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THE
CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

VOL. VI.

TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1859.

No. 6.

HOW TO BEHAVE IN THE HOUSE OF GOD.

Once upon a time it fell to my lot to witness a scene that to my eyes was one of exceeding beauty, and which I fain would see again, and that as often as the day of God returns. The date and place of this spectacle are of little consequence to the reader, but its features I will endeavour briefly to describe.

The bells were ringing on a Sabbath morning, and the people were on their way to the House of Prayer. It was a stormy day, and being a stranger, I expected to find in the church I had determined to attend, a very scanty congregation. But not so! It seemed that these people were possessed with the extraordinary notions, that the wind and the rain of the Lord's Day were no more injurious than those of any other, that if they could go to work they could go to worship, and that it was worth a little effort to gather together in Christ's name with Him in the midst of them. Uncommon as these notions are, I could hardly say that they seemed unreasonable or unchristian.

I observed the dress of the church-goers. It was not in the height of the fashion; Perhaps, I thought I, it would be so on a finer day; but on enquiry, I found I was mistaken. The wealthier persons habited themselves plainly, so as not to humiliate the poorer, while these did not seem ashamed of their poverty, nor eager to put all their earnings on their backs. The effect was not unpleasant, after all. You were less reminded, it is true, of the milliner, the tailor, and the jeweller. Nor did the dress of each individual seem to be the object of such a searching investigation to the sitters-by, as I had been wont to see. But perhaps these disadvantages were counterbalanced by the liberty which some very poorly-clad persons had felt to come to this church, by greater concentration of interest on the service, by something being saved for giving way, and by more regularity of attendance in all weathers. Still, I must say that the minister lost the opportunity of doing good to some very showy people who were going to a more fashionable church; and it may have been his people's duty to keep up to the times a little more, *in a missionary spirit*. But I must not speculate, I have to relate facts.

On entering the church, I missed the usual company of male gossips congregated in the vestibule. Ladies were not compelled to run the gauntlet of a hundred staring eyes, nor was there a merchants' exchange going on. "O ye simple ones," thought I, "How many little tit-bits of news you have lost by going straight into the house! This is very old-fashioned. You must come to town." I observed, however, that those who met on the way or in the porch gave each other a hearty greeting, and I thought I caught a word or two that sounded like religious conversation, but I may have been wrong. There were some persons

about the doors, as I approached, saluting all who came, and they instantly noticed me as a stranger. I had not time to ask for a seat before one offered to conduct me in. I was conveyed to a "strangers' pew," which I found comfortably fitted up, and furnished with books. Strangers seemed to know that they were welcome in this place, for there were a great many of them, and some were handed into the seats of regular hearers. Yet I did not see one of the latter turn his back to the aisle that he might not see them coming in, or point the door-keeper to another person's seat, or rise up sulkily to open the door, or turn any one out to make room for his own family, though I could see that some had to sit out of their usual places. I made a note of these things, and inwardly determined to come to this church again, should I revisit the place. I felt already quite at home.

I was just in time, and it was well for me, for the whole congregation was there! After the service had begun, hardly a creature came in—perhaps some one who looked like an overwrought mother, or a servant, but *not one man!* Whoever came in a little late, however, dropped quietly into their places, without any banging of doors or stamping, and no one turned round to look at them! Was not this an improvement? Was not God better pleased to have every one join in the opening prayer and hymn, and hear His Word read? Was not every one able to worship better, in the absence of any movement or noise? Did not each one coming early get more good throughout the service? So it struck my mind; and on further reflection, I thought that it might be *possible* to have other congregations in church a few minutes before eleven o'clock—almost dinner-time, after a morning's work, on a week-day. I was reminded, too, of Ps. lxxv., 1, "*Praise waiteth for thee, O God! in Zion.*"

During the few minutes that elapsed before the service, all was still. Some bowed the head, some read the Bible or the hymn-book, some were engaged in thought, but no one was looking about or talking. The very children sat in quiet expectation. Again I thought, in Bible phrase, "This is none other than the house of God! The Lord is in His holy temple: let all the earth keep silence before Him!"

Before the bells had ceased, the minister came in. He was dressed after the manner customary to his office, and his whole appearance corresponded with the purity, the gravity, and the dignity of the work he had to do. I have seen slovenly ministers in the pulpit, with locks unkempt, with garments soiled or torn, and unwashed hands, lolling on the seat, upsetting the books, leaning and sprawling in every direction, and have writhed beneath the sight. They made me long for Leviticus to be in force again. It was far different here. A Christian gentleman presided over the service. As the worship proceeded, I observed that he took part in every act of it. During the singing, he was as much engaged in worshipping God as if he led the praise as well as the prayer. He was not looking for his chapter or text, or the next hymn, or finishing the notes of his sermon, or counting the congregation, or anything else but just singing. And I thought, as all the people were facing him, and naturally looked toward the pulpit, that his so demeaning himself, must greatly influence them to join more heartily and reverently in the service of song.

When this congregation heard the invitation, "Let us pray," they rose as one man, save a few who appeared weakly in body, and these bowed their heads. I opened my eyes for a moment, but I met no other glance. I saw some lips silently

moving, as if repeating the pastor's words, or adding an "Amen!" thereto. But prayer was on every face. How near did God seem in that thrilling silence! Oh! I have been in churches where the minister seemed to pray *for*, if not *to*, the people, while they were standing, sitting, or lying, just as it happened, some staring about, some reading, some asleep, boots creaking, a public expectoration going on in one pew, and the pocket-handkerchief plying its noisiest function in another, and I have thought, "Who would act thus in a company of ladies and gentlemen, or in the Palace of the Queen? and what must God think of it? Poor minister! I don't see how *you* can pray through it all."

The singing was as well ordered. I do not know whether it was very scientific, nor can I remember whether there was a choir or an organ. At all events, there was nothing to offend the ear, and I received the impression that there had been some pains taken to bring God their best in this respect. Every one had a book, and every one stood up to sing as well as he could. No voices were so startlingly loud, that you involuntarily turned round to see whose they were, nor did any one attempt to correct the time of the leader. In one word—it was *worship*, not a performance. There was *heart* in those tones; and you could see the countenance change with each emotion of the song. Ah! it was "pleasant:" such "praise" was "comely."

When the Scriptures were read by the minister, the people opened their bibles too. He recited the words of God "distinctly, and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading;" and they "heard with meekness the engrafted word, which was able to save their souls." Again there was the hushed stillness I noticed during prayer; for now God was speaking to them, as before they had been speaking to Him. Most impressive was such a reading of the Book!

With like interest was the Gospel preached and heard. It was so preached, that none were tempted to sleep, nor did they. Neither did I see any one even making a sofa of his pew, as I had seen in divers places before. The appearance of the congregation now was not that of an *audience* at a concert or a lecture, looking for an "intellectual treat," or a very lovely song, but a sense of God and Eternity overshadowed them still. I heard much better among them than I had been wont to do.

There was a collection taken up, but so quietly and promptly, while the gifts of the people were so prepared beforehand, that it seemed as much an act of worship as all the rest.

Then I thought how much more skilfully the sexton had done his work than many of his brethren! There had been no rattling of door, stove, or window. But fresh air and sufficient warmth had been noiselessly supplied. And I thanked him, too, in my heart.

When the benediction was pronounced, I was arrested by the unusual pause. There was no snatching of hats, dashing on of overcoats, slamming of doors, or rushing down the aisle; but silently and slowly the Congregation dissolved away, as if lingering about the holy ground. Nor did they at once break out into loud talk or laughter. A few brotherly words were interchanged, but the spell of worship was on them yet, so that they did not plunge back into the world the moment the last Amen was spoken.

Was I awake, or did I dream? Do you ever see the like of this? Shall I ever see it again? I hope I may.

WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' FUND.

This important effort of our Churches, commends itself to the sympathies, prayers, and liberality of the whole brotherhood. Appeals on its behalf, ought to be met by a generous response. Our brethren acting in the Trusteeship, have not flinched from persevering attempts to secure the £1,000, necessary as a basis of security for such a fund. All honour to the men in the East, who have borne the burden and heat of the day. Their success has only been partial, because we have, heretofore, since the birth of this Christian scheme, fallen on evil times in this Western region. The liberality of friends in Montreal is not exhausted; we learn that, after all that has been already performed there, Zion Church has resolved to make a special collection on behalf of the fund, on the first Sabbath of the New Year. This example wants imitation. There is, however, a previous example of noble generosity, in contributions to the special £1,000, which many of the churches have yet to follow, and which, we hope, they are now prepared to do. Even the plea of poverty, which is sometimes justly made, may no longer stand in the way. Since God has bounteously crowned the year with his goodness, we have faith in Christian principle, that out of this abundance, streams of liberality shall flow. A circular, addressed to the Pastors and Deacons of the Churches, asking immediate aid in this important movement, is by this time in their hands, and will, we trust, receive a warm, prompt, and vigorous reply, in the shape of generous contributions. The accumulation of claims on the fund, might, perhaps, operate to stimulate a loitering zeal. Should we not rather thank God, that our brethren in the ministry are spared to labour; ought we not to give them the benefit arising from the conviction that this fund is placed on a strong foundation; and should not the churches, in this matter as in others, walk by faith and not by sight? Are we wrong, in this connection, in applying the words of the Prophet, "He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but *to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?*"

JOHN ANGELL JAMES.

The following is the substance of a discourse given to his people by the Rev. H. Wilkes, D.D., on Sabbath evening October, 30th.

"Always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord."—1 Cor. xv., 58.

The servant of Jesus Christ, faithful to his master, is, like him, a *worker*. Of Him it was said, "He went about doing good," and this is the highest encomium that can be pronounced upon the servant. He is not a slave who stints his service to the requirements of a driver, who—whip in hand—exact his toil, and who consequently does as little as he can, but he is a living friend and servant, who feels a lively interest in the work assigned him, and would gladly spend and be spent in its performance. He cannot do too much, and he ever feels that he is doing too little in such a work, and for such a Lord. The work of the Lord is one of godlike benevolence; it has its sphere among the sons of men; and its design is to raise them from sin, pollution, and ruin, into sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty—kings and priests unto God. And it fails not of success. He

in whose name it is done, graciously secures a blessed result. It is not in vain that self-denial and self-sacrifice are in operation; it is not in vain that the utmost measure of christian toil is expended; for the Lord will crown with sure success the labours of his faithful servants.

This sentiment receives marked illustration in the life and labours of an honoured servant of Christ who was removed from earth to heaven at the beginning of this month.

John Angeli James was born at Blanford, in Dorsetshire, on 6th June, 1785, of worthy parents. His father, honourable and upright among men, was not a professor of religion until late in life. His mother was eminently devout, intelligent and godly. As family worship was not among the ordinances of the household, this mother was accustomed to take her children one by one to her chamber and pray with them there, earnestly entreating the Lord to bring them into his redeemed family. Her prayers were answered, for all her children were taught of the Lord, and became subjects of his grace. John Angeli was the eldest son; he had two sisters, his seniors, and two brothers well known in the church of God. One was for many years a deacon and most valuable man in his brother's church, the other survives, Rev. Thomas James, Secretary of the Colonial Missionary Society.

His school days over, he was apprenticed to a draper in the town of Poole, being designed by his father for commercial pursuits. In his new situation the youth, like many before and since, influenced by shame, neglected his morning and evening prayers. His own experience and perils at this time doubtless suggested in after life, some of those wise counsels to young men on leaving home, which have had such wide circulation and influence. After a while, a recently engaged apprentice was placed in his room, and he, ere he lay upon his couch fell upon his knees in silent prayer. James heard no sound, the young man spake not to him, yet the simple act was the keenest reproach to him; it awakened his conscience, stirred his heart, and brought him to inquire what he must do to be saved. Immediately he came into contact with one of those intelligent, devout and zealous christians in humble life—would there were more of them—who are on the look out for indications of thoughtfulness among the young. The good shoemaker led him into conversation, met his difficulties, and performed in some measure the good part to this "anxious inquirer," which he has been honoured to perform to hundreds of thousands since. In the cottage of this worthy man the voice of the youth was first heard in prayer. It is melancholy to note that the young man whose act of kneeling in private devotions had awakened the slumbering conscience of young James, afterwards became infidel and profligate.

His elder sisters were, at this time, residing with a relation at Romsey, which then enjoyed the ministry of Mr. Bennett, now the venerable Dr. Bennett, of London. With one of them, the youth corresponded on the subject of religion in itself, and in its relation to him. She showed some of the letters to her pastor, who, struck with the indications of talent which they afforded, called his attention to the work of the ministry as his calling in life. His father was at first greatly opposed, but at length obstacles were removed, and young James went to Gosport, where he united with the Congregational Church, and was instructed by its pastor, the late excellent Dr. Bogue. It was with money supplied at the time by the Haldanes of Scotland, that Dr. Bogue was enabled to gather young men about him and train them for the ministry. That training was of limited extent in

classical, scientific, and general literature, but it was effective and sound in theology. It was withal practical; for the young men were sent to preach from the beginning of their course. When I was a student at the University of Glasgow, Mr. James once and again congratulated me on my advantages,—urged me to improve them with all diligence, and mourned the grievous incompleteness of his own early training.

The young student possessed, naturally, the elements of popularity. A voice of unusual compass, sweetness, and power; a most perfect articulation, and an exuberant fancy. His imagination was in excess; his style ornate, and frequently aside from rhetorical accuracy; but his manner was bold and fervent. Blemishes were corrected afterwards with assiduity, but he was, from the first, an orator. In August, 1804, then only 19 years of age, he preached his first sermon in Birmingham, as a supply from the Academy. The Congregation at Carr's Lane did not exceed 150, nor was the membership more than 40. He produced a marked impression from the first, and, young as he was, they called him to the pastorate: the call to take effect after one more session at the Academy. He accepted the call, spent the session at Gosport, and in 1805 was ordained in Birmingham, the pastor of a church with which he continued 54 years, and in the midst of which he died and was buried, early this month. There are few men who have been more widely known, or more extensively influential for good, than John Angell James. His name has been long a synonym for ministerial industry and zeal, for devotement to evangelical truth, and the reign of righteousness on earth,—for the inculcation of sound doctrine in connexion with practical godliness,—for watchful and vigorous efforts to promote the interests of his own church, and the denomination to which he belonged, and yet to foster the most loving catholicity of spirit,—for untiring energy in the cause of Missions, and for a remarkably skillful use of the press in the promotion of all these and other kindred objects.

Perhaps his abounding in the work of the Lord, may be more instructive if put under a few particulars:

1. He set out with an estimate of the Christian Ministry, which continued through life, and which regarded it as a trust involving tremendous responsibilities. To his mind, it was not an institution arising out of the experience of the Church, and of its invention, but a direct appointment and institution of the Lord himself. He considered the minister as, in an important sense, put in trust with the Gospel of Christ. Thus, in proportion to his estimate of the grandeur and glory of the Gospel, did he magnify the office and work of the Christian Ministry.

2. In connexion with this, he was a true believer in the Gospel. "He believed, therefore he spake." He saw its adaptation to man, and how it glorified God. He had full confidence in its power. No sympathy had he with any other than the old-fashioned theology of Paul, and Augustine, and Calvin. He spent no time in nice speculations, or in metaphysical disquisitions,—he had no taste for them. "The glorious gospel of the blessed God," in all its relations to God Himself, to the practical life of every man, and to the interests of the human race, in time and for eternity, was his theme.

3. With such a work in hand, the one thing at which he aimed, was usefulness. This seemed to be his ruling passion. He did not work for money—he had no need, for he had ample means, and he had no wish to toil in this direction—nor did he work for fame, though he could not be insensible to the value of a good

name,—but he worked hard and continuously to do good. You see this in all his writings, and you felt it in all his sermons and speeches, and in all your intercourse with him.

4. With these views of the Ministry, and this desire to do good, he was throughout, studious and devotional. Not only did he keep up with the current literature of the day, but he was intimately conversant with the writings of the fathers of Nonconformity; those wondrous productions of the mind and pen, which bear the names of John Howe, Charnock, Owen, Baxter, Ainsworth, Henry, Edwards, and others. His preparations for the pulpit were careful, and they were made amid much prayer for the Divine guidance and blessing. He was wont, in his earlier ministry, to write fully and commit to memory. He always, to the end, prepared laboriously.

5. He thoroughly believed in the Church as Christ's institution. Carr's Lane was his absorbing care. For that church his tears fell, his prayers ascended, his anxieties were awakened, and his utmost toil and zeal were put forth. He loved it with a parent's love. His first publication, the "S. S. Teacher's Guide," was for the teachers of its Sunday School; and among his earliest was the "Church Member's Guide." For many years he wrote an address to the members of that Church, and printed it for new year's circulation among them. These pastoral addresses are numerous enough to form a considerable volume. He diligently called forth their liberality, in the erection of the capacious church building in which they worship, and the adjoining school building, in the creation of numerous Mission Chapels in the environs of that large manufacturing town, and then in all the Christian and benevolent operations of the day.

6. He was conscientiously attached to our denomination; firmly resting on the Scriptural character of our principles, and maintaining their excellence alike by example and by argument: yet was he the embodiment of a whole hearted catholicity. No one more regular than he, or more effective, at the gathering of our denomination at County Associations, and in Congregational Union. Most truly did he seek the peace and pray for the prosperity of Jerusalem, as found among us; but in harmony with this, he helped to form the Evangelical Alliance, and was ever at his post in its assemblies, and he worked most cordially in Tract, Missionary, and other Societies, with all who loved our Saviour Jesus Christ in sincerity. Dr. Miller of Birmingham, one of the clergy of the Church of England, kept the attention of his large congregation for two hours, in a Funeral Sermon for Mr. James, in which he bore testimony to his sturdy nonconformity, and yet to his enlarged, genial, loving catholicity. He pronounced him as belonging not to Independency merely or mainly, but to the whole Church of God.

7. He was strikingly genial and sunny in his intercourse with his fellow Christians and ministers, and formed a generous estimate of them and their labours. Among my recollections of intercourse with him, are expressions of profound admiration and warm affection, when such men as Drs. Wardlaw and Chalmers were named. His estimate of less noted men, was generous and loving. I once heard him say, after listening to a simple, but earnest sermon by the late Mr. Nettleton, "O, sir, I would give I know not what, for the power of searching and probing the human conscience, which that man possesses." Dr. Miller bore testimony to his friendship of thirteen years and to the value of his counsel, often given so frankly from the churchman's stand point.

8. He employed the press with remarkable skill and vigour. His were not profound speculations, but practical discussions and precepts. No less than thirty works proceeded from his pen, of which the Tract Society alone has circulated three millions of copies; in addition to thousands upon thousands published by individuals in England and America. Some of his works, especially the "Anxious Inquirer," have been translated into the continental languages, and even into oriental, and have found their way to the remotest corners of the globe. "He being dead yet speaketh." "All generations will call him blessed."

9. His devotion to the cause of Missions was remarkable. Who can estimate the letters he has written and published, the sermons he has preached and the platform orations he has pronounced, on this one subject! China was a species of watch-word with him—he fully believed it would be evangelized, and to the last of his life he laboured himself and incited others to toil in this cause. His own gifts to missions were munificent; and his congregation was trained to devise liberal things. Home and Colonial Missions shared in his labours and in his gifts. His interest in Spring-hill College and in all institutions for training up young men for the Ministry, was deep, practical, and continuous.

10. No one could know him without being impressed with his deep interest in America and especially in the matter of revivals. He regularly read American religious newspapers, and watched with special regard the experiment of which this continent presents an example, of sustaining the institutions of religion and propagating Christianity throughout a country, without state aid or patronage. The revivals of 1858, called forth his eloquent appeals from lips and pen, and those in Ireland were engaging his mind and leading to the suggestion of plans of action for England at the very time the Master called him away. In fine, the church of Christ possesses not many men who so "*abounded in the work of the Lord.*"

It would be pleasant and encouraging to dwell at length on the fulfilment in this case of the assurance, "your labour shall not be in vain in the Lord." Truly it was not in vain! He left upwards of 1000 members in church fellowship. How many more he had received during his 54 years pastorate, I know not; but that Church must have been the home of many hundreds who had either removed to the church above, or been transferred to other churches in Britain or the Colonies. Think of the Mission Chapels and Congregations! think of the multitude converted by means of his one work the "Anxious Inquirer," and of the rich blessing that attended his other issues from the press! think of the effects upon the church of God, of his awakening and stirring appeals in behalf of Missions; of a revived *ministry and church, and of a sound scriptural theology; think of the wide spread influence of his name; of his good sense in counsel, and of his singleness of purpose to do good; and remember that he was honoured to see much of this good, that he lived for years in the happy consciousness that his abundant labours were munificently blessed of the Lord; and we get a feeble impression of the reward of such a service in the present life.*

But this is only the beginning of the result, the vestibule of the temple, the introduction to the fulness of joy. Sweetly he fell asleep in Jesus. An accumulation of honours gathered around his venerable corpse as it was borne to its resting place beneath his pulpit. But how inexpressibly blessed the vision of that Saviour whom he had so long served, of whom he had spoken with a rapture that was often sublime, and whose name he had continually magnified in his ministry!

And being somewhat filled with that vision of the Lord, and ascribing all to the sovereignty and glory of His grace, he looks round and finds innumerable trophies of that grace, whom the Lord gave him as seals to his ministry, as souls for his hire! Oh the bliss of such recognitions! But we must refrain. "It doth not yet appear"! Yet one thing is certain "abounding in the work of the Lord, we know that our labour shall not be in vain in the Lord."

CONGREGATIONALISM :

WHENCE IS IT? FROM HEAVEN?—OR OF MEN?

Far be it from us to claim for the system, technically known in our day, as *Congregationalism*, in all its peculiarities of usage, and discipline, a *Divine warrant*. Indeed in advancing such a claim, the extravagant party zealot of any denomination would only betray his ignorance, and effrontery. But each party makes the most of any general clues to the Divine model of church order which they think they discover in the Apostolic writings, or those of the early Fathers. The authority of the latter, we refuse to acknowledge; attaching only that secondary value to those immediately succeeding the apostles, which they derive from the fact that they may be supposed to furnish the most correct counterpart in their views, and practices, of the teachings of inspired men. Yet as others claim the Fathers, in support of systems, essentially different from ours, it is as well cursorily to glance at the general ideals of ecclesiastical order, severally derived from the past, and making their boast of the Fathers.

One party avers that Christ's intention and appointment, was that His followers should be collected into one sacred empire, subject in all things, secular as well as spiritual, to the authority of St. Peter, and his successors: divided like the kingdoms of this world into sundry provinces: that the patriarchs of each province were to be deputy viceroys, acting under the authority and sole direction of the Vicar of Christ at Rome.

Another, omitting the universal, and the patriarchal headships, claimed by the first, fancies the Apostles divided the Roman empire into as many ecclesiastical dioceses as there were principal state divisions; the presiding elder, or bishop of the church, in the capital city of each Province, being the President, or Archbishop of the Province, all the other bishops, or pastors of the district being subordinate to him.

A third party denying the *Divine Right* of Popes, Patriarchs, and Archbishops, and regarding them as merely of human appointment, nevertheless, accept them as a good and useful order, agreeable to the Apostolic administration in character if not in form.

Yet another maintains that the spirit of Apostolic Christianity is essentially opposed to a clerical hierarchy: that the pastors, and evangelists of the primitive churches were all co-equal, having no authority over one another.

Now in juxtaposition, let us modestly add our interpretation of Apostolic Order. This we could do, in the very words of the learned historian, Dr. Mosheim, who certainly had no bias towards Congregationalism, and whom all the Protestant churches accept as an authority. He says—"If the apostles of Jesus Christ acted by Divine command, and guidance, (which no Christian can doubt), then

that form of the primitive churches, which was derived from the church at Jerusalem, erected, and organized by the apostles themselves, must be accounted Divine." Here, as if shrinking from the carrying out of his own premises, he adds "yet it will not follow that this form of the church was to be perpetual, and unalterable." In those primitive times (he continues) "each Christian church was composed of the people, the presiding officers, and the assistants or deacons. These must be the component parts of every society. The highest authority was in the *people*, or the whole body of Christians: for even the apostles themselves inculcated by their example, that nothing of any moment was to be done, or determined on but with the knowledge and consent of the brotherhood. And this mode of proceeding, both prudence and necessity required in those early times. The assembled people, therefore, elected their own rulers, and teachers, or received, without constraint, those recommended to them. They also, by their suffrages rejected, or confirmed the laws which were proposed by their rulers in their assemblies; they excluded profligate and lapsed brethren, and restored them;—they decided the controversies, and disputes that arose; in a word, the *people did everything* which belongs to those in whom the supreme power of the community is vested." Elsewhere, the same historian says, "although all the churches were, in the first age of Christianity, united together in one common bond of faith, and love, and were in every respect, ready to promote the welfare of each other; yet with regard to government, and internal economy, every individual Church considered itself as an independent community, none of them ever looking, in these respects, beyond the circle of its own members, for assistance, or recognizing any sort of external influence or authority. Neither in the New Testament, nor in any ancient document whatever, do we find anything recorded from whence it might be inferred that any of the minor churches were, at all dependent on, or looked up for direction to those of greater magnitude, or consequence. On the contrary several things occur therein, which put it out of all doubt, that every one of them enjoyed the same rights. A greater reverence was undoubtedly entertained, during the first ages, for such of the churches, as had been long under the immediate instruction of any of the apostles, but if any one thing be certain, I am persuaded this is—that those churches never possessed the power of governing, or controlling the rest."

It being an acknowledged fact that such a system prevailed in the primitive churches, as constituted by the apostles themselves, we are not truthfully represented by those who speak of "Congregationalism as having been born in England, and educated in Holland, about 200 years ago." As for venerableness, prelacy, papacy must give place to Congregationalism. Before either of them had any being, the independent form of Church government was in vigorous working order, at once the organic expression, and the efficient promoter of the noblest type of Christian life that the world has yet beheld.

It is gratifying to find an Episcopal Divine, of such distinguished scholarship and deserved pre-eminence, as Dr. Barrow acknowledging this fact with all frankness. Speaking of the early days of Christianity, he says—"every church was settled apart, under its own bishops, and presbyters, so as independently, and separately to manage its own concerns: each was governed by its own head and had its own laws.

But we do not rest satisfied with our church polity, simply on the ground of its

superior *antiquity*. Some things on account of their antiquity, have been divested of all *utility*, and have a place assigned them on the dusty shelves of the antiquarian museum. They have outlasted the uses for which they were designed, and are no longer adapted to the changed order of things.

Who devised Congregationalism, and what was its originators conception in reference to it? If it be merely an invention of the primitive Christians, or the casual organic development of their spirit and times, however venerable, it is not to be presumed that it possesses universal and perpetual adaptations to all ages and people. But if it be the *Divine ideal of a Christian Society*, then what warrant can they shew, who would set limits to its development, or presume to supersede it by a new Church Order?

That it was ushered into being, without formal announcement, as a complete system, so far from militating against its claim to a Divine origin and authority, is a co-incident argument in its favour. Reasoning by analogy, we had no right to expect from the spirit of inspiration a complete, and formal system of church organism and discipline. Christian doctrines are nowhere thus systematized by the Divine hand. Even Christ, the great teacher sent from God, developed no synthetic theological system. To his disciples, and still more to the masses, every enunciation of great facts and principles must have appeared casual, and fragmentary, elicited by the passing occurrences of the hour. Just so the spirit developed gradually, and circumstantially, here a little, and there a little, the Divine system of Church Order. Those who object to receive these occasional, way-side lessons, in reference to ecclesiastical economy, are bound in consistency, to reject the whole Theology of the Bible on the same ground.

In a future article we will trace out the characteristic features of Congregationalism as gradually developed in the teachings of Christ and His apostles.

E.

THE WELSH PULPIT.

The interest which we are sure our readers feel in the progress of religion in Wales, and the circumstance that the Congregational Union of England and Wales has recently held its first meeting in that country, have induced us to insert the following from "Titan:"

Within less than a day's journey from the metropolis, there is a people amongst whom the pulpit is a power. The alienation of the working classes is a theme there never discussed. This "vexed question" is to many a Welsh pastor, who has never set foot on Saxon soil, a complete puzzle. In his country "the masses" are under the power of the gospel: "Bethel," "Sion," "Bethesda," and "Ebenezer," are always thronged. The most ignorant on the affairs of this life at least feel some interest in questions pertaining to another. In the busiest day of the week, the smith leaves his anvil, the grocer his shop, the shoemaker his last, the farmer his field, to hear the stranger-preacher, whose name, though he heard it on Sunday, he may have quite forgotten. Follow them to their respective employments, listen to their conversation, their shrewd remark, their warm discussion, and deduct, object, detract, philosophise as you may, the impression still clings, that the pulpit is there a power.

On the still Sabbath morning, station yourself by that "lonely house of God." The chapel house is the only habitation near: you see no other human residence. Can a congregation ever be assembled there? Can the place ever be filled? It is about ten. The worshippers "come, and still they come"—through silent glen, over mountain top, through pass and defile, along stony lane or scarce visible foot-

path, on horse or on foot, in small groups or one by one—all pointing their way to that small, grey, low-roofed house, surrounded by that (oh, how quiet!) resting-place for the dead. They all confess to some mysterious power of attraction there. It is past the time. The place is now filled. The dirge-like but soothing sound of praise, in fine harmony with the scene around, now ascends. Wait awhile; the text is read; the discourse begins; and you soon see that the grey-coated shepherd, red-plaited matron, burly farmer, giddy youth, and sober age, alike confess, by look and attitude, that there is power in the word preached.

And the Associations—those great annual gatherings—the “May meetings” of Wales, who can describe them? Everything about them proclaims the presence of a power. A truce is given to denominational differences; the Methodist is less a conference man; the Baptist less baptistical; the Churchman less lofty. Hospitality, boundless and indiscriminate, is “the order of the day.” Everybody rises early that morning. Cottages and farm-houses, newly white-washed glisten in the sun. The dust of a year is disturbed; a general purification has been going on for weeks. “Godliness and cleanliness” are seen strikingly associated. Even the very few who never go to any place of worship have put on their best apparel. The Association is the theme of every tongue; it has inspired dreams of pleasure and of pride; it has brought up to the surface along with good some evil. The whole country is moved; the people for miles round keep “holy-day.” The roads are thronged with pedestrians, horses, and vehicles. The whole population seems on pilgrimage. A vast assemblage of people, in not a populous country, meet on a sloping field—one of nature’s own galleries—before a tented platform from which they are addressed. You are girt around, it may be, with lofty hills, some richly wooded, some bare and bleak, with here and there an opening through which you catch an enchanted glimpse of blue sky, or of boundless sea; openings which, in your present mood of mind, seem like avenues into eternity. Nature wears her richest garb, for it is in June. The public services begin in the evening. The bustle does not yet subside. You wonder when the people will cease to come; the mass before the platform is still increasing. The first sermon is already over: but the circumstances are yet unfavourable for still they come. The multitude, worn out with fatigue and excitement, rest themselves on the grass, on vehicles, or on rude extemporised seats. Another preaches, grows warm, and brings us still more into sympathy with the occasion. When he finishes we are prepared for more. The solemn stillness of evening has stolen on. There is a pause as solemn in the worship. Oh, look at that gorgeous sunset! Was ever magnificence like that? Surely this is the richest grandeur of time, intended to tone us into sympathy with a grandeur imperishable. The hills, the trees, the fields of growing corn, the meadows, the thousands of upturned faces, seemed bathed in an atmosphere of softest light. How the ray flutters and trembles on the distant wave! The preacher, too, feels the beauty of the hour. Pale, and with befitting emotion, he rises, and says, simply (but with what effect!), “I am warned by the down-going sun not to occupy much of your time; thank God the Sun of Righteousness never sets!” and then reads for his text, “The Sun of Righteousness has risen, with healing under his wings.” The allusion brings around us the glory of both worlds. The inspiration of nature and of religion is evidently upon the preacher; he has a genius in sympathetic contact with the scene around him; he seizes every passing incident, and makes it contribute to the great end which has brought them there. As he proceeds, his voice awakens the distant echoes. He raises no vulgar shout: his voice is but the wing of the soaring soul. His ideas and his tones expand and swell with the growing elevation of his theme. Glowing with holier afflatus than the scenery of time, however grand, can inspire, the line which divides the perishing from the immortal is fast fading from his rapt prophetic vision. Sources which bubble ever fresh from the depths of eternity, supply the rapid current of his thought. Away on loftier heights than Alexander, Caesar, or Napoleon ever reached, he surveys interests more varied, and destinies more stupendous, than ever floated in the vision of statesman, or inspired the ambition of a king. He sees nothing before him but deathless spirits; he is now a prince in the world of thought: he bears sway in the kingdom of souls; his

sceptre waves over a territory in the unseen. Presumption quails beneath that imperial glance; rebuke, winged with sarcasm, transfixes the cowering hypocrite; towering pride is scathed with the lightning of holy indignation; consolations fall like the dew of heaven upon the troubled conscience; hope for the guilty and oppressed is lifted high; wonder, amazement, gratitude, remorse, and thanksgiving—these are the various emotions kindled—emotions the consequences of which reach on for ever. The vast throng disperses to meet on the morrow, when something similar will again be witnessed.

In a country where this is a specimen of what not seldom occurs, the pulpit must be a power.

Here, then, we have a fact worth volumes of recent discussion on preaching. What are the elements of this power? Doubtless there are some peculiarities in the social condition of the people. Less political agitation prevails. A large commercial class, with its attendant good and evil, does not exist. The town system, with its peculiar vices and corruptions, is not so largely developed. A lower order, dependant upon a class above, yet fearfully distinct from it, cannot be found in any large numbers. When the revival of religion took place it thoroughly penetrated the nation. These and other circumstances must be borne in mind, in the attempt to form a just estimate of the Welsh pulpit.

What is emphatically designated the “*hwyl*” is a peculiarity so striking in Welsh preaching, it so immediately arrests the unaccustomed ear, that we are justified in giving it especial and early attention. The word “*hwyl*” (pronounced *hooil*), like many other Welsh words is a highly figurative one. A ship is said to be in full “*hywl*,” when it leaves port with full and spread sails, under a favourable breeze. And a preacher is said to be in full “*hwyl*,” when in happiest mood, thoughts and words coming quick and apt, and rising like a man inspired to the loftiest heights of his theme, he inevitably, and as a matter of course, *intones* or *chants* his fervid thoughts. No! English reader, let us at once confess, neither of the *abc* words adequately express this peculiarity. It is something between a chant and a song, but greatly unlike either. We are not unaware that what is thus described will, in some cases, excite a smile. Nor are we ignorant that some of the more “*knowing*” among the Welsh themselves think the practice rather absurd and vulgar. And not long since we read the remarks of a learned American doctor, on a similar peculiarity in American preaching, and his dictum on the matter is, that to adopt any tone peculiar to the pulpit is highly absurd. Is it really so? At first the preacher *talks* very simply; by and by he changes his tone; you would then perhaps say that he *discourses* to you; he still rises; you now see and hear something of the orator—he *declaims* and *reasons*; at length, passed through all these stages, you see clearly that passion and feeling—the grandest forces of the soul—are at work. Winged thoughts and words come forth, all glorious with the hues of heaven. They are poetry. How can they be otherwise? Reason, imagination, feeling, and passion are the factors. Figures and metaphors become the native speech. With such thoughts, is the “*hwyl*” so unnatural or absurd? Occasionally you may fancy you hear in its tone the wail of unearthly sorrow, or the jubilant song of the redeemed. Are not poetry and music twins? And is it possible to be impassioned upon the most elevated themes without adopting a tone more or less peculiar to them? We think not. The style and tone must accord insensibly. The principle is illustrated in all oratory. The peculiarity of the Welsh “*hwyl*” is, that the principle is carried to a farther extent, and acted upon in a mode that accords most remarkably with the genius of the language and the people. When it is a mere habit, without inspiration, it is an intolerable oratorical vice: as such let it be condemned; but whatever material for criticism it may furnish, it has a power, when natural and genuine, over the masses of the Welsh people, which none but those who have witnessed its effect can easily believe. Until the preacher has arrived at this stage of his discourse, whatever he may have said, he has got no farther than the Welshman’s understanding; the “*hwyl*” at once finds its way to the heart. Under these overpowering intonations even Englishmen have been subdued by the mystic power of an unknown tongue. Like music and song, they

evoke a sympathy scarcely dependent upon words. Christmas Evans was scarcely less indebted to those magic peals which made his hearers tremble or rejoice at at his imperial will than to his marvellous allegorical and dramatic power.

The efficient Welsh preacher is generally a man of rude and vigorous health. The athlete who stands before you on the Association day (and he represents a class), is daily braced by the up-hill walk or mountain ride. His is rarely a student's life. His soul and body are not shrivelled by prolonged subsistence upon Greek and Hebrew roots. He is no effeminate recluse. He may be a pluralist in the best sense of the word—having the care of more churches than one, and the duties thus devolving upon him contribute not a little to his vigour. His firm step, and face bronzed by blast and sun, betoken all this. He converses more with nature than with books. He has, in consequence, that kind of mental and moral vigour which a good, athletic frame so highly favours. If his thoughts are not often profound, never subtle, they are generally manly. His ministry glows with life. Whatever defects it may have, it has the redeeming elements of energy and force. There are striking exceptions to this rule even in Wales. At the present day, one of the most gifted men in the Welsh ministry has always suffered from feeble health. Still the rule is as we have stated, and as might have been expected. The amount of work now done by the most notorious preacher of the day, and which is regarded by many as Herculean, has been the ordinary life-service of many a Welsh preacher "unknown to fame," except amongst his own native hills. Wales has been evangelised by such men, and the pulpit of the present day owes no small share of its popular power to its possession of such men still. * * *

Fancy then, reader, a mind and body thus well strung, brought to bear with *uncondemned entireness* upon the work of preaching. This concentration of the Welsh preacher is quite remarkable. The social condition of the people favours it. We have known many a man of power in Wales, whose thoughts by day, and dreams by night, seemed utterly engrossed with their favourite work. They seem to know little else, to care for nothing else. This was the focal point in which all their powers and passions met. How to make every sermon *tell*, of this they thought, of this on every fit occasion, and with every congenial mind, they talked. Yes! preaching was with them a passion, all-engrossing, all-absorbing: upon it they mused till the fire burned. With them the apostle was never allowed to degenerate into the pedagogue, nor the pastor into the clerk. They were no committee men; they would never have excelled as secretaries; they did not attempt a little of everything, far less to teach it. The thousand heterogeneous claims upon his English brother do not press upon the Welsh preacher. We will not pause to enlarge upon the difference; let the fact be noticed, and let it have its proper place among the reasons which must be assigned for the power of the Welsh pulpit.

But probably the main difference between English and Welsh preaching, and the source of the peculiar power of the latter, must be sought in the language and the mode of thought employed. * * *

The dominant aim of the Welsh preacher is impression. He seems thoroughly to understand the peculiar mission of the pulpit, "More intellectual preaching," however a few may urge it, is certainly not the demand of English audiences. Upon this point, facts are decisive. The most instructive preachers are certainly not the most attractive. Nor are the causes far to seek. Those who seek intellectual excitement, and a high order of instruction—who are interested in the discussion of lofty and difficult themes—know well that the popular orator is not the man, nor the pulpit the place, for them. * * *

The conclusion is, that *impression* must be the predominant aim of the preacher; it is not the understanding that is to be mainly addressed. He must sway the conscience; that is the end, all else is but means. For this, the pulpit has a power which the press can never wield. In his sphere, the preacher has no rival. This distinction borne in mind, the idea of his ever being superseded is highly absurd. As long as the living voice retains its mystic power; as long as its tones become tremulous with the burden of the thought conveyed; as long as the coun-

tenance can be made luminous with mind; as long as words and manner can be inspired by "thoughts which breathe" within; as long as truth incarnate is truth the most impressive—so long will the preacher occupy a position unrivalled and alone. For bringing home to human souls those questions which, in the highest sense, affect human destiny, the pulpit is a means unique and all-powerful. The effective Welsh preacher is pre-eminently a man who understands all this.

Trans-Atlantic Retrospect.

Those of our readers who have watched with us the progress of the Rev. Thos. Binney in Australia, will be glad to hear of his safe return to England, and of his appearance once more in the pulpit of Weigh-house Chapel, to the great satisfaction of his attached people. Happily, Mr. Binney took the overland route, instead of embarking on board the *Royal Charter*, as it appears he at one time intended, and thus escaped the terrible calamity of the destruction of that vessel. Before leaving Melbourne, he received a farewell address, delivered to him at an immense meeting, presided over by Sir Henry Barkly, the Governor. The following is the address and Mr. Binney's reply.

TO THE REV. THOMAS BINNEY.

Rev. Sir,—Permit us to express the pleasure your visit to Victoria has given us, and our regret that the time of your departure has at length arrived. It is a matter of satisfaction to us to know that the main object for which you left home, the re-establishment of your shattered health, has, through the blessing of Providence, in so happy a measure been attained, and that you are returning to the sphere of your former labours with a reasonable prospect of occupying it again with your usual power and success. Our prayer is, that God may long preserve your life, with energies undecayed, and with growing usefulness, and that the scenes you have witnessed, and the intercourse with your fellow men and fellow Christians you have had, in your travels in the Southern Hemisphere, may furnish you with materials which you may be able to turn to good account for the benefit of mankind at large.

We tender you, Rev. Sir, on behalf of thousands of our fellow-colonists, our heartfelt thanks for your abundant and disinterested labours since you came among us. While still struggling with weakness, you did not spare yourself whenever an opportunity occurred of promoting the public good. We can assure you your services have ministered to us both delight and instruction, and our hope and belief is, that seeds of precious truth which you have so plentifully sown broadcast in these regions, will yield fruit for "both worlds," in the lives and characters of not a few of the young and vigorous men who have come hither to improve their fortunes.

The cause too of brotherly charity and Christian union, so dear to your heart, and which has found in you so able an advocate, we trust has received a mighty impulse as the result of your visit; and, if the distance which divides Christians should be at all lessened amongst us by your influence, we are assured this will be among the most cherished and useful of your reminiscences.

Our prayer to God is, that you and Mrs. Binney may be favoured with a safe and agreeable voyage, and that you may return to your friends and your flock in the fullness of the blessing of that gospel it has been your delight to preach.

(Signed,) HENRY BARKLY, Governor,

Chairman of the Meeting.

Melbourne, 15th August, 1859.

Mr. Binney, in acknowledging this address, said he had been taken completely by surprise, as he was not aware of their kind intention to present him with this address. He had been treated in the other colonies as a "distinguished guest" and had received all the concomitant honours; but he certainly should have been pleased if they had on this occasion exalted him into a grade higher, and made

him a right royal personage at once, when he would have had the right of being shown the address before its presentation, and so have been prepared for it. He felt surprised at standing before such an immense audience, and no one who had not visited this country, he said, could form an adequate idea of it unless witnessing such an assembly as that he stood before that night. It proved to him incontestably that the people of these colonies were not all given up to money-making go-aheadism, but that they had ideas of the beautiful and the refined. After some further remarks the Rev. gentleman sat down apparently much affected.

We are sure that all who wish well to the cause of Christ will join in the prayer, that Mr. Binney's visit may produce results in Australia which the brethren there will not willingly let die; and that with restored health, with renewed energies and with increased influence, he may be spared to labour for many years in the home vineyard; especially in the work for which his massive intellect and large heart so well fit him—that of winning the young men of the great metropolis from the many dangers to which they are exposed, from dissipation on the one hand and scepticism on the other, and shewing them the reasonableness and blessedness of the service of Christ. We find the following in the *Nonconformist* :

The Lord Mayor attended divine service at the Weigh House Chapel, Fish-street hill, on Sunday morning last, on the occasion of the return of the Rev. Thomas Binney, from Australia, after an absence of two years. Mr. Binney, after reading the 147th Psalm, gave a short address to a very crowded congregation, and alluded in a very feeling manner to his providential deliverance and restoration to the church, it having been at one time his intention to take a passage from Australia in the *Royal Charter* steamship, whose fast-sailing character was much advertised in Australia; but circumstances preventing, he determined upon an overland route.

The loss of the *Royal Charter*, to which we have alluded above, is one of the saddest catastrophes which has happened upon the English coast for many years. After a rapid passage, when all on board thought the dangers of the voyage over, and were congratulating themselves upon its speedy termination; after even the vessel had called at Queenston and landed some of the passengers (fortunate they), within a few hours, a gale came on the like of which has seldom been known, and the unfortunate vessel broke upon the rocks like a nutshell, went to pieces almost immediately, and of the 500 souls on board only 39 appear to have been rescued. What a lesson is here! Notwithstanding the achievements of science and the wondrous march of improvement for the last 25 years—man and his works are yet as toys and playthings before the mighty forces of disturbed nature. It is a lesson of humility and dependence which all should learn, especially those who, amidst the miracles of science, are prone to forget the great God and ruler of all.

All the efforts of Sir Moses Montefiore and the deputies of the British Jews having proved ineffectual in obtaining the restoration of the child Mortara to its parents, a committee of gentlemen in the city felt that some protest was demanded on behalf of British Christians, and the following protest having been privately circulated has been most extensively signed, and a copy of it has been forwarded to the French ambassador:—

Whereas a Jewish child, Edgar Mortara, son of Momola Mortara, late of Bologna, in Italy, was, on the 24th of June, 1858, forcibly seized and taken from his parents, by order of the Cardinal Viale Prela, Archbishop of Bologna and Legate of Pope Pius IX.:

And whereas the ground of said seizure was, that the said child, Edgar Mortara, had been secretly baptized by a Roman Catholic maid-servant six years previously, being then of the age of twelve months :

And whereas the said child was, by order of the said Cardinal Legate conveyed by night, under an escort of gendarmes, to the Convent of San Pietro in Vincoli at Rome, and is therefore detained contrary to the wish, and notwithstanding the protestations of his parents :

And whereas the government of France has in vain urged the Court of Rome to restore the said child to his parents :

And whereas Sir Moses Montefiore, Bart., at the request of the deputies of the British Jews, made on the 22nd of December, 1858, went to Rome in their name, to present a memorial to the Pope, signed by the whole of the said deputies, asking for the liberation of the said child Edgar Mortara ; and whereas the Pope refused even to see Sir Moses Montefiore ; and Cardinal Antonelli, minister of State, has declared to Sir Moses Montefiore that the Roman Government will not release the child ;

And whereas it is a dishonor to Christianity in the eyes of the Jews among all nations that the seizure and detention of the said child, Edgar Mortara, should be supposed to be consistent with the principles of the Christian religion :

Now we, the undersigned British Christians, do hereby protest and declare that the proceedings of the Pope of Rome in taking away the Jewish child Edgar Mortara from his parents, and educating him, contrary to his parents' will, in the Roman Catholic faith, are repulsive to the instincts of humanity, and in violation of parental rights and authority, as recognised in the laws and usages of all civilised nations, and, above all, in direct opposition to the spirit and precepts of the Christian religion.

The names attached to the protest include the highest dignitaries of the Church of England, deans, canons, dukes, earls, M.P.'s, mayors, lord provosts, sheriffs, principals of colleges (Church of England and Dissenting), secretaries of missionary and other religious societies, officers of the army and navy, &c.

THE TRACTARIANS AND THE LATE REV. J. A. JAMES.—The Rev. J. Oldknow, of Holy Trinity, Bordsley, addressed a letter of protest to the Birmingham papers against the part taken by several of the clergy of the town in the funeral of the late Mr. James. Mr. Oldknow does not dispute the merits of the individual, but asks what would have been said of Anglican clergymen attending the funeral of Cardinal Wiseman or any other eminent Roman Catholic. He adds some observations on the sin of schism, which the Birmingham papers, "for prudential reasons," declined to publish.

THE FUND FOR RETIRING CONGREGATIONAL MINISTERS.—In the establishment of which the late Rev. John Angell James took so deep an interest, is being augmented with a rapidity which, a short time ago, could not have been anticipated. The *minimum* of 5,000*l.* was reached some weeks ago, the total now subscribed is 7,000*l.*, and there is every prospect of a further considerable increase.

Escalante, who was arrested in the beginning of May for the crime of distributing the Bible or New Testament, still languishes in his prison at Cadiz. He is said to be well treated, but those who have felt the sun of Andalusia may imagine what he has suffered during the past summer. He has been afflicted with fever and still complains of weakness and trembling in his limbs. His father lately died at Gibraltar of palsy, and his poor wife gave birth to a little girl, and is in delicate health. Such a load of sorrows has failed to move the Government or its directors, the priests, whose policy is now, as ever, when they have the power, to wear out the saints of the Most High. Escalante is a native of Gibraltar, born under the protection of the British power, and, as yet, he has invoked that protection to little purpose. It is true consuls and ambassadors have not overlooked the case. They offered bail, but it was refused, and yet there is no word of Escalante being brought to trial. The manly Cromwell spirit is gone in high

quarters, and instead, we have a poor, uncertain, vacillating policy, truckling to to the loudest and strongest party. Statesmen fear the Popish party at home, and they hesitate to carry out their own convictions, unless backed by the voice of the people. If justice is not very openly done to our fellow-subject now in prison for the Gospel's sake, and for obeying his Lord's commandment, the Churches and Christian bodies of Britain must bestir themselves, and, as in the case of the Madiai, force Rome to give up her suffering victim. Lord J. Russel has it is said, instructed our ambassador to request the release of Escalante from the Queen of Spain, and his request has been communicated to the Foreign Minister, but, according to the last accounts, Escalante is still in prison.—*News of the Churches.*

Official.

CONGREGATIONAL MISSIONARY MEETINGS FOR 1859-60.

WESTERN DISTRICT—NORTH EAST DIVISION.

The following appointments have been made by the Western Missionary Committee for this Division. Public meetings to be held at

Elora.....	Monday Evening.....	December	5th,	1859.
Garafraxa.....	Tuesday Evening.....	"	6th,	"
Eramosa.....	Wednesday Evening.....	"	7th,	"
Eden Mills.....	Thursday Evening.....	"	8th,	"
Guelph.....	Friday Evening.....	"	9th,	"
Stratford.....	Monday Evening.....	"	12th,	"
Listowell.....	Tuesday Evening.....	"	13th,	"
Molesworth.....	Wednesday Evening.....	"	14th,	"

Deputation: Rev. Messrs. Robinson, McGregor, Barker, and Howell.

Sermons on behalf of the Society, to be preached by the Pastor in each of the above places, when practicable, on the Sabbath previous to the meeting. Exchanges at Pastor's own expense.

THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.

CONTRIBUTIONS RECEIVED SINCE OCTOBER 25th.

Pine Grove (additional).....	\$5 00
Sheffield, New Brunswick, per Pastor.....	22 00
Keswick Ridge, do. ('58 & 59) do.....	4 00
* Southwold, per Pastor.....	9 00
* Eden Mills \$4, Puslinch \$1 50, per Mr. F. Mould.....	5 50
Oro, Bethesda Church, per Deacon J. Thomas.....	6 00
Stanstead, per Pastor.....	8 25
Russeltown, per Rev. C. P. Reynolds.....	3 00
* Albion, per Pastor.....	4 00
Owen Sound, per Deacon J. Rogerson.....	8 00
Granby, per Pastor.....	24 00
Scotland, C. W., Rev. D. A., per Rev. A. Wickson.....	1 00
* Indian Lands, on account per Pastor.....	2 00

* Collected also in the Spring.

Additional letters have been received in relation to the Day of Prayer from Owen Sound, Keswick Ridge, N. B., Albion, and Indian Lands. The writers will accept our thanks.

Toronto, Nov. 29th, 1859.

F. H. MARLING, *Secretary.*

MISSIONARY MEETINGS FOR 1860.

MIDDLE DISTRICT.

Bowmanville.....	Monday,.....	Jan. 9.	} Deputation: Rev. Messrs. Fenwick, Dur-								
Whitby.....	Tuesday,.....	" 10.		} rant, Reikie, and Byrne, accompanied, it is							
Markham.....	Wednesday,...	" 11.			} expected, by a Lay Deputy.						
Stouffville.....	Thursday,.....	" 12.									
Pickering.....	Friday,.....	" 13.	} Deputation: Rev. Messrs. Marling and								
Pine Grove.....	Monday,.....	" 16.		} Hooper, associated with the Pastors of the							
St. Andrew's.....	Tuesday,.....	" 17.			} Churches in the district, and probably, a						
Albion.....	Wednesday...	" 18.				} Lay Deputy.					
Alton.....	Thursday.....	" 19.					} Recognition of Rev. H. Denny at Trafal-				
South Caledon....	Friday.....	" 20.						} gar, Thursday Morning at 11, January 26,			
South Erin.....	Sunday.....	" 22.							} Rev. Messrs. Marling, Hooper, Unsworth,		
Churchhill.....	Monday,.....	" 23.								} Noble, and Byrne, are expected to take	
Georgetown.....	Tuesday,....	" 24.									} part in the service.
Trafalgar.....	Wednesday,...	" 25.									
Oakville.....	Thursday, ..	" 26.	} mond, and Byrne, assisted, it is hoped, by								
Hammonsville....	Friday,.....	" 27.		} a Lay Deputy.							
Newmarket.....	Monday,.....	" 30.			} Deputation: Rev. Messrs. Hooper, Ray-						
Bell Ewart.....	Tuesday,.....	" 31.				} mond, and Byrne, assisted, it is hoped, by					
Oro.....	Wednesday, ..	Feb. 1.					} a Lay Deputy.				
Oro.....	Thursday,....	" 2.						} a Lay Deputy.			

JAMES T. BYRNE,

Secretary.

Whitby, November 22nd, 1859.

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM DR. WILKES.

Montreal, 23rd November, 1859.

Two meetings have been held in this city recently of provincial interest. The first in order was of a Missionary Association in the Presbyterian Church of Canada, in connexion with the church of Scotland. It was held in St. Paul's church, for the purpose of listening to and taking leave of the Rev. Ephraim Epstein, M.D., a christian son of Abraham, and of commending him to the grace and protection of the Head of the church, in view of the mission among the Jews at Salonica, to which he has been designated.

Dr. Epstein adverted modestly, but in touching language to the change which Divine grace had wrought in him since he came to America ten years since. "I landed on the shores of this continent, a stranger, a Jew, an Infidel—I felt no interest in religion, for I had no faith in it whatever—I am leaving them in a few days, a disciple of Jesus, a believer in him as the Saviour of sinners,—desirous of testifying concerning him to my people,—a doctor of medicine and a minister of the gospel. I have many friends now, and I go as the missionary of this church, to encounter great opposition and hatred, but nevertheless, to proclaim to those who are dear to me, a mighty Redeemer."

Such in substance was the contrast he drew between his position ten years ago, and at present,—ascribing the change to the grace of God. He noted a wide difference between the state of the Jewish mind in this country, in England, and in the region to which he was going. Here and in England, the Jews are as a general thing, indifferent to religion. They are simply unbelievers. They

entertain no special dislike towards Christians,—they are not enough in earnest. But these in the east, among whom he was called to labour, were cordial haters of Christianity and of Christians. Nothing can exceed the bitterness of their antipathy. They are superstitious, devout and intense in their judaism. His description reminded one of the distinction between the Pharisees and Sadducees of old. Our immediate neighbours appear to be of the latter sort: the easterners of the former type,—one cold, careless and sceptical,—the other fiery, proud, intolerant. “Yet” said Dr. Epstein, “when these last do through grace believe, they are most loving, devoted, energetic christians.” Who is not reminded of the apostle Paul—an intolerant, fiery Jew, a most cordial hater of Jesus and his disciples, but when converted, Oh, how loving, intense and persistent in his work. There was the clear ring of the genuine metal in Dr. Epstein’s utterances of doctrinal truth. Without formal statement, there was no difficulty in discovering his love for “the faith once delivered to the saints.” He expressed his conviction that there would be no lack of pecuniary means to carry forward and enlarge the mission, but he had more anxiety as to prayer. He spoke of it as that mysterious and mighty thing which brought us into immediate contact with the Most High, and which so marvellously drew forth His aid in such a work as that to which he was proceeding. “I have no theory about prayer, just as in medicine, I have no theory about many things, but I believe in prayer. I don’t want a theory, my experience is sufficient proof to me that God hears and answers prayer. He has heard me often for myself in times of need: and he has heard me for others. What Christian is there who cannot say the same thing?” Thus, in substance, speaking, he implored the friends of the mission, to remember it before God at least once a week. It was his one concluding request;—which he touchingly urged upon all.

Your correspondent said a few words, at the request of the chairman, and led in prayer. Dr. Epstein and family sailed for England in our steamer of last Saturday.

The other meeting was of the Canada Foreign Missionary Society, seven days later, namely, on Monday evening, 21st instant. It was held in the basement of Cole Street Free Chnrch. The design was to welcome Mr. Carpenter home from the coast of Labrador, to listen to his narrative of summer’s work, and to commend this mission to the grace and might of our God. It was explained that three years ago, Mr. Carpenter had written to Montreal, by advice of Dr. Pomroy one of the Secretaries of the American Board, asking if any society existed that could undertake a mission to the coast of Labrador. He had spent the previous summer on that coast, in search of health, had found it extremely destitute of religious advantages, and on leaving had promised an aged disciple there, that he would do his utmost on his return to the United States to enlist christian sympathy and effort on their behalf. His purpose on writing was to induce some Society to take up the field independently of him.

His letter was laid before the Board of the Canada Foreign Missionary Society. It resulted in a correspondence with Mr. Carpenter, and in his spending the summer of 1858 on the coast. A most interesting and in many respects instructive report of the summer’s work will be found in the first annual report of the Society distributed widely, early this year. The meeting now described was

called together to hear an outline of the work during the past summer, from the lips of Mr. Carpenter, who arrived on Friday evening last, after a five weeks voyage from that coast.

He found the people, and especially the children glad to listen to him again after nine months absence. An Esquimaux girl to whom he had given a primer and a new testament last year, met him with grateful acknowledgments. She had learned to read, had read the New Testament, and had abandoned Romanism.

The Children had been taught to sing "There is a happy land." On gathering them together he asked if they remembered it. A little fellow only three years of age, with imperfect articulation stood up and led off the tune, all the children joining in the little hymn. The bibles, tracts, broadsheets, books, which he took with him were sought after with great avidity. During the past winter the people had read in their winter houses this literature, and had interchanged and circulated it in places to which the missionary had not gone. The sailors on board the numerous fishing vessels listened attentively to the word of life. On the whole he was greatly encouraged.

The mission house, which was framed in this city and sent down thither in August last, safely arrived, and was in process of erection. It was not complete when the departure of the last vessel compelled Mr. Carpenter to leave the coast. In early summer we hope he will return and continue the work so happily begun. The meeting was large and much interested.

Your's, H. W.

P. S.—Your worthy printer made me utter nonsense in my last brief communication to you. I wrote that Mr Clarke had, on the whole, a "quiet passage, and withal speedy:" I was made to say a "quick passage and withal speedy."

To the Editor of the Canadian Independent.

NEW YORK GENERAL ASSOCIATION.

DEAR BROTHER.—According to appointment, I attended the General Association of the State of New York, held on the 20th of September, in the Broadway Tabernacle of New York City. I arrived at the close of the morning session, and was cordially received by the brethren assembled. Soon after entering, I met with the Rev. David Dyer, and subsequently the Rev. Messrs. Lighthody and Heugh de Burg, all formerly of Canada. I was invited at once to partake of the refreshment provided in the social parlors of the Tabernacle, was gradually introduced to one and another, a godly group of *Reverends* and *Doctors*, and in a few minutes the pastor, Dr. Thompson, kindly invited me to become his guest, from whom, and his family, I received the utmost attention during my stay.

The meeting was somewhat different to our Congregational Union, as there were scarcely any *Laymen*, and no *Ministers' Wives*. The lack of these elements was noticed by others, and a very flattering account of our recent Union in Toronto, was given by the Rev. Jonathan Edwards and Dr. Daggett, as embracing them and other things worthy of notice, as the retiring Chairman's address, the free and hearty manner of our discussions, and the social entertainment connected with our meetings.

The Rev. Rufus W. Clark, of Brooklyn, acted as Moderator, and the Rev. Thomas Lightbody as Scribe. The session on the 20th was mainly taken up with hearing the reports of delegates to and from corresponding bodies. It was gratifying to hear the history of the Congregational churches throughout the States where the General Association had been represented. Your correspondent joined with others in bearing testimony to the value of Puritan principles, in doctrine and practice, on British soil, where freedom is enjoyed, and oppression and wrong frowned upon. The reports were highly encouraging upon the whole. The late revival had yielded good fruit, and prospects generally were cheering.

In the evening, Dr. Daggett of Canandaigua, delivered an able discourse before the Association, from 1 Cor. xv., 17, on the importance of Christ's resurrection in its connexion with the whole Christian scheme. It very is probable this discourse will, ere long, appear in printed form.

On Wednesday, the 21st, the operations of the great Religious Societies, with which this Association is in sympathy, were brought before the body in appropriate and earnest speeches, by Rev. Mr. Tarbox, of the American Education Society, Mr. R. G. Purdee, of the American Sunday-school Union, Rev. Joseph S. Clark, of the Congregational Library Association, Rev. Mr. Langworthy, of the Congregational American Union, Rev. Dr. March, of the American Temperance Union, Rev. George Whipple, of the American Missionary Association, and Rev. Charles H. Bullard, of the original and real American Tract Society.

A resolution, submitted by Rev. Dr. Cheever, on the immorality of slaveholding, called forth some discussion, but after amendment, it was adopted in connection with resolutions bearing upon the Tract Society. Other resolutions were adopted, as Home Missions, &c.

In the afternoon, the Association, with several members of Dr. Thompson's Church, listened to a communion sermon by the Moderator, from Luke xxii. 19, and joined in the celebration of the Saviour's dying love, in partaking of the Lord's Supper, the Rev. Mr. Woodruffe, and your correspondent, presiding at the Table.

In the evening, in connection with the reading of an admirable paper, by Rev. H. N. Dunning, on the Promotion of Christian Activity, statements were made by the delegates, respecting the advancement of religion through the *personal* labours of Christians. Expressions of Christian love and fellowship prevailed, and many found it good to be there. In this pleasing way, the Association closed its meetings. The next annual gathering was appointed to be held in Syracuse, and the primary delegate to our Union in Montreal, next year, is the Rev. David Dyer, whom, I am sure, we shall all be glad to see on Canadian ground.

Your's truly,

JAMES T. BYRNE.

Whitby, November 15th, 1859.

"THE CONGREGATIONAL QUARTERLY."

This handsome denominational Magazine, has completed its first year,—marking a volume of rare beauty, and intrinsic worth. The second volume will commence in January; the first number containing much of the valuable statistical, and and general matter, formerly comprised in the *Congregational Year Book*. The

Secretary of the American Congregational Union, says in a recent letter to the writer, "It will have by far the most complete statistics of our denomination, that have ever been published. It will be the best thing of the sort, we have ever had. I wish you, and others of our good brethren on the other side of the St. Lawrence, would send us, now and then, communications. Will you not?" To this the writer has personally responded, but would like to obtain responses from other brethren also. It is to be feared that many have not yet become acquainted with this Quarterly. Let such be advised to send forward their subscriptions, (only one dollar, with 10 cents for American postage) addressing, "The Congregational Quarterly," Chauncy Street, Boston.

The following recommendation of this work, is quoted from the last Annual Report of the Congregational Union of *Canada*. "In this connection, your Committee would direct the attention of the ministers and delegates, to an invaluable work, recently commenced by our enterprising brethren in New England, the *Congregational Quarterly*, published in Boston; designed to be a vehicle of intercommunication between all parts of the Congregational denomination in America, and an authentic chronicle of important information concerning the affairs of the body, past, and present. It occupies a field entirely its own, and should it go on in the course it has so nobly commenced, it will become, in a few years, to the intelligent advocate of the Puritan Faith, and Order, an *indispensable requisite*."

The universal favour with which it has been received by our brethren across the line, has given it so firm a *cash* basis, in its first year, that the proprietors say they are not merely saved from loss, in the large expenditure incident to the commencement of such an enterprise; but are enabled, as a thing of course to continue and improve it, at *the same low price*. They promise, with the second volume, to furnish, as in the first, four elegant steel portraits, besides wood cuts of church elevations, plans, &c., &c. Such a work, at such a price, is an unmistakeable evidence of growing attachment in the American community, for the good old Puritan Faith, and Order.

Our *Canadian statistics* will appear in the January number, in tabular form, as fully at those of the American churches, and this is the *only* form in which they will appear; not being published this year, with the Minutes.

EDWARD ERBS,

Secretary & Treasurer,

Paris, C. W., November 25th, 1859.

Congregational Union of Canada.

News of the Churches.

NEW CHAPEL, ARGYLE, ELDON.

On Sabbath, the 23rd of October, the new chapel built at Argyle village, Eldon, was opened for Divine worship. The day being fine a very large congregation gathered (it is supposed as many as would fill the chapel twice, after every corner was occupied); many had to go away. This chapel is built at one of Rev. Dougald McGregor's mission stations. It contains 250 hearers comfortably. It is in the centre of a large settlement of Scotch Highlanders, among whom the gospel is much needed. Gaelic and English services are to be regularly kept up. Disappointed in getting a brother to aid him the pastor of the church had to preach all day. The first service was in Gaelic, from the text, "The glory of

the latter house shall be greater than of the former, saith the Lord of Hosts, and in this place will I give peace, saith the Lord of Hosts." There is good reason to hope that an earnest of the promised peace was given that very day.

The English sermon was from Ephesians iii., 8, "The unsearchable riches of Christ," after which the Lord's Supper was administered; altogether the first day was full of promise.

The church at Brock, has a large chapel in course of erection at the principal station, Manila, that should have been ready a month ago, but for a dilatory contractor. It is highly creditable to this earnest church to have those two places of worship going on at the same time. "The liberal deviseth liberal things, and by liberal things shall he stand." May the Lord's presence ever be the glory of these tabernacles, and many shall bless the day they were erected.

UNITED PRAYER.

A meeting was held in the committee room of the Bible Society, Toronto, on the 22nd Nov., attended by ministers and laymen, representing the Episcopalians, Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist and Congregational churches of Toronto, with a view to secure a concert of prayer among Christians throughout the world, in accordance with the invitation presented by the missionaries of the Lodiaua Mission. The readers of the *Canadian Independent* will find the request in our News of the Churches for April last. We need not therefore repeat it here, but gladly insert the communication of John McGregor, Esq., Honorary Secretary of the Protestant Alliance, and of the Open Air Mission, London; regarding this important movement, he writes:

"The Christians in England desire earnestly to invite the whole Church of Christ to special simultaneous prayer for the outpouring of God's spirit upon the world. In America, in India, in Burmah, and in Africa, a marvellous work is going on. In Scotland and in Ireland there are thousands turning to God, and the times of refreshing seem at length to have begun in London. It is well that those countries where this blessed movement has commenced should unite in asking God to deepen and extend its influence. The time for this, above suggested by the American Mission in Lodiaua and from India, notified to England, will soon be made known to Christians of every land. So may our hearts be joined in prayer and an abundant answer be vouchsafed."

After a free discussion on the best course to be taken, it was

Resolved,—That communications having been laid before this meeting, from which it appears that steps are being taken to secure concert of prayer among Christians in all lands for the revival of religion throughout the world, it is desirable to lay the matter before the several Protestant churches of this city, for their consideration.

And further

Resolved,—That the Secretaries be requested to lay the substance of these communications and conversations before the several churches of this city, and call a meeting of those now present and others who may be willing to co-operate, at such time as they may consider most likely to promote the object contemplated in this movement.

STATE CHURCH IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Our brother the Rev. W. F. Clarke, draws attention to this subject in the columns of the *Victoria British Colonist* :—

"Victoria, V. J., Oct. 6, 1859.

SIR,—I beg through your columns to call public attention to the startling fact that there already exists in those young colonies an *embryo State Church*. The arrangements recently made public, by which three-fourths of the salary of the Rev. E. Cridge is made a charge on the public funds, would be sufficient to show that we have already the germ of this evil fully formed in our midst. But from returns to the Imperial Parliament, just received, it appears that a Clergy Reserve of *ten thousand one hundred and eighteen acres* of land has been set apart in *Victoria District alone*. Similar reservations may, for aught we know, have been made in other districts.

"The returns just alluded to also show that the Bishop of British Columbia shortly to arrive, together with the Rev. Messrs. Gammage and Crickmer, come here, not merely as missionaries of the Episcopalian body, in which capacity they deserve to be cordially welcomed, also but as *appointees of Government*. Their names appear in the same list as those of the Governor, Chief Justice, Attorney General, &c., as belonging to the staff of Government officials for the sister colony. The list is headed, "Appointments, &c., created by Her Majesty's Government." There can be little doubt that either Clergy Reserves have been already made in British Columbia, or that the making of them will be one of the earliest steps to be taken after the Lordship's arrival.

"Now, Sir, permit me to respectfully ask my fellow subjects if they are content that Church endowments should be made in these young regions at the rate of two thousand acres per district? And are they prepared for the struggle, jealousy, and unseemly strife that must ensue, if the incubus of the State Church is laid on us? If not let protest and petition be at once resorted to, that this threatened evil may, if possible, be averted.

"In view of the history of our British colonies, and especially in view of the declaration of Sir E. B. Lytton, when acknowledging the munificence of Miss Burdett Coutts, that it had ceased to be the policy of Great Britain to make state endowments of religion in the colonies, there is reason to believe that the protest and petition would not be resorted to in vain.

"So long as the Episcopalian body has her Couttses, she can surely afford to dispense with Clergy Reserves. And as Sir E. B. Lytton justly observes, the spirit of self-sacrifice and devotion awakened when she is 'thrown upon the voluntary efforts of her children, both abroad and at home,' is richer wealth than 'the ampler resources of the State.

Respectfully yours,

"W. F. CLARK."

REV. DR. BAYNE OF GALT.

This worthy and eminent minister of the Presbyterian church of Canada, has been called to his reward since our last. His illness was short, and his departure unexpected.

REV. H. G. GUINNESS.

This distinguished Evangelist, is now on a visit to America. His labours in Philadelphia prove very acceptable.

THE PRESENT RELIGIOUS AWAKENING.

On this momentous subject the intelligence from Ireland, Scotland, Wales and other countries is of thrilling interest. Our space does not admit of detail; we extract however a passage from a letter by the Rev. J. Denham Smith, Congregational minister of Kingstown, Ireland, which we hope may be useful. He says:—

But I have seen the most hallowed results in the minds and lives of persons who were stricken under circumstances where no natural cause could be traced. The following case will indicate what I mean.

I said to a young man in the North, who had been lying in a stricken state for three days, in appearance tall and strong, and of good education:—

"Did you ever wish to be stricken?"—"Never." "Did you ever dread it?"—"Never." "When it occurred were you in a heated atmosphere?"—"No." "In a crowd?"—"No." "Under an exciting sermon?"—"No." "How did you feel when lying in a stricken state?"—"Of the external world I knew nothing. Internally I felt a dreadful load of sin." "Had you never suspected it before?"—"Never. I had always thought that I was a Christian, and others thought me to be a Christian." "How was your mind occupied during the long period in which you were stricken?"—"I had a dreadful conflict. The idea of being a Christian was like a voice within contending that I was such, but the dark load of sin on my soul, like another self, declared that I was *not*. I felt utterly lost, and laying aside the notion that I was a Christian, as a sinner I cried to God to have mercy upon me." "How did your relief come?"—"On the third day I heard the Archdeacon

pray, 'Lord, lay not this sin to his own charge, but lay it to the charge of Him whose blood cleanseth from all sin.' That substitutionary truth concerning sin and its removal by Christ I at once embraced, and the dreadful sense of its curse was gone; and then, though my bodily strength was completely prostrate, I felt a peace of mind which passeth all understanding—a joy unspeakable and full of glory." "Should you ever lose that sense of peace and joy, how would you feel?"—"Oh! I *could* not lose it; if I were to I should feel humbled, yet still I *should have Christ.*"

I told him that though his sense of Christ may undergo many a vicissitude, and doubtless would, Christ himself, who was the alone ground of our hope, never would; that he was "*the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever,*" and that it was in regard to Him, who is thus unchanging and unchangeable, that St. Paul thus strenuously exhorts us:—"Rejoice in the Lord always; again I say Rejoice." He seemed to know it all, so soon and so blessedly was his mind imbued with the truth as it is Jesus.

One thing in this case struck me most forcibly, and, I may add, solemnly. I said, "As a supposed Christian you were in the habit of the daily perusal of the Bible?"—"Yes, daily; but I read it because I wished to *know* it, and because it was only consistent for me to study it; and, also, that I might understand its truths in relation to surrounding controversies; *but* (he added) I now know that I never *loved* it,—that I never, until now, had any sense or intelligence in my mind or affections of its true value and blessedness." Alas! I thought, how many are like this; they think they are Christians, they appear such to others, but they are not so in reality. How well if such could be undeceived in time, for after time eternity! And then, if not Christians, how dreadful those last words of *Him* whom they rejected—"I never knew you." May God impress this solemn lesson upon every one who reads it.

LORD BROUGHAM ON THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

At the Annual meeting of the British Association for the Promotion of Social Science, held at Bradford, England, a month ago, the veteran philanthropist, philosopher and statesman, Lord Brougham, as president, gave an address, in which he made an unanswerable argument in favor of the Temperance movement. At the advanced age of 81, the eye of his piercing intellect is as clear as ever; and thousands of hearts will glow as they read the testimony of the "old man eloquent" in favor of our great moral reformation.—*Temperance Advocate.*

The Fragment Basket.

REST IN JESUS.—"No man cometh unto the Father but by Him." The way else untrodden and impassable, between earth and heaven, between the regions of selfishness and sin and the pure region of eternal calm and rest, Jesus hath consecrated by the shedding of his precious blood, so that all who will may have boldness to enter in. It is a mere local distance, no outward or material obstacle that separates the sinful soul from its true home and rest in God. If it were, if "the rest that remaineth for the people of God" were only some far-off scene of outward bliss and beauty, Jesus would not be the Saviour we need. A mere mechanical exercise of power, a mere material omnipotence, might translate us from life's toil and sorrow to such a rest. But not such is the transition we need. No local change could bring us nearer to Him in whom every spirit lives and moves, and has its being. The heaven which God's presence brings is already in local contiguity to saint and sinner alike. What keeps the sinner out of it is not material but moral barriers; break down these, and heaven's sweet rest would stream into the spirit. Guilt and sin separate the soul from God as the widest wastes of untravelled space could never separate. Remove these, and the distance is at once annihilated. A purified soul flies instantly, as by an inevitable and restless affinity, to rest in the bosom of God. And guilt and sin Jesus alone can

remove. From that sense of demerit, that painful consciousness of evil which makes it terrible for a human soul to face the Infinite Purity, there is no escape but in Him whose blood cleanses from all sin. From that dread selfishness that kills in man's heart all nobler, diviner affection and aspirations, and makes the sinful soul shrink from God, as the diseased eye from light, there is no deliverer but in that mighty Restorer, himself incarnate love, who revives within the heart its lost susceptibilities of goodness. Clothing it with an innocence that is but the reflection of his own, kindling in it a love that is as pure as the heaven from whence its fire is caught, Jesus brings the finite soul again into holiest, sweetest union with the Infinite, opens to it heaven's door, and bids it go in and find in God its true joy and rest. Who would not yield the soul into this divine Saviour's hands? Who would not listen and respond to the invitation, while still, as of old—infinite paths in his pleading voice—he offers pardon to the guilty, purity to the defiled, peace, joy heaven to the wretched, or that which includes them all—that strange, unearthly blessing—*rest* to the weary and heavy laden soul?—*Rev. John Caird.*

THE STRAIT GATE.—“The gate is strait, and therefore a man must labour and strive to enter; but the entrance is difficult, and the progress of salvation too. It is not wishing and desiring to be saved will bring a man to heaven. Hell's mouth is full of good wishes. It is not shedding a tear at a sermon, and saying over thy prayers, and crying God mercy for thy sin, will save thee. It is not “Lord have mercy upon us,” will do thee good. It is not coming constantly to church, or any public worship; these are easy matters. But it is tough work, a wonderful hard matter to be saved. Hence the way to heaven is compared to a race, where a man must put forth all his strength, and stretch every limb, and all to get forward. Hence a Christian's life is compared to wrestling. All the policy and power of hell buckle together against a Christian; therefore he must see to himself, or else he falls. Hence it is compared to fighting. A man must fight against the devil, the world, himself. God hath not lined the way to Christ with velvet, or strewed it with rushes. He will never feed a slothful humor in man, who will be saved if Christ and heaven would drop into their mouths, and if any would bear their charges thither. If Christ may be bought for a few cold wishes and lazy desires He would be of small reckoning amongst men, who would say, “lightly come lightly go.” Indeed Christ's yoke is easy in itself, and when a man is got into Christ, nothing is so sweet; but for a carnal dull heart, it is hard to draw in it, for, there are four strait gates which every one must pass through before he can enter heaven. The strait gate of humiliation: the strait gate of faith; the strait gate of repentance; the strait gate of opposition of devils.”—*Shepherd.*

CHRISTIANITY NOT OF HUMAN ORIGIN.—“To me, when I look at this religion, taking its point of departure from the earliest period in the history of the race, when I see it analogous to nature; when I see it comprising all that natural religion teaches, and introducing a new system in entire harmony with it, but which could not have been deduced from it; when I see it commending itself to the conscience of man, containing a perfect code of morals, meeting all his moral wants, and embosoming the only true principles of economical and political science; when I see in it the best possible system of excitement and restraint for all the faculties; when I see how simple it is in its principle, and yet in how many thousand ways it mingles in with human affairs, and modifies them for good, so that it is adapted to become universal; when I see it giving an account of the termination of all things, worthy of God and consistent with reason: to me, when I look at all these things, it no more seems possible that the system of Christianity should have been originated or sustained by man, than it does that the ocean should have been made by him.”—*Pres. Hopkins.*

A PRETTY SIMILE.—Scandal, like the Nile is fed by innumerable streams; but it is extremely difficult to trace it to its source.

CONFIDENCE IN GOD.—How often do you find in Scripture such injunctions as these: "Be still," "Fear not," "Be strong and of good courage," "Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him," "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid!" Faith in God—the firm belief that you and all the circumstances of your lives are in His hands, "that heaven and earth might pass away, but not one jot or tittle of His word can fail," that no real injury ever befalls a child of God, and that even from temporal evil he is safe until God permits or sends it, such faith will keep you calm and give you courage, so that like the priests in the midst of Jordan you will stand firm, and look danger, yea, even death, in the face undismayed. It is not long since that a fire broke out in a school-room, and children and teachers, full of alarm, rushed to the door, injuring themselves in frantic efforts to escape, but one little girl, though much alarmed, *quietly kept her seat*. On being afterwards asked why she had done so, she replied, "that her father was a fireman, and that he had told her if ever a fire broke out she was to remain quiet." So at the battle of the Nile, a boy about thirteen years of age was directed by his father to remain at his post until he gave him permission to leave it. The ship caught fire, his father was struck dead by a shot, but the noble lad, unconscious of his loss, in steadfast obedience to the direction he had received, remained in the ship and perished in the flames. These are fine illustrations of the power of faith, a child's faith in a father's word. Have like faith in God, my friends, in Him who never gives a needless command, and never imposes a needless trial.—*Rev. H. J. Gamble.*

Poetry.

TO THE WATER LILY.

[ORIGINAL.]

Fair flower! which o'er the gliding stream
 Rearest aloft thy beauteous head,
 Pure as chaste Cynthia's virgin beam,
 Which lightly trembles o'er thy native bed!
 Unmindful of "the garden's cultured round,"
 Why haunt these solitary shades,
 Where human feet are scarcely ever found,
 Breaking the silence which the scene pervades?

It answered thus:—

"Not man's applause I seek:"
 Fain would I some faint emblem shew,
 Of Him, who peaceful, pure, and meek,
 Once tabernacled here below.
 To Him, to Him, I waft my best perfume,
 Whose hand created, and who bade me bloom.

Southwold.

WHOM, NOT HAVING SEEN, WE LOVE.

[SELECTED.]

It is easy to love, when the eye meets eye.
 And the glance reveals the heart,
 When the flush on the cheek can the soul bespeak,
 And the lips in gladness part;
 There's a thrilling of bliss in a loving kiss,
 And a spell in a kindly tone,
 And the spirit hath chains of tenderness
 To fetter and bind its own.

But a holier spell and a deeper joy
 From a purer fountain flow,
 When the soul sends higher its incense fire,
 And rests no more below ;
 When the heart goes up to the gate of Heaven,
 And bows before the throne,
 And striking its harp for sins forgiven
 Calls the Saviour all its own.
 Though we gaze not now on the lovely brow,
 That felt for us the thorn—
 Though far from home we pilgrims roam,
 And our feet with toils are worn ;—
 Though we never have pressed that pierced hand,
 It is stretched our lives above ;
 And we own His care, in grateful prayer,
 “ Whom, not having seen, we love.”
 We have felt him near, for many a year,
 When at eve we bent the knee,
 That mercy breath, that glorious faith,
 Dear Saviour, came from thee.
 When we stood beside the dying bed,
 And watched the loved one go,
 In the dark’ning hour, we felt his power,
 As it hushed the waves of woe.
 And still, as we climb the hills of time,
 And the lamps of earth grow dim,
 We are hastening on, from faith to sight,
 We are pressing near to him ;
 And away from idols of earthly mould,
 Enraptured we gaze above,
 And long to be where his arm infold,
 “ Whom, not having seen, we love.”

Family Reading.

CONFESSION OF SIN.

I do not ask you now what your opinion is about matters controverted in the present day. I ask you a plain practical question,—Do you know anything of the daily habit of confessing sin to God ?

You will not pretend to say you have no sins at all. Few probably are so blind and ignorant in the present day as to say that. But what do you do with your sins ? What measures do you take about your sins ? Do you use any steps to get rid of your sins ? Do you ever speak to any one about your sins ? Answer these questions, I do beseech you, to your own conscience. Whether you are rich or poor, old or young, Churchmen or Dissenters, matters little. But it does matter a good deal whether you can reply to the inquiry, Do you confess your sins ?

Reader, if you know nothing of the habit of confessing sin, I have only one remark to make,—*your soul is in imminent danger!* There is but a step between you and hell. If you die as you are, you will be lost for ever. The kingdom of God contains no silent subjects. The citizens of the heavenly city are a people who have all known, and felt, and confessed their sins.

I give you one simple warning: *You will have to confess your sins one day, whether you will or not, when the great white throne is set, and the Books are opened, your sins will at last be exposed before the whole world.* The secrets of all hearts will be revealed. You will have to acknowledge your transgressions before the eyes of an assembled world, and an innumerable company of angels. Your confession at last will be most public. And worst of all, your confession will be too late.

Where is the man who would not shrink from the idea of such an exposure ? Where is the woman whose spirit would not fail at the very possibility of such a confession as

this? Reader, this public confession will be the portion of millions. Take heed lest it be yours. O! think, think, think upon the question, *Do you confess?*

I invite you in my Master's name to *begin the habit of confession without delay.*

Go this very day to the throne of grace, and speak to the great High Priest, the Lord Jesus Christ, about your soul. Pour out your heart before Him. Keep nothing back from Him. Acknowledge your iniquities to Him, and entreat Him to cleanse them away. Say to Him, in David's words, "For Thy name's sake, pardon my iniquity; for it is great." "Hide Thy face from my sins, and blot out my iniquities." Cry to Him as the Publican did in the parable, "God be merciful to me a sinner." (Psal. xxv. 11; li. 9; Luke xviii. 13.)

Arise, dear reader, and call upon God. If Christ had never died for sinners, there might be some excuse for doubting. But Christ having suffered for sin there is nothing to keep you back. Only acknowledge your iniquity, and cast yourself wholly on God's mercy in Christ, and life, eternal life, shall be your own. "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." (Isai. i. 18.) But, O! reader, begin, begin to confess without delay. This very day *begin to confess your sins.*—*J. C. Ryle.*

THE INFANT IN HEAVEN.

Dr. Chalmers furnishes the following touching expression of his opinion on the subject of infant salvation. It is expressed in strong and beautiful language.

This affords, we think, something more than a dubious glimpse into the question that is often put by a distracted mother when her babe is taken away from her; when all the converse it ever had with the world amounted to the gaze upon it a few months or a few opening smiles which marked the dawn of self-enjoyment; and, ere it had reached, perhaps, the lisp of infancy, it, all unconscious of death, had to wrestle through a period of sickness with its power, and at length be overcome by it.

Oh, it little knew what an interest it had created in that home where it was so passing a visitant, nor, when carried to its earthly grave, what a tide of emotions it would raise among the few acquaintances it left behind! There was no positive unbelief in its bosom; no love at all for the darkness rather than light, nor had it yet fallen into that great condemnation which will attach itself to all who perish, because of unbelief, that their deeds are evil.

When we couple with this the known disposition of our Great Forerunner—the love that He manifested for children on earth; how He suffered them to approach His person, and lavished endearments and kindness upon them in Jerusalem; told the disciples that the presence and company of such as these in Heaven formed one ingredient of the joy that was set before Him—tell us if Christianity does not throw a pleasing radiance around an infant's tomb?—and should any parent who hears us feel softened by the touching remembrance of a light that twinkled a few short months under his roof and at the end of this little period expired, we cannot think we venture too far when we say that he has only to persevere in the faith and in the following of the Gospel, and that very light will again shine upon him in Heaven.

The blossom which withered here upon its stalk has been transplanted there to a place of endurance, and it will then gladden the eye which now weeps out the agony of affection that has been sorely wounded. And, in the name of Him who, if on earth, would have wept with them, do we bid all believers present to sorrow not even as others that have no hope but to take comfort in the thought of that country where is no sorrow and no separation.

And, when a mother meets on high
The babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
The days of woe, the watchful night,
For all her sorrow, all her tears,
An over-payment of delight?

THE LIVING FOUNTAIN.—Let all seen enjoyments lead you to the unseen fountain from which they flow.—Never rest upon anything you have without you see God in it; and then be sure you rest not upon the enjoyment, but upon that God who manifests Himself by it, for the enjoyment will quickly be gone, but the fountain will remain—*Halyburton.*

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

Beneath the burning skies and starry nights of Palestine there grows up between the shepherd and his flock a union of attachment and tenderness. At any moment the sheep are liable to be swept away by some mountain torrent, or carried off by hill robbers, or torn by wolves. At any moment their protector may have to save them by personal hazard. The shepherd king tells us how, in defence of his father's flock, he slew a lion and a bear; and Jacob reminds Laban how he watched Laban's sheep in the day when the drought consumed them. Every hour of the shepherd's life is risk. Sometimes, for the sake of an armful of grass in the parched summer day, he must climb precipices almost perpendicular, and stand on a narrow ledge of rock, where the wild goat will scarcely venture. Pitiless showers, driving snows, long hours of thirst, all these he must endure to keep the flock.

How much in all this connection there is of *heart*, of real personal attachment, is almost inconceivable to us. It is strange how deep the sympathy may become between the higher and the lower being. Alone almost in the desert, the Arab and his horse are one family. Alone in those vast solitudes, with no human being near, the shepherd and the sheep feel a life in common. Differences disappear—the vast interval between the man and the brute; the single point of *union* is strongly felt. One is the love of the protector, the other the love of the grateful life; and so, between lives so distant, there is woven by night and day, by summer suns and winter frosts, a living network of sympathy. "The shepherd knows his sheep, and is known of them."

Try to feel, by imagining what the lonely Syrian shepherd must feel towards the helpless things which are the companions of his daily life, for whose safety he stands in jeopardy every hour, and whose value is measurable to him not by price, but by his jeopardy, and then we have revealed some notion of the love which Jesus meant to represent; that eternal tenderness which bends over us, infinitely lower though we be in nature, and knows the name of each and the trials of each, and thinks for each with a separate solicitude, and gave himself for each with a sacrifice as special, and a love as personal, as if in the whole world's wilderness there were none other but that one.

—Robertson.

SEEING AND BELIEVING.

The ancient Rabbinical writings contain a romance which illustrates the effects of substituting sight for faith in matters of religion. A Rabbi, was once expounding the passage, "I will make thy windows of agates, and thy gates of carbuncles," and declared that God would provide jewels and pearls thirty cubits in circumference, and would place them in the gates of Jerusalem. One of his disciples ridiculed him, and sneeringly asked, "where such jewels could be found, since there were none known to exist larger than a pigeon's egg." This person being afterwards at sea, saw some angels cutting immense gems and pearls; and asked for what purpose they were preparing them. They answered, "to place them in the gates of Jerusalem." On his return, he found the Rabbi, and said to him, explain what I have seen. The Rabbi answered, "Thou Knave, unless thou hadst seen, thou wouldst not have believed." At that moment he fixed his eyes upon the man and the latter was instantly turned into a heap of bones.

This story is no doubt a specimen of the "vain traditions" with which our Lord reproached the Pharisees, and of "the old wives' fables," against which Paul warned Timothy. Yet though a silly fiction in its incidents, it is sound and essentially Christian in its theology. God has wisely connected our salvation, in no degree with our seeing, and in every degree with our believing. We would gladly walk by sight if we could; and, as far as we put sight into the province of faith, we only act in the principle of our nature, which has depraved our hearts and periled our souls. Our safety consists in our believing as true whatever God says, and believing as good whatever God does. Whatever doctrine seems doubtful, or whatever providence seems dark, must not be treated with unbelief till we have it illustrated by sight. God's very design in throwing darkness or difficulty over it is to incite us to the prayer, "Lord we believe, help thou our unbelief." Should we foolishly wait to be convinced by demonstrations, rather than piously supplicate to be convinced by heavenly influence, we may not perhaps be suddenly withered into heaps of bones; but at last, we will, in the contrary case, hear our Lord's voice saying to us, "Blessed are ye who have not seen, and yet have believed."

Sheffield, N. B.

R. W.

FRUIT AFTER MANY DAYS.

Luke Short was born in Devonshire, England, about the year 1678. At an early age he went to sea, and like many other young men became weaned from his native home, and settled in Marblehead, in Massachusetts, whence he removed to the town of Middleborough, in Plymouth county, Massachusetts, where he died about the year 1793, at the great age of one hundred and fifteen years. It is related of him that on the day in which he completed one hundred years, he walked out into his field, and sitting down under a tree, began to reflect that he stood alone in the world; that the companions of his younger years, his childhood, and his youth, and even of his early manhood, were all gone, and that he was now a lone fragment of a former generation. Up to this time he had lived a careless, sinful life; he was "a sinner of an hundred years old," and in danger of dying "accursed." Without any very definite object before him, he thought he would arrange in order the principal events of his long life, and thereupon strove in the first place to recall the first of these which he could remember.—He recollected that ninety-two years before, when he was a boy of eight years of age, he was present at a religious meeting, and heard John Flavel preach from 1 Cor. xvi. 22, "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema maranatha." As the preacher advanced, Luke Short, the boy of eight summers, became deeply interested in the discussion, and when the people rose up for the benediction, Mr. Flavel, warmed with the subject, cried out, "How can I bless those whom God has cursed? for he declares that if any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, he shall be accursed." And then he went on with an exhortation of most wonderful power, inasmuch, that a nobleman who was standing in the broad aisle near the pulpit, fell to the floor. It created a great sensation in the assembly, and was the commencement of an extraordinary work of divine grace among that people. This circumstance was now revived in the mind of Luke Short with great vividness, and he could think of nothing but this terrible curse which was suspended over the heads of all those who love not Christ, and he seemed almost to hear Flavel's voice ringing in his ears. He had no more peace until shortly after, he obtained evidence that the love of Christ was shed abroad in his heart. He united with the Congregational church in Middleborough, and lived fifteen years afterwards.

This single seed was sown by Mr. Flavel's hand in some of the last days of his ministry, (he died A. D. 1691, aged sixty-one;) but God suffered it not to be lost, and after crossing the ocean, and lying long in a rugged soil, after ninety-two years it vegetated, and sprang up and bore fruit.

SCOTLAND'S MAIDEN MARTYR.

Some two hundred years ago, there was a dark period of suffering in this land, when deeds of blood and cruelty were committed on God's people, not outdone by Indian butcheries. One day the tide is flowing in the Solway Frith, rushing like a race horse, with snowy mane to the shore. It is occupied by groups of weeping spectators. They keep their eyes fixed on two objects on the wet sand. There, two women, each tied fast by their arms and limbs to a stake stood within the sea mark; and many an earnest prayer is going up to heaven, that Christ who bends from His throne to the sight, would help them now in their hour of need. The eldest of the two is staked farthest out. Margaret, the young martyr stands bound a fair sacrifice near by the shore. Well, on the big billows come, hissing to their naked feet; on, and further on they come, death riding on the top of the waves, and eyed by those tender women with unflinching courage. The waters rise and rise, till, amid a scream and cry of horror from the shore, the lessening form of her that had death first to face, is lost in the foam of the surging wave. It recedes, but only to return; and now the sufferer gasping for breath, the death struggle is begun; and now, for Margaret's trial and her noble answer. "What see you yonder?" said the murderers, as, while the waters rose cold on her own limbs, they pointed her attention to her fellow-confessor, in the suffocating agonies of a protracted death. Response, full of the boldest faith and brightest hope, and all the divine unfathomed consolation of any text to you, she firmly answered, "I see Christ suffering in one of his own members." Brave and glorious words! borrowed in that hour from the precious language of my text, and leading us to the apostle's most comforting and sublime conclusion, "We have not an high priest that can not be touched with the feelings of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Let us, therefore, come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need."—*Dr. Guthrie.*