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THE PRESBYTERIAN.

DECEMBER, 1866.



Y the following minute it will be seen that the executors of the late Mr. Michie are about to hand to the managers of the Temporalities' Fund the legacy which we formerly announced had been bequeathed by that lamented friend of the Church. The minute requires no comment.

At a meeting of the Board for the management of the Temporalities' Fund of the Presbyterian Church of Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland, held at Montreal, 13th November, 1866, *inter alia*,—there was read a communication from the Executor of the Estate of the late George Michie, Esq., Toronto, intimating that the sum of \$2000 had been bequeathed to the Sustentation Fund under the management of this Board.

The Board have much pleasure in receiving this gratifying announcement; and will have great satisfaction in applying the amount of this bequest, when transmitted to the object for which it was intended by the benevolent donor. The Board would further put on record the grateful sense they entertain of the considerate kindness manifested in the handsome and seasonable addition thus about to be made to the funds entrusted to their management, and which will materially aid in the carrying out of the important object for which the Temporalities' Fund was instituted.

It is to the Board a pleasing circumstance, that a gentleman who completed an honourable career of successful mercantile pursuits should have spontaneously devoted a portion of his wealth to the patriotic and Christian object of aiding in perpetuating the provision for the better support of the ministers, and for the extension of the Canadian Branch of the Church of his fathers.

The Board trust that so excellent an example may not be without its influence, in inciting other friends throughout the Province to remember, in the disposal of the worldly substance they are to leave behind them, the claims of their Church, as not the least important among the praiseworthy objects that should receive their benefactions.

Finally the Board appoint the Rev. Dr. Barclay to convey to the executors their acknowledgment in terms of this resolution.



OR some years back the Scotch Episcopal Church tried, but in vain, to have itself recognized as one with the Church of England, and attempted to set itself up as the true "Church of Scotland." It has been notorious for its Papistical practices, its colleges being nurseries of the exaggerated ideas of the extreme ritualistic school. In a little college on one of the Cumbræ Islands, founded and partly, if not wholly, endowed by the Hon. George Frederick Boyle, brother of Lord Glasgow, Puseyite practices, to use the mildest term respecting them, were carried to an extreme length. While the college and chapel connected with it were building, each workman who would attend morning prayers got additional pay, and a small weekly sum extra was given to the men as a bribe for them not to profane the building by whistling while the work was going on! The dignitaries of the Church of England for many years carefully declined to countenance this body in its pretensions; but a short time ago the Archbishop of Canterbury, so far stepped out of his sphere as to go to Inverness to be present at the laying of the foundation stone of a "Scotch Episcopal Cathedral," and in the course of the proceedings made use of remarks derogatory to the Church of Scotland, and so insulting in their tone, as not only to draw forth the animadversions of Scotch Presbyterians, of all classes, but also to bring out the strongest condemnation from the *Times*, and other leading English newspapers. The following from the *Times* will be read with interest:

"Our columns the other day contained the announcement of an extraordinary transformation. The Archbishop of Canterbury has appeared in the capacity of a Dissenter. Such a statement sounds like saying that water had

become dry or fire wet. An Archbishop of Canterbury is the very pinnacle of Establishment in the most Established Church in the world, and Mr. Spurgeon in the character of an Archbishop would not be a greater anomaly than the Archbishop in the character of a Dissenter. Yet the Archbishop has really been performing this extraordinary part. A cathedral has just been founded for the diocese of Moray and Ross in the Episcopal Church of Scotland, and the Archbishop took the trouble of going as far north as Inverness in order to lay the first stone. Of course, he was attended by nearly all the Bishops of the Scottish Episcopal Church, and they did their best in those northern latitudes to make a demonstration worthy the dignity of Lambeth. Now, the Episcopal Church of Scotland, as our readers are well aware, is nothing but an insignificant sect of Dissenters. The Established Church in Scotland is the Presbyterian. It stands in exactly the same position there as the Anglican Establishment in this country. Of course, there are many bodies of Dissenters, just as there are among us, and the Episcopalians are one of the smallest of all the denominations, so small that it was once jocosely proposed to mark the site of every Episcopalian on the Ordnance Map of Scotland. At all events, they are Dissenters, just as much so as the Wesleyans, or the Independents, or the Roman Catholics in England. Now, this being the case, we beg to inquire what is the difference in principle between establishing a cathedral in Scotland and erecting a tabernacle in London? If in the one case the act be that of Dissenters and schismatics, why is it not in the other? Of course, in a certain sense, both proceedings are equally legitimate, but it is still somewhat startling to witness an Archbishop of Canterbury in so novel a part. To put it in the mildest form, an English Archbishop is supposed to be the incarnation of the principle of public order. We should not expect even the most tolerant of Archbishops to take the chair at an entertainment in aid of Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, or to accept an invitation to a Methodist tea party. He would appear like a fish out of water, and we expect him to keep to his own element. Yet, under a more specious form, this is precisely what he has been doing in Scotland. He has crossed the border, and is metamorphosed into a Dissenter.

"But this consideration by no means represents the whole of the anomaly which is involved in this proceeding of the Archbishop. An act may be very unseemly in a person holding an official position which in a private individual would have been perfectly legitimate. If Scotchmen choose to dissent from the Establishment and maintain an Episcopal Church, it is not for us to blame them for doing so, nor would it be reasonable to find fault if some Englishmen take an interest in their efforts, and endeavour to encourage them; but we must say that the Archbishop of Canterbury is not the proper person to offer such encouragement. As the head of the Established Church in one part of the kingdom, he is bound by the strongest considerations, not only of interest, but of duty, to offer no dis-

paragement to the Church established in another part of it. He holds his dignity and authority in this country by precisely the same right as that by which the Presbyterian Church holds public authority in Scotland, and in offering a slight to the Established Church of the sister kingdom he is disparaging his own title to public recognition. The impropriety of the proceeding may be seen by a very simple parallel. If a Wesleyan comes into an English parish and sets up a meeting-house, he is at all events acting in accordance with his principles. But suppose the clergyman of a contiguous parish disapproved the proceedings of his neighbouring brother clergyman, and were, in consequence, to hire a room, preach what he thought right doctrine, and initiate a rival parish organisation. In such a case the law would probably at once restrain him, but, at all events, every one would see the extreme impropriety and unseemliness of such an intrusion. Since a clergyman is granted exclusive privileges in one parish, he is especially bound to respect the similar privileges of his neighbour. Now, the Churches of England and Scotland are just in the position of two contiguous parishes, and the two Established Churches are the two clergymen in possession. For the Church of Scotland officially to intrude into the province of the Church of England, or for the Church of England to intrude into Scotland, would be equally unseemly. But the Archbishop of Canterbury is the public representative of the Church of England, and such a proceeding, therefore, as we have recently reported is, to say the least of it, a great offence against ecclesiastical propriety. He has no more right to interfere with the Established Church of Scotland than with the province of the Archbishop of York, or of the Archbishop of Dublin. An immense outcry was justly raised in this country some fifteen years ago by what we called 'the Papal aggression.' But what is the difference in principle between the interference of the Pope in the diocese of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the interference of the Archbishop of Canterbury within the province of the established Church of Scotland? We maintained that the Pope, as a foreign prelate had no right to intrude his authority or influence within the domain of a national Church. We tolerate his doing so at the present moment; but we certainly do not expect the Archbishop of Canterbury to mimic his proceedings in the sister kingdom.

"If this gratuitous interference of the Archbishop is wrong in principle, the error is certainly not rendered less serious by the tone of the speeches delivered at the inaugural banquet. The Archbishop himself was not the most discreet of the speakers. "I rejoice to be able," he said, "to give testimony to my anxious desire to seal the union and communion between the Episcopal Church in Scotland and the Church of England. That Episcopal Church is the only true representative of the Church of England in Scotland." We must confess our astonishment that such inconsiderate language should have proceeded from a person of the Archbishop's authority and responsibility. If these words mean anything, they repudiate

the existence of 'union and communion' between the Church of England and the Presbyterian Church of Scotland. They imply that the Church of England, in the person of her Primate, repudiates fellowship with the ground of the Scottish nation solely on the ground of a difference in Church government, and gives all her sympathy, for no better reason, to the Church of a small minority. 'The Episcopal Church,' says the Archbishop, 'is the only true representative of the Church of England in Scotland.' In the first place, what business has the Church of England in Scotland at all? Can the Archbishop be infected with the delusion of the Stuarts, and imagine that it is the mission of the Church of England to reduce all the parts of the United Kingdom to a religious uniformity? But, moreover, we cannot but protest against the assertion that the only true representative of the Church of England in Scotland is a small dissenting sect. The true representative of the English Establishment is the Scottish Establishment, and the true representative of the Church of the English nation is the Church of the Scottish nation. They are one in the great protest out of which they arose, one in their object and in the main principles upon which they are founded, and their sole difference relates to the form of Church government. We are well aware, indeed, that a certain class of theologians deny the name of a Church to any community not enjoying Episcopal government. Such an extravagance will never receive much respect from the English people: and, even among divines, so staunch an advocate for Episcopacy as Hooker never seems to have dreamt of this narrow fancy of ecclesiastical bigotry. But, at all events, so far as the Archbishop is concerned, it is sufficient to observe that English law knows no such refinement. The Presbyterian Church of Scotland receives precisely the same recognition as the Archbishop of Canterbury himself, and whatever may be his private opinion, it is certainly improper that in his public capacity he should set himself flatly against the judgment of the very law to which he owes his own position. His next remark is not more fortunate:—'I think it well that it should be understood that the prelates of the English Church pretend to exercise no jurisdiction over clergymen in Scotland. It is entirely contrary to the diocesan system that such a course should be pursued.' Undoubtedly. This is the very principle we have been urging, but it applies equally to Presbyterian as to Episcopal dioceses, and the Presbyterian Church should have been treated by the Archbishop with as much respect as the diocese of the Bishop of Moray and Ross. But the climax in this extraordinary scene was reached by the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles. It may, perhaps, have occurred to our readers that the Archbishop is not wholly without precedent in employing his high office in the task of spreading the principles of the Church of England in Scotland. Archbishop Laud gained an unenviable notoriety for similarly injudi-

icious proceedings, but we should hardly have thought that any one would have had the audacity to quote the precedent. The Bishop of Argyll, however, rejoiced at the presence of one who was the representative, among others, of 'à Becket, who contended for the principles of ecclesiastical freedom, and of Laud, who saw in Monarchy,' and, we may add, in Episcopacy, 'a divine right.' After this ebullition, nothing further, we think, can be needed to condemn the course taken by the Archbishop. Tell me those you consort with, and I will tell you what you are. Thomas à Becket is not exactly a model for a modern archbishop, but if there is one ecclesiastic whom it would have been desirable to forget on such an occasion it would have been the man who, above all others is identified with a policy of the most deadly antagonism to the Scotch Presbyterian system. To have laid the foundation of a cathedral at Inverness, and, after repudiating fellowship with the Scotch National Church, to have been greeted as the representative of Laud is a position in which we should have thought no archbishop of the present day could possibly have placed himself. Could not the Archbishop find sufficient to occupy him in the state of the Church at home, that he must needs indulge in this gratuitous interference in the ecclesiastical affairs of the sister kingdom? The occurrence, it was said at the banquet, was a thing unprecedented in the history of Scotland. We have no doubt of it, and we trust it will remain so."

Just as we are going to press, we observe a paragraph in the *Witness* announcing that the Rev. Mr. Smith, of Melbourne, has accepted a call to Fond du Lac, in Wisconsin. Should this be correct, the Church here will lose one of her most energetic ministers, who has done much good in the Eastern Townships, and who, it was hoped, would for years have laboured here successfully and acceptably.

There will be found in this number, among "Articles Communicated," an address by the Rev. Robert Dobie, which we commend to our readers, as it discusses some questions which are now exciting lively discussion throughout the Church. Of course we must by no means be considered as responsible for the opinions expressed on all the points taken up by the author of the communication.

The Presbytery of Toronto will meet in the Church at Chinguacousy on Tuesday, the 10th December, at 10 o'clock a. m., for the induction of a minister, and the transaction of general business.

Acts of our Church.

PRESBYTERY OF KINGSTON.—An ordinary meeting was held in St. Andrew's Church, Kingston, on the 7th ult., the Rev. W. M. Inglis, Moderator. The Rev. Professor Mackerras having produced an extract of his appointment to the chair of classics in Queen's College was admitted as a member, and the Clerk was instructed to intimate this action to the Presbytery of Toronto, to which Prof. Mackerras formerly belonged. Mr. James M. Gray, student of Divinity, having produced certificates of attendance in the various classes of the first year of the course was, after examination, found entitled to the Presbytery's certificate in order to admission to the rank of a second year student. Mr. Joseph Gaudier, the Presbytery's Missionary, read a very interesting report of his labours during the summer, in the field assigned to him on the Hastings Road, and was commended for his diligence, and encouraged to persevere. The agent of the Church being present was admitted to take part in the deliberations of the court. He expressed his intention of visiting, in the course of a few weeks, the several congregations within the bounds, detailed the plan he proposed to follow in so doing, and stated the objects he had in view. The Presbytery approved of his arrangements, and wished him all success in his important labours. The Moderator was appointed general Treasurer of the Presbytery's Funds. After inquiries respecting collections for the schemes of the Church during the preceding three months, the examination of Session Records, and other business, the Presbytery adjourned to meet at Belleville, on first Wednesday of February.

CHURCH AT FERGUS, C. W.—[We give the following sketch of the rise and progress of the Church of Scotland in Fergus, contributed by the esteemed pastor, the Rev. G. Macdonnell, to the local paper. Sketches of this kind would always be acceptable to the *Presbyterian*.]

The members and friends of the Church of Scotland, at Fergus, in 1835, succeeded in erecting what was then justly considered a spacious and handsome edifice for public worship. St. Andrew's Church was opened for divine service on the 23rd of August of that year.

The first minister of the church was the Rev. Alexander Gardner—a good man, and very energetic and active in the discharge of the duties of the ministry. He was ordained and inducted to the charge on the 22nd of February, 1837, and died after a brief illness on the 13th of December, 1841. The mortal remains of Mr. Gardner lie interred in the burying-ground of St. Andrew's Church, and over them is placed a marble tomb stone, erected by the congregation.

The original elders were—Messrs. Francis Anderson, Charles Allan, John Munro, George Skene, and A. D. Fordyce—all gone now.

The Rev. George Smellie was inducted into

the charge of St. Andrew's Church on the 13th December, 1843, just two years after Mr. Gardner's death. The secession that had taken place in Scotland from the Church of Scotland, in May, 1843, was followed by a similar secession in Canada, in July, 1844. Mr. Smellie, and the great majority of the congregation in Fergus, joined the Presbyterian Church of Canada at that time.

The small number who adhered to the Church of Scotland in Fergus were kept together mainly by the instrumentality of the late Mr. Fordyce, who himself conducted the weekly service regularly on the Lord's day, in the absence of a minister. They also received occasional supply from the Presbytery of Hamilton. This continued till the settlement of Rev. Dr. Hugh Mair as Minister of St. Andrew's Church, on the 1st of February, 1844. Dr. Mair's pastorate terminated at his death, which occurred suddenly on the first of November, 1854, and occasioned great regret. His people had lost an able and faithful minister, and a warm-hearted and good man.

The present pastor of St. Andrew's Church, the Rev. George Macdonnell, was settled on the 3rd of May, 1855. The congregation having increased considerably during Dr. Mair's incumbency, and still more since the induction of Mr. Macdonnell, measures were taken for the erection of the present beautiful church, the erection of which was successfully completed, and the church opened for public worship on the 28th of December, 1862. In the vestibule of the new church, there is a marble tablet to the memory of the late Rev. Dr. Mair, and one to that of A. D. Fordyce, Esq., testifying to the estimate of their worth and services, entertained by the congregation.

PRESENTATION AT LAPRAIRIE.—The Rev. John Barr, Laprairie, C. E., was presented by the ladies of the congregation with a valuable token of their interest in the welfare of the Church there, in the way of fitting up a study room with carpeting, sofa, tables, study chair, book case, &c. Mr. Barr requested the deputation to express his warmest thanks to the ladies who had shown so much kindness in the gift of the comfortable study-room furnishings which they had arranged; he could not but feel quite at home by the many expressions of kind regard already experienced, and this renewed token of such warm interest was well fitted to give encouragement in our Master's work.

ORDINATION AT FINGAL, SOUTHWOLD.—The Presbytery of London met at Fingal on Wednesday, the third day of October, for the ordination of Mr. Evan Macaulay—the Rev. Mr. Gordon, of N. Dorchester, Moderator. The edict having been returned duly served, the Moderator ascended the pulpit, and preached from Colossians i. 28, after which Mr. Macaulay was solemnly set apart to the sacred office of the ministry, according to the usual forms of

the Church. Mr. Nicol, of London, then addressed the newly-ordained minister, and Mr. McEwen, of Westminster, the congregation, on their respective duties. The settlement of Mr. Macaulay is harmonious and cordial, and there is every reason to expect the happiest results from it.

DALHOUSIE COLLEGE.—The Winter session of the Dalhousie College was opened on the 25th October. The Rev. Principal Ross presided on the occasion. A numerous and respectable audience assembled on the occasion to witness the opening ceremonies and hear the inaugural address on the study of the classics, which was delivered by Professor Johnson, M.A., professor of Classics. After the reading of the inaugural, the audience were very effectively addressed by the Hon. S. L. Shannon, the Revds. P. G. McGregor and Allan Pollock, his Lordship the Chief Justice, and the Rev. Principal Ross. The proceedings throughout were of a very interesting character.

KIPPEN.—On the evening of Tuesday the 6th ult, a meeting of the inhabitants of this neighbourhood was held in the school-house here, for the purpose of taking steps towards getting a church erected at Kippen in connection with the Church of Scotland. Mr. Gilbert Anderson was appointed chairman, and Mr. John Doig, secretary of the meeting.

The meeting was cordial and unanimous in its resolutions, and the following gentlemen were appointed a committee to carry its resolutions into effect—Messrs. Blair, Bell, William Cooper, John Doig, Alex., McLaren, Alex. MacLean, and MacMurtrie.

The efforts of these gentlemen are likely to bring the object in view to a speedy, as well as a successful issue. The church is expected to be built next summer, and there is every prospect of a large congregation being immediately formed. Mr. William Cooper has, with great generosity, promised to give a free site for the church, and otherwise to assist in its erection. The Rev. Daniel MacDougall, a minister of the Church of Scotland, has been occasionally officiating in this place, to large audiences for the last ten months. Kippen is in the Presbytery of London.

DERRY.—At Hemmingford, on the 2nd instant, the Rev. John Merlin, in the 85th year of his age, and 44th of his ministry.

The late Rev. Mr. Merlin has been long a faithful labourer in the County of Huntingdon. Forty years ago, when the country was little else than an unbroken wilderness, he diligently plied his work among the scattered settlements that were being formed along the frontier. From Lake Champlain to what now constitutes the Townships of Franklin and Russeltown, was his field of labour. He was the first Christian Missionary and Minister that found his way into these parts; and, as may well be supposed, like all other pioneers, he had a large measure of difficulty to encounter, and of hard and exhausting labour. He bore the heat and burden of the day; cheerfully he became a partner with his people in those early times of want, and poverty, and suffering. He was in journeyings often; and often exposed to perils in the wilderness.

He laboured on in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness. Besides those things that were without, that which came upon him daily, the care of all the churches.

Several years ago the Presbytery of Montreal, of which the deceased was a member, allowed him to retire from the active duties of the ministry on account of his advancing age and inability; but his place has been well supplied by his present zealous and efficient successor, the Rev. James Patterson.

OBITUARY.—The Rev. John Merlin, for many years minister of the Presbyterian Church at Hemmingford, in connection with the Church of Scotland, died, at the residence of his son, at Hemmingford, on Friday, 2nd instant. Mr. Merlin was a native of Derry, Ireland; was educated for the ministry at Glasgow University; came to Canada in 1822, and having been induced to settle at Hemmingford, laboured during the whole of his public life at that place and in the surrounding neighbourhood. The very large attendance at his funeral, on Sabbath, the 4th, showed the respect in which his memory is held. He rests from his labours, and his works do follow him.

DIED.—At his residence, in the Township of Nelson, on the 30th of September, in the 61st year of his age, T. Cooper, Esq., long an elder of the church. The deceased was a native of Queenston, Canada West. At an early age he left his native town, and resided for some time in Hamilton. Leaving Hamilton, he entered into partnership with C. Ferry, and opened a store at Hannisville. He afterwards settled on a farm about half a mile from the same village, and there remained until his death. He was a warm and true friend to the Church of his forefathers, and devoted his time, energies and talents to promote its temporal interests and spiritual welfare. His loss is deeply felt by every member and adherent of the Church to which he belonged, and shall be for years to come. His place, as clerk of the session in particular, will be greatly missed. The faithful manner in which he performed the duties of his office can be best judged of by examining the books which he has left behind him. His mental abilities being of a high order, and possessing the advantages of a good education, he was in every way adapted to do any writing which the session or managers might require, and keep the affairs of the Church from falling into confusion. His natural disposition, which was mild and gaining, together with his foresight, firmness, and deep penetration of human nature, gave him great influence over others, and made his word and counsel be respected and attended to by every one who knew him. But the grace which adorned his character most, and which gave a beauty and dignity to all his other virtues, was a poor and contrite spirit. He was a man of deep and sincere piety, who sought and obtained a peace which the world cannot give. Having suffered much from rheumatic pains in the last years of his life, he bore them with a fortitude and resignation becoming a disciple of Christ. He appeared fully to realise their sanctifying in-

fluence upon his soul, and rejoiced that he was made a partaker of the sufferings of his beloved Master. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

QUEEN'S COLLEGE.

NEW SCHOLARSHIP.—The Presbytery of London proposes to found, by the private subscriptions of members of the Church within their bounds, an annual scholarship of the value of about sixty dollars for the benefit of a Gaelic-speaking student, the Presbytery reserving to itself the right of recommendation. The proposal, in itself simply laudable, is particularly appropriate as originating with a Presbytery

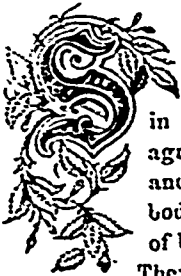
within whose bounds are many localities, in which services from our Church in a Gaelic language are required; and it is to be hoped that the Presbytery will not be disappointed in this effort to supply its own destitution. The proposal is so far advanced that the first fruits of it will be available during the present session.

DONATIONS TO THE LIBRARY.—Principal Campbell, Aberdeen, and Professors Crawford and Stevenson of Edinburgh, copies of their own recent publications, also Principal Tulloch of St. Andrews, 6 vols.; Office of the Church of Scotland Schemes, 9 vols., and a lot of pamphlets; Notman, Montreal, "Portraits of British North Americans," 9 parts; Government of Canada, 1 vol.; J. M. Wilson, Esq., Philadelphia, 6 vols.; John Fraser, Esq., Kingston, 55 vols., Annual Register, beginning with the year 1753.

Correspondence.

THE UNION QUESTION.

To the Editor of the Presbyterian.



SIR,—Leaving aside, for the moment, all considerations of past misunderstandings, as in the way of coming to an agreement between our Church and the Canada Presbyterian body, I would take the advocates of Union on their own ground. They insist that by a junction of the two bodies into one, the one body thence resulting will not only have the power combined which each possessed when separate, but that the friction and opposition being removed an accelerated progress will be made, and greater strength be gained. Now I have always doubted this for various reasons, founded upon historical evidence. An examination of the effect of the union between the Free Church and the United Presbyterians has satisfied me that, in their case at least, my opinion is correct; and that so far from that union having been productive of increased energy and additional numbers, it has been exactly the reverse. I am not at this moment prepared to give the figures because I have not had time to collate and tabulate them; but an inspection has shewn that the rate of increase has been most materially checked since the Union, that their theological classes have fallen off, to put new life into which a spasmodic effort is being made to get up a theological chair in McGill College, with what success, I know not; and that other departments of church organization are suffer-

ing, and are not at all prospering as they did before they obtained the strength which Union gave. To bring the matter to a test, let those who insist so much upon the increased prosperity, strength and usefulness which will be the consequence of a union between our Church and the other, show what has been the result in its case. Let us have figures proving the amount of work done separately, and of the work done when united, of the manner in which it was done, and so forth. This will have far more effect than pages of declamation and floods of talk. Were some man, favourable to union,—but who would not allow himself to be perverted from the truth to forward it,—a man accustomed to figures and to draw correct deductions from them, to take the matter up, I believe that before his task was ended, he would be somewhat astonished at the very different results arrived at from those which he expected. Until this is done, I think I will be silent, unless some of your correspondents happen again to ruffle my generally placid and equable mind.

Yours,

AN ELDER.

RULES OF PROCEDURE.

To the Editor:—

SIR,—In a late number of the "Presbyterian," your correspondent "A. W.," in self-vindication, refers to the action of Synod anent the act of two members of the Presbytery of Montreal, performed by them, under very peculiar circumstances, in Dundee, of whom he says he was one. It is already known to your readers, that for this act the Presbytery of Montreal has

been censured, but the censure was specially intended for the two members referred to, who, according to that finding, "presumed to override the rules of the Church." I, as the other member thus censured, claim the right to say that I fully concur with "A. W." in saying: "Surely the spirit that prevailed to the engrossing of that censure upon the pages of the record was a spirit most foreign and alien to the usual spirit of the Synod," and I also "feel constrained to say that there is no ground whatever for making this charge;" namely, "presuming to override the rules of the Church"—a charge most foreign to my mind. on this point I can speak with complete confidence. I think that evidence should have been adduced to show that we did act presumptuously before such a censure had been pronounced. I neither confess to ignorance of "Church rules," nor to any attempt "to override them." I know something of the "rules" of the Church, and cherish a profound regard for them. I admit that the Synod had an undoubted right, in its judgment, to declare the act *per se* unconstitutional and void. But the question assumes a different shape when we are charged with "overriding the rules of the Church," and censured accordingly. To say the least of it, I think the language employed by the Synod is unfortunate: a "rule" in the sense employed must be a written one—apart of what may be called the by-laws of the Church, otherwise it is only an unwritten custom or practice of the Church. Considered in this light, nothing new had occurred in the act censured, nothing but what has already occurred more than once under similar circumstances. Considered in the other light, the truth is, *we have no "rule"* on the point. Indeed so convinced was the Synod of 1864 that there was no "rule" to determine this point *then disputed*, that it ordered a certain standing committee to prepare a "rule," defining what should constitute a quorum in each of the Church courts; that rule has not as yet been prepared; neither did the Synod of 1864 in any way announce for the guidance of Presbyteries, in the mean time, what that rule ought to be. How then could we have overridden it? Neither has the Church of Scotland (by whose rules we are to be guided in the absence of others), nor our own, so far as we can discover, defined in her "constitution," "styles" or "forms of procedure," how many members shall constitute a meeting of Presbytery. The Church of Scotland defines what shall constitute a quorum in her Kirk sessions, so that a meeting cannot be held valid without a minister. Our own Church declares

by rule—that nine members, five of whom must be ministers, shall form a quorum of committee of Synod," because the questions which may come before it may be beyond the personal cognizance of its members, from all of which it appears that the attention of both Churches has been directed to the subject and have legislated upon it; yet neither of them, as yet, has announced at least by a "rule" what shall form a quorum of Presbytery. There may have been, and no doubt there were, wise reasons for leaving Presbyteries untrammelled as to the number that should constitute a quorum, thereby enabling Presbyteries under special and unavoidable circumstances to perform the work assigned them. Some Presbyteries in the Western Highlands and Islands of Scotland were, and even now are, so situated that it not unfrequently occurs that not more than two members can meet to discharge business, it may be of a pressing nature. Indeed the Church has a written "rule," by which the ministers present at the funeral of a co-presbyter, can constitute and are authorized to constitute themselves into a Presbytery and perform very important duties, without defining the number that should be present, from which it may be legitimately inferred that upon many occasions no more than two can be present—examples of this could be given. The same remarks will apply to our own Church in Canada, and hence it does seem strange to me, that in the absence of such a "rule," and in the view of what has been stated, we should have been censured for "overriding the rules of the Church!" In similar circumstances to those in which we were placed, less than three members have performed similar acts, as shown by "A. W.," and as may be seen from the printed records of the Church. Yet their acts were not disannulled, neither were they censured for so acting. From the printed records of the last Synod, it will be seen that the Presbytery of Hamilton was guilty of the same thing; their act was declared null and void, but no censure was passed on that Presbytery, nor "especially on those members who presumed to override the rules of the Church." How comes this? It was stated that the Presbytery of Hamilton was a "small one;" and on that account should be censured; that is to say a little man may "override rules" with impunity, while a big man cannot. Well, if that is Blackstone's interpretation of law, I submit, and plead ignorance. But if the reason stated for not censuring the Presbytery of Hamilton be of any force, the censure complained of should fall in the first degree on th-

absent members of the Presbytery of Montreal, and not on the two, who, despising bad roads, rain, snow, wind and cold, were at the post of duty. Now the history of the Dundee case, so far as the action that lead to our being censured is concerned, is this. The meeting of Presbytery was appointed on March 6th; it so happened that the weather was inclement, the roads almost impassable, there being neither sleighing nor wheeling, the best part of two days being spent in making a journey of twenty-four miles, having to perform the journey partly in a sleigh and partly in a cart. When we arrived in Dundee, and having almost suspended animation restored by means of a good pie, we found a very large congregation assembled; the minister elect was there, his family also was there, the season of the year rendered this necessary, the people were more anxious to have their cherished wishes accomplished; they were a long time vacant. We were apprehensive that delay would prove injurious to our interests there, as the people were frequently disappointed. What was best to be done? This was the question, we had either to do the work to be done, or else a long delay and another disappointment to the people must follow. We were not prepared to assume the consequence that might result from such a course. We had the best of evidence that by doing the work then, that the best of results would follow to both minister and people, but apprehensions were entertained from postponement; we consulted judge common sense, we considered precedents, and the general practice under such circumstances, so we deemed it to be the wisest course, having regard to the good of all concerned to proceed with the work for which we met, and we did so feeling that we were doing good service to the Church, to the people and minister, and the work of God. We submitted the whole to our own Presbytery at our next regular meeting, and they, who could appreciate the whole case, sustained our course and act, and for this we stand censured by the supreme court of our Church. I humbly submit that we are entitled to better treatment. I have yet to learn that we have violated any "rule," and are sure that we had no such intention. A sincere regard for the welfare of the Church was our only motive. But the whole affair reminds me of the advice the Highlander gave his son as he was about leaving home in quest of his fortune, "Tonal, pe shure that when you'l do wrong, to do it legally, for then you pe safe, but Tonal mind, if you'l do right illegally you'l be punished." This Mr.

Editor, is my vindication of my conduct in the matter; and as my censure is engrossed in the records of our Church, I claim to have this recorded also. This case has already been productive of good, and more good will yet come out of it, for it will lead officebearers in the Church to acquaint themselves with what is "rule" and law.

I am yours truly,

W. C. C.

To the Editor of the Presbyterian.

SIR,—In passing round the northern region of Toronto Presbytery, I had the sad pleasure of seeing a very handsome marble monument, which I was told cost one hundred and fifty dollars, erected by the justly "Sorrowing Congregation of Nottawasaga, to the memory of their "First Pastor," the late Rev. John Campbell, who by his able pulpit ministrations, and his unwearied labours of love, in visiting and counselling and comforting his flock out of his pulpit, won for him the respect and confidence of his numerous and wide-spread parishioners. And if we may not safely suppose that from that most lovely spot, where now repose his "mortal remains," from which the surrounding country far and wide stretches out, hill and valley, upwards to the mountains, clothed with the many coloured leaves of autumn, with the fertile lands intervening, whose happy denizens, nearly all speak that ancient tongue in which they used to delight to hear him proclaim the words of eternal life, his spirit still watches over their earthly course, yet undoubtedly from his throne amid the spheres, he, still as one of the glorious cloud of witnesses, beholds with joy their steadfast fidelity and harmonious order; and we may safely pray that the memory of his worth, and the assurance of his now eternal reward, may stimulate and comfort both those who once heard, but shall never more hear his voice, in this world and his most amiable successor, on whom his mantle has worthily fallen, to follow patiently in the path he led, so as in due time to attain a place beside him in the Heavenly Land.

The example of the Nottawasaga Congregation is well worthy of being known, and when the sad necessity requires of being imitated by other congregations, as a proof that though divided in the body the pastor and his faithful flock are for ever united in spirit.

I remain, sir, yours ever truly,

A MISSIONARY.

Toronto, 16th Oct, 1866.

Articles Communicated.

REMARKS ON THE SERVICE OF THE HOUSE OF GOD.

The service of God's House consists in praise, prayer, the reading and preaching of the Word of God and in the administration of the Sacraments. But strange to say, for a long time the sermon has well nigh swallowed up all the other parts of the public service. By many it has come to be regarded as the great thing—the chief—the only thing indeed, worth attending the House of God for. To use the words of one, who occupies a high position in the Church, and who has devoted much attention to the subject (Dr. R. Lee) :

“The prayers and praises are considered as mere accessories and accompaniments to preaching, instead of preaching being regarded as an accessory to those acts which are strictly worship—so deeply is this notion rooted in men's minds, that it has transferred itself to their common language. People speak of “the sermon” and of “hearing the sermon,” instead of attending public worship. And we all know that common modes of speech arise from common modes of thinking.”

It is the duty of every minister to do what in him lies to get his people to entertain right notions regarding this matter. Preaching is an ordinance of high value and utility in the Church of God, one too, which has been signally blessed for the conversion of sinners, and the edification of saints—but it was never meant to supersede the other parts of Divine Service.

On the contrary, “one great purpose of it (to use the words of the learned author just quoted), yea, of the inspired Word of God itself, is to instruct us *how* to worship, to encourage us to the performance of worship by promises, threatenings, and all the other motives of the Gospel. A principal end of preaching is to render us worshippers of God in Spirit and Truth;” and all religious instruction is naught, which does not bring us to the attitude of worshippers, and increase our Communion with God. Careful and prayerful preparation for pulpit addresses is urgently required, so that ministers may be enabled “to bring forth from the treasury of God's word things new and old;” for it is not desirable that less prominence be given to preaching, or less careful preparation be made for it, but that more prominence be given and more attention be paid

to the other parts of the service, than has been the case for some time past.

Prayer is one of these. Indeed the House of God is called the House of Prayer, though the appellation would certainly be a misnomer applied to many so called Christian Churches, where the sermon puts in the shade everything else, and whither men go “to hear the sermon, to hear the minister preach,” perhaps to sit in judgment on the preacher or his address—the worship of God not being in all their thoughts! Never perhaps was there a more flagrant abuse of a holy institution or place than in men's regarding and using the Christian Church, the House of God, not as a place of worship, but as a theatre for man's declamation, and where men go “to hear the sermon,” in other words, with itching ears in the expectation of “hearing some new thing,” or at best of enjoying a sort of intellectual entertainment. “I am persuaded (says Dr. Norman McLeod), that very many who regularly come to church have never once in their lives joined in its public worship. Thus God may see many a Congregation meeting Sunday after Sunday for worship without one real prayer ascending to Him from one of its members. “They come before me as my people come, but their hearts are far from me.”—a sad and humiliating confession! It cannot, then, be out of place to urge the importance of congregations being taught to regard, and use the Church as the House of Prayer, the place not alone of preaching, but of worship, and that the worshipper is performing a far higher spiritual act than the mere hearer of the sermon. Than prayer, there is no part of the service of the Sanctuary more important, as there is none more solemn; yet it cannot be denied, that altogether too little attention has been hitherto paid to it, and too little preparation made for aright conducting it. We have been a preaching Church, rather than a praying one! Had it been otherwise, our people would doubtless entertain today a far higher idea of its importance, and feel, as now they do not, their own interest in it.

The truth is, many things which have been spoken in Church, as prayers, have not been prayers at all. Recitals, perhaps, of a system of theology—pious meditations—“preachings,” but *not* prayers—the utterances frequently of the moment—loose, disjointed, and immethodical! Is it a matter for wonder, if such fail to sustain devotional feeling? Another evil, arising

in not a few cases from some of the causes indicated, is the undue length of many prayers, which begets uneasiness in the worshippers, and where there is weariness, there can be little devotion. Indeed, many seem to aim at "making long prayers," forgetting that it is such—"much speaking," and *not* short prayers, which the Saviour condemns. His own supplications were remarkably short. So, too, is that beautiful prayer taught us by Him, which many, alas! calling themselves Presbyterians and Christians, *even yet* trample under foot—at least, in practice, utterly ignore—though the Westminster Directory saith: "And because that prayer which Christ taught his disciples is not only a pattern of prayer, but itself a most comprehensive prayer, we recommend it also to be used in the prayers of the Church." The conduct of those who, in the face of this recommendation of the Directory, and contrary to the words of Jesus, make no use of the Lord's Prayer, as well as hold in abhorrence everything like a form of prayer, is, perhaps, only to be accounted for, on the ground that at one period of the history of the Church of Scotland—and that at a troublous one, as well as a time of civil commotion—certain foolish and arbitrary attempts were made, *from without*, to enforce an obnoxious liturgy upon her. The wonder is, seeing the Church has had no interference of this, or of any similar kind, and no cause to fear any, since the period referred to—the days of Laod, some two hundred and thirty and more years ago—this prejudice still, more or less, prevails. There are now, however, not a few signs of its at last giving way.

The time was, and not very long since, when the minister who used a manuscript in preaching would not be tolerated, much less receive any Church preferment at the hands of the people, and now it is well known that the most effective preachers in the Church are those who preach from notes, more or less full. This will ere long, we doubt not, be found to hold good also in the matter of public prayer. In speaking thus, we make no reference to a liturgy, but to ministers using the reasonable liberty in conducting public prayer, which they do in preaching; and, if the use of notes be found to answer a good purpose, in speaking to our fellow men, they are—to say the least—as much required, and might prove as beneficial in "speaking in prayer" to Almighty God. This liberty is the right of every minister of the Church of Scotland, for there is no law nor prohibition of any kind against it. The sooner it is enjoyed, as it has ever been pos-

sessed, the better may it be for the cause of true devotion.

Let us reflect for a moment on the nature of prayer. What is it? Not the speaking with a certain degree of what may be regarded as fluency—not the mere offering of words or sounds, be they ever so solemn, but—to use the words of the old catechism—"the offering up unto God of the desires of the heart," and is any one prepared to say, that "the desires of the heart" cannot be offered up by a clergyman, who, in Church, prays by the aid of certain forms by himself previously composed, or by the use of certain written signs before him, as guides in this very solemn part of the public worship of God? As well might it be said, that the minister, who, in preaching, makes use of a manuscript, cannot preach from the heart! May not he, who prays, aided by certain notes or signs, be justly regarded as more advantageously circumstanced for "offering up unto God the desires of his heart, and that calmly, and with spirit less perturbed, than is the man who prays *extempore*," and whose mind is engaged the while in the work of clothing certain ideas, and these *not* necessarily the desires of his heart, in appropriate language? and are not prayers thoughtfully and prayerfully prepared in the retirement of the closet more likely to be an expression of the desires of the hearts of a Christian congregation, than those which are the mere utterances of the moment, which depend very much on the feelings or state of health, or condition—mental or bodily—of the individual minister at the time? Oh! it is a responsible duty to stand before a congregation of our fellow-men, as heaven's messenger, and it is a sole and thing at the footstool of the heavenly grace, and, as the mouth of a company of assembled worshippers, to intercede with the Most High God in prayer. While we feel the importance of the one, and make diligent preparations for its proper discharge, may we also deeply feel the solemnity of the other, and be led to prepare with as much care for it! And whatever be the nature of the preparations which we make for, or the manner of our offering it, may we ever be mindful that—

"He that unto others leads the way
In public prayer,
Should choose to do it so
As all that hear may know
They need not fear
To tune their hearts unto his tongue, and say
Amen."
—(Harvey's Synagogue.)

Praise is an important part of the worship of God—the only part, indeed, in which it is es-

tomary for our congregations to audibly join. There is, therefore, an additional reason with us why all ought to heartily engage in it, but, all do not thus engage in it. In many Churches the praises of God are sung in a cold, heartless, slovenly manner, without animation, and apparently with little devotional feeling. To our shame it is, that this part of the service of the Church is frequently found to be such as is painful to the ear of man, and little edifying to the heart, and being such, we have no right to expect that it can be pleasing or acceptable to God.

Pity (with all we have to be thankful for) that it is so! But such a state of things is fitted to excite surprise, as well as regret; for, of all parts of the service, this ought ever to be regarded as the most delightful and most pleasurable. We cannot conceive of any higher enjoyment or more heavenly than the attuning heart and voice in the solemn assembly to Jehovah's praise, and of thus even while dwelling on earth, forestalling the joys of heaven by now partaking of its employments.

Let us see to it, that praise has its due place in public worship. Let us not allow this, the most heavenly part of our worship on earth, to be thrust, as it were, into a corner. Let us strive to surmount every difficulty which may be in our way, with the view of having "the service of song" becomingly offered unto God.

The reading of the Holy Scriptures in Church is not to be neglected. It is not for us to stifle God's voice in his own house. This has been too frequently done. Hear on this what the Directory saith: "How large a portion (of God's word) shall be read at once, is left to the wisdom of the minister; but it is convenient that ordinarily one chapter of each Testament be read at every meeting, and sometimes more, when the chapters be short, or the coherence of matter requireth it. We commend also the more frequent reading of such Scriptures, as he that readeth may think best for edification, as the book of Psalms, and such like." While we walk according to this rule, as is our duty, we need care nothing, though some be found saying, "what is the use of all this reading: we can read the Bible at home for ourselves,"—for those who are disposed to speak thus are generally those who do not peruse their Bibles much in private; and even though they did, is not the Church, of all places on earth that where God's voice should be heard and attentively listened to—the place where men should repair,

in order "to hear what God the Lord will speak?"

In regard to the Christian sacraments, many entertain erroneous notions, in that they too lightly esteem the one, and hold opinions over-exalted—bordering perhaps on the superstitious—regarding the other. Such speak of baptism and of "the sacrament," as if baptism was a mere ceremony, and not a sacrament, and as if the Lord's Supper was the only one—or more, something of the nature of an atonement for sin—certainly, at the least, as if the former was not to be classed in importance or solemnity with the other. Such notions have doubtless been engendered in the breasts of the people by the way in which the sacraments have frequently been respectively administered—the one, not seldom, with no previous preparation, and little solemnity—the other, only after much preaching, and with great solemnity. By consulting "The Directory," already referred to, we find that the little solemnity with which the administration of baptism has often been accompanied, has no warrant whatever there. That sacrament is there enjoined to be administered "not in private places, or privately, but in the place of public worship, and in the face of the congregation," and, as plainly appears from what follows, in a manner fitted to deeply impress, not only the hearts of the Christian parents there dedicating their children in holy covenant to God, but also of the assembled congregation. In regard to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, the Directory does not enjoin those preparatory and after-services, which, in many places, have become customary; neither "the much speaking," immediately before and after its administration, nor successive table services—all of which many have come to regard as absolutely essential to the true celebration of the ordinance.

Saith the Directory, "when this sacrament cannot with convenience be frequently administered, it is requisite that public warning be given the Sabbath day before the administration thereof, and that either then, or on some day of that week, something concerning that ordinance, and the due preparation thereunto, and participation thereof, be taught.

"When the day is come for administration, the minister having ended his sermon and prayer, shall make a short exhortation." "After all have communicated, the Minister may in a few words put them in mind of the Grace of God in Jesus Christ, hold faith in this sacrament, and exhort them to walk worthy of it."

From this, we think it is very apparent that the compilers of the Directory had in view a more frequent administration of the Lord's Supper, than now generally prevails in the Church—to wit every Lord's Day, or every month—and never contemplated having any week day services in connection therewith, save in *exceptional* circumstances, and, in short, meant this sacrament to be administered in a simpler way than it now generally is with us—and after the manner of its observance at its Institution, by our Lord and his Apostles.

Notices and Reviews.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF PSALMS. By WILLIAM S. PLUMER, D.D., L.L.D. S. B. Lippincott & Co. Philadelphia, 1866: Dawson Bros., Montreal.



DR. PLUMER'S reputation as an author is now favourably known to three continents. His works, entitled "The grace of Christ," "The Church and Her Enemies," "The Law of God," and "Jehovah Jireh," a treatise on "Special Providence," will live as long as the Church visible shall exist. The organ of the Episcopal Church, in reviewing "The Law of God," has the following truthful statement, which applies to every work of Dr. Plumer's pen: "It is seldom in our day that we meet with a work so literally crammed with thought." Though Dr. Plumer is a Presbyterian, the Episcopal reviewer is constrained in justice to shake off all denominational prejudice, and accord to the learned Presbyterian this tribute of praise.

We have seldom met a divine so full of religious intelligence, and so ripe in theological scholarship. His position as President of Alleghany College, brought him into contact with all the learned biblical scholars of Europe—whilst his large, massive mind enabled him to analyze and digest their diversified lucubrations. His *JEHOVAH JIREH* is one of the most refreshing treatises on divine interposition ever given to the Christian world.

The learned author of the work before us has brought the reading and studies of a long and useful life, to a valuable focus. His gifted mind has been fortified in the execution of his self-imposed task by a sanctified heart. His mellow age has chosen as its theme the most devotional book in the canon of inspired truth; and he

shall leave to the world in his "Studies in the Psalms" a monument more enduring than bronze or marble. His introductory essay is a mine of thought and theological knowledge. His style throughout the work is clear, terse, and evangelical. The whole commentary is *practical*, whilst its criticisms bring out the meaning of the original with great perspicuity of thought. In all his interpretations, Dr. Plumer seems to prefer *principles* to mere *verba* or *scholastic* criticism, and on every difficult passage he furnishes the names and views of all the leading commentators who have gone before him.

It is gratifying to find in an author of such extensive, and mature experience so much wisdom and judgment, as he displays in commenting on the aid of instrumental music, in the worship of God. His remarks on this subject may be read with profit, in the commentary on the xxxiii. psalm, v. 2. and in the clv. 2. His pointed remark on the latter verse is: "It may be added that those who discourage the use of instrumental music in God's worship do not adduce any Scripture prohibiting it under the gospel."

The plan of the work differs from that of any other commentary on the Psalms which has appeared. The English version of each psalm is given in full, then we have a critical, and practical commentary on each verse, in which the opinions of learned men, are frequently introduced—either with, or without approval. The commentary on the psalm being thus finished, we have doctrinal and practical remarks suggested by the psalm and its exposition—this part of the work is exceedingly rich, elaborate and full of reflection—deep, devout reflection, whilst the sayings and remarks of many pious and learned men are introduced by way of illustrations, so that the work is remarkably suggestive, and for sabbath-school teaching, or ministerial reference, or family reading, the

treatise has really no equal in the English language. To give the reader an idea of the extent and variety of his "doctrinal and practical remarks," we find in the first psalm *nineteen*, each remark embodying some great principle of doctrine or duty. On the second psalm *twenty-one* remarks, on the forty-fifth psalm *twenty-eight* remarks, on the seventy-eighth psalm *forty-four* remarks. His doctrinal and practical remarks on the hundred and nineteenth psalm amount to *two hundred and thirty-eight*; each remark embracing a distinct paragraph, and embodying a distinct principle, often illustrated by a fact, an anecdote, or the pithy saying of some distinguished divine, or some suffering saint.

We do not wonder that the Christian public have been looking with much anxiety for this commentary, and we are fully persuaded that it will more than meet their expectations.

THE REVIEWS AND BLACKWOOD. New York: the Leonard Scott Publishing Co. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

In the Westminster and London Quarterly Reviews for October, just received, will be found articles bearing upon the controversy now raging regarding the authenticity of the Scriptures and the true history of our Blessed Redeemer. In the Westminster, a review of Renan's "Apostles," written with great cleverness, (we use the term advisedly) shews the utter confusion into which the enemies of Christianity have fallen in their attempts to sap and destroy the foundations and superstructure of our faith. As at the tower of Babel, there is a babbling and confusion of tongues amongst those who would erect a fortress high and strong to defy the power of the Most High. There is unity in the design, but no two of the opponents of Christianity can agree in their interpretation or as to the weak points which they believe they have discovered in the evidences and arguments for its truth. Generation after generation of so called philosophers have passed away, each of which imagined that the hated Nazarene was dethroned. Voltaire with his sneering scepticism, the Encyclopedists with their new school of atheism, followed by lesser lights, gave place to others down to the present day, when new schemes have been devised, certain, in the opinion of their authors, to extinguish the belief in a

superintending providence or a personal and infinite God. To this task, the Westminster has given itself up; and to those whose minds are turned to theological discussion, and who have been trained for the task, the study of the manner in which the question is discussed cannot fail to be useful. To weak and unprepared minds, the effect might be very dangerous. In a masterly article in the Quarterly, on "The Life of our Lord," will be found, grouped together, and brought face to face, many of the inconsistencies, absurdities, and contradictions of the different schools of scepticism and infidelity whose opposing forces are shown to neutralize each other, and whose theories would require more unreasoning credulity to believe them, than the credulity of Christians so much despised by those men, wise in their own conceit. In the Westminster will be found two very important articles on the British American Colonies, one being on Confederation, and the other on the Colonies in the North Pacific, and an ably written article on the Irish church. The Quarterly is more than usually interesting. Blackwood, that old favourite still retains its pristine vigour, showing no signs of falling off as years go by. The price at which these American reprints are obtainable, places them within the reach of nearly all.

DR. JOHNS, BEING A NARRATIVE OF CERTAIN EVENTS IN THE LIFE OF AN ORTHODOX MINISTER OF CONNECTICUT. New York: C. Scribner & Co. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

Under the name of Ike Marvel, the author of this work was first known to the public. His writings were received with general favour, but this production we think is the one which will do most for his reputation. There is a tenderness and delicacy in the story throughout; and the character of Dr. Johns, outwardly austere, consistently self-sacrificing and yet full of a depth of love for his family and flock, is such as to attract the love of the reader. The mental struggles of his only son, left motherless in infancy, are very beautifully touched upon. The other persons in this unpretending history of the events of a country pastor's life are well brought out. The work is one of those which in the long winter evenings would be admirable reading for the family circle.

The Churches and their Missions.

The controversy originated by the *Times*, on the part performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury in laying the foundation-stone of the new Scotch Episcopal Church at Inverness, is not likely to pass away without bearing good fruit. We are very much mistaken if the Primate of English Episcopacy will not think twice before he again commits the indiscretion of gratuitously insulting a sister Church, as much established by law, and occupying the same position in Scotland, as the Established Church in England. And if the Scotch Episcopal Church is wise, it will lay to heart the rebuke which has been administered to its ridiculous pretensions, as being the Church most entitled to be established in the land, because the purest and most Scriptural, and having the strongest hold upon the wealthier or landed portion of the community.

In laying the foundation stone of the Episcopal Cathedral at Inverness, the Archbishop of Canterbury countenanced and gave his sanction to these claims. In effect, he said the Established Presbyterian Church of Scotland was not capable of performing its duty or supplying religious ordinances to the people, and that this Scotch Episcopal Church—which in Scotland is as much a Church of Dissenters as the United Presbyterian or Free Church—ought to take its place. The *Times* put the case in no more than its true light when it characterised the conduct of the Archbishop as exactly analogous to that of a parish minister going and building a church in the parish of a neighbouring clergyman and setting up a new parochial organisation. In that event the law would probably interfere; but if it did not, public opinion would pronounce the zeal of the officious clergyman as very unbecoming and unseemly. Not a whit better was the recent injudicious step of Dr. Longeley, in going to Inverness and assisting to set up a rival ecclesiastical establishment to the Church, which, in Scotland, holds its position by precisely the same authority as that by which he holds his office in England. Observe, it was not a "Church of England Chapel," or a representative of English Episcopacy in Scotland, that the Archbishop was aiding. In that case, the proceedings would have been looked upon by all parties with the utmost good-will. But there was a great and decided difference, as is forcibly pointed out in the letter of a Glasgow correspondent in the *Times*, bearing the initials "A. H. C.," the production, if we are not mistaken, of the minister of Park Church. He states that the Presbyterian ministers of the Church of Scotland are on terms of the most cordial intimacy with the incumbents of the "Church of England chapels" in Scotland.

We recognise their position (he says) as representing the Church of England, and they recognise us as the Established Church of the land in which they live. But this "Episcopal Church in Scotland" takes another position, affects territorial titles, calls its chiefs Lord Bishops of this, that, and the other place,

in season and out of season, preaches about the sin of schism" of which we Presbyterians are guilty, and (most curious of all) tries to make Scotland reverse the teaching of her history, and compassionate it as having been persecuted and trodden upon in the times of Scottish persecution. It is not to advance the Church of England, but this Church, whose ecclesiastical pretensions are perfectly incompatible with the existence of our own national Church, that the Archbishop of Canterbury crossed the Tweed—nay, went out of his way to denounce those who are content to represent the Church of England among us without claiming to belong to territorial bishoprics.

No one out of the Scotch Episcopal Church who perused the recent and preceding charges of Bishop Wordsworth to the Synod at Perth will believe that the statements made by Mr. Charteris in this letter are unwarranted. With characteristic exclusiveness the Bishop claimed for Prelacy the title of "Christ's own institution," and, not content with describing the Episcopal form of government as that which alone was sanctioned by Scripture and handed down by tradition and the Roman Catholic Church, he launched forth into a wholesale libel against Presbyterianism. It had not succeeded, he said, in producing unity among Presbyterians themselves, nor in fostering habits of practical piety; neither had it been successful in obtaining reverence and solemnity for its worship, or in elevating the moral condition of the people. Now what was the inference to be drawn from this diatribe? Was it not that in all that in which the Presbyterian Church of Scotland failed, according to the Bishop, Scotch Episcopacy would succeed, and that it ought, therefore, to be the Established Church of the land? It is needless to deny that this is the ambition of Bishop Wordsworth and his brother clergymen.

Again, the statements contained in Mr. Charteris' letter will hardly be pronounced too strong, when it is remembered that the ecclesiastics of the Scotch Episcopal Church deny that there are in Scotland, as the *Times* correctly described them, a sect of Dissenters, as truly Dissenters as the Wesleyans are in England. Scotch Bishops have repeatedly, by implication or otherwise, repudiated that designation, and just the other day Bishop Morrell, of Edinburgh, explicitly disclaimed it. The proceedings of the Archbishop of Canterbury were, he said, "a distinct refutation" of the charge that they were Dissenters. Now, when clergymen belonging to an Establishment, rival to that of the National Church of Scotland, do not blush in the face of day to make such pretensions, it becomes the duty of all interested in law and order to see that those at least who ought to be an example to the people of dignity and decorum, should not in their official capacity create ecclesiastical strife, and wound the feelings of well-disposed and faithful Churchmen.

The visit of the Archbishop of Canterbury to Scotland was not only one breach of ecclesiastical etiquette—to use no severer phrase—it was a series of ecclesiastical misdemeanours. On the Sunday before he went to Inverness he resided at Rossie Priory, the estate of Lord Kinnaird, and he is accused by “J. T., St. Andrews,” whose letter in the *Times* bears internal evidence of emanating from Principal Tulloch, of having passed that Sunday “apparently unconscious that the Parish Church was at hand.” Contrary to the praiseworthy example of her Majesty, who does not disdain when at Balmoral to worship with her tenants and dependents in the humble edifice of Crathie Parish Church, the Archbishop “did what he could,” as “J. T.” puts it, “to show that he did not recognise the Christian character of the worship.” To go on the back of that and lay the foundation-stone of the Episcopal Cathedral at Inverness betokened a want of courtesy altogether inconsistent with the usual gentlemanly deportment of the distinguished Primate, and it has only met with its just desert in the outcry raised against it by the “leading journal.”

We do not feel called upon to go into the question of the doctrine professed by Scotch Episcopalians, or to repeat the charge so often made of their having a large element of Puseyism in their creed. Still less do we deem it necessary to refute the claim which has been put forth on their behalf, that the half of the land of Scotland belongs to their membership. The first need not be mixed up with the question more immediately at issue, and the second is so well known to Scotch readers to be absurd that comment upon it would be superfluous.

ENGLAND.—The extent to which ritualistic fanaticism of the present day has spread has attracted the attention of the secular press, and a loud cry is raised in the name of the laity of the Church of England for the suppression of the nuisance. It was high time. There are churches now in London, professing to be portions of the National Establishment, where the services cannot in any degree be distinguished from those in the Roman Catholic Church; and the doctrine taught on the subject of the Eucharist is neither more nor less than the old Popish dogma of transubstantiation. These are matters with which the Bishops ought to deal; but all hope of relief from them appears to be abandoned, and the laity are called upon to take the matter into their hands. Some palliation, at least, for the inaction of the Bishops is to be found in the fact, that if they determine to prosecute the offenders, the prosecution must be carried on at their own cost. and proceedings against all the offenders within the diocese of London would cost the Bishop the entire revenues of his see. Parliamentary action in Church matters is not, as a rule, advisable, but if no other means of restraint are found, then Parliament must assert its authority as the supreme lay inquest over all affairs, temporal and spiritual, within the realm. But it may be hoped that before matters come to that extremity, the good sense of the country and the growth of spiritual and vital religion in our land may be sufficient to check and repress the evil.

IRELAND.—The efforts of the ultramontane party have not a temporary check from the students of the Queen's University. The senate had accepted the supplemental charter provided by the late Government, but by a very narrow majority of two; even this was questionably gained. The old senate were against the charter by nine to five; and it was only by the six members thrust in by the convocation expiring government that the numbers were changed into eleven to nine. The convocation met immediately after, and as they almost unanimously rejected the charter, their action is likely to delay the concession which the ultramontanes have fought for, until the meeting of Parliament.

The Alexandra College for ladies has been opened by Archbishop Trench, with over forty students.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church has unanimously elected the Rev. Robert Watts, D.D., to the chair of Systematic Theology. Dr. Watts is a student of Princeton, who distinguished himself both in America and Ireland by his sound scholarship. He is known as the writer of some articles in the *Princeton* and *British and Foreign Evangelical Reviews*, and one of which, on Bushnell's book on *Vigilant Sacrifice*, attracted much notice. For some years he has been pastor of a church in Dublin.

The autumnal meetings of the Irish Congregational Union have been held in Armagh. The opening address was delivered by the Rev. J. W. Johnstone, the chairman. Other addresses were also delivered on *Man and his Wants*; *Man and the Gospel*; and *Man and the Future*.

FRANCE.—It is obvious that Romanism, and notably the Papacy, is at this moment passing through one of the most formidable crises of its history. The City of the Vatican will be evacuated by the French garrison in the month of December. In view of this inevitable event, Pius IX., the cardinals, the prelates, the monks of the Pontifical States, are plunged into the greatest consternation; for they well know that they have no power to resist the revolutionary torrent. But whose is the fault? If the Pope and his counsellors had made some just and wise concessions to the new tendencies of the people, in accordance with the prudent invitation of Napoleon III., the Italians would willingly have concluded an arrangement with the Pontifical See: for they retain a sort of national pride in connexion with the preservation of the prestige of the Papacy in their own country. Unhappily, Pius IX., and the Court of Rome have persisted in replying to the most legitimate demands, “*Non possumus*,” and now they are enduring the consequences of their blind infatuation. Look at the position of Austria. The dynasty of the Hapsburgs was once great and illustrious in Europe; it has included men eminent for military and political genius. But the Emperors of Vienna have, with some exceptions, committed the fault of subordinating their laws, their resolutions, their alliances, to the influences or the interests of the Pontifical See; and what is the result? The Austrian Empire has lost its rank amongst the great Continental Powers, and will never recover it again. Turin

your eyes towards Spain. What desolation prevails amongst that unfortunate people. Agriculture, commerce, industry, everything languishes and is expiring! No liberty, no guarantee for the rights of the citizens; the monks and the nuns wield a kind of omnipotence at the Court of Madrid. This is a country which no longer possesses any prosperity at home, or any authority or influence abroad: and Romanism, which has been one of the chief causes of these evils, shares the melancholy condition of the country.

In France the state of things is better; and why? Because, since the end of the reign of Louis XIV., and especially since the Revolution of 1789, the Government, the institutions, the acts of our nation have, in great measure, been independent of the Roman theocracy. If the French people had not succeeded in this work of emancipation, the nation would have fallen to the level of Austria and Spain.

What ought we to conclude from these remarks, founded upon the events of our epoch? That the Papal Church has reached a decisive crisis, in which it will be necessarily compelled to choose between these two courses: either to accept in its own ideas and discipline the irreversible progress of modern times, or to undergo the humiliation of being abandoned by mankind generally, and thus fall into the abyss.

The National Society for the Translation of the Scriptures is vigorously prosecuting its noble mission. Neither pretended Papal letters nor bishops' prohibitions can effect its object nor its onward course. If some of its ecclesiastical members have succumbed to hierarchical tyranny and withdrawn their names, their hearts are no less in the work; one of the most prominent—the Canon Bertrand, of Versailles—stoutly declined withdrawing and retracting his remarkable speech at the Sorbonne, and his bishop, being an Ultramontane, has suspended him.

The President and Vice-Presidents, after the Ultramontane outburst, met and decided on continuing the work begun, notwithstanding opposition, were it to come even from the Pope himself. In a few months the first pages will be issued. Surely the fact is a grand one—that the Word of God should make a breach, so to speak, and penetrate into the world of the learned and literary of the capital of France. Funds are being collected for the enterprise. The society has at present fifty-eight members, of whom twenty-nine are Roman Catholics, eight are Israelites, and twenty-one Protestants.

There is a truth, and a striking one, in the sorrowful expression of a letter before me: "We have not the Bible because we do not deign to become virtuous, happy, and free, like our brethren in Switzerland, England, and America."—a truth practically set forward once in our hearing by a hospital nun, who declined giving the Holy Book to a patient on the plea, "Our men are not virtuous enough to hear it; it is good for *you*, who are brought up from childhood with it!" *Sic*, at least, was not a Bible-burner, and yet I believe she once destroyed a Testament because she was told it was a false translation. True it is, "if any man

will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God."

ITALY. There is no news from Rome. The calm that precedes the storm pervades the atmosphere there. The French commander has addressed his troops, and assured them that by the 15th of December they will return to their French firesides. French transports are loading army *matériel* at Civita Vecchia for shipment to Marseilles or Toulon. The "Papal Legion"—for no one here will desecrate the far-famed title of "Roman Legion" by applying it to such a band of mercenaries—has been blessed by the Pope and sent to Viterbo, the inhabitants of which town kept a besitting silence, but placarded their walls with the enigmatic words, "Here one enters and never departs." The indifference and dislike of the Roman populations have cooled the courage of the Pope's defenders, who had been assured by their chaplains that nothing but *fêtes* and demonstrations and fraternal embraces awaited them on the part of the people. As giving the lie to such misrepresentations, another list of contributions by citizens of Rome to the Italian patriotic fund has been published, amounting to £2,000 sterling. Despite of priest and spy and police, this sum has been gathered from a large number of subscribers, through the Roman Liberal Committee.

RUSSIA.—Some of the Continental journals state that the Emperor of Russia, by an unexpected ukase, has just abolished all the penalties enacted against those who abandon the State religion. These penalties, which involved the confiscation of property, and the loss of all social position, constituted the greatest obstacle to the progress of religious ideas opposed to the Greek religion. Henceforth we are told this barrier is removed, and Russia is placed under the *regime* of liberty of worship. We give the statement as we find it in the columns of our contemporaries, without guaranteeing its accuracy.

CHINA.—Twenty-five Protestant missionary societies are represented by about two hundred agents in China. There are also some few labourers at work independent of any organization. Of the societies twelve are British, nine, American; and four, German. The largest number of ordained missionaries are employed by the London mission, which has fourteen, and the American Presbyterian mission, which has twelve, of this class of agents. The following table gives the total number of missionaries in China in June last, and the number of native converts at the close of last year:—

Ordained missionaries	97
Lay missionaries	14
Missionary ladies	97
Whole number of missionaries	206
Number of native helpers	206
Number of members received in 1865	287
Whole number of native members	3,142

MISSIONS AND BAPTISMS IN THE PUNJAB

The Rev. Mr. Taylor, of the Church of Scotland Mission, writes from Sealkote, to the "Church of Scotland Record":—"Since I last

wrote to you, I have had the privilege of admitting to baptism a man, his wife, and grown-up son. The case is a most interesting one. 'Gholam Masit' (Servant of Christ) was for many years a commander of a native regiment in Cabool, under the late Sirdar Dost Mohammed Khan. He was originally a Brahmin, but having resided for a time in a country so thoroughly Mohammedan, he was compelled, outwardly at least, to adopt the Moslem faith. It appears that a European, who some years ago died in Cabool, was with him in the employment of the Sirdar, and by times instructed 'Gholam Masit' from the New Testament.

The seed sown in this way was long before it appeared. While his worldly affairs prospered, the good seed seems to have produced no effect upon him. By-and-by trouble arose, and he left Cabool, and for the past three years was in the employment of the Mahajah of Cashmere. Here, however, his leanings to Christianity were indulged, and he was despoiled of much valuable property, and obliged to take to flight during the night to escape imprisonment. He has been with me for six months, and during that period has given ample proof that the Word, long ago heard, has at length found a place in his heart. His son, a lad of seventeen or eighteen years of age, also made a profession of his faith in Christ, and was baptized with his parents. He is of an amiable disposition, and, though not particularly clever, yet I hope, when he has been instructed, he may be found useful in spreading the truth among his countrymen.

"Missions on the Punjaub are now gaining a larger number of converts, and of a superior class. About two months ago a Moulvie of Lahore, and his brother, both famous for ability, made a public profession of Christianity. One of them is in a high position in the office of the Director of Public Instruction, and is the compiler of many of the government schoolbooks, so that his name is well known throughout the province. I understand that, previous to his embracing Christianity, he sent a series of questions to the chief Moulvie of Lahore and Amritsar, challenging them to a defence of Mohammedanism. No voice was raised in reply, so that his avowal of Christianity makes it all the more strikingly a triumph of the Gospel."

WEST AFRICA.—Bishop Crowther thus writes from Bonny Town, on the Niger, giving the following account of the heathenish practices called Juju:—

A few yards distance from our temporary school-room in Bonny Town, stands the great Juju house, in which are arranged upon the posts of the doors at the entrances, and on the walls, and on the upright posts in the centre of the house, rows of hundreds of human skulls as decorations to the god's house; these are said to be the skulls of prisoners of war, who were offered to Juju in sacrifice, and whose flesh was feasted upon in vengeance on their enemies. Outside, in front, was a platform erected of sticks, about six feet high, on which

were piled up the bones of those who have been thus dealt with. But of late a change for the worse has been observed to be taking place in the Juju-house, and in those things connected with it. The sacred house itself is very much neglected, and is very much out of repair; it is out of its perpendicular position, tottering, and will soon be down unless propped up. None seem to take any interest in attending to these things, as far as I can hear just now. The young men are heard to remark, as they pass by, "These things were not used to beso; there is a change taking place." There are also private Juju-houses, and priests, and priestesses, in whose houses more or less human skulls are to be seen. These sacred places may literally be called houses of human skulls. The ugly figures of wood which are set up to represent the gods are like those which may be met with in all other parts of Africa. The reptiles called the guanas, of the lizard tribe, are worshipped, being sacred to the gods; these are to be seen in great numbers at the doors and outside the buildings everywhere. The sight is most disgusting, especially when their body is covered over with mud, in which they sluggishly crawl about. They are so tame, they will scarcely make an effort to move when in one's way. I was sitting at the verandah of our hired house one day, observing the motion of one of these creatures; in front of the house a small cask was sunk, which served for a well, containing about two feet of water. The guana sluggishly crawled towards the edge of the well, and plunged into the water. In a few seconds it came up again with a large crab in its mouth, which it quickly devoured. On its plunging into the water, the mud with which it was besmeared was washed off, and the reptile came up in beautiful chequered colours of green and yellow, so that one would almost imagine it was another creature from the one which had been seen a moment before. Though these animals are held sacred, yet when they trespass on private property they are often roughly dealt with. One day, as I stood under a large tree, buying building-sticks for our new station, I observed a man with a stick in his hand beating a large guana, and pushing it into the creek. I asked why the man did so to this god, when I was told that it had killed and eaten up all the fowl chickens which he was rearing. There was another large guana which had crawled on the tree near which I stood, apparently stunned from severe beatings. Others may be seen crawling about with a shortened tail, a part being cut off by some one in anger, whose property the guana had most likely destroyed. This will show how little private regard is now being paid to these creatures sacred to the gods, though no one dared to say anything publicly against them. The sharks are also objects of worship to some of the people here. The shark is called the Calabar Juju, because there it is held more sacred to the gods, while the guana is not in the least regarded by the people. At Brass, the cobra, or boa-constrictor, is the great object of worship, as well as the sharks.

Don't do it.—Don't speak that harsh, unkind word, and thus make sad the heart of another. Speak gently; 'tis better.

Don't make the burden of another heavier, when it is in your power to lighten the same. Keep in good humour; anger is a pure waste of vitality. No man, and no boy, does his best except when he is cheerful. A light heart makes nimble hands, and keeps the body healthy, and the mind free.

Don't let others say that you are selfish, and care only for yourself.

Don't live for your own comfort and enjoyment alone: live for others.

Don't neglect that precious soul committed to your charge: remember it must live for ever.

Don't waste the holy Sabbath; its hours are too valuable.

Don't turn away from the Bible; it is the book by which you will be judged.

Don't live merely for this world; remember the *endless future*.

Articles Selected.

THE KOOKIES OF EASTERN BENGAL.

The Kookies, respecting whom we purpose in this paper to put together as much information as can be gleaned from any source, are a race of savages occupying the higher ranges of the Tipperah, Cachar, and Chittagory hills. The lower elevations are inhabited by a people half Mongolian and half Caucasian, who acknowledge the supremacy of the British Government, and are learning gradually to appreciate the blessings of civilization. The Kookies proper, however, have no intercourse with the people of the plains, and resolutely maintain their independence. They are divided into five tribes, the Umroi, the Chutkang, the Halam, the Baipai, and the Hochak Kookies. Little comparatively is known of their character and manners, yet enough to keep the villages of the border plains in constant dread of their irruptions.

The tribes are independent of one another, each electing its own rajah or king. These kingships are hereditary, royalty being clad, by way of distinction, with a small slip of black cloth secured round the loins, and having its long hair fastened in a knot which is so fixed as to overshadow the forehead. The females of the rajah's family also wear black cloth, black being a colour which only the royal family can use. Each of the tribes is divided into clans under the immediate command of their own chieftains, who are chosen by the general voice of the people, and are therefore, for all practical purposes, independent of the rajahs. The weapons that are used in the frequent wars waged against hostile tribes, or in their great hunting expeditions, are the bow and arrow, the spear, the club, and a small hatchet. Their shields are made of the hide of an animal called the gayal, and are ornamented on the inside with pendulous plates of brass, half an inch or an inch in diameter, which tinkle noisily as the warrior tosses about his arm in the dance or in the battle. Strings of shells adorn the necks of the fighting men; tufts of goats hair dyed red are fastened round their thighs and knees, and broad rings of ivory sometimes cover their arms, all put on with a view to give them a terrible appearance to their enemies. The steepest and most inac-

cessible summits are usually selected as sites for their temporary villages, for they are essentially a migratory people, and these villages are always defended by means of thick bamboo palisades. Day and night, whether during times of peace or of war, the paths leading into the villages are strictly guarded, and no stranger can approach without being noticed. Their houses are erected as close to one another as possible, and are built on a platform of bamboo raised about six feet from the ground. They are usually roomy enough to accommodate four or five families. Living altogether within a limited area which is carefully fortified, the people provide effectually against ambuscades and sudden surprises.

Our most recent information regarding the tribes occupying Independent Tipperah is furnished in an interesting report published four years ago by the Chief Civil Assistant in the great Trigonometrical Survey of India. He tells us that all the tribes agreed to worship a deity called Lachee. The worship consists for the most part of offerings of cotton, rice, chillies, and other produce of the soil, and are presented with a view sometimes to propitiation, sometimes to simply petition for plenty. Sometimes the head and neck of a cock are placed in the basket containing the offerings, but the oblation believed to be most acceptable is that of a young monkey killed by a single dash upon the ground, and left there for Lachee to pick up.

In their marriages the bridegroom is expected to show his gratitude for the bride he has gained by making a present of money to her father; and in those cases in which the bride is fatherless, the king of the tribe undertakes the paternal duties, relinquishing them, however, the moment the happy son-in-law has expressed his thankfulness in the usual way. The Kookies bury their dead; the corpses of their rajahs, chiefs of clans, and men of distinction, being smoked and dried before they are interred. When a rajah dies, his household place the body on a wooden platform constructed for the purpose, and elevated about four and a half feet above the ground. Underneath this platform they keep up a moderate fire which gradually dries up the humours of the body. Having been kept in this way for three months, the corpse is interred in a bori-

zontal position, in a grave seven or eight feet deep.

The manner in which the people will communicate a message throughout their tribes is curious. A *puroi*, we are told, is made out of peeled strips of bamboo, about eight and a half inches long. The two prongs of the fork are formed by splitting the upper portion of the central rod, to which a crosspiece is tied at right angles. If the prongs be aligned by holding the *puroi* so that the two shall appear as one, the missive will be seen to resemble a cross. The tips of the prongs and cross-piece being turned in breaks, indicate black mail to be levied, a rupee for every break. If an additional piece, having its ends charred, be attached, it implies that the people to whom the *puroi* is sent, are to come on even at night with torches. If a chilli (the Indian capsicum) is fixed at the intersection of the cross, it signifies that disobedience to the summons will meet with punishment as severe as the chilli is hot. If both the burnt bit of bamboo and the chilli are attached, they mean that the requisition is extremely urgent, and must be complied with forthwith; whilst, if a piece of plain bamboo or stick be added to the cross, it signifies that disobedience will entail corporal punishment.

If a Kookie widower wishes to marry again, he must first gain the consent of his deceased wife's relations. A year after her death, he gives them an entertainment, and asks to be allowed to cut his hair; the unshorn hair being a token of mourning. Suffering another year to elapse, he summons them again, and having opened their hearts by means of pork and strong drink, he announces his wish to marry.

If the company accede to his request, he is henceforth free to carry out his desire; if they refuse it, he must be content to remain a widower.

The Cachar Kookies ordinarily burn their dead. Vegetables and rice are brought to the spot where the cremation took place, and the relatives of the dead man thus address his ashes:—"We bid you farewell to-day. Whatever money and rice you have acquired, leave with us." The widow then steps forward, and having laid aside the flowers and other ornaments with which she had bedecked herself for the occasion, bids adieu to her husband, saying:—"Thus long have we lived together, this day are we parted." She then prostrates herself on the ground, and returns home with dishevelled hair.

The Kookies have a vague notion of a future state of rewards and punishments: but they, for the most part, incline to the Hindu doctrine of transmigration. According to their rude code of morality, the chief sins a man can commit are, injuring the property of others, abusing parents, giving false evidence, being disrespectful to the aged, marrying an elder brother's wife, and walking over a man's body. The principal meritorious deeds are, giving alms to the poor, furnishing shelter for travellers, fanning one when he is hot, teaching the parrot and other birds to talk, bringing one home by torchlight who has been benighted in the jungles, obeying parents, and giving water to the thirsty. It is worthy of observation, how-

ever, that wrong doing, according to this code of morality, becomes such only when its evil effects threaten to disturb the comfort and quiet of Kookiedom; and that it is not contemplated that the good deeds enumerated as meritorious should characterise the Kookie's relations with strangers.

One of the most offensive features of Kookie life is the disease that prevails among the people. The amount of disease amongst them, and the hideous varieties and types it assumes, are something appalling. Hill tribes are notoriously filthy in their habits and entire style of living; and of the diseases so generated, the cutaneous constitute the mildest kind. The people are more or less infected with leprosy, elephantiasis, cancers, and obstinate skin diseases. The elephantiasis prevalent amongst them is often accompanied with grapes at the angle between the foot and the leg. This prevalence of disease is attributable to the want of cleanliness, bad water, and indiscriminate feeding. Dogs, elephants, snakes, and poisoned fish are regarded as furnishing legitimate food, and are even coveted. If a tiger happens to kill one of their number, the whole clan immediately rush to arms, and set out in pursuit of the offending beast. Should it be taken, the family of the deceased make a banquet of its flesh, in revenge for the death of their relation: and until the animal is taken and so disposed of, the entire clan is regarded as excommunicate from the tribe. So, too, if a tiger slays one of a party of huntsmen, the party dare not return home without bringing the dead body of the animal with them.

The warlike habits of the Kookies make them a terror to the Tipperah hill men and the Cacharis. Their arrangements for an attack on an enemy's village are made with consummate secrecy, the intended victims of their cruel revenge knowing nothing of the doom prepared for them, till they are startled by the savage battle-shout that announces the onslaught. During the time they are engaged in a hostile excursion, they never kindle a fire, but, carrying with them ready-dressed provisions in a bamboo tube which is slung across the shoulder, they march during the darkness of the night, and lie concealed in the dense forests during the day. The distance to the doomed village may be great, and the march may extend over days, but it is conducted throughout in perfect silence. No one speaks aloud; everything that has to be said is whispered. Tramping thus noiselessly through the thick jungles, the people of the fated village get no warning of danger. Having reached the neighbourhood of the village, these savages halt, and lie in ambush till the night falls. At an hour well into the night, when the inhabitants of the village have all returned from their day's work, and have retired to rest, the murderous band steal forth from their hiding-place, and, without even a whispered word, form a cordon around the village. At a preconcerted signal, the whole party yell out their infernal battle-cry to the clanging of their shields, as they are struck with the heavily-barbed spears. The sound, too well known, stabs the heart of the helpless villagers with dismay. In the wild eagerness to escape, they rush from their huts.

hoping to elude the vigilance of their enemies at some point left unguarded. But the hope is vain. Whilst they are still running frantically to and fro seeking a point of escape, the deadly cordon is being drawn closer and closer around them, and then ensues the indiscriminate slaughter. Neither woman nor child escapes the cruel revenge. The inhabitants are all slain, the village is blotted out, and the Kookies withdraw in triumph, each warrior bearing away the bleeding heads that betoken his prowess.

Sometimes a village is attacked, not on account of any existing feud, but simply because the savages are in want of victims for sacrifice. When a king or the chief of a clan dies, it is presumed that in the unknown world to which he has gone he will require the same personal attendance that he was in the habit of commanding here; but as the men who waited on him as servants here are not disposed to extend their term of service into the next world, they find it convenient to delegate their duties to other people. The Bengalis of some unfortunate village are probably selected for this purpose, and a Kookie party is immediately formed and dispatched against them, with a view to hurry away to their new duties these servants elect of the departed king. This peculiarity in the religious belief of the Kookies accounts for the frequent raids they perpetrate on the inoffensive inhabitants of the plains.

No systematic attempt that we are aware of has ever been made to bring civilising influences to bear on the Kookies. A great drawback to any effort of the kind would be their restless, wandering habits. A Kookie village may be here to-day, and ten miles off to-morrow. The huts in which they live cost them nothing beyond the labour of erection, so that their frequent migrations are attended with no expense. The houses they provide for themselves are made of grass and bamboos, and these materials are to be had in abundance in these hills. They cultivate the soil to a certain extent, but the agriculture is of a very imperfect kind. They will cut down a bamboo jungle, and when it has dried in the sun, they will set fire to it, and then wait for a heavy shower of rain. After the rain has softened the ground, they will, by means of oblique cuts made with a *dow*, form numerous pits into which the seed is dropped. The seed may consist of either paddy alone, or paddy and cotton and Indian corn, all mixed together. The cotton cultivation in these hills is more extensive than would at first sight be supposed. Large quantities of the fibre find their way to the markets of Chittagong and Tipperah; but as the local demand absorbs the supply, there is nothing available for exportation. The cultivation will need to be greatly improved before the Kookie cotton can compete with the produce in other parts of India. Out of every 75,000 maunds of uncleaned fibre, only 25,000 maunds of cleaned cotton can be obtained, the proportion of cleaned to uncleaned being as one to three. This proportion is in reality a grave disproportion, mainly arising from the tenacity with which the fibre adheres to the seed. The shortness and brittleness of the staple are also serious drawbacks to its profitable sale. The only way to correct these evils would be to improve

the cultivation. As long as the people sow their cotton, not only broadcast, but largely intermixed with other seed, so denying it the conditions essential to vigorous development, so long all that can be expected are a stunted plant, a small and sickly pod, and a weak fibre. The Government of Bengal proposed some years ago to establish an experimental factory for the growth and preparation of cotton, but the proposition was negatived by the Supreme Government. No private enterprise has as yet been attracted to these hills, and now that the demand for Indian cotton is fast abating, it is not likely to be so.

It seems to us that nothing can be done with these Kookies until they have been taught to dwell in fixed habitations. Their vagrant life is mainly owing to their mode of agriculture. They invariably *joom* their lands, that is, burn the jungle on them, and then drop the seed into the little holes carelessly notched out at the point of the *dow*. There is no attempt at ploughing, or, indeed, at any proper preparation of the soil. The success of the crop is left mainly to depend on the stimulus created by fire. The consequence is, that none of these lands are required to yield more than one crop. When the ground about their temporary encampment has been once used up, the people move somewhere else where there is virgin land to be *joomed*. Thus the Kookies are perpetually moving, and are not to be found when we want them, whether to chastise them for some murderous *jacquerie*, or to draw them within the pale of civilization.

Having thus collated, as best we could, all that is known respecting these all but wild men of the Eastern hills, it only remains to observe that up to this time no effort has been made to convey the Gospel to them; and it is difficult to say when the door for such service will be opened. But the Kookies will not be forgotten in the providential government of Him who is to reign until He has subdued all things unto Himself; and when the set time comes to favour these ignorant and blood-thirsty savages, the opportunity will come with it, and the old power that has conquered elsewhere will begin its conquests in this new direction.

THE FLOWER-SHOW.



IN London, for several years, flower-shows have been established, at which the poor are invited to exhibit. Great interest attaches to these annual gatherings, and tastes are fostered by them in courts and alleys where no sunny light of nature enters, which do much to improve the home of their inhabitants. It is to one such humble show that my true and simple story relates.

Down a dark alley, where the rows of houses stood close together, and the broken windows were filled up with rags, walked a girl who looked a little tidier and cleaner than the children playing around with their heaps of oyster shells. She was returning from an errand, and threaded her way along the dirty

alley till she came to the house, No. 21. She ran quickly up-stairs and opened a door. A child younger than herself was nursing a puny little baby, and trying at the same time to toast a few slices of bread in front of a small fire, evidently hindered by the wailing of the infant in her lap.

"Here is sixpence I have got for my needle-work," said the girl who had just come in. "Now mother will let me go again to the ragged school to-night."

"I don't think she will, Annie: baby cries so much in the evening, and mother always says you are to nurse her."

"Well, if she won't let me go, I won't do any more work," replied Annie, sulkily.

"Is that what the kind young lady that you are so fond of, told you?"

"I wish she would teach me always, and then I would try to be better."

"Well, Annie, I am sure you have been kinder to me ever since she taught you, and she would like to know that."

Annie took up the poor little baby, who had begun to fret again, and soothed it on her lap. On one side of the room there was a small bedstead, and there were a few cups and plates upon the shelf; the floor was uncarpeted, and the window without a blind. Over the whole place there was a general look of squalor and misery which is easily accounted for: Annie's father was a costermonger whose earnings were very uncertain, and who, when they were large, generally spent them at the public house; the mother worked hard at the washing-tub, and came home late, tired and cross, and sometimes she, too, spent more than she ought on beer: so that the home of these poor children was a very unhappy one, though unfortunately, not worse than thousands of others in our dreadful London back-streets.

A ragged school had been established for some time in a neighbouring street, and Annie had been sent to it by her mother that she might get some book-learning. At first Annie did not care to go, and became tired of sitting so long quiet; she had not been trained to be obedient, and in consequence often gave her teacher much trouble, disturbing the other girls and being saucy when reproved. One evening a gentle, kind young lady came to assist her friend, in whose class Annie was. The sweet look in her eyes riveted Annie's attention, and she felt an unusual pleasure in trying to do her task; then the kind word of encouragement inspired her with the desire to do more. When school was over, Annie came by the side of the lady, and looking up into her face, said, "Do come again, I like you to teach me; do come again." The lady looked surprised at being spoken to, and then said kindly, "I shall be here next Friday."

On Friday, Annie managed to come in very good time: she looked tidier and cleaner than usual, and was evidently determined to do her best. The same young lady came to take charge of the class, and with a pleased look recognized her little friend. From that time there was a marked improvement in Annie's behaviour. The lessons she was taught were taken to heart, and it was evident that she was striving through many difficulties to do better.

Of course bad habits and bad temper will sometimes gain the mastery, but it soon seemed that by God's grace a hard struggle against sin was going on in her heart.

On the evening of the day on which she brought home the money for her work, the baby was quiet; and Annie's mother allowed her to go to the ragged school. When she came home, a bright look was on her face. "Oh mother," she said, "there is to be a flower-show in two months' time, and teacher says we are all to get little plants in pots, and then we can send them to the show, and the best will get prizes; only they must be our very own flowers that we have taken care of ourselves."

"But I cannot be spending money on flower-or flower-pots," said her mother, somewhat roughly.

"Oh, but mother dear, you will let me spend twopence out of the next sixpence I earn, won't you? And I know an old man in Crane's Court who will let me have such a pretty little geranium."

"Well, well, I'll see—perhaps I will," replied her mother more gently.

Poor Annie tried hard to get some work that she could do. At last she succeeded, and very pleased was she when the sixpence was put in her hands. She went round to Crane's Court where an old gardener lived, whose window-sill boasted a few plants, and purchased of him a nice young geranium, which the old man told her would be full of bloom if she watered it regularly, gave it plenty of light and air, and kept it free from insects. She took it home, and the care of her plant was a constant pleasure. Every morning she ran down to the pump in the yard and brought up a broken cupful of water—it was her only watering can; and day by day the flower thrived under her careful attention, put forth its leaves, and at length, in excellent time for the show, large heads of beautiful blossoms appeared.

The show was to be held in the garden of the nearest square, and the children had already seen preparations being made for tents to receive their cherished plants. The day before the exhibition Annie went to take a peep between the railings at what was going on inside, and then ran home full of glee to tell her sister Susan about the large tent that had been put up. As she came near the house she looked up to see if her plant, which she was to take in the afternoon round to the garden, was safe on the window-sill. It was gone. Who could have touched it? She had never known it moved before. Her heart beating fast, she ran up stairs quickly, opened the door, and there on the floor lay her pretty flower, the stalk broken in half. Poor Annie burst into tears. Her father sat on a stool near the window, and said, crossly.

"See what comes of keeping your silly flowers in the way. The window can't be opened without knocking them down."

"Oh, but, father," sobbed Annie, "I was going to take it to the flower-show to-day, and perhaps I should have got a prize; for I have taken such care of it,—I loved it so."

"Well, you need not take on so. Here's sixpence to buy another with."

But then, father, it won't be my own : and teacher said we must only send those plants we have grown ourselves."

"Who'll know anything about it, you silly girl? Buy your flower, and get your prize."

Annie felt there was something wrong : still she took the sixpence, and went away with a sad heart. She bought a handsome little plant, with fine blossoms. It looked quite as pretty as her own : but Annie felt all the time in her heart that she was doing wrong, and could take no pleasure in it. In the afternoon she carried the pot to the tent : it was placed on a stand with a number of others, and looked very gay amongst them. But Annie's heart was like lead, and the words, "Thou, God, seest me," which she had learnt at school, kept running in her head.

The next morning was bright and fine. Annie and Susan made themselves look as tidy as they could, and went to the square. The flowers looked so lovely, the music sounded so merrily, that Annie's misgivings seemed to disappear. On a table at one end of the tent were the prizes spread out on a red cloth. Pieces of calico and print, brushes, books, and gardening tools made a tempting array, and Annie thought how nice it would be to have a new cotton frock. Very often she visited her geranium : and once, when she came near, there was a group of gentlemen round it fixing a thicket on, saying it was a prize flower. Annie felt stunned : the temptation to take the prize was very great, and yet she knew the conditions on which it was given. At length the important time came when the list of prizes was read. All the children listened eagerly, and one after another the fortunate prize-holders advanced to the lady who was distributing the awards, and received some useful present, accompanied with a few kind words.

At last, "Annie Smith, for a fine geranium," was read out. Annie, who had listened for and yet dreaded to hear this sentence, advanced slowly to the table.

"Here is a piece of print to make you a frock," said the lady. "You have taken great care to rear your pretty plant, and here is something you can work at for yourself."

Annie held out her hand to receive the stuff ; but as these words were uttered the text seemed to ring in her ears. She dropped her hand, and, half sobbing, said, "No, ma'am, it is not my flower."

"Not your flower ! Why, what do you mean ? You are Annie Smith, are you not ?"

"Yes," said a teacher who stood near. "What is it, Annie ? You have been rearing a plant for a long time, I know."

"Yes, ma'am, but it was broken : and this is a new one that I bought yesterday, and I am very sorry I bought it. Please forgive me."

She returned to her seat, and the piece of print which had been so nearly her's was given to another girl.

Annie's temptation had been very severe. Her teachers knew this, and they resolved that, though she had lost her prize, she should not go without a new frock. Of course at the time Annie thought she would be punished, not rewarded, for confessing her fault. The kindness shown to her made her more humble and

penitent than any punishment could have done.

Do you not think this little ragged-school girl acted wisely when she sacrificed her dearest wish to her sense of the requirements of God's holy law, which permits one neither to act nor speak a lie ? The discovery of the deceit she had practised in bringing a freshly-purchased plant would probably never have been made : but she knew that God's all-seeing eye was upon her path, and spied out all her ways, and this knowledge prevented her from committing sin.

AN UNPROFITABLE SUNDAY.

BY A BUSINESS MAN.



THINK you should come with me to Rosemount, to see my old friend, Mrs. Tulloch."

These words were spoken by Mr. Overdale, who sits at the desk opposite to me. We had been taking breath for a moment, and I happened to say that I should much like to spend the next Sunday in the country somewhere, as the weather was so fine.

"Where is Rosemount ?" I asked.

"Why it is a little hamlet—one can hardly call it a village—three or four miles to the south-east, an exceedingly pleasant spot among the hills. Out there one can almost fancy oneself transported to the days of the patriarchs, among the herds and the flocks ; only, to be sure, there are no tents. Instead there are many pretty villas, built on the slope of the hill. But I must tell you that you need to be a little bit of a pedestrian to go there, for there is no rail to it, and the omnibus does not run on Sunday. But the road is really beautiful, and I am sure you will enjoy the walk."

"Well, I shouldn't mind going," I answered, "if I would not be intruding upon your friend."

"Oh, Mrs. Tulloch will be delighted to see you. She is really a very nice old woman, and hospitality itself ; she does not see many people, however, Rosemount being an out-of-the-way place, and she is not able to move about now, poor woman, and is constantly confined to the house. That's the reason why I go there so often on Sunday, just to let her know that she is not quite alone and forgotten in the world."

The arrangements having been completed, we started immediately after breakfast next Sunday morning. You must know, however, this was not till half-past nine, for my Sunday breakfast, though not so substantial as my week-day one, lasts longer, to

let me once in a time enjoy the rare luxury of drinking my hot tea without blowing and puffing. I thought there was no reason for starting earlier, as we could easily walk the distance in an hour and a half, and would thus be in time for service, which, as I supposed, commenced at eleven o'clock at Rosemount, as well as everywhere else. Nor did Mr. Overdale grumble on account of my being rather late. On the contrary, I found him just finishing his last piece of toast, and patiently waiting till I should make my appearance.

The road was very beautiful: just such a road as one would wish for a quiet, hallowed Sunday's walk. Winding up the side of a hill, and then down into a valley, and up a hill again, it soon took us away from the crowded town, which even on Sunday is noisy and bustling. We did not notice a single living creature on the way, except the birds, which sang their morning hymn to the praise of their Creator in their lofty and green-decorated music-hall, and the cattle, which peacefully browsing on the slopes of the hills, seemed to preach an eloquent sermon from the text: "The eyes of all wait upon Thee, and Thou givest them their meat in due season. Thou openest thine hand and satisfiest the desire of every living thing." The scenery around, clad as everything was in its luxuriant summer attire, and reposing in the quiet of a lovely Sabbath morning, had a particularly hallowing effect upon my mind. It was a striking illustration of what is meant by the word "peace." No harsh sound grated upon our ears, no rough winds buffeted us on our way, no waste fields or decayed house offended the eye; all was perfect harmony, and through it all love seemed to breathe the key note. I felt that nothing could better prepare me for the worship of God than an hour like this spent in the temple of nature, and I could not help saying to my friend that I wished I could every Sunday take my way to the house of prayer through this court of creation.

"In that case I should advise you not to take this road," Mr. Overdale answered, "for you will find no church at Rosemount."

"Why? Isn't there a church there?" I asked in amazement.

"There is neither church nor chapel, my dear sir, nor is there any within six miles, except the churches in our own town."

"How is that? Aren't there sinners there to be saved, and saints to be edified?"

"Plenty of sinners; I am afraid far more than of saints. But the place has only within the last ten years extended from half a dozen miserable peasants' cottage to the cluster of well-built houses surrounded by villas we see it now. Efforts are being made, I understand, to get a chapel-of-ease built, but the incumbent of the parish seems to manifest anything but enthusiasm for the plan."

I felt disappointed. I could now understand why my friend had been taking it so easy, for we had crept up and down the hills rather than walked, and to my surprise, on looking at my watch, I found that it was a quarter past eleven when we came in sight of the place.

No sooner had we entered what might be called a street in embryo, which ran between two short rows of recently built shop houses, than we were met by a dozen children, boys and girls of from six to fourteen, indulging in lively sports with as much noise as their uncontrolled spirit of playfulness admitted. Two of them were sending up a kite, four were throwing balls, and the rest were playing marbles. I noticed a big boy, apparently about fifteen, sitting upon a piece of timber, reading a book. Having glanced over his shoulder, I found it was one of the railway novel collection.

"Do you like that book?" I took leave to ask, gently tapping him on the shoulder.

"Yes I do, sir," was the short answer.

"It is a novel, isn't it?"

"It is, sir."

"Do you think it is right to read such a book on the Lord's Day?" I asked, in as kind a tone as I could command.

The boy looked at me with an expression of wonder, not unmingled with crossness. Then turning his eyes upon the book again, he continued his reading, without giving me an answer. I put a few other questions to him but in vain. My question had rendered him as dumb as the grave.

"I believe," Mr. Overdale said to me, "the people of the place like their Sunday-license so well, that to touch it would be very much the same as touching the apple of the eye. The poor boy apparently has never known such a thing as a Christian Sunday. I wonder whether he ever went to church."

My attention was then drawn to a servant girl, who, with a basket from which a leg of mutton was protruding, came out of a butcher's shop, which was open just as it would be on a common week day.

"It seems there are no police here either," I observed.

"Why, what would be the use of police in this matter?" Mr. Overdale replied. "The policeman might compel the butcher to put up his shutters, but he could not prevent him selling his meat. The people would still know very well where to get their joints and chops on Sunday."

While Mr. Overdale said these words the butcher, in his shirt-sleeves and with a long white apron down to his ankles, came out to the door.

"Fine day this, gentlemen," he said, in a kind tone, as though we had known each other for years.

"Beautiful," I answered. "I am surprised to see you shut up in your house. It is such a luxury to take a walk in the country."

"Oh, it is; but you see I can't get away from my shop till noon. People sleep so dreadfully long on the Sunday morning, and come so late to make their purchases."

"What is the general hour for rising here on Sunday morning?" I asked, sarcastically. "Ten?"

"Well, I think that's about it. And then it takes till eleven, sometimes till twelve, to get breakfast. It is a bore and bother to us shopkeepers. But it can't be helped. It is public opinion, sir, and nobody need go against that."

"Well, but it is unlawful," I observed. "It is against human as well as divine law to buy and sell on Sunday, isn't it?"

"Well, it is; but you see, where everybody breaks the law, it is impossible for one man to keep it."

"But don't the police interfere?" Mr. Overdale asked.

The butcher smiled and passed his hand across his full-moon face.

"Ah, the police," he replied. "I suppose you don't know what the police in the country means. A policeman is just the humble servant of the ladies and gentleman who are the great people of the place. Take, for instance, Mr. Price, who lives in that splendid villa you see up yonder on the top of the hill. Why, he is the first magistrate in the district; but alert as he is during the week, he is lazy on Sundays. He sleeps awfully long. I don't believe he and his family rise before noon. Then friends often come unexpectedly on a visit, and on a sudden a joint is wanted, or some steaks, or a dozen or so of outlets. Now you see, while the mistress orders the servant to run down to me as quick as she can, the

master can't very well order the policeman to see my shop being shut, that not even so much as a sausage be carried out of it. That wouldn't do at all, you see, sir: and least of all on the part of a magistrate."

The talkative butcher laughed heartily after this discharge of his humour.

"And it's the same," he continued, "with all the great folks who live up the hill. We must all wait upon their orders--the grocer, the baker, the dairyman, and myself."

"But couldn't you shopkeepers agree together not to sell on Sundays?" I asked. "Suppose your shops were shut, what could the 'great folks,' as you call them, do against it?"

"Oh!" the butcher answered, assuming an expression of mock horror. "Oh, sir, that's conspiracy! We dare not attempt it, sir. You see, we have settled down here relying upon the favour of the ladies and gentlemen. We have built our houses on that understanding, and we could not exist but for their good will. Now you see, if we were to wage war with them on Sunday, they would conspire to make mince-meat of us, which of course would cause them a little inconvenience; but they might easily manage by some arrangements to get their provisions from town."

"Dear me, what a state of things this is," I said to Mr. Overdale as we were proceeding along; "we have surely got into heathendom."

"It is simply owing to the fact of there being no place of worship here," was the answer. "A Sunday without a church is like a house without inhabitants. It decays and goes to waste more and more, till at length it collapses into mere dust and rubbish."

We passed the grocer's. A good-looking woman, evidently the mistress of the house, was just directing her boy, who, with a large well-filled bag on his back, was about to start off towards the hill.

"Rather a heavy burden for one to carry on the Day of Rest, na'am," Mr. Overdale said to her, in a kind, compassionate voice.

"Well, sir, it is, rather," she answered in the same tone, "and more especially as he has to carry it up to the very top of the hill. On week-days he takes it up on horse-back; but on Sundays the quantities are not nearly so large, and there being but a few houses to be called at, it is scarcely worth while to take the horse out of the field. And besides, the animal really needs

the rest of one day out of seven, for it has to trot up and down the hills all the other days in the week. So we drive it away into the meadow on Saturday evening, and leave it there till Monday morning."

"I should almost say you deal more mercifully with your horse than with your boy," I observed, trying to assume as kind a smile as the muscles of my face were capable of forming. It cost me some difficulty though, for I thought the subject anything but one to smile at. Fortunately it had the desired effect, for she took the thing quite good humouredly, and said:

"Ah, well, sir, there is some truth in that; but the boy is specially paid for it, you see; and money sweetens work, as the proverb says."

"But do you believe it is right to induce a servant to work for money on the Lord's Day?" I asked.

A stern expression at once passed over the woman's face, and I expected nothing short of an outburst of anger. But I was mistaken. It was not the expression of resentment, but of a stricken conscience.

"Well, I don't think it is right," she answered, "and I often speak about it to my husband; for I wasn't brought up in this sort of way, sir. My parents were respectable people, who went regularly to church twice every Sunday, and would not for all the silver and gold in the world have broken the Lord's Day. Nor is my good husband one of those folks who don't care about religion. He would be only too glad if we could shut the shop on Sunday, as respectable tradesmen do elsewhere. But it cannot be done. The people here about will have the shops open, because, you see, sir, they have no church to go to. If I had known that matters were in such a state, I should never have given my consent to settling down in this place. You may depend upon that, sir."

At this moment the postman turned round the corner, and having crossed the street disappeared into a cottage, which was evidently one of the oldest buildings in the place.

"That poor man knows what a Sunday here means," continued the grocer's wife, looking after him with a compassionate expression. "He has been delivering the letters since eight o'clock this morning, knocking about without a moment's rest. And he has got uncommonly early done with his work to-day, for I often notice him coming home on Sundays as late as two o'clock."

"But I suppose he, too, is specially paid for it," Mr. Overdale observed.

"Well, I don't know. I don't believe the post-master pays him; but I have no doubt the gentlemen drop a shilling or two into his hand now and then. Still I know he does not like the work. He once said to me that he would gladly lose a shilling of his weekly wages if he could have his Sunday to himself. And a shilling a week is no trifle to that man, sir, for he has to work hard all the week to support a numerous family."

"I am sorry to find," I said, "that there is no one among you who has the courage to set his face against this state of things. I understand from the butcher, with whom we had a little conversation on the subject just now, that it is feared such an opposition on your part would injure your trade during the week. But ought we not to fear God more than man? Man can only kill the body and do no more, but God can destroy both body and soul."

"True, very true, sir," the woman answered. She seemed, however, not to like this turn of the conversation very much, for, having bidden us good-day, she quickly retired into her shop.

We passed a public-house which, from the noise that issued from it, appeared to be crowded with drinking and quarrelling people. Of course we could not have expected it to be otherwise. We also noticed several carriages in the stable-yard. They apparently belonged to people who had come on a visit to their friends in the country.

"Your yard is almost too small for the press of gigs and carriages," I said to the ostler who was smoking his pipe at the gate. "And what fine vehicles there are among them! This seems to be a spot that is much liked by the gentry."

"Ah, only on Sunday," he answered, "and in fine weather. On week-days we don't have many visitors, except farmers and tradespeople."

"You see," I said to Mr. Overdale, while we continued our walk, "this is the day for making calls in the neighbourhood. I have no doubt many a sumptuous and merry dinner-party is given here on Sunday."

As Mrs. Tulloch lived a good bit up the hill, and as our way now began to ascend, we stepped on slowly. We were overtaken by a gentleman who, from his light summer dress and broad-brimmed straw hat, appeared to be one of the inhabitants. While

walking on by his side we had no difficulty of entering into conversation with him, which having been commenced by remarking on the fineness of the weather, soon turned upon the charms of the scenery and the pretty situation of the place.

"I suppose you reside here," I said.

"I do. That white house you see on the hill peeping out between the large beeches is mine."

As he spoke, he pointed to a villa which, as far as I could judge from a distance, seemed very pretty, and must have commanded a splendid view down the valley.

"Is this the first time you have been here?" he asked.

"It is; and to tell you the truth, I am amazed to find that you make so little difference here between a week-day and a Sunday."

"You are right," he answered, with a smile. "We are quite children of nature here. To us all the days that Heaven allows are alike. Since we have no church of brick and mortar, we worship the Creator in the great temple He himself has made. And since nobody comes to call us together to worship Him on any special day, we worship Him every day. Or perhaps," he added, with a sarcastic smile—"perhaps we don't worship Him at all. The—knows."

"I am very much afraid the latter explanation is the correct one," I answered. "As far as I could ascertain from the people in the village, this seems to be a day for selling and buying,—for working and toiling at the bottom of the hill, and for sleeping, eating, drinking, and walking on the top."

"Just so," he answered, in a gay tone; "and when those who are now labouring and toiling will have earned enough to build for themselves houses on the top, others will come in to work for them at the bottom. And thus matters will go on to the end."

"You seem to think very lightly of it," I said, "but I am afraid that those who are now living on the top will find it a serious matter to answer certain questions which will one day be put to them by a Judge whose throne is higher than all the hills. For they not only desecrate the Lord's Day themselves, but induce the people at the bottom to do the same."

"Oh, I know what you mean!" he exclaimed, lightly. "You want us to sleep a little shorter time, to eat a little less, to keep at home a little more, to see nobody, and to read no books. But, my dear sir, how in all the world could we get through

the day then? We are not made of pipe-clay, so as to be able to sit down on the same spot from sunrise to sunset reading the Bible."

"Of course not. But since, as you yourself observed, the people on the top are so well off that they need not work on Sunday like those at the bottom, I wonder they have not thought of building a place of worship and providing a clergyman to minister to them in health and sickness. I have no doubt but that the people at the bottom would be glad to help in this provided it would return to them the day of rest which they surely have a right to."

"Well, I won't say but that that would be a good thing," he answered, in a less jesting tone than he had used before; "but the man has not yet been found to make the start. But as you seem to take an interest in the matter, you might try it; and if you do provide us with a nice church and a good preacher, you may be sure of finding me there regularly every Sunday."

As he had said these words we arrived at a road which turned off to the left, and evidently led up to his house.

"Very well," I replied, "I keep you to your word. But will you also contribute?"

"I will. Good-day to you."

We continued our road, and soon reached Mrs. Tulloch's gate. The servant who opened it was very glad to see Mr. Overdale, whom she knew as a friend of her mistress. She told us that Mrs. Tulloch had had a presentiment this morning that Mr. Overdale would come, but when it grew so late she had given up hope, but she would only be all the more agreeably surprised now.

"That comes of your long conversations with the people at the bottom of the hill," Mr. Overdale said to me, pushing my elbow. "But," he added, "who can tell what good may result from them?"

Good old Mrs. Tulloch, a genuine specimen of pure, unmixed Scotch character, received us with enthusiasm, just as though we had been her children. As she was unable to leave her seat, she ordered Peggie, her amanuensis and *factotum*, to do everything in her power to make us comfortable. It was her custom to have only a cold dinner on Sunday, which might be served up at any moment, and as she supposed we were a little tired, she would at once help us to recover ourselves by what her larder afforded.

To this Mr. Overdale said that, so far as regarded himself—and he had no doubt

that I agreed with him, there was no necessity for making any hurry about dinner, since we had breakfasted rather late, and taking our walk very leisurely. So he suggested that we should spend an hour or so in religious exercises, which he supposed would be welcome to us all, since we had no opportunity of going to church. Mrs. Tulloch's face, and Peggie's also, brightened up at this proposal, and the latter at once stepped to a bookcase which was in the corner of the room. From it she produced Bibles and hymn-books and a volume of sermons. The service, which was conducted by Mr. Overdale, secured us a really blessed hour, which was all the more enjoyed by me, as I had given up hope of engaging in anything of the kind on this unprofitable Sunday.

While we sat at dinner, Mrs. Tulloch told us all we desired to know about the place. There was, she believed, "no spot in the world which was more worldly-minded than this. Not that it was exactly what is called an immoral place. On the contrary, an appearance of respectability was kept up in everything. But behind this decorous screen the god of this world was constantly worshipped. The greater portion of the inhabitants consisted of rather wealthy people. She believed more money was spent on dinner and dancing-parties in this little place than in any town in the neighbourhood; and on Sunday the number of guests and visitors that came swarming to it was something astonishing. Hitherto, as she had already observed, everything was kept within the limits of what the world calls decency; but she much feared that, if matters continued much longer as they were, the boundary would be overstepped. There was no public school, and the children, especially of the artisans and tradespeople, were growing up in a thoroughly bad spirit, and would be sure to come to excesses from which their parents were preserved. She had no doubt a home missionary might do an immense deal of good here by visiting the families and by holding a Scripture-reading meeting once or twice a week, though it might be difficult for him to find a suitable room. But even if he should succeed in this, he would, in her opinion, not be able to take the evil by the root, for it did not so much lie with the middle and lower classes as with the rich people on the hill; and these, of course, would not be accessible to him. The one thing which was needed above all others was a church, with a good, faithful,

zealous clergyman. She was quite assured, too, that such a man would be warmly welcomed even by the greater portion of the wealthy people, for most of them—and she knew it for certain—secretly disliked the present state of things. They could do little towards improving them, however, as long as there was no public worship on the Sundays, and so long as there was not a man who from his position in society was entitled to act the part of a reformer. She had often prayed to God to send such a man to the place, that through him a church might be formed; but as she had little influence and was compelled to keep at home, she was not able to do anything more than pray. But if contributions were desired, she would be most happy to give her mite, and would also try to obtain help from friends with whom she was in correspondence."

When returning home after tea, we conversed about the spiritual wants of Rosemount, and we pledged ourselves to leave no stone unturned till, with God's help, we had provided that truly poor place with the best of all treasures—the Gospel of the grace of God.

It would take me too long to tell how we were enabled to give the matter a start. Suffice it to say that after a great deal of canvassing in town and holding of meetings with clergymen and influential Christians, and printing of circulars, we at length got so far as to be able to commence receiving contributions. It was deemed proper that the place itself should be visited first. So, one afternoon, Mr. Overdale and myself drove to Rosemount and went straight up to the house of the gentleman we had met on the road, who had promised to give us a contribution. Mrs. Tulloch, from the description we had given her, had told us that his name was Mr. Milford, and that he was one of the wealthiest inhabitants.

"Now, sir, we come to remind you of your kind promise," I said to him.

"I beg your pardon—I daresay I have seen you before—but I really do not quite recollect—"

I helped him by a hint or two, and soon he remembered the conversation during our walk up the hill.

"Oh, to be sure," he exclaimed, merrily. "Well what is to be done?"

I told him of our proceedings, and showed him our circular.

"Excellent," he said. "And where is your list?"

I handed him the paper.

"What! Am I to sign first?"

"Of course, you were the first promiser."

"You have caught me there," he answered, cheerfully; and taking a pen, put down his name for £500. Then taking a slip of paper, he made out a list of those most likely to give, and directed us where to go next.

Before twelve months elapsed Rosemount had a church, and an excellent pastor. And if henceforth you visit that place on Sunday you will find all the shops closed, and the stable-yard of the public house almost empty.

"That unprofitable Sunday," Mr. Overdale one day said to me, "was, after all, perhaps the most profitable in our life."

Sabbath Readings.

FEAR, AND ITS REMEDY.

"And when I saw him, I fell at his feet as dead. And he laid his right hand upon me, saying unto me, Fear not; I am the first and the last: I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, amen; and have the keys of hell and of death."
—Rev. i, 17, 18.



THE spirit of this book, as of all others written by God, is the "testimony of Jesus." It bears witness to Him throughout,—to his person, his work, his kingdom. Here are things both new and old concerning Him. He is the Revealer, and He is the Revealed One; the Teacher and the Lesson; the Sower and the Seed. In the mar-

vellous visions of this prophecy respecting Him and his kingdom, faith has much to rest on, and hope much to feed on. They are worthy of all study; and "blessed is he that readeth."

The three things in this passage which need our notice, are—(1.) The vision; (2.) The apostle's alarm; (3.) The comfort administered by Christ.

I. *The vision.*—That which John saw was real; so that of it he could say "That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you" (1 John i. 1). He saw the Lord; and he knew that it was He. He "beheld his glory" (John i. 14). It was this same glorious Christ that Isaiah saw upon his throne (Isa. vi. 1-3). It was He whom Ezekiel saw in his majesty, seated in the chariot of the cherubim (Ezek. i. 3, 26, 1 Chron. xxviii. 18; Ps. xxviii. 10.) It was He whom Daniel saw "clothed in linen," and "girded with gold," and resplendent as the lightning (Dan. x. 5, 6). It was a vision of the Son of man; not as He was in the day of his weakness and sorrow, but as He now is in the day of his might and gladness. A glimpse of this glory John had seen, some sixty years before, on the transfiguration mountain; but hastily, and with dazzled eyes. This was more prolonged, and complete; intended, moreover, for a steadier gaze.

It was the very Son of man who stood beside him, even He who, though "crucified through weakness, liveth by the power of God;" even He who died, and was buried, and rose again, and ascended into the heavens, and sits in

glory at the right hand of the throne of the Majesty in the heavens. He appears now clothed in flowing raiment, and girt with a golden girdle. His head and hair are of effulgent whiteness; his eyes like flames; his feet like glowing brass; his voice like many waters; seven stars in his right hand; a glittering sword flashing from his mouth; his face like the noonday sun. It was a vision of wondrous splendour; very unlike what John had been accustomed to see in Christ; unlike the Son of the carpenter; unlike the Man of sorrows, with his much-marred visage; unlike the crucified criminal, with bleeding head, and pierced hands and feet. In this vision, all that was feeble and earthly, all that was sad and bruised and weary, had passed away, like clouds passing from the sun, and leaving it to give forth the fulness of its radiance. He seemed now clothed with heaven itself, in all its majesty and brightness.

A vision like this suited John well in his lonely exile. The last of the apostles; the sorrowful survivor of a whole generation of loved ones, most of whom had died the martyr's death; persecuted for his Lord's sake;—how cheering for him to be thus reminded that He, for whose sake he suffers, is the glorious One! It suited no less the seven churches to whom he wrote,—sustaining them in their sufferings, rousing them from their sloth, and rebuking them for their loss of first love and early faith: It suits us no less in these last days. We need to be reminded of the glory of Him whom we are following. It will comfort us in tribulation; it will shame us out of unfaithfulness; it will nerve us for battle and for toil; it will quicken and invigorate and purify.

II. *The apostle's alarm.*—"I fell at his feet as one dead." Like to this was the effect of Isaiah's vision: "Then said I, Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips" (Isa. vi. 5). Like to this was the effect of Ezekiel's vision, when he "fell on his face" at "the appearance of the likeness of the glory of the Lord" (Ezek. i. 28). Still more like to this was the effect of Daniel's vision, when not only "a great quaking fell upon the men that were with him, so that they fled to hide themselves;" but he himself "retained no strength," and his "comeliness was turned into corruption" (Dan. x. 7, 8). Not unlike to this was the appearance of the angel to Zacharias in the temple,

of which it said, that "when Zacharias saw him, he was troubled, and fear fell upon him" (Luke i. 12). In the case, too, of the Bethlehem shepherds, the effect was similar: "The glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid" (Luke ii. 9). But the transfiguration vision was the likeliest to this of the Revelation, both because John himself was there, and Jesus had there put on the heavenly glory in all its radiance. It is said that, when the disciples saw and heard it, "they fell on their face, and were sore afraid" (Matt. xvii. 6).

In all this there was the old idea (circulating even among the heathen), that no man could see God and live; an idea which man's evil conscience suggests, believing that God must be the sinner's enemy, that He can only show himself in order to slay him. Not discriminating between what was true in this idea and what was false, even righteous men were filled with terror at the visible manifestations of God. And though we might have expected something different from this in the beloved disciple, when his old Master appeared to him; still, let us remember that he was still in flesh and blood—still a feeble, imperfect man, both in soul and body. Besides this, there was much fitted to overawe. The vision was so sudden and so glorious, the splendour so overpowering, the voice so majestic, the place so lonely, that it was not wonderful that he should have "fallen at his feet as one dead," especially as the contrast in appearance between the Christ that he knew once, and the Christ that he saw now, was so great. He could still recognise his Lord; but how marvellously changed! and this outward change might for a moment raise the thought that there could not have been the same familiar fellowship as in the days of his sorrowing lowliness. We know how the altered dress and circumstances and manners of a long-absent friend, suddenly returning, suggest misgivings as to the continuance of confidence and love, and we are not sure how far we may count upon his friendship. Here there might be something of this feeling in the apostle's mind, and, at any rate, the heavenly glory could not but be overwhelming to one who had still but the tremulous frame of mortality, the feeble eyes and ears of earthly imperfection.

This vision of the Holy One, side by side with himself, would make the apostle feel his unholiness, and cry out, like Isaiah, "I am unclean." Self-abhorrence could not but be uppermost in his mind, even though fear might be cast out by love. Nor is there anything more fitted still to deepen our sense of sin, and give us true self-loathing, than direct dealing with the Holy One,—the being brought into contact with *himself*, whether in his grace or glory. The law may fail; comparison with our fellow-men will fail; inspection of self will fail; but direct transaction with the Lord himself will accomplish all. Compare yourselves with *Him*; that will search, that will abase.

But if John, who had known Christ so well and long, was thus overawed at the glory, what will become of you, O Christless sinner! in the day of the full revelation of that glory? How terrible will that day be to you? How it will

overwhelm you! O sinner, learn to know this Christ now as the Saviour, ere the day arrives when you shall see Him as the Judge! His love would save you now; his majesty will crush you then.

III. *Christ's method of comforting his apostle, and soothing his alarm.*—He begins this by laying his right hand on him,—the right hand where was "the hiding of his power" (Heb. iii. 4), and in which John had just seen the seven stars; that right hand which John had so often beheld raised to heal and to bless; the right hand in which were the marks of the nails. As the expression of condescension and kindness, as the symbol of priestly blessing, the action would at once be understood by the apostle; and the touch of the well-known hand, thus laid on the head of the apostle as he lay upon the ground, would be of itself reassurance and peace.

While the gracious right hand is thus laid on John, the words of grace accompany the action. "Fear not." In these there is no hidden spell, no native power to calm, apart from the recognised character of Him who speaks them,—just as the effect of a promise depends on the ascertained mind and power of the promiser. "Fear not," coming from the lips even of the glorified Son of man, could not fail to recall times when they were used to the disciples by the same Christ, in the days of his earthly humiliation; so that the effect of this utterance, in the ears of the apostle, was at once to identify the present glorious Being with that Jesus who had gone out and in with his disciples on earth, and who had thus declared himself to be the same in mind and heart, the same in love and sympathy, as when He calmed their fears upon the Sea of Galilee with the kindred words, "It is I; be not afraid."

Before the words, "Fear not," can have any effect in calming a single fear, or dispelling a single doubt, there must be the knowledge of the character of Him who speaks them. Till then they are as idle wind. Suppose that you lose your way in the wide desert, and, with its terrors compassing you on every side, you begin to tremble for your safety. An unknown wanderer passes you, and says, "Fear not;" but his words do not calm you. One of your fellow-travellers says, "Fear not;" but neither do his words soothe you. But of a sudden you meet with some well-known Arab acquaintance, some chief of the desert, in whom you have confidence, and he says, "Fear not;" you are reassured in a moment. So is it in your transactions with the Lord. You must know who and what He is before his words of peace will avail. Know Him, and his one "Fear not" will suffice to cheer and sustain you in any circumstances of danger, perplexity, or conscious unworthiness. He who received publicans and sinners, who went to be "a guest with a man that was a sinner," is just such an one as you may go to, and such an one as can say to you, "Fear not," with the certainty that the gracious words, proceeding from his well-known lips, do mean all that they seem to do, and will speak to you all the peace which they seem to contain.

The announcements that follow all bear upon this point. They not only say, "It is I," but

they show who and what this "I" is. They give reasons for the "Fear not," and these reasons are all concerning the speaker himself. It is what He tells us about himself that He expects to soothe us and to banish alarm: for it is only his "perfect love" that can cast out fear, and restore confidence to the soul. Hear, then, what He says:

1. *I am the First.*—This would recall to John the words of his own gospel: "In the beginning was the word" (i. 1); "The same was in the beginning with God" (i. 2). It recalls to us the Psalmist's expression, "From everlasting" (Ps. xc. 1), and the description, in the eighth of Proverbs, as to the unbeginning eternity of Wisdom (Prov. viii. 22); and reminds us of Paul's "yesterday,"—the everlasting yesterday (Heb. xiii. 8); for the two passages correspond strikingly. And in the announcement, "I am the first and the last," we recognize the same truths, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." The epithet "first" points to time, or rather to eternity; "alpha," to eternal wisdom; and "beginning," to creatorship, as it is written, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth" (Gen. i. 1). He thus means to say to John: "Fear not; I am the everlasting One."

2. *I am the Last.*—Not that to Him there is truly any "last;" for to Him, as the true Melchizedek, there is "neither beginning of days, nor end of life" (Heb. vii. 3). but He stands in the place of that which men call "last,"—He is the crowning, the consummating, the summing up of all—the great Circumference, as He is the great Centre of the universe. He is not only "from everlasting," but "to everlasting;" the same "to-day, and for ever." As He was "yesterday;" the "Omega" as truly as the "Alpha;" the "ending" as much as the "beginning." As God, the eternal Son, He is neither first nor last; but as the Christ, the God-man, He is both; and He is all that can be supposed to be included in both. As all the past eternity was his, so is all the future, and over all that future He watches, all that future He regulates in behalf of his own,—"for his body's sake, which is the church." Well may He say to John: "I am the last," "fear not."

3. *I am the living One.*—Thus should the passage be read: "I am the first, and the last, and the living One." Throughout Scripture the name of God's Messiah is associated with life. He is Jehovah, the I Am, the Bringer of brings, the Possessor of all life, the Giver of all life, the living and the life-giving One. His association with death is only transient, and that for the purpose of overcoming death, and bringing life out of death. He is the Prince of life; He is the Light of life. He is the Bread of life; He is the Water of life. Everything connected with life is linked with Him. For as the Father hath life in himself, so hath He given to the Son to have life in himself. The words, I am "the living One," would remind John of the many things which he himself had narrated, and of the many words he had recorded concerning Christ as the Life, for he, of all the evangelists, has brought this great truth before us. It was as the living One that He said: "The Son quickeneth whom He will" (John v. 21); "He that believeth in me hath

everlasting life. . . . This is the bread that came down from heaven, that a man may eat of it, and not die. . . . If any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever. . . . Whoso eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life" (John vi. 50-54). Ah! truly it was the living One who spoke such words as these; and it is as the living One that He utters them still. We fall at his feet, like John, as one dead. He lays his right hand upon us, and says to us, "Fear not, I am the living One;" it is not death, but life, that I have come to bring; and in beholding the glory of the living One, it is life, not death, that you should look for.

4. *I was dead:* or, more literally, "I became dead," I laid down my life. His word of cheer to John then is: "Fear not: I am He who died." The words here remind us of those of Paul: "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? it is Christ that died." Yes; it was with the Christ that died that Paul had to do; and it was with the Christ that died that John also had to do, though, in the blaze of the glory that now dazzled him, he seems to have lost sight of this. To this, however, the Lord recalls him, in order to reassure him. He takes him back to the cross, and reminds him of what he saw and heard there. He sends him to the tomb, that he may again look upon the dead body of his Master. And thus reminding him of the cross and tomb, He reproves his present terror, and makes him feel how unlikely, how impossible it was that any amount of glory, and honour, and power, and majesty, such as that with which he was now surrounded, could alter their relationship between them, or make Him less the Christ whom he knew so well on earth; less the Saviour whom, as a sinner, he needed then, and needed still; less the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world: or make himself less the disciple whom Jesus loved; less the trusted one, to whom his Lord had confided that most precious of earthly deposits, his mother, when dying on the cross. It is as if he had said: "Fear not; I am the same Jesus whom you saw die upon the cross, whom you saw lying in Joseph's tomb. Yes, fear not; I was dead."

5. *I am alive for evermore.*—"Though I died once, yet I die no more; death hath no more dominion over me; I live for ever." To have died, and yet to have triumphed over death; nay, to have triumphed over it by dying, so that never again could death approach Him: this was the truth by which the risen Christ comforted his affrighted apostle. In death He showed himself the Lord of life; in life He showed himself the Lord of death; in dying, and living again, He showed himself all that a sinner needs to give him boldness in his dealings with Him. This ever-living One, with whom death has now no more to do; this ever-living One, between whom and everything pertaining to death a great gulf is fixed; He it is with whom we have to deal in the great transactions of life and death. He is made our Melchizedek, Priest and King: "after the power of an endless life," and the life which He possesses for ever is something more than what he possessed before his death, or could possess simply as

God,—it is resurrection-life, which only He who died could have, and with which He was filled for us in consequence of having died. That which we need, both for body and soul, is risen life, resurrection-life, the life of Him who has risen; and it is this that He so specially announces here when He says, "I am alive for evermore." Here John abruptly interposes his hearty and joyful amen; as if this announcement were the one which he most rejoiced in, and which at once woke up an echo in his breast. He hears the words, "I am alive for evermore," and appreciating something of the mighty import of these words, and looking forward into that long eternity, during which he was to be partaker of all the life which this risen One possessed, he exclaims, with eager gladness, "Amen!"—a sentiment like that which we always find used in the Old Testament in reference to kings, "Let the king live for ever; amen." It was in the eternity of this risen life of Christ that John rejoiced; in that same eternal life of the risen One let us rejoice, adding our amen to that of the apostle, and saying, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." O blessedness unspeakable! O consolation beyond all others! to be told that, in a dying world like ours, there is a living One like this,—One all made up of life: One whom death can never touch; of whom no one can ever bring to you the tidings, He is no more! No amount of death in us can affect Him, or prevent us receiving his endless life. Our death is swallowed up in this boundless life; so that, where death has abounded, there life abounds much more. This is the tree of life, whose leaves are health, whose fruit is immortality. Oh, let us gather round and under this great plant of renewal; from it to draw present life to our souls, and the assurance of resurrection, ere long, to ourselves. and to all who have slept in Jesus.

6. *And have the keys of hell (Hades) and death.*—He claims power over the soul and over the body, and over those regions into which they pass when separated here for a season. He opens, and none can shut; He shuts, and none can open. No one can enter these places save by means of Him; nor can any pass out of these save by his authority. He is absolute Lord of the invisible world, in all its departments and regions. No one can pass out of this visible sphere into the invisible without his command. And is there not in this fact something truly blessed to the bereaved? It is not chance, nor natural causes, nor fate, nor the necessity of mortal disease; it is Christ himself, Christ the living One, who effects the dismissal, and in doing so takes both soul and body into his own keeping. In this sense is the sickbed his, and the deathbed his, and the burial his. He it is who is loosing life's bonds for a season, removing with his own hands each of his own, and saying to body and to soul, Go in peace! Nor can that invisible world hold any of its tenants one moment longer than He pleases. He keeps the keys, and as He leads in, so does He lead out; as He unlocks the gate in order that they may enter, so does He again unlock it, in order that they may leave it to put on incorruption and strength and glory. No enemy, either of him-

self or of the church, shall prevail to hinder the unlocking of the gate, and the great exodus of the rising saints. Not the power of Satan, nor of death, nor of Hades, shall prevail. He has the keys of Hades and of death, and He will yet bring forth his own in triumph. "The gates of Hades shall not prevail against his church." Though guarded by all the powers of hell, it shall be unlocked by Him who keeps its keys; it shall fly open, and the saints shall come forth to resurrection-glory.

Is it not, then, true that "all things are ours, whether life or death, things present, or things to come?" (1 Cor. iii. 22), for He is ours who is Lord of all these: "Ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." If so, we may hear the voice that spoke to John speaking also to us: "Fear not; I have the keys of Hades and of death." "Fear not, I am the resurrection and the life. Fear not, I will yet swallow up death in victory; I will be its plague; I will be the destruction of the grave; my dead ones shall live, my dead body shall arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust." What an antidote to fear, what a consolation in bereavement, what a binding up of wounds is this! Christ is Lord over all; Lord over death and the grave, over the body and the soul. He binds, and none can loose; He looses, and none can bind; He kills, and none can make alive; He makes alive, and none can kill: He scatters, and none can gather; He gathereth, and none can scatter; and to us He says, "Fear not; I am the first, and the last, and the living One," etc.; adding to us, "Because I live, ye shall live also." We have known what death is, we shall know what life is: we have known what the grave is, we shall know what resurrection is: we have known the killing, we shall know the making alive: we have known the binding, we shall know the loosing: we have known the scattering, we shall know the gathering: we have known the corruption, we shall know the incorruption: we have known the withering, we shall know the blossoming: we have known the parting, we shall know the meeting: we have known the sorrow, we shall know the glory and the joy.

Thus it is that the words of peace and consolation are all concerning Christ himself. The counteraction of all fear, the removal of all doubt, comes from the knowledge of Christ himself. He spoke peace to his apostle by reminding him of who and what He was and is. So does He still speak to us: nor will one fear ever be dispelled, or one doubt removed, in any other way. The sight of Christ will do everything: no other sight will do anything. A simpler, fuller knowledge of this gracious, glorious One is all that we need to give us perfect peace, and to keep us in that peace for ever.

But, after all this exhibition of himself in these words, how unutterable the guilt of those who turn away from this Christ of God! With what terrible power should these words of the Apostle Paul sound in unbelieving, unloving ears: "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maranatha!" And with what searching power should the Lord's own question come to all of us: "Lovest thou me?"

"M O U N T Z I O N."*

Ye are come unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem.
—Heb. xii. 22.



OT to the mount that burned with flame,
To darkness, tempest, and the sound
Of trumpet's tone that startling came,
Nor voice of words that rent the ground,
While Israel heard with trembling awe
Jehovah thunder forth his law;

But to mount Zion we are come,
The city of the living God,
Jerusalem our heavenly home,
The courts by angel-legions trod:
Where meet in everlasting love
The church of the first-born above:

To God, the Judge of quick and dead,
The perfect spirits of the just,
Jesus our great new-covenant Head.
The blood of sprinkling,—from the dust.
That better things than Abel's cries,
And pleads a Saviour's sacrifice.

O harken to the healing voice,
That speaks from heaven in tones so mild!
To-day are life and death our choice;
To-day through mercy reconciled,
Our all to God we yet may give:
Now let us hear his voice and live.