the Almighty with results! Why should we suspect God's fidelity? Why should we act as if he were a being who sees no distinction between right and wrong, and who is ever ready to abandon the course of truth and holiness, which he has sworn to maintain? Why act as if he were in the habit of breaking his word, and leaving, in their trying moments, those who speak truth and work righteousness.

(To be continued.)

NOTICES.

☞ The Rev. Thos. L. Davidson, having resigned the pastoral charge of the First and Second Regular Baptist Churches in Murkham, in favor of an unanimous call from the Regular Baptist Church, Brantford, C.W., requests his friends and correspondents to address him, Brantford, C.W.

☞ The Advisory Agency of the Baptist Home Mission Society will meet at Hamilton, on Wednesday, the 8th instant, at 11 o'clock, A.M.

SERMONS ON BAPTISM.—A review of the Rev. Mr. Roaf's "Two Sermons on Baptism," by the Rev. James Pyper, is in the press, and will shortly be published in pamphlet form. The arguments reviewed, are such as are common in every quarter,—the Review, therefore, has more than a local interest. Churches can be supplied with them, at the rate of four dollars per hundred, or twenty-five for one dollar.

MARRIED.

In Brantford, C.W., on Christmas, 25th ult., by the Rev. Thos. L. Davidson, Pastor of the Regular Baptist Church, Mr. Thomas Rycroft, to Miss Mary Midgley, both of the t'p of Brantford.

By the same, on the 25th ult., at the manse, Mr. Allan Purdy, to Miss Jane Fish, both of the town of Brantford.

TORONTO MARKETS.

Flour, (Farmers) per bbl. 15s to 18s 9d; do., (Millers') 18s 9d to 21s; Wheat, per bush, 3s to 3s 8d; Barley, per bush, 2s 6d to 3s 1d; Rye, per bush, 2s 3d to 2s 6d; Oats, per bush, 1s to 1s 2d; Potatoes, per bush, 1s 3d to 3s; Beef, per 100 lbs, 10s to 17s 6d; Pork, per 100 lbs, 15s to 20s; Fresh Butter, per lb, 6½d to 9d; Firkin do, 6d to 7½d; Cheese, per lb, 3½ to 5d; Eggs, per doz, 10d; Apples, per bush, 1s ½d to 2s 6d; Hay, per ton, 40s to 55s.

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