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THE

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NEW YEAR'S SALUTATION.

Peace be to this house. The customary greetings of friends at this joyous season suggests to us, that the habit may be hallowed and Christianized. This is our wish, that peace may abound in all the families we visit. Coming on our monthly errand we seek to establish a feeling of kindred sympathy and friendship. Nothing is more likely to secure this, than the expression and practice of Christian love. Heart is power. The witchery of a smile is denied us. The warm grasp of the hand cannot be given. The way that is open then we use, in wishing a happy and a useful new year—a year of holy joy and abounding peace to our Readers.

Every family group has more or less this characteristic, that its members vary in age. Some may be leaving the stage of action, others are engaged in the battle of life, and many are entering in the full flush of youth on the untried scenes of time. There is the occupant of "the old arm chair"—there is the unwrinkled brow, the seat of manly thought; and the lovely countenance glistening with the beams of womanly and maternal love—there is the joyous glee of childhood and youth. The time honoured Christian salutation,—peace be to this house—embraces in its scope, the old, the middle-aged and the young, to each we have a few words to say.

Peace be to our Aged Friends. How busy with you are the memories of bygone days! Old associations start up with the freshness and the power of former years; they rush as a flood on the soul. You know that we spend our years as a tale that is told. The old disciple can look with peace on many scenes gone by; remembering the warmth of their first love to Christ, and the goodness and mercy which have followed them all the journey of life since then. Should any of the aged, who may read these lines, feel that hitherto they have been cumberers of the ground, and that this year they may die; we urge them to apply to the blood of Christ for the pardon of all past sin. In that redemption they will find peace. As time shall soon close with those past the meridian of life, may your advancing years be as the calm sunset that "foretells a bright rising again." May your character be, as mellowed fruit, ripened for glory.

May peace attend the engagements of our middle-aged friends. Years are fast

filling up, another has been added to the sum of them. The press of business, which may be usual with you, ought not to prevent you from keeping the heart with all diligence and preparing for Eternity. Amid a multiplicity of engagements redeem time for prayer—for Christian activities—and peace shall fill the soul in life and chase the dark shadow of regret from a dying bed. Time consecrated not to selfish or worldly, but to holy, heavenly, Christ-like ends, shall sow the seed that shall bloom perennially in God's garden. It is an honour to consecrate strong and healthy powers, and lay the best of our days as tribute at the feet of Jesus. If you have done it in the past; thank God: and as you cast an inquiring glance into the future; take courage: and the peace of God shall keep your hearts and minds. But if you care for none of these things, and say, soul thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink and be merry: remember that he who did so was a fool, for that night his soul was required of him.

To the Young we say, Peace be to you. In the morning of life, when all is bright and hope points to a future of honor and gladness, choose the service of God, strike into the path of wisdom; all her paths are peace. Friends wish you many happy returns of the season; remember in whose hand are length of days. Time to you is precious—these are golden hours—every opportunity of improvement which you lose is preparing for future difficulties. Your character is now forming,—the process is gradual, day by day the work advances—a single day may accomplish little, but the three hundred and sixty five days of a year will do much to stamp on your soul a good or evil bearing. Try to have the thread of life spun of good materials. Now you are acquiring habits, which shall either aid you in an upward course of an eternal progress, or drag you down like an iron weight. Each day has its work in this, either in adding to the power to soar or in rivetting the clog more firmly to the soul. Much depends on your character and habits; your influence in the world and in the church, your own happiness and peace for time and for eternity. The early consecration of the heart to Jesus, will liken you in character to Him, and prepare for dwelling in that land where the righteous flourish in immortal youth.

Again we say, Peace be to this house.

MISSIONARY EFFORT.

It is a mark of spiritual health in a church when the missionary spirit is strong and devoted. We are glad, therefore, to notice the subject in connection with the meetings which are held to advance our missionary objects at this season. Brethren are girding on their armour for a missionary campaign throughout the districts. Need we express the desire that the meetings may prove hallowed seasons—times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. A pecuniary aspect is necessarily connected with these gatherings, since the "sinews of war" must be had; yet it is not the primary aim to raise the dollars, but to hear of the grace of God, and excite to steadfast abounding in the work of the Lord,—remembering, however, that money consecrated to an object gives proof of what

we feel as to its importance. The chief feature of these meetings ought to be their missionary character—the expression of intense, faithful, wise and loving zeal to save souls from everlasting death. The glorious commission of Christ—preach the gospel to every creature—gives scope for the utmost effort, the most fervent supplication, and the most unbounded liberality. The grand accomplishment of a world brought to the feet of Jesus, is a sight that has filled the eye of faith for centuries. The prayers of the Church shall be consummated in the coronation of Christ with the crown of all the earth. Labour to bring on that glorious day is obedience to the Redeemer. Our work in Canada has not this stirring peculiarity, that it gathers excitement from the tales of distant lands; or glows with the romance of adventure among savage tribes, or the devotees of hoary superstitions. It is a home mission. Is the duty therefore weakened? Nay, verily; beginning at Jerusalem are Christ's words. Reason there is enough to bestir ourselves for the flooding of the land with gospel light—to bear our part in reclaiming the waste places—to lift up a testimony for truth and righteousness in our villages and towns and cities. Have we not faith in the gospel as remedial and saving? Let it therefore go forth to conquer the hearts of our fellow-countrymen,—reforming their habits, uprooting their errors, and saving their souls. In this heaven-appointed work it must operate as a hinderance to progress when there exists defective information as to the work to be done, or ignorance of what has already been achieved. To supply this want so far as the efforts of the Congregational Churches are concerned, the Annual Reports of our Missionary Society are admirably adapted. The last Report is like its predecessors—clear, succinct, and indicative of progress. We have no fear that its facts find there a sepulchre. They furnish arguments for prayer, and tune the heart to praise. The reward of faithful toil, after years of faith, faileth not to inspire with courage the labourers who work and watch and pray. Even through the region of statistics we may rise to a sense of the moral grandeur of missionary labour. What else is the thought: hundreds of millions of the world's inhabitants are perishing,—shall we let them perish,—God forbid! Again, here one, there ten, yonder fifty souls, are reckoned among the saved. Glorious things are spoken of Zion; and can we count up the worth of one redeemed soul? The songs of a nation may celebrate the deeds of heroes on the field of battle; but a glory that excelleth awaits the faithful soldier of Christ,—They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever. To such honour we may aspire. This ambition may fire our hearts and fill our hands. In the sacred engagement every soul that loves Christ can bear a part. Brethren, if any of you do err from the truth, and one convert him, let him know that he who converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins.

SOME OF THE TEMPTATIONS PECULIAR TO THE MINISTRY.

(An Essay read before the Western Congregational Association, and published at the request of the Brethren.)

Every position in life has a class of trials peculiar to itself. This is especially so with the Christian Minister. He has many temptations as a man in common

with others, while he has those with which a stranger to his calling intermeddled not. It has been remarked by one who was himself engaged in the work. "Our ministry is as our heart is, no man rises much above the level of his own habitual godliness." How important then it is that every man should know the dangers peculiar to his station, should keep them before him, and prepare to meet them. The importance increases when the man is a minister and his work is watching for souls. Our people will seldom if ever rise above our own standard and will oftener fall below it. If our piety is low, our love cold, our faith weak, our zeal languid and our impressions of divine things faint, our people will not be likely to be shining lights, and faithful professors of the faith of Christ.

The artifices of Satan and the remains of indwelling sin, exert an influence for evil in drawing us aside, that does not terminate with ourselves. We ought not to be "ignorant of Satan's devices" or be without a knowledge of the unsanctified tendencies of our own hearts. Such defects in us must prove fatal to our work. Any measure of success vouchsafed to us while in such a state of imperfect devotedness can scarcely fail to injure us, by lowering in our estimation the standard of holiness which God requires. A christian pastor is required to be much more watchful than any of his people, not only because his work demands deeper piety—a more exemplary life, but because he himself is under no human pastoral oversight. He has no faithful monitor who feels that he has the watchcare of his soul, who is jealous over him with a godly jealousy, who watches, prays, trembles, for his safety and affectionately warns him at the approach of danger. We are not now discussing the correctness of the position of this unreciprocated watchcare, but we refer to it as a fact. He has it is true the still small voice of the indwelling spirit, and his calling brings him into constant intercourse with the word of life, these agencies direct him, but they do not supersede his own personal effort in studying the strength and stratagems of his foes, considering well the nature of his defences, strengthening the weak places, and watching the posts of danger. "Take heed to *yourselves*, and to all the flock over the which the Holy Ghost has made you overseers." There are temptations concerning ourselves as well as arising out of our work, to which we shall do well to take heed. Let us review some out of a number which may be cited. The first is our liability to neglect private or personal religion. Our employment compels us to think, read, write, and frequently to talk about religion; yet this may be done without feeling personally interested in it. Our religious exercises may become so entirely perfunctory that they may have the soul absolutely destitute of the influences they are designed to bring it under, while yet the character of those very exercises may draw off suspicions which might have been excited by the same state of heart had we been engaged in some secular employment. There is then a danger of our having nothing more than an official religion—attending to all its duties and exercises with business-like exactness, nay we may be professionally interested and attentive while there is a private or personal heartlessness and indifference to its claims upon ourselves. Our reading and even praying may partake of this professional characteristic and bear more on our work than on ourselves. Yea we are in danger even in seeking the success of our work to make it the building up of a cause which shall redound rather to our own glory than to His for whom we profess to live and labour. This we cannot but frequently see in some who have been employed as instruments in building up for God. O how we love to dwell on the part *we* took, the steps we resorted to, the plans we carried out, the success we have secured.

All this may be right enough, perhaps not to be avoided while we are in the body, nay, we do not even contend that it is necessary if it were possible, to have a religion so transcendent as to render us insensible to the honour put upon us in promoting it. The danger is of forgetting God's glory while looking after our own, of losing sight for the time of the great end of our ministry, while some one of the means to that end is sought for its own sake. The great end of our ministry is doubtless, to bring back apostate man to his God, and bring glory to our Maker; as a means to that great end we ought to desire the increase of our churches and to make full proof of our ministry. We cannot exclude self and act from a purely unmixed motive in our labours, or in our religion, the law of

our constitution forbids it, God does not exact it, nay, the motives employed in the Bible imply the legitimacy of such a feeling, by appeals to man's interest, in promises of reward, and in threatenings of punishment.

It is no less true that man is too ready to work altogether for himself and to exceed the limits beyond which he can lawfully go in seeking his own glory. We never can subservise our own interest better than by seeking that of the Redeemer's kingdom, yet when our interest becomes the sole motive it is plain that the limits of propriety have been overstepped. The temptation and tendencies in us to exceed those limits, and to work to gratify our own ambition and forget the glory of God, or give it but a subordinate place in our schemes, require the faithful minister to narrowly watch his own heart. Again a desire for change may be reckoned among the temptations peculiar to the ministry. Changes are often of God's planning and are carried out by him, the desire may be of his own implanting and hence lawful. This however but makes the danger greater. What is sometimes right, may be supposed to be so in any given case, as removals are sometimes of God, it is no very difficult thing for a minister given to change, or with private motives for doing so, to fancy he can discover the hand of God beckoning him away; or see some indications that it is His will that he should do so, while the shadow of his own wishes may be that which he has taken for the divine intimation, and private interest, or what is supposed to be such is at the root of it all. There are many things that seem to make changes desirable yet they are often mischievous, the desire to remove often makes the removal inevitable. Every man sees the difficulties of his own field and the advantages of another, the hope of escaping present difficulties prompts the desire to remove. A want of success in a given locality is frequently construed to be an intimation of duty in respect to removal, but the same want of success may be experienced elsewhere, it may not be the unfruitfulness of the locality, but the unfaithfulness of the labourer that is the cause of small results. Again a minister is not always a proper judge of the amount of success vouchsafed to him, his master may be using him to subserve purposes he has never thought of, doubtless while some are employed in gathering in converts, others are successful in building up and establishing believers, in uprooting errors, uniting schemes, or setting up defences around great truths which may serve the cause of God in generations to come. It would be too great a matter to examine all the motives which prompt a desire to remove—insufficient support or dissatisfaction on the part of supporters or unsuitableness in other ways. Whatever seems to call for such a step and promises to justify it, should be thoroughly watched and duly weighed or Satan may get an advantage of us. Not every change that betters our circumstances will increase our usefulness. It may be urged in reply that necessity knows no law. We only add *watch*.

Another danger against which the christian minister would do well to fortify himself arises from his tastes for what is literary or scientific; pursuits which to another may be harmless, nay useful, may become mischievous in their indulgence to him by absorbing the energies and occupying the time demanded by the all important work in which he is engaged. The pretext is commonly *recreation*. This is certainly lawful, nay it is needful and becomes a duty, some minds may require it more frequently than others, but all require some respite, some change, we have no right to tax the mind beyond its strength, to destroy its buoyancy and freshness by ever pouring over the same class of subjects. We thus violate one of the laws of mind and all who do so must suffer the consequences.

We can accomplish more and do it better by refreshing the mind on some change agreeable to its tastes. Time spent on some agreeable recreation where recreation is needed is not lost time, but yields a fair return of profit in the vigour and freshness it imparts. The danger lies in its excessive indulgence, it then becomes dissipation.

Scientific research, the fine arts, music, poetry &c., are harmless, yea even elevating, and in some cases may prove useful, but one of our greatest sources of danger will be found in things lawful. The line between lawful and unlawful indulgence in such recreations cannot easily be defined; conscience alone marks the limits of many of our lawful enjoyments and it must be patiently listened to,

when we are tempted to exceed the bounds of legality. Music has been a source of recreation for many good and useful men, and it can be made to subserve the purposes of praise. David the sweet singer in Israel and many good men after him have refreshed their souls with sounds of sweet music, but the ease with which Satan may draw such aside who have a taste for these pleasures should be a matter for careful consideration. Satan baits his hook in accordance with the tastes and feelings of those whom he designs to take. For a minister he will bait with some lawful pleasure and by it if possible draw him into excesses that result in the neglect of other duties.

In yielding to our tastes we may be easily drawn into sin in the matter of reading. It is to be feared that inclination not conscience is permitted to govern our choice in this matter. We should not readily suspect the ministry of the present age of spending their time upon what has been characteristically termed light literature, but wholesome literature may become a source of sin if it be suffered to divert the attention from more important duties. That was a practical exhortation of the Apostle's "whatsoever ye do in word or deed do all in the name of the Lord Jesus" if applied as a test to some of our reading and other engagements it would condemn us. Suffering ourselves to be drawn into sin is frequently the precursor of negligence in our work, and an insufficient preparation for pulpit duties will be the consequence of studies in which taste or inclination is consulted and not conscience.

In respect to this matter how frequently the tempter will flatter our vanity with the suggestion that we can preach now without preparation and mislead us if he can with the impression that in the utterance of our voluble common place sentences we have been feeding the flock of Christ. There may be cases in the course of our ministry when we should be fully justified in standing up without preparation to teach the people of God, and proclaim the word of life and salvation to sinners,—there may be seasons when circumstances would fully warrant our leaning on the Holy Spirit for help although we had not previously laboured to prepare ourselves, but this sure y is not when we have mispent the time which ought to have been employed in fitting us for the work. To speak of leaning on the Holy Spirit when we have neglected appointed means, savours of presumption, and is like expecting him to put a premium on our indolence. Such are not the circumstances under which we have any right to expect help. Even in the exertion of his miraculous power the Saviour with omnipotence at his control lavished no effort on what man could do by his own labour. "Take ye away the stone" was the command which preceded the life giving word that raised dead Lazarus from the tomb. Nevertheless, when active duties in his service have pre-occupied our minds I think we are fully warranted in going before our people with such as comes to hand, and in trusting the gracious Spirit to help us to feed the flock of God. Our general duty is to prepare; temptations to the contrary course must be withstood. The children of Israel were commanded to bring pure olive oil *beaten* for the light, that the light may ascend up: shall we bring unbeaten oil into the sanctuary and expect the Holy Spirit to cause what may be our mistakes or incorrect expositions of his word to shed a pure light upon the hearers? This were to exceed a righteous faith and be presumptuous. In the selection of topics for the pulpit our great aim should doubtless be to select what will be most useful to our people. Who but has at times been tempted to choose a subject in which he himself can display his talent or his knowledge, in other words to select what will serve him best as a theme from which to preach himself.

We have heard great sermons spoken of as an effort not as we understood it to convert souls, for this the plainest exposition of gospel truth may be; but an effort to make a profound impression of the preacher's talent, to give a literary treat, to send the people home talking of the power of the speaker, the sermon not the Saviour. Some who do this keep their congregations continually talking about them and their sermons.

No man is perhaps entirely regardless of the opinion of others, few are satisfied to appear as stars of the fourth and fifth magnitude, more would like to shine classed with those of the first. With such feelings is not the Saviour, if not for-

gotten, sometimes subordinated to purposes of personal popularity; and the thought in preparing the discourse not so much what will this make the people think of my Saviour, as what will this make the people think of me? There may be a legitimate desire for the approval of our people, but it is a dangerous element to admit to any considerable place in our hearts, the desire for approval by God is a far safer feeling to encourage, there is moreover this advantage in it, when the approval of God is honestly and earnestly sought in our work it will certainly issue in as much of man's approval as it is desirable to get, or safe to hold, besides this when we can so far forget ourselves as to make it our great aim that all men may know, appreciate, accept and love our Saviour that they may forget us and our discourse, our eloquence and oratory, and go home and talk about Christ and his work, then we shall best subserve the great purpose for which we were called into the ministry. The temptation to labour for applause yielded to will not be yielded to alone, there were others in its wake that will draw us into sin. Such as trimming our discourses to please men—omitting offensive truths—softening down denunciations against sin—touching lightly on the sins of the wealthy in our congregations. "I always aim to roll my pills in sugar before I administer them," said a minister in the presence of the writer by the way of advice to him. It would have been a far more correct illustration to have said I bind round the "two edged sword" of the spirit with wadding: if the truth be not pungent enough to be felt, if the sword of the Spirit do not penetrate deep enough to give pain it may well be doubted whether it will effect the desired separation between the sinner and his sins. The preacher must seek to find out "acceptable words" and must not willingly give pain for its own sake; yet if the truth be so preached that men understand and apply it and feel its force it will give pain to evil doers, as in the removal of a diseased member of the body the pain is not the design of the surgeon, but an incident in bringing about a healthy state of the system. Modern science has indeed discovered how it can render the body insensible to pain while surgical operations are performed; but no special benefit can be conferred on the soul while it remains in insensibility, nay, men will resist every thrust made by the sword of the Spirit while under the influence of the Devil's chloroform. It is in the nature of moral anodynes to harden the surface, to encrust the soul in a coat of mail, when it is once pierced insensibility ceases. When a minister undertakes to preach painful truths in such a way that his hearers shall not feel them, or administer bitter truths so that his hearers do not recognize them, he may be amusing himself but he is trifling with his hearers, and discovers a lamentable ignorance in that part of the work in which he is engaged. If the fear of man bringeth a snare, the desire to please men will frequently entrap us.

Suffer me here in this connection to make a quotation from Baxter, he says, "We have a base man's pleasing disposition which will make us let men perish lest we lose their respect and let them go quietly to hell, lest we should make them angry with us for seeking their salvation: and we are ready to venture on the displeasure of God and risk the everlasting misery of our people rather than draw on ourselves their ill will. This distemper must be diligently resisted." As the following paragraph from the same author strikes boldly at another of the errors to which ministers are tempted which I had marked down for consideration, I shall be pardoned if I introduce my own remarks by quoting it. He adds—"Many of us have also a foolish bashfulness which makes us backward to begin with them and to speak plainly to them. We are so modest forsooth that we blush to speak for Christ or to contradict the Devil, or to save a soul while at the same time we are less ashamed of shameful work."

What was a matter for complaint in Baxter's time has not ceased to exist now. There is a very grave difficulty to be met in this matter, some men are constitutionally diffident,—delicate and sensitive. Some even of those whose piety is above the reach of suspicion, whose love to Christ is fervent and whose communion with him is sweet, nevertheless recoil from any such mode of personal address as would seem to imply a felt superiority in themselves, they instinctively shrink from the utterance of a word that might be supposed to give pain. There is not doubt that such persons perceive their duty and resolve on its performance, but

find themselves utterly unequal to the task, the effort issues in a gentle hint sweetly spoken accompanied with the most scrupulous care lest that word should give offence, or spread alarm, or disturb the equanimity of the sinner's soul. We think it quite a mistake to charge such men with being ashamed of the gospel of Christ; or with being careless about the souls of their people. This timidity may be found in men who are not ashamed of Christ or his gospel; who so far from being careless about men's souls are deeply concerned for their salvation, who daily carry their cases separately to a throne of grace and implore the great God on their behalf. There are doubtless men of another stamp of a rougher cast who with less actual concern for the sinner can go to him with the message of the gospel and unfold the hidden iniquities of his heart, show him his sin and with undaunted faithfulness exclaim as Nathan to David, "Thou art the man." Such as these clothed in the authority of their office can open up to the sinner his soul, and unfold to him the awful denunciation of the holy God against him, can meet his arguments, overthrow his sophisms, chase him from every false refuge, and by the power which such a fearless discharge of duty confers strike terror into the conscience of the boldest and most impenitent of those who come under his influence. While there is this constitutional difference in pastors, there is as great a difference in those with whom they have to deal. Some men evidently court private personal conversation and welcome it, with these there is no difficulty to one who has the will and the ability for his duty. There is however a class of men to be dealt with, who if they once suspect your purpose will studiously avoid being alone with you, who if caught will lead off the conversation and with a nervous determination exclude the subject which you are most desirous to introduce; who will studiously branch away from the subject if you have it commenced, and almost compel you to be discourteous or speak of something else than personal religion. It is easy to see that gentle hints however well meant are all lost on such men, and the first mentioned class of ministers can no more effect their purpose with such means than a surgeon can amputate a limb with a feather.

There is no effectual way of reducing such men to submission but by compelling a capitulation by surprisal. The subject of the man's personal relation to Christ and salvation must be introduced *ex abrupto*, and the ground thus taken must be resolutely kept and held in the strength of the Lord: but "Who is sufficient for these things?" some are ready to exclaim. Our sufficiency must be of God, we must not yield to a morbid sensibility when an immortal soul is perishing. The duty of speaking plainly and personally to those who are Christless in our congregations will be pleasant but to few men, the temptation to avoid an unpleasant duty is often very strong, but by the grace of God something may be done in resisting it: to the work then we must urge ourselves, and for it by prayer we must prepare. Of this backwardness it might be said,—"This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting." They who are unable to address a sinner privately and personally on the matter of his salvation are so far disqualified for the office in which they are engaged. That such may be useful in other ways,—that their fault "leans to virtue's side,"—that it is more commonly found in connection with a fine sense of what is due from man to man;—and is sometimes the result of humility, we are free to admit. These are palliating considerations but they do not release a pastor from the obligations under which his office brings him. The unpleasant parts of his duty must not be evaded, he must wound sometimes in order that he may the more effectually heal. We must give pain in eradicating disease, that we may secure pleasure in the restoration of health. A Pastor is sometimes under a strong temptation to neglect a portion of his flock in respect to visits. It is a pleasing duty to visit some families, a mutual delight to pastor and people. There are other families who need a visit quite as much, but the pastor feels a constant disposition to put off the duty, there is no pleasurable emotions associated with the remembrance of previous visits, consequently no desire for the repetition of them. It is very difficult to make a profitable pastoral visit to some families, the pastor is drawn into mere gossip, or compelled to hear what is uninteresting and foreign to the object of his visit, he is chilled with reserve, or disgusted with a recital of domestic grievances. Some take the ad-

vantage of a visit from their pastor, and complain to him, and of him. He does not come often enough, and yet he comes far too often for his own peace. An individual must be strangely constituted who could visit such a house from any other motive than a strong sense of duty. Some will complain of their neighbours, of their friends, of the other members of the church, of their circumstances, of the times, of everything. They use their minister as though he was solely designed to be the receptacle of their complaints. There will be others too in his flock whom he will be prone to neglect, we do not say forget, he never forgets them; he could as well forget the toothache or a thorn in his foot; but he neglects them because it always seems to him to be not just the right time to visit them, and yet above all others such unpleasant spots in the garden of the church, as we have described, should be visited. Some of these so full of blemishes may be dear to the Saviour because he is dear to them,—he has cast the robe of his righteousness over them,—even they themselves are not altogether what they seem to be in the presence of their minister,—nay they are far better, but they have unhappily in some way got him associated with all their troubles, hence they never seem so melancholy and ungracious as when the shadow of their minister's dark figure falls upon them. Let us then beware of neglecting to go even where we can expect to find no pleasure. Let us strive to reflect so much of our Saviour's glory that the dark gloomy spots may become radiant with life; let us allure these cheerless ones to loftier ground above these fogs of earth, this is our work, let us not neglect it.

We need more grace, and he giveth more; we need more zeal, let us emulate the blessed example of him who went about doing good. The subject we have selected might fill a volume, but enough has been said for an essay. If the temptations peculiar to the pastorate are numerous, the help is special. "As thy day thy strength shall be." The godly minister has every encouragement to pray,—"Lead me not into temptation,"—Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe.

W. H. A.

Trans-Atlantic Retrospect.

ENGLAND.—The 17th of November last being the three hundredth anniversary of the accession of Queen Elizabeth, special services were held in most of the churches of the Establishment throughout England. Strenuous attempts were made to induce dissenters to join in the celebration, on the common ground that from that day the Reformation became a fact in English history, and Popery never again attained the ascendancy. It does not appear, however, that these efforts were to any extent successful. Independents and Baptists have many painful traditions of the days of "good Queen Bess;" and they could not forget that if she was an enemy of Popery, it was not so much because of its terrible errors, as that it acknowledged another head than herself, and that she pursued unto the bitterness of death men who held opinions which now form the basis of their own ecclesiastical systems. The Congregationalist Lord Mayor of London, Mr. D.W. Wire, formed an exception to the general rule, and attended Christ Church in state, to hear a sermon on the occasion from the Rev. Dr. McNeil, who appears to have administered some pretty hard knocks to dissenters generally.

An interesting meeting, on a most important subject, "The best means to be employed for the evangelization of the masses of the people of London, and generally of large towns," is reported in the *Nonconformist*. Mr. Samuel Morley was in the chair, and delivered an address replete with sound practical wisdom. We give the substance of his speech, and regret that we cannot do so at greater length.

The CHAIRMAN, who was very cordially received as he rose to speak, said:—

The extent to which the population was drifting on, regardless alike of church or chapel, caring nothing for their religious interests, was to his own mind so appalling that he was prepared to approve of any methods, however irregular, so that they only be honest and of good report, put forth to lay hold of this population. He rejoiced therefore, to find that the Congregational and Baptist Churches,—he must speak of them as two bodies, but wished they were one—were fast coming to the conviction that efforts of a special kind were necessary to meet the requirements of the times; something quite distinct from the stereotyped methods which have been hitherto adopted in order to get at the working classes, who, in whatever point of view they might be regarded, must be felt to be a most important element of society, and demanding our efforts and anxieties, comprising as they did the great majority of the population everywhere, and having souls as valuable as their more favoured neighbors. He had no expectation that any great change could be effected by a gigantic scheme of operations, with directors, secretaries, and paid agents or anything of the sort—but believed that they would be successful only, and in proportion, as a sense of individual responsibility was aroused, and Christian men were made to feel that they must be themselves missionaries of the truth to those around them. Every man should set himself to find out the niche of usefulness for which he was best fitted; and it was only as they succeeded in producing a conviction of individual responsibility, in a right and proper spirit of dependence—but prayer would be useless without labour also—that they could expect a blessing to attend their efforts. Referring to the ability that every one possessed to work for Christ and their fellow-creatures in some shape or form, he said, even children might do good, become “Ministering Children”—one of the best books, by the bye, ever written, and which he strongly advised everybody who could to read, for it was calculated to be like profitable to the head and to the heart. Everyone, especially every member of a church, should ask himself whether he is not bound to enquire, “Lord what wouldst Thou have me to do?” A contribution towards the support of a city missionary would not compound for individual neglect, and free a man from responsibility. If a man or woman could not go beyond the household to call upon a sick person, work might be found at home among domestic servants. There was no class in the world more neglected, even in Christian families. But this ought not to be. So with regard to young men in shops and warehouses, till the establishment of Young Men’s Associations, nothing was done for them by very many employers, who did not seem to feel that they had any responsibility in the matter. Mr. Morley then dwelt upon the importance of the temperance question. It became the ministers of religion, and all who were anxious to elevate the working people to give earnest attention to this subject; but unless they were prepared to say “We are ourselves abstainers from these drinks.” or were trying the experiment, they had better not attempt to become reformers. After five years of total abstinence he was more sure of it than ever. He had remained an abstainer from that time to the present, simply because of the influence for good which it gave him amongst the working classes, with whom he had come largely into contact, and hoped to do so more than ever. At the same time he had suffered no personal disadvantage from the practice; but, on the contrary, believed that he had been able to go through his work better with honest water than with stimulating drinks. He had not signed any pledge, feeling himself stronger without, but advised those who felt that they would be safer with a pledge, to sign. The working men must be made to feel that they cannot expect to have comfortable homes made for them by their wives if they spend half their earnings, as many do, and even more, in drink. He did not believe there was any general truth in the charge that people were putting temperance in the place of religion, although he was free to admit that much intemperate talk had proceeded from some temperance men. But putting that on one side, was it not wise on the part of those who wished well to the working classes to show them what an amount of advantage they might secure to themselves, in cheerful homes and well-educated children, and something perhaps to spare, by giving up the drink? In illustration of his position, Mr. Morley mentioned the case of a working man who had saved £5, in the course of a year by laying

aside 2s. a week, and whose whole nature seemed to be changed by the habit of saving, and of the self-denial implied in it. And when men were in this state, they were far more accessible to religious influences.

Several Ministers and gentlemen took part in the conference, and we do not doubt that by the blessing of God the result will be some good to the dense population of London. If every one entered into the spirit of the chairman, and felt his individual responsibility, and the necessity of individual exertion, and then went to work heartily and earnestly, who can estimate the good that might be accomplished. It is the same in Canada as in the mother country. Here is a great work to do. Would God that every professor felt how much rests upon himself.

Dr. Tait, the new Bishop of London, has been delivering his first "charge" to the clergy of his diocese. A great deal of interest always attaches to these occasions, giving as it does to the Bishops a full and free opportunity for the deliverance of their opinions on the ecclesiastical questions of the day. The charge was looked forward to with special anxiety, as Dr. Tait has proved himself far above the traditions of his see, and has set an example of evangelical activity which not only his own clergy but dissenting ministers may copy with the best results. He did not disappoint the expectations raised of it. The Bishop grapples manfully with most of the questions agitating his Church; and if on some points he is not so far advanced as we should like, on others he occupies a position honorable to himself and the Establishment. The charge occupied five hours in delivery, so that it will readily be seen that it is impossible to present here even the briefest synopsis. We must content ourselves, therefore, with indicating the Bishop's views on some of the leading matters now agitating his Church. To the Confessional he offers the strongest opposition, as to the spirit which allows it; expressing his belief that it involves an arrogant claim of priestly authority, that it is alien to the spirit of the (his) Church's teaching, and that it has no warrant whatsoever in the word of God. As to Ritualism and Ceremonials generally, "they were not worthy to occupy the attention of men charged with the ministry of souls." As to Church Rates, "their abolition was the unreasonable demand of a politically influential few; but, seeing that some believed that they had a grievance in Church rates, it was politic—it was Christian to consider their feelings;" in other words, we suppose, the Rate must go. The clergy of the diocese, he felt, were, many of them, inadequately paid,—a fact he regretted, as the standard of ministerial capability ought to be maintained; but he failed to find relief in the right direction—the voluntary offerings of the flocks. On Legislation for the Church, he speaks plainly and sensibly;—we give the passage entire: "I think the impression is gaining ground, that we have had of late almost enough legislation for the Church. What we want rather is, to take things as we find them now ordered, and make the best of them. What we want is, that our machinery, such as it is, be worked in the best possible way, rather than to be striving perpetually after new experiments for altering it. After all, the Church's usefulness far more depends upon the conscientious discharge of duty, than even upon the appliances of our ecclesiastical arrangements being adapted to the best possible theory." The Exeter Hall special services, respecting which we have from time to time informed our readers, he is not disposed to interfere with, so long as they are not found to be contrary to law. After alluding to the Westminster Abbey services, he expressed his fervent hope for the success of the great effort which they were in some sort inaugurating that day—namely, the use of the space beneath the dome of the cathedral for Sabbath evening worship. "The old historical associations of the preachings at St. Paul's cross, are to be transferred to this spot," said his lordship. "God grant that wisdom may be given me to select fit preachers, that the hearts of the people may be stirred to avail themselves of these noble opportunities, and the result may be a great outpouring of his grace." Such are just a few of the points touched on by the Bishop. While we regret that he is not altogether what we could wish him, let us thank God that a faithful, evangelical man has been called to occupy a position of so much influence.

St. Raul's Cathedral, or, to speak correctly, the large area under the dome, has for the first time been opened for a special Sunday evening service. Of course the novelty of the thing ensured a large attendance: in fact it was so large that some thousands, after waiting, a portion of them two, or three hours, in the raw November air, failed to obtain admission. There was great dissatisfaction upon its being discovered that when the doors were opened at the appointed time, more than half the seats were filled, a large number of tickets having been distributed, the holders of which were admitted at a side door; otherwise everything appears to have passed off quite satisfactorily. The choir consisted of five hundred performers. The responses were sung, as were also the psalms of the day, and the *Magnificat*, and the *Nunc dimittis*, and what more could be desired to benefit the souls of the working classes, for whom the services were intended? We must not omit, however, to do justice to the sermon, which was preached by the excellent Bishop. The text was the 7th verse of the 1st chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, "Waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." After describing the state of the Christian Church at Corinth, to which the epistle was addressed, and the patient and hopeful spirit in which they awaited the second coming of our Saviour, the congregation were exhorted to imitate their earnestness of heart. He urged the necessity of solemn reflection on the peculiar character of the season of Advent, as a proper preparation for the solemnity of Christmas, which was too frequently celebrated by feasting and intemperance. It was well to begin on Advent Sunday such a series of services as the present. He trusted their meetings in that great cathedral, if blessed by God, would be more than the means of occasionally directing their attention to the concerns of their souls. He rather hoped that many would come there rejoicing in the opportunity furnished them, which was before denied, of worshipping God in all the solemnity of his house, and that many would that day begin a new and steady course of Christian waiting on the Lord.

The temperance question in England has entered upon a new phase. Some of its friends, last week, instituted a metropolitan movement for a permissive Maine-law, allowing the inhabitants of any district to prohibit the common sale of intoxicating liquors where the votes of two-thirds are given in the affirmative. It is proposed to ascertain the opinions of householders and lodgers by an organised canvass. This plan has been carried out with much perseverance and success at Manchester, as was shown by the resolution carried out at the late Reform meeting in favour of Maine-law legislation as the best security against drunkenness at elections, and by the fact that in three of the wards of Manchester 6,711 ratepayers voted for the Permissive Bill, 648 against it, and 1,572 were neutral. We have no doubt that this movement will do something to strengthen the public feeling against intemperance. But the question occurs—can the habits of the population be so quickly changed by a mere act of the Legislature? That the virtue of temperance is held in greater estimation than formerly, we have evidence in the remarkable success that has attended the erection of public fountains in our large towns. In this case the gain is sure—not like a Maine Law, liable to be reversed, but the sign of a wholesome change in the tastes of the population.

Lord Stanley has been receiving a deputation from the Anti-Opium Association, and his reply to their suit, though guarded, encourages the hope that the cultivation of the poisonous drug by government will, ere long, cease to be a national reproach. At all events our ships of war are not to protect the contraband trade on the coast of China.

NEW BISHOP FOR NEW ZEALAND.—The Venerable Archdeacon William Williams, of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, is to be Bishop of Waiapu, East Cape, New Zealand. This will make five bishoprics in this colony, and it is understood that a sixth is in the course of formation. It is to the earnest missionary labours of Dr. Williams that the New Zealanders mainly owe that they were provided with the New Tes-

tament in their own language. Dr. Williams was originally intended for the medical profession, and is uncle to Mrs. E. L. Gardiner, whose brave husband, Allen Gardiner, Esq., captian in the Royal Navy, perished by starvation with his devoted companions in September, 1851, at Patagonia.

THE EARL OF CARLISLE ON VOLUNTARIANISM.—At the annual meeting of the Selby branch of the British and Foreign Bible Society Lord Carlisle occupied the chair, and in the course of his speech said :—

Now I should feel very reluctant to pronounce any dogmatic opinion upon the precise measures in which the concerns of government, of education and of religion, ought to be dealt with in India. In the first place, I feel that I have not that full and accurate knowledge which should qualify me for the task ; and without the responsibility which the duty of bearing part in the details of Indian administration imposes upon those who are actually in office, I should feel it almost presumptuous to form an opinion—at all events to lay down the law as to what can be done, or what ought to be done in India. As a general principle, however, I should say that the more we can separate the direct agency of Government influence from the spread of Gospel truth, the better it will generally be for the interests we have most at heart, namely the spread of that very Gospel truth. I think that nothing can be so ill associated together as the Bible and the bayonet—and what would almost be as ill-paired together would be the Bible and bribery. The more, therefore, we separate official compulsion, or official allurements from the cause of the Gospel, the more anxious we should be to see private effort, private benevolence, private piety, and private self-denial occupying the widest range, and working in the largest field of action which they can find for themselves. I hope that nothing I have said will be misconceived, as implying an opinion that the individuals of the Government ought to show themselves indifferent to that which in the first and highest duty of every man. What I have endeavoured urge is, that the Government agency, as such, in the way of Government favours or Government compulsion, ought not to be brought to bear upon those to whom it is the blessed privilege and duty of this country to secure freedom of body and freedom of soul. Where, however, the Government may not enter, private zeal and private effort may ; and where can they find a more appropriate or august theatre than in that ancient and populous empire of India, with its teeming populations, which the providence of God formerly placed, and has recently again put under the control of this country—which in all times past has been the theatre of the most grovelling superstitions, of the most impure worship, of the most cruel rituals—all of which, I trust, are destined, in the good providence of God, to be exchanged for the simplicity of Christian truth, the purity of Christian worship, and the hope of Christian immortality.

PERSECUTION IN TUSCANY.—The Rev. D. Kay, Genoa, writes to the *Free Church Record* of November, an account of the escape from Tuscany of two priests who were to have been punished with life imprisonment for denying the doctrine of transubstantiation.

RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION IN NORWAY.—Another case of religious persecution has occurred in Norway. M. Lichtle, a Catholic priest, of Christiana has just been condemned to a fine of twenty rixdalers, for having allowed a Protestant lady to abjure her faith.

SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.—A conference of 300 of the members of this religious society has been held in London during the past week, at which it has been agreed to sanction marriages between individuals of this community (although not in membership) by allowing them to take place in its religious meetings, and that all restrictions in regard to what is called plainness of speech, behaviour, and apparel, may also be discontinued ; but confirming its ancient testimony in favour of Christian moderation in these respects.

RELIGIOUS AWAKENING IN SWEDEN.—I was told by trustworthy informants that there is scarcely a parish, if there be one, in which some persons have not been roused to an earnest concern about their salvation. And what renders it more remarkable is, that this is the case in parishes where the Gospel is not faithfully preached, as well as in those in which it is. It would not, I believe, be inaccurate to say that lay agency—the agency of colporteurs and tradesmen, and peasants—has been blessed in a very extensive and striking manner to the production of these results. Some parts of the country have been visited with larger measures of the grace than others. Dalecarlia, Scania, and that part of Finland which borders immediately on Russia, were especially described to us as the scenes of a most extraordinary work. The awakening takes place among all classes. Not a few of the nobility have felt its power. Some of the principal families among the aristocracy of Sweden are at present time exerting the influence of their high position, and adding to that their personal exertions, to spread the evangelical truth. From Professor Torren, a man distinguished alike by his acknowledged learning and sincere piety, I learned that an excellent spirit prevails among numbers of the students at the University of Upsala, especially the theological students, many of whom are in the habit of holding meetings for social prayer by themselves. Young merchants were mentioned, and some introduced to me, who, two or three years ago, not only had no sense of religion, but were rather scoffers, or, at best, votaries of pleasure, but whose whole manner of life is now wholly changed. In some instances, country gentlemen have built churches or chapels on their estates, and others have converted their barns into places for conventicles, and some of the country parish schoolmasters conduct them.—*The Rev. Dr. Stane, in the Evangelical Magazine.*

Official.

MISSIONARY MEETINGS FOR 1859.

MIDDLE DISTRICT.

The attention of ministerial brethren, and the members of our churches, is respectfully requested to the following programme. It is highly important to make all *necessary preparations* for these annual meetings. The utmost publicity should be given to them. Collectors should be appointed in *due* time, so as to have "*in readiness,*" if possible, the *offerings* of the people when the deputation attend. Above all, there should be earnest prayer for the Divine blessing. Thus acting, we may expect to derive spiritual benefit when we meet.

For the sake of securing as much moonlight as possible, and to get though sufficiently early in the winter, we propose to divide the labours. Except when the deputation can be present, it is understood that each Pastor will preach on the subject of Christian Missions the Sabbath preceding the Missionary Meeting.

JAMES T. BYRNE

Secretary, M. D. M. C.

Whitby, Nov. 25th, 1858.

I.

January 10th, Monday	Georgetown.
" 11th, Tuesday.....	Trafalgar.
" 12th, Wednesday.....	Churchill.
" 13th, Thursday.....	South Erin.
" 14th, Friday	South Caledon.
" 16th, Sabbath.....	Alton.
" 17th, Monday.....	Albion.
" 18th, Tuesday	Pine Grove.
" 19th, Wednesday.....	St. Andrews.

Deputation :—Rev. Messrs. Byrne, Durrant, Noble, Denney, and Unsworth.

II.

January 10th and 11th, Monday and Tuesday	Oro.
“ 12th, Wednesday	Innisfil.
“ 13th, Thursday.....	Newmarket.
<i>Deputation</i> :—Rev. Messrs. Marling and Hooper; and at Newmarket, Dr. Lillie, and Rev. T. Baker.	
January 18th, Tuesday.....	Toronto.
<i>Deputation</i> :—Rev. Messrs. Porter, and Hooper.	
January 20th, Thursday.....	Stouffville.
“ 21st, Friday.....	Pickering.
<i>Deputation</i> :—Rev. Messrs. Marling, and Hooper.	
January 23rd, Sabbath.....	Markham.
<i>Deputation</i> :—Rev. J. Hooper.	
January 24th, Monday.....	Bowmanville.
“ 25th, Tuesday.....	Whitby.
<i>Deputation</i> :—Rev. Messrs. Marling, Hooper and D. McGregor.	

III.

February 8th, Tuesday.....	Brock.
<i>Deputation</i> :—Rev. Messrs. Reikie, and Byrne.	
February 11th, Friday.....	Meaford.
“ 13th, Sabbath	Owen Sound.
“ 14th, Monday.....	Owen Sound.
<i>Deputation</i> :—Rev. Messrs. Byrne, and Hay.	

WESTERN DISTRICT.

The following are the appointments for Missionary services in the Eastern division of this District:—

Barton, Missionary Meeting.....	Monday evening, January 10th 1859.
Guelph, do.	Tuesday evening, January 11th “
Garafraza, do.	Wednesday evening, Jan. 12th “
Eramosa, do.	Thursday evening, January 13th “
Eden Mills, do.	Friday evening, January 14th “

The Deputation at Barton is expected to consist of Rev. Messrs. Pullar of Hamilton, and Ebbs of Paris: at all the rest of the above-mentioned places, of Messrs. Ebbs, Howell, Barker, Allworth and Pattison.

The Missionary Meeting will be held in

Scotland.....	Monday evening, January 10th 1859
Simcoe.....	Tuesday evening, January 11th “
Burford.....	Wednesday evening, Jan. 12th “
Kelvin.....	Thursday evening, January 13th “
New Durham.....	Friday evening, January 14th “

The Deputation here consists of Rev. Messrs Hay, Snider, Armour, and Wood.

The following week we commence at

Hamilton,.. on Monday evening,.....	January 17th 1859, proceeding thence to
Brantford,.. on Tuesday evening,.....	January 18th “
Paris,..... on Wednesday evening, .	January 19th “
Stratford,.. on Thursday evening,....	January 20th “
Listowel,.. on Friday evening,.....	January 21st “

The arrangements for the Hamilton meeting are not yet completed, but the Deputation at Brantford and Paris is expected to consist of Rev. Messrs Ebbs, Hay, Snider, Wood and (probably) Pullar; and at Stratford and Listowel of Messrs Ebbs, Hay and Howell in addition to the Pastors of the Churches in these localities.

The Missionary Sermons will, in each case, be preached by the Pastor himself,

(unless he can effect an exchange without expense to the Society), on the Sabbath previous to the Missionary meeting.

JOHN WOOD,
Secretary, W. D. C.

N. B.—This notice of Missionary appointments for the Western District was intended for publication in the December number of the *Canadian Independent*, but came to hand too late for insertion.—Ed. C. I.

The appointments for the Western section of this District are as follows:—

London, Feb. 7th, 1859.—*Deputation*: Rev. Messrs. Ebbs, Hay, Allworth, Snider and Wood.

Warwick, Feb. 8th and 9th.—*Deputation*: “The Western Association” which meets at Warwick at this time.

Sarnia, Feb. 10th and 11th.—*Deputation*: Rev. Messrs. Ebbs, Allworth, Boyd and Wood.

Plympton, Feb. 10th, } *Deputation*: Rev. Messrs. McCallum, Snider, Hay and
Bosanquet, Feb. 11th, } King.

Southwold, Feb. 14th, } *Deputation*: Rev. Messrs. Allworth, Clarke and Burgess.
Bothwell, Feb. 15th, }
Dresden, Feb. 16th. }

Correspondence.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH IN PORT HOPE.

To the Editor of the Canadian Independent.

Dear Brother,—Can you allow me space enough to give our friends a little information respecting the Congregational interest recently established in Port Hope.

Your Correspondent removed to Cobourg about sixteen months ago at the recommendation of the Missionary Committee, and took an early opportunity of visiting Port Hope according to their desire, with a view to preaching there, if it should be deemed practicable. After some delay the Western School-house was procured by the kindness of the Trustees, and our first religious service was held 13th December, 1857, since which time we have met regularly on Sabbath afternoons. Desires for church-fellowship were expressed months ago, which gradually ripened into determination, and at length on the 19th ultimo, ten persons—five brethren and as many sisters—solemnly, deliberately, and prayerfully resolved to form themselves into a church of Christ. This meeting and a previous one were most hallowed and refreshing, being devoted chiefly to statements of the ways by which God had led us, as we believed, to Himself, and of our subsequent experience of His goodness; our sisters employing their minister to speak for them, to whom they had freely communicated in private what they wished to say. It was indeed good to be there.

The Churches at Cold Springs and Cobourg were invited to take part in appropriate public services, and accordingly our dear Father Hayden and several brethren from Cobourg met us on the 14th instant, and the church, increased to thirteen, having chosen its pastor and two deacons, was duly recognized in the presence of a large congregation. Several members of the other churches joined with us in participating in the Lord's Supper.

With a thoughtfulness worthy of all praise, refreshments had been provided for those who came from a distance, and in partaking of them we were forcibly reminded of the love-feasts of the early Christians.

As a proof that the Master has smiled upon us permit me to give an incident selected from a number, all of them encouraging in a greater or less degree.

Adjacent to the Western School-house are several shady walks attracting many persons, especially on Sabbath afternoons. Occasionally some of these pleasure-seekers turn aside and remain during the service. One of them, unaccustomed to attend upon the means of grace, came from motive of curiosity, and left quite dissatisfied with the preacher, and even more dissatisfied with himself. Unable to quiet his aroused conscience, and guided, as we believe, by the Holy Spirit, he that same evening sought another place of worship; openly avowed himself anxious about his soul; and within a few days found peace in believing. The change in his demeanour was marked and appropriate, and within a few weeks he was summoned into the presence of his Saviour. He had been observed to be more than usually fervent and happy in his family devotions, one evening before retiring to rest, and the next morning his wife attempting to arouse him from sleep discovered that he was dead; so suddenly and quietly had he been removed!

Our brethren have begun wisely in the matter of pastoral support. Dating from the recognition services, they resolved to contribute at least a certain sum, payable quarterly in advance; and accordingly the first quarter's salary was placed in my hands on that day; and although small in amount, it is large in proportion to their means. They believe it is neither good principle nor good policy to be niggardly on the plea of limited resources. They cannot afford in their present feebleness to be without the love which God has towards the cheerful giver.

I have refrained from adding more, being conscious that it is not easy to write wisely concerning the active and the newly converted, when what is written will certainly come under their observation. Cases of special interest are therefore left unrecorded. May the Church thrive, and prove a blessing to the community in which it is organized!

Cobourg, 22nd November, 1858.

A. B.

A CORRECTION.

To the Editor of the Canadian Independent.

DEAR BROTHER,—Permit me through your columns to make a slight correction in the *Missionary Report* for 1858, which has just come to hand. At page 24 I am represented as having mentioned to the Secretary-Treasurer, that during my pastorate of five years at Hamilton, it was my privilege "to receive into the Church *one hundred persons by profession of their faith.*" The worthy Secretary, or the printer has omitted *three words* in the above quotations of my statement, which materially modify it.

The hundred included all additions,—both "*by letter, and*" by profession of faith.

Yours cordially,

Paris, 16th Dec. 1858.

EDWARD ERBS.

Literary Review.

SERMONS TO THE CHURCHES BY FRANCIS WAYLAND.—New York: Sheldon, Blake-man & Co.

There are eight sermons in this volume, the subjects of which are—The Apostolic Ministry—The Church, a Society for the conversion of the World—Christian Worship—A consistent piety, the demand of the age—Slavery to public opinion—The perils of riches—Prevalent prayer—and Responsibility for the moral condition of others. The first of these discourses has already had a wide and deserved popularity, and is welcome in company with seven brethren of the same kin though varying in stature and in strength. Dr. Wayland's sermons are clear,

logical, practical, and evangelical. Free from sectarian blemishes the title of the volume is justified. In style there is the flow of a full and deep river as it glides on to the Ocean with grace and beauty. To hunt for conceits or novelties here were vain. The hand of a workman that needeth not to be ashamed is present, aiming at the accomplishment of work in the Kingdom of Christ; by rousing to the duty of personal effort for the conversion of men, and enforcing a more consistent and uncompromising profession of religion than usually exists in this Age. May God speed the effort.

We give an extract from the Sermon entitled—a Consistent Piety, the demand of the Age.—

“Let us turn for a moment to the views which prevail in most churches of every denomination. There can, I think, be no doubt that the Saviour requires every redeemed soul to make the extension of the kingdom of Christ the great business of his life, to labour personally with men for their salvation, to invite them to come to Christ that they may escape the wrath to come. There cannot then be a disciple of Christ, whatever his condition, on whom this obligation in all its strictness does not plainly rest. But how do we perform this duty? We form ourselves into Churches, delegate the labour of extending the kingdom of Christ to a single individual, and consider ourselves absolved from the duty imposed upon us by simply ministering to his physical wants. The Master summons us all to personal labour in his vineyard, and we combine together and send, in the place of several hundreds, a single individual. To render our conduct consistent, we prescribe qualifications for the discharge of a Christian duty which Christ has never prescribed, and then excuse ourselves from doing his bidding because we have not these self imposed qualifications. We seem to suppose that no disciple is at liberty to invite sinners to come to Christ unless he has consumed many years in the study of heathen classics, and become familiar with the opinions of men for eighteen centuries on the teachings of Christ. It requires the wisdom of Omniscience to express the ideas of God in the words of Jesus so simply that a child can understand them. We assume that these very teachings are, of all writings on earth, the most enigmatical, nay, that they are committed to a learned priesthood, who are authorized to interpret them to us. But this learned caste seem to find almost as much difficulty in understanding the revelation as their less favoured brethren. They open the book and spread over it a covering of the opinions of the so-called fathers, and over this another from the logomachy of the schoolmen, and over this another from the polemics of the Reformation, and over this another from the metaphysical divinity of a later age, and over these, last of all, a thick veil of German neology, and then they wonder that through all these, they cannot decipher the letters of light traced by the finger of God manifest in the flesh. Thus the vision is become unto us as the words of a book that is sealed, which men deliver to one that is learned, saying, Read this I pray thee, and he saith, I cannot for it is sealed, and the book is delivered unto one that is not learned, saying, Read this I pray thee, and he saith, I cannot for I am not learned. Thus, to escaped the obligation of personal duty, we make the Word of God of none effect, we deny the right of private interpretation, and are thoughtlessly embracing one of the most fatal errors of Romanism.”

SPURGEON'S GEMS, being brilliant passages from the discourses of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman & Co.

The demand for the productions of Mr. Spurgeon, which has already exceeded a hundred thousand volumes on this side of the Atlantic, is likely to be stimulated by this volume. It is intended by the Publishers as a specimen of the happiest thoughts of this distinguished preacher; and is adapted to those who have not much leisure or disposition to sit down for an hour's converse with an Author. Opening at any page the reader will probably find a striking thought. As a companion for the closet it will furnish daily throughout a whole year, a practical and suggestive theme. There is an intense earnestness which captivates the heart. The testimony for Christ is devout and emphatic. We give a passage, which though of greater length than most in the book, is calculated at this season to be useful.

Hast thou never fled to Christ for refuge? Dost thou not believe in the Redeemer? Hast thou never confided thy soul to his hands? Then hear me; in God's name hear

me just a moment. My friend, I would not stand in thy position for an hour, for all the stars twice spelt in gold! For what is thy position? Thou hast sinned, and God will not acquit thee, he will punish thee. He is letting thee live; thou art reprieved. Poor is the life of one that is reprieved without a pardon! Thy reprieve will soon run out, thine hour-glass is emptying every day. I see on some of you death has put his cold hand, and frozen your hair to whiteness. Ye need your staff, it is the only barrier between you and the grave now; and you are, all of you, old and young, standing on a narrow neck of land, between two boundless seas—that neck of land, that isthmus of life, narrowing every moment, and you are yet unpardoned. There is a city to be sacked, and you are in it—soldiers are at the gates; the command is given that every man in the city is to be slaughtered save he who can give the password. “Sleep on, sleep on; the attack is not to day; sleep on, sleep on.” “But it is to-morrow, sir.” “Aye, sleep on, sleep on; it is not till to-morrow; sleep on, procrastinate, procrastinate.” “Hark! I hear a rumbling at the gates; the battering ram is at them; the gates are tottering.” “Sleep on, sleep on; the soldiers are not at your doors; sleep on, sleep on; ask for no mercy yet; sleep on, sleep on!” “Aye, but I hear the shrill clarion sound; they are in the streets. Hark, to the shrieks of men and women! They are slaughtering them; they fall, they fall, they fall!” “Sleep on, sleep on; they are not yet at *your* door.” “But hark! they are at the gate; with heavy tramp I hear the soldiers marching up the stairs!” “Nay, sleep on, sleep on; they are not yet in your room.” “Why, they are there; they have burst open the door that parted you from them, and there they stand!” “No, sleep on, sleep on; the sword is not yet at your throat; sleep on, sleep on!” It is at your throat; you start with horror. Sleep on, sleep on! but you are gone! “Demon, why didst thou tell me to slumber! It would have been wise in me to have escaped the city when first the gates were shaken. Why did I not ask for the password before the troops came? Why, by all that is wise, why did I not rush into the streets, and cry the password when the soldiers were there? Why stood I till the knife was at my throat? Aye, demon that thou art, be cursed; but I am cursed with thee forever!” You know the application; it is a parable you can all expound; ye need not that I should tell you that death is after you, that justice must devour you, that Christ crucified is the only password that can save you; and yet you have not learnt it—that with some of you death is nearing, nearing, nearing, and that with all of you he is close at hand! I need not expound how Satan is the demon, how in hell you shall curse him and curse yourselves because you procrastinated—how that seeing God was slow to anger you were slow to repentance—how, that because he was great in power, and kept back his anger, therefore you kept back your steps from seeking him; and here you are what you are!

THE HARVEST AND THE REAPERS; HOME WORK FOR ALL AND HOW TO DO IT. By Rev. H. NEWCOMB. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. Toronto: Maclear & Co.

This is a book we specially commend to the attention of our readers, both lay and ministerial. It is a plain, practical and common sense treatise on the best method of bringing the energies of the church to bear on the ungodly multitude, who are out of the way of ordinary gospel influences. That there are vast numbers of our people, both in town and country, who do not attend our places of worship and never come within the sound of God's word, is a fact only too evident; and every thoughtful minister and every earnest private christian must often have pondered the question, what is to be done to reach them? Now to all such this book will be welcome. It meets the want and answers the question. And it does more. It gives not a theory only, but abundance of practical examples. There is a chapter on mission schools in Brooklyn, which is almost worth the price of the book. This chapter gives the history of many remarkable efforts for the reclamation of the wandering, and is calculated to provoke even the most sluggish to love and good works. Some dark statistics are given in the opening chapter of the book, statistics of ungodliness, showing the condition of the cities and the smaller towns and rural districts of many parts of the neighbouring republic, much of which is applicable to ourselves. Chapter II. strongly asserts the responsibility of the whole church and the duty of every member thereof to do what in him lies, according to his means and opportunity for making the gospel known; drawing a distinction between the function of the pastor, which

needs a special call, and the work of preaching or making known the gospel, either in public or private, which is the duty of all who believe. We have then a very full unfolding of the plan of district operations, as commenced by Dr. Chalmers in Edinburgh and Glasgow, and as now practiced by many churches in those cities, and also in Brooklyn and New York. The ruling idea is that each church shall have a district, for whose spiritual cultivation it shall hold itself responsible. It shall have, in fact, a "parish;" with this important point of difference from the Church of England system, that it concerns itself not so much with every soul in that parish, as with its mission population. These are to be reached by visitation from house to house, the whole district being apportioned amongst members of the church, so that from five to twenty families shall fall to the lot of each visitor. The objects embraced in the visitation are the following:

1. The endeavouring by personal conversation to lead the unconverted to Christ.
2. Persuading those who have no place of worship to attend some church.
3. Bringing the children to Sabbath schools.
4. Distributing Tracts and furnishing Bibles to destitute families.
5. Reclaiming the vicious; and
6. Relieving the suffering poor.

A work like this is not to be carried on without a considerable amount of wisdom as well as of piety. There are many matters of detail upon which experience is especially valuable; and in the chapter before us we have, as the fruits of experience, abundance of detailed instructions how the work is to be commenced in a city or town, or even in the country; how to be apportioned amongst different churches, and how to be sustained.

One leading feature of this method we must not pass unnoticed, and that is the keeping the churches advised by monthly reports of the progress that is made. This keeps up interest, stimulates activity, rebukes sluggishness, and incites to prayer. A prayer meeting is recommended to be devoted to this object, just as Missions and Sabbath schools have their special evenings, and we cannot but urge that every work of usefulness in which a work may be engaged should be frequently reported on and pleaded for at a throne of grace.

In succeeding chapters are some valuable counsels with regard to individual effort for the salvation of souls, and these are succeeded by one of special interest and importance on the subject of prayer meetings. There is more sound, practical common sense in this chapter, than in any thing we have ever met with on the subject; and we would that all who have to lead in such meetings could mark, learn, and inwardly digest its contents. The whole book is one which Christians should read and think about. Pastors should master it themselves and commend it to their people. Quotations from it might with advantage be read in our prayer meetings; and we are persuaded that were its reasonings and appeals laid to heart, and its suggestions carried out, the work of the Lord would be greatly advanced amongst us.

THE CITY; ITS SINS AND SORROWS. By the REV. DR. GUTHRIE. Toronto: Maclear & Co.

This is really a noble book. Dr. Guthrie is a man of large heart and true Christian benevolence, and his splendid powers of pulpit eloquence are here devoted to the work of laying bare the frightful evils which exist amongst the masses of a city population. It argues a fine moral courage and manliness that such sermons as these could be preached before a modern audience; for such downright plain dealing as they exhibit is unfortunately a very rare thing in these days. Yet one is at a loss which most to admire—the exquisite grace of the style or the faithful manner in which the whole truth is brought out. Drinking, gambling and licentiousness, are things which should be more thought of by the Church than they generally are; for surely we will follow the example of our divine Master, if we neglect those classes to whom he devoted special attention. The book, however, is any thing but a tissue of declamation. It abounds in facts and practical suggestions, and, like the last named, is one which should be pondered by every earnest Christian. But to Ministers we specially commend it.

CHRISTIAN HOPE. By Rev. J. A. JAMES. New York: Carter. Toronto: Maclear & Co.

The shadows of evening are fast closing over the head of the great and good man whose name appears on the title page of this book; and this will probably be his last literary work. In his very touching preface, he alludes to the fact of his departure being near at hand. Yet we cannot discern any abatement of the force and energy which have made him a teacher and instructor to thousands who never saw his face in the flesh. "His eye is not dim, nor his natural force abated." He is indeed like a shock of corn fully ripe, and this work seems composed under the influence of a near anticipation of heavenly glory. Its subject for that reason is congenial. Hope; the hope of a christian, the hope of immortal life and of a joyful resurrection; this is the theme; and it is expatiated upon with all the vigor and unction of Mr. James's best days. The preface is a very important part of the work, and contains a very earnest protest against the overwrought intellectualism which is the danger of our English congregational pulpit.

News of the Churches.

CHURCH FORMED IN ERIN.

A Congregational church was organized in Erin Township, on Friday, Dec. 14, with ten members, to whom two have been since added. There were present on the occasion the Revs. J. McLean, E. A. Noble, H. Denny, and J. Unsworth, with delegates from the following churches:—Hillsbury, Caledon, South Caledon, Georgetown, Churchhill, and Eramosa. These brethren took part in the services, and tendered their sympathy and confidence to the infant church. Rev. E. Barker, of Eramosa, was chosen pastor.

MISSION TO BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The Canadian Wesleyan Conference have appointed the Rev. Dr. Evans, and Revs. Messrs. White, Browning, and Robson, as Missionaries to the new mission field in British Columbia. These brethren proceed on their labour of love with the good wishes and prayers of Christians of their own and other denominations. The British Conference have granted £500 in aid of the mission.

THE DEAF AND DUMB, AND BLIND.

A Society for the instruction of the deaf and dumb, and of the blind, has been instituted in Toronto. It is hoped that this will ultimately become a central organization for the Province.

THE GOSPEL FOR THE DESTITUTE.

In New York, a new movement is just commenced, by hiring three of the largest audience rooms in the city for free preaching. The first experiment of this kind was at the Cooper Institute, where the Rev. T. L. Cuyler preaches to large audiences. Then the Academy of Music was engaged for Sabbath evenings; and the Rev. Drs. Alexander, Adams, Bethune and Durbin have successively preached. And finally the National Theatre has been rented for the same purpose.

All these meetings are full. Of the National Theatre, the *Observer* says:—

"The National Theatre, in Chatham street, was crowded from pit to dome by an unusual audience, to hear a sermon by the Rev. E. T. Hiscox, D.D., of the Stanton street Baptist church. The pit was a spectacle to behold, crammed, as it was, with street boys. At first, they thought it was necessary to "cheer" the minister, not seeming to comprehend the nature of the exercises; consequently, after the reading of the first hymn, they made the building resound with the evidences of their appreciation. As soon as their shouts died away, Capt. DeCamp, of the Police, came out and told them, that although they were in the same old theatre, it was Sunday night, and there were to hear a sermon, and not to behold

a play; and he hoped they would show the ladies and gentlemen present that they could behave as well as any class of boys in the city. This had the effect to quiet them, and but little cheering was heard afterwards. The Rev. Doctor then delivered a plain and excellent sermon from 1 Tim. 1 : 15. 'This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.' This service reaches a class which has heretofore been beyond the reach of the gospel and we hope may be productive of great good."

THEY WENT, PREACHING THE WORD.

In a recent article on the Daily Union Prayer meeting at Cincinnati, the *Herald* says:—

"Our meeting in Cincinnati is full every morning and often crowded. It is exerting, silently and gradually, an influence for good—a leavening power upon our city. It is bringing Christians of various names and creeds together, and teaching them to love and labour with each other. It is manifesting to the world the Spirit of the gospel, and thus increasing the power of every Christian and of every Church on the impenitent. It seems to us to be one of the chosen instrumentalities which God will employ in preparing the way for a great revival of His work. Brethren, take the fire kindled there to their respective churches, brethren from the country attend it, and go home to report what they have seen and heard, thus quickening the faith of Christians all over this region.

"And further, as a result of the spirit developed by this meeting, companies of zealous and devoted men are going out to the towns and villages, with which we are connected by railroads, and holding meetings. This is a apostolic, and, no doubt, will result in good, both to the visitors, and the visited. If a system of lay agency can now be devised, and carried out, a new impulse will be given to the cause of home evangelization. We see the germ of such a system in this recent movement. We commend the matter to the earnest and prayerful consideration of elders, deacons, class-leaders and others, who love the cause of Christ, and desire to see men converted to God. If in this city there were twenty companies of five each, who would go out in different directions every Saturday evening from five to 100 miles, spend the Sabbath in some town that has not enjoyed a revival recently, or in some destitute village or neighborhood; if they would hold prayer and conference meetings with the people, if they would tell them what God has done here and elsewhere; if they would present, in the practical manner of business men, this great business of the soul's salvation, an interest would be awakened. The very novelty of the movement would attract attention, and the prayers ascending from the meeting and the churches here in behalf of these companies would be heard and answered.

"It is in this direction—in the development of the latent power which there is in the body of the Church—in the systematic employment of lay agency, that we hope for great and increasing good from the present awakening, and hence we again urge our brethren in the churches to think of these suggestions."

DONATION.

A Donation party met at the Presbyterian church, Barton, when, after refreshments and speeches, varied by some sweetly sung pieces of music; substantial presents, worth between seventy and eighty dollars were left for the Rev. W. H. Allworth, by his friends of Barton and Glanford.—*Communicated.*

Rills from the Fountains of Israel.

A PICTURE FROM A DRUNKARD'S HOME.

There are some present now who, I dare say are not very familiar with some of the dark spots which lie around them in this great working hive in which we live. As a stimulus to those who have feeling and earnest hearts to bestir themselves

on behalf of sinful and suffering humanity, as well as a salutary warning to those who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, I shall so far forget my title, for a minute, as to attempt a description of a drunkard's home; and I fear it will be only too faithful a type of many houses in our own city. I don't do this from any desire to exaggerate or bring too prominently forward the poor man's faults—for rich men get drunk as well as poor—but they are not snatched from their homes and fined and imprisoned like the poor; they do their debauchery snugly at home, where no one sees them, and appear next day with a clean shirt and choker, as though nothing at all had happened—thanks to the soothing influences of Schweppe's Soda Water, or Messrs Jewsbury and Brown's Lemonade.—“*Oh*, I don't want to make too much of the poor man's faults—for

“ I must confess that I abhor and shrink
 From schemes with a religious willy, nilly,
 That frown upon St. Giles's sins, but blink
 The peccadilloes of all Peccadilly.
 My soul revolts at such hypocrisy,
 And will not, dare not, fancy in accord
 The Lord of Hosts, with an exclusive lord
 Of this world's aristocracy.
 It will not own a notion so unholy,
 As thinking that the rich by easy trips
 May get to heaven—whereas the poor and lowly
 Must work their passage as they do in ships.
 One place there is—beneath the burial sod,
 Where all mankind are equalised by death,
 Another place there is—the Fane of God,
 Where all are equal who draw living breath.
 Juggle who will—elsewhere with his own soul,
 Playing the Judas with a temporal dole,
 He who can come within that awful cope,
 In the dread presence of a Maker just,
 Who metes to every pinch of human dust
 One equal measure of immortal hope,
 He who can stand beneath that holy door,
 With soul unbowed by heaven's pure spirit-level,
 And frame unequal laws for rich and poor,
 Might sit for hell and represent the devil.”

But although I would not exaggerate or misrepresent the errors of the working man, I would not hesitate to make a fair description of his self-imposed miseries. In an audience like this it is more than probable that there may be one or two whose potations are somewhat deeper than they need be, and who spend at the sign of the “*Hen and Chickens*” abroad the money which ought to be devoted to the comfort of the hen and chickens at home. It is just possible I may speak to some drunken father or some dissolute husband, and if I do so, I do not think this description of his home and prospects is likely to be very wide of the mark. It is a small cottage, thinly furnished, and the furniture, like the wife, seems wasting away. Half of it is at the pawnshop, and it is all gently sinking into the same vortex. He has a wife and only daughter, a fair child of fifteen years, just budding into life. Cruelty and hard usage, together with starvation, have told their tale upon the mother's form and face, and when the lord and master of the house comes staggering home at midnight, he finds that they have stretched her dying on the tattered bed; the daughter's tearful face is hidden in her mother's bosom, and her thin white hands are clasped about her neck. The conscience-stricken sot stands rooted on the threshold and stays his staggering feet by grasping at the door-post, and as he glares with bloodshot eyes upon the death-bed that his selfishness prepared, he hears his daughter's sobbing voice exclaim, “*Thy will be done!*” and then his gasping wife sighs forth the struggling prayer, “*Lord, lay not this sin to his charge;*” and as the dying intercession floats from that broken heart to heaven, the spirit leaves its clay and follows it, and the father is alone with his orphan daughter. Bitterly, oh, bitterly, did he weep as

he looked upon the mortal remnant of that patient partner of his life, so still, so cold, so marble white! He would have madly tried to warm the bosom back to life, but his child withdrew him from the bed, because she knew that that bosom bore the mark of a foul, savage blow, and she did not want that blow to recoil upon her father's heart. The night rolled slowly by, and the morning sun fell upon the upturned face of death, and as the drunkard looked towards it then, he saw that the love-light had not faded from the glassy eyeballs even yet. Another day and night and it is time to take the last fond look before the coffin-lid shall shut the vision out for ever, and a sad, sad look it was. A parting pressure of those marble lips, a hot tear upon the cheek, and then the daughter comes to place a lily in the bosom, and twine a sweet white rose within the raven hair, then amidst the tolling of the passing bell and the tramping of the black procession, the scene is closed. But oh, the weary, weary hours of remorse which prey upon the widower when left alone! His life is insupportable; what shall he do, what cordial panacea can quell his fears, and soothe his torturing reflection? His child creeps softly to his side and lays an open book upon his knees, from which she whispers in his ear, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." The words seemed to revive him for a moment, as he again asks, "What shall I do?" "Prayer is the best cordial of a wounded spirit, father," says his child; "my mother taught me that." "Prayer, what is prayer?" "I'll try to pray, at all events," he says; and he turns to fall upon his knees; but all at once a cold and nervous tremor chills his veins, and he turns round again and says, "No; I'll pray to-morrow—I can't pray now—give me my hat!" The door has swung upon its hinges, and he is in the street. The daughter follows to the door, and watches him as he goes down the pavement, till he turns into a house. She follows quickly after him, and gets there just in time to hear him call hoarsely for some brandy. Down on her knees she begs him, by the memory of the loved and lost, for pity's sake to come away; but he thrusts her out, and tells her to be gone. Arrived at home, she kneels once more, not now before an earthly, but a Heavenly Father; she prays for help to lead her only relative from ruin into peace. The clock strikes ten—eleven—twelve—one—two and three, before the strange shuffling footsteps can be heard against the door, and then is opened by the hand of some ruffian companion, who has helped her father to get home. He gives his drunken charge into her care, with many a course and brutal jest, and leaves them alone. His glaring eye happens to rest upon the open Bible he had set aside, and as his child laid her trembling hand upon his breast, his tears once more gushed forth, like the water from the rock beneath the prophet's rod. But oh! it is a too-late repentance. Next day he dives down to his hell again, to drown his grief in streams of liquid fire. And while he is away, another shadow darkens the threshold of his house, and the poor orphan girl is listening to the glib and slippery flatteries of some deceitful libertine, and the chaste casket of her fame is in peril of being ransacked of its pearly jewel—virtue. Day after day the father rolls home with his legion of evil spirits revelling in his heart, and day after day the plastic visitor comes with the velvet touch of his soft hand, and foul cajolery of his dainty lips. Is it any wonder that she should, in her unguarded and untended innocence, with the bleeding tendrils of her trusting heart trembling to twine around some true support, with every fibre of her woman's soul torn from the object that should win its love!—Is it a wonder, I repeat, that she should fall beneath the wicked wizardry of the seducer's sorceries, and sink from innocence to be the prey of the libertine, and the toy of the destroyer! And on whose head—O, drunkard! on whose head, O, beast, mis-called a man, shall her blood most heavily descend? Yes! let the thought torture thee—let it lash thee as with a whip of scorpions, and lacerate thy very soul with its envenomed smart. You killed your wife with your own beastly appetite; and you have worse than killed your daughter! After a long, long absence, which you have filled up by pulling about your pretty Jane, she comes back to your roof, dishonoured and abandoned, and as you stretch your arms to fold her to your heart, she laughs a hoarse and gipsy laugh—a weird and hollow sound—in which you cannot recognize these tones that read the Bible in your ear, and called on you to pray. You look upon the face, but it is not the same;—the blushes, once

so modest, have faded from the cheek like withered flowers, and brazen, stolid insolence is mantling in its place. What wonder—hell-babe!—what wonder, that upon some bleak and stormy night, she hurls herself from the dark parapet of the bridge, and seeks a refuge from the cold and sluggish earth in the colder and more sluggish water! Drowned! yes, drowned! and gone into eternity before you—a ministering spirit to usher you to hell. Don't you remember when her trembling finger pointed you to heaven, and when it traced the lines that spake of Him who was the way, the truth, and the life? But you would not follow it, and you have not only turned away yourself, but have strewed blasting ashes on her flowery path. O, be not surprised to see, as you are hurried through the ebon corridors of the nether world, the pallid phantom of that child whose early love would, had you cherished it, have lifted your hopes and thoughts to heaven, laughing to see you writhing in the lake of fire. O, fathers be tender to your children, and be jealous of your daughters' loves! Guard their honour as you would guard your life. Never uplift a recreant hand against a woman's breast, for that man is a monster who can bruise with a miscreant's blow that tender bosom, or terrify with a coward's curse that angel presence. If there is a man whose soul is so dead to what is manly and human as to dare to lift a lawless arm against a woman's form, I'd cry aloud to heaven

“To put in every honest hand a whip
To lash the scoundrel naked through the world.”

—From *Lectures at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, by the Rev. Arthur Mursell.*

The Fragment Basket.

WHAT IS HAPPINESS?—Every thinking man will look around him, when he reflects on his situation in this world, and will ask, What will meet my case? What is it that I want? What will satisfy me? I look at the rich, and I see Ahab, in the midst of all his riches, sick at the heart for a garden of herbs. I see Dives, after all his wealth, lifting up his eyes in hell, and begging for a drop of water to cool the rage of his sufferings. I see the rich fool summoned away at the very moment when he was exulting in his hoards. If I look at the wise, I see Solomon with all his wisdom, acting like a fool; and I know, that if I possessed all his wisdom, were I left to myself I should act as he did. I see Ahithophel, with all his policy, hang himself, for vexation.

If I turn to men of PLEASURE, I see that the very sum of all pleasure is, that it is Satan's bed, into which he cast his slaves. I see Esau selling his birthright for a mess of pottage. If I think of HONOR, take a walk in Westminster Abbey—there is no end of all enquiry. There I walk among the mighty dead! There is the winding up of human glory! And what remains of the greatest men of the country? A boasting epitaph! None of these things can satisfy me. I must meet death—I must meet judgment—I must meet God—I must meet eternity!—*Cecil.*

NONE STAND ALONE.—It is in the providence of God that none stand alone; we touch each other; man acts on man; heart on heart; we are bound up with each other; hand is joined in hand; wheel sets wheel in motion; we are spiritually linked together, arm within arm; we cannot live alone, nor die alone; we cannot say, I will only run risks with my own soul; I am prepared to disobey the Lord for such a pleasure or such a gain, but I do not want to implicate others; I only want to be answerable for myself. This cannot be. Each living soul has its influence on others in some way and to some extent, consciously or unconsciously; each has some power, more or less, direct or indirect; one mind colors another; a child acts on children; servants on their fellow-servants; masters on those they

employ ; parents on their children ; friends on friends. Even when we do not design to influence others, when we are not thinking, in the least degree, of the effect of what we do, when we are unconscious that we have any influence at all when we do not wish our conduct or way of life to affect any but ourselves, our manner of life, our conversation, our deeds are all the while having weight somewhere or somehow ; our feeble live their impression, though we may not look behind us to see the mark.—*Sermons for Christian Seasons.*

THE WORLD'S CHANGES.—We step along yon busy street with the teeming multitude. It seems like a wave upon the restless sea, heaving and moaning onward ever. Look at the care in each man's face—the busy, troubled eye, and anxious glance : see how hurried are our fellow men, as though they were engaged in a contest with time, and it was outstripping them like a racer, on the course. See how changing is everything. Few years may have elapsed since we last looked upon that scene, but at every step we see something new. Old landmarks swept away ; the familiar places of our earlier days, have given room to novelties. We look upon the homes where those we loved once lived, but they are gone. Strange faces that stare cold ignorance into our eyes give us no welcome now by the hearth that was our childhood's home, and consecrated with its tenderest remembrances. Our fathers, where are they ? our friends, where are they ? Is time writing its wrinkles upon every brow ? and death stretching its hand over everything we love ? and change laying its sharp scythe to the roots of all the early blossoms of our hope ? So it is ; there is nothing permanent : we feel that the very earth beneath us is moving, changing, restless, and trembling under our feet to engulf us as it soon will ; we look above us, and the fleeting clouds are sailing over us, now dark, now light, but passing ever ; and we exclaim, " Will nothing rest ? will nothing stay ? "—*Rev. J. C. M. Bellev.*

DO WE KNOW HOW TO PRAY?—The Rev. Dr. Hamilton, of Leeds, while solemnly enforcing on the church its duty in reference to the conversion of the world, asks the following significant question : " And has not the church almost to learn what is the power of prayer ? What conception have we of *believing prayer*, which opens heaven ? What of *persevering prayer*, which causes us to stand continually upon the watchtower in the daytime, and which sets us in our ward whole nights ? What of *importunate prayer*, which storms heaven with its ' violence and force ? ' What of *united prayer*, ' gathering us together to ask help of the Lord ? ' What of *consistent prayer*, which regards no iniquity in our hearts ? What of *practical prayer*, which fulfils itself ? Let such prayer be understood, let our spirit but ' break with such longing, ' and the expectations of our bosoms shall not be delayed. ' And it shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer ; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear. ' "

HOW TO HEAR THE GOSPEL.—Rowland Hill paid a visit to an old friend a few years before his death, who said to him, " Mr. Hill, it is just *sixty-five* years since I heard you preach, and I remember your text and part of your sermon. You told us that some people were very squeamish about the delivery of ministers who preached the same gospel. You said, ' Suppose you were attending to hear a will read, where you expected a legacy left you, would you employ the time in criticising the manner in which the lawyer read it ? No, you would not ; you would be giving all ear to hear if anything was left to you, and how much it was. That is the way I would advise you to hear the gospel. ' " Good advice—well worth remembering for sixty-five years !

BLESSEDNESS IN SORROW.—There are times when some great sorrow has torn the mind away from its familiar supports, and laid level those defences which in prosperity seem so stable—when the most rooted convictions of the reason seem rottenness, and the blossoms of our heavenward imaginations goes up before that blast as dust—when our works and joys, and hopes, with all their multitude, and pomp and glory, seem to go down together into the pit, and the soul is left as a

garden that hath no water, and as a wandering bird cast out of the nest—in that day of trouble, and of treading down, and perplexity, the noise of viols, the mirth of the tabret, and the joy of the harp, are silent in the grave. Blessed is the man who, when cast into this utter wretchedness, far away from all creatures and from all comfort, can yet be willing, amidst all his tears and anguish, there to remain as long as God shall please.—*British Quarterly.*

PIETY.—When we speak of piety, says Dr. Spring, we mean something more than a name. By piety, we mean the religion of principle, in distinction from the religion of impulse; a spiritual religion, in distinction from a religion of forms; a religion of which the Spirit of God, and not the wisdom, or the will of man, is the author; a self-denying, and not a self-indulgent religion; a religion that has a heavenward, and not an earthly tendency; a practical religion in opposition to the abstractions of theory; a religion that is so full of Christ, that he is at the basis of all its duties and hopes, its centre, its living head, and its glory.

RESOLUTIONS FORMED UNDER ANGRY FEELINGS.—Never do any thing that can denote an angry mind; for although every body is born with a certain degree of passion, and from untoward circumstances will sometimes feel its operation, and be what they call “out of humor,” yet a sensible man or woman will never allow it to be discovered. Check and restrain it: never make any determination until you find it entirely subsided; and always avoid saying any thing that you would afterwards wish unsaid.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.—Six things, says Hamilton, are requisite to create a “happy home.” Integrity must be the architect, and tidiness the upholsterer. It must be warmed by affection, and light up with cheerfulness; and industry must be the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere and bringing in fresh salubrity day by day; while over all as a protecting canopy and glory, nothing will suffice except the blessing of God.

Poetry.

ETERNITY.

Eternity! Eternity!
 How long thou art, Eternity!
 Yet onward still to thee we speed
 As to the fight th' impatient steed,
 As ships to port, or shaft from bow,
 Or swift as couriers homeward go:
 Mark well, O man, Eternity.

Eternity! Eternity!
 How long thou art, Eternity!
 A ring whose orbit still extends,
 And ne'er beginning, never ends;
 “Always” thy centre, ring immense!
 And “never” thy circumference:
 Mark well, O man, Eternity.

Eternity! Eternity!
 How long thou art, Eternity!
 Came there a bird each thousandth year
 One sand-grain from the hills to bear,
 When all had vanished grain by grain,
 Eternity would still remain:
 MARK WELL, O MAN, ETERNITY.

Family Reading.

THE NEW-YEAR'S NIGHT OF AN UNFORTUNATE.

An old man stood at the window on a new-year's night, and with a look of sad despair gazed up to the fixed, ever bright heavens, and down upon the still, pure, white earth, on which no one was now so joyless and sleepless as himself. For his grave lay near him, covered over with the snow of age, not with the green of youth, and he had brought with him, out of all the riches of life nought but errors, sins, and diseases—a wasted body, a desolate soul, a breast full of poison, and an old age full of remorse.

The beautiful days of his youth glided around him to-night like spectres, and drew him back to that bright morning, when his father brought him to the turning of life's great highway, leading on the right in the path of religion to a broad, quiet land, full of light and harvest; and on the left, down through the mole tracks of vice, to a black pit, full of dropping poison of deadly serpents, and a gloomy sultry vapour. Alas! the serpents hang upon his breast, and the poison drops upon his tongue, and he knew not where he was. In unutterable sorrow, and well nigh bereft of sense, he cried out aloud: "Oh, give me back my youth? Oh, my father, bring me again to the turning point of life, that I may make another choice, and give myself, not to the devil, but to God!"

But his father and his youth were gone, long, long ago. He saw the meteor light darting up from the marshes, and going out in the church yard, and he exclaimed: "These are the days of my folly!" He saw a star glide from the heavens, glitter in its fall, and dissolve in the earth. "That am I," said his bleeding heart, and the serpent pangs of remorse pierced yet deeper into its wound. His excited fancy, pictured creeping *nighi wanderer's* on the roofs of the houses, the wind-mill lifted up high its threatening arms, and a mask that had been left behind in the house of the dead gradually took on his own features.

In the midst of this conflict of emotion, the music of the new-year's night flowed down from the neighboring town, like the distant tones of a church lay. He was more gently moved. He gazed upon the far off horizon, and around upon the wide earth, and he thought of the friends of his youth wiser and better than he—teachers of the world, the fathers of happy children, and blessed beings, and he said: "Oh, I too, had I been willing, might slumber as quietly as ye, and with as tearless eyes on this first night of the year! Oh, I too might now be happy, ye dear parents and friends, had I fulfilled your new-year's wishes and precepts!"

In feverish recollection upon the times of his youth, it seemed to him that the mask, bearing his own features, lifted itself up in the house of the dead:—at length by the working of that strange superstition, that sees phantoms and spectres in the shades of the new-year's night, it seemed to gather itself in the form of a living youth—in the attitude of the youth of the Capitol, plucking a thorn from his foot; and his own figure, in all the bloom of the spring of life, was in bitter mockery played out before his eyes. He could look no longer—he covered up his eyes—a thousand hot burning tears streamed down upon the white snow—he sighed out gently, comfortless and senseless. "Come back again, season of my youth—come back again, that I may make another choice, and not die God's enemy."

And it came—for all this had been a frightful dream. He was still a youth—it was only his wanderings—had been no dream. But he thanked God, that while yet young, he could turn back from the foul track of vice, and hasten to the sunny path that leads to the bright land of harvest. Turn back with him, young man if thou art in that erring way! This terrific dream will one day be thy judge; but if thou should then cry out, in bitter lamentation. "Come back beautiful season of youth!" it will never come back again.—*Translated from Jean Paul Richter.*

PUTTING RESOLUTIONS INTO PRACTICE.

At a Missionary Meeting held amongst the Negroes in the West Indies, these three resolutions were agreed upon:—

1. We will all give something.
2. We will all give as God has prospered us.
3. We will all give willingly.

So soon as the meeting was over, a leading Negro took his seat at the table, with pen and ink, to put down what each came to give. Many came forward and gave, some more, some less. Amongst those that came was a rich old Negro, almost as rich as all the others put together, and threw down upon the table a small silver coin. Like dat back again, said the Negro that received the money, "dat not be according to de second." The rich old man accordingly took it up and hobbled back again to his seat in a great rage. One after another came forward and as almost all gave more than himself, he was fairly ashamed of himself, and again threw down a piece of money on the table, saying, "Dare take dat." It was a valuable piece of gold, but it was given so ill-temperedly, that the Negro answered again, "No, dat wont do yet. It may be according to de first and second resoultion, but it not according to de last;" and he was obliged to take up his coin again. Still angry at himself and all the rest, he sat a long time, till nearly all were gone, and then came up to the table, and with a smile on his face, and very willingly gave a large sum to the Treasurer. "Very well," said the Negro. "Dat will do. Dat according to all de resolutions."

THE MISSIONARY OF KILMANY.—HIS CONVERSION.

"It was in the spring of 1812, when the preacher's text was John iii. 16, 'God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' Two young men heard that sermon, the one the son of a farmer in the parish, the other the son of one of the villagers. They met as the congregation dispersed. 'Did you feel any thing particular in church to-day?' said Alexander Paterson to his acquaintance Robert Edie, as they found themselves alone upon the road. 'I never,' he continued, 'felt myself to be a lost sinner till to-day, when I was listening to that sermon.' 'It is very strange,' said his companion, 'it was just the same with me.' They were near a plantation, into which they wandered, as the conversation proceeded. Hidden at last from all human sight, it was proposed that they should join in prayer. Both dated their conversion from that day."

The preacher was Thomas Chalmers. The two converts were the first-fruits of his ministry. The humble ploughman who that day took his place at Christ's feet, was to be honoured to do a great work for his Lord. "From that moment," was the remark of Dr. Chalmers long afterwards, "it emphatically may be said of him, that he 'did what he could;' his labours have been more blessed than those of any man I know."

Alexander Paterson was born at Kilmaly, Fifeshire 1790. His education was of the most limited kind, extending over one or two months during a few of the winters of his early childhood. As he grew up into boyhood, he was employed as a herd on the farm of Mr. Edie, the father of that Robert Edie who by and by was to become his bosom-friend. Naturally of a bland and kindly temperament, he occupied his leisure hours in the fields knitting stockings for his favourites in the village; and when the herding was over for the day, he might be seen in some neighbours garden, especially in the little plots of some aged females, digging, or raking, or planting, as earnestly as if he had been labouring for hire. The genial nature which thus early manifested itself, was to open to him in after years many a door to the hearts of the abandoned and the forlorn.

As he rose into manhood, Alexander took his place beside his father at the loom. There as in every work he undertook, he was *in earnest*. He excelled, we are informed all his fellows at weaving, both as to the amount and quality of his work. It is told of the great Foster—for he also was once at the loom—that he would often shut himself up in a neighbouring barn for a considerable time to read, and then come out and weave for two or three hours, "working," as an eye witness expressed it, "like a horse." Like Foster, the youthful weaver of Kilmaly was often missing from his shuttle. On these occasions he was sure to be found in a neighbouring stackyard with his friend of the farm, reading out of a diary lines of poetry and striking sentences, which he had culled from the well-thumbed volumes which composed his humble library.

Foster abandoned the loom, because he felt "like a foreigner in the place;" God had other work for him, and he took him elsewhere. For Alexander Paterson, also, God had other work. And, leading him by a way which he knew not, he carried forward the workman to his appointed post.

The steps were painful to the flesh. The confinement at the loom had been gradually weakening his once robust frame. In the year 1811 he was seized with an illness which was pronounced to be incipient consumption.

In the parish manse and pulpit, there had lately been witnessed unwonted scenes. "I remember," wrote Dr. Chalmers long afterwards, "that, somewhere about the year 1811, I had Wilberforce's *View* put into my hands, and, as I got on in reading it, felt myself on the eve of a great revolution in all my opinions about Christianity." For upwards of six years previous to that period, the minister had been delivering to the astonished rustics moral harangues—magnificent, indeed, in diction, and charged with the most brilliant oratory, but ignoring the conscience of the sinner, and ignoring the grace of God. At last, however, he had been taken to a sick-bed, and a new light had there begun to dawn. "I am now," is his own subsequent allusion to the crisis through which his soul had passed, "I am now most thoroughly of opinion, and it is an opinion founded on experience, that on the system of 'Do this and live,' no peace, and even no true and worthy obedience, can ever be attained. It is, 'Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.' When this belief enters the heart, joy and confidence enter along with it. We look to God in a new light, we see him as a reconciled Father; that love to him which terror scares away, re-enters the heart, and with a new principle and a new power, we become new creatures in Jesus Christ our Lord."

The preacher had become a new man. "Had more intimate communion with God in solitary prayer," is the entry in his diary on November 4, "than I had ever felt before; and my sentiment was a total, an unreserved, and a secure dependence on Christ the Saviour. O may I enjoy His cross, and may it be all my glory." And the man had become a new preacher. "May I give," is his entry on a Sabbath evening a fortnight afterwards, "my most strenuous efforts to the great work of preparing a people for eternity."

It was whilst this work was going forward in the heart and in the pulpit of the minister, that the disabled weaver was first awakened to concern about his soul.

The sickness startled him. At his father's request, the minister visited him. The first meeting was curious. "When he saw the minister coming towards the house," says our informant, "he made his escape as fast as possible." As yet he did not know the largeness of heart, and the tender, kindly sympathy, of him who was ere long to be his spiritual father.

Another meeting—in striking contrast with the first—soon followed. It is recorded by Dr. Chalmers in his journal thus:—

"December 26th 1811.—Had a call in the evening from A. Paterson, who had been reading 'Baxter on Conversion,' and is much impressed by it. A. P. finds that he cannot obtain a clear view of Christ. O God, may I grow in experience and capacity for the management of these cases! It is altogether a new field to me, but I hope that my observations will give stability to my views and principles on this subject, and that my senses will be exercised to discern good and evil."

The manse-study witnessed many such meetings. No time was grudged by the minister, which was spent in the all-important work of guiding distressed souls to the Saviour. It was "altogether a new field to him," but it was the field which of all others he now delighted to cultivate. Never had John Bonthron, the parish newsmonger, been in former days more welcome at the manse, than was now an awakened sinner.

Two anxious inquirers were often there that winter. The same stirring ministrations which touched the conscience of Alexander Paterson, had come home to the heart of Robert Edie. At one time separately, at another time together, the two-friends might be seen of an evening entering the manse-door, bent on the all momentous errand. "With all the kindness of his manner," says our informant, "and clearness of his intellect, Dr. Chalmers on these occasions opened up to both enquirers the way of life." Not unfrequently, our informant adds, the conversation became so engrossing that they did not leave the manse till two o'clock in the morning, when, instead of returning home to sleep, Paterson, who had now removed to a farm some miles distant, and was engaged at the plough, arrived in time only to commence the operations of the day.

Instructing scenes, these night colloquies! Let the reader try to picture them. "I have a very lively recollection," says Robert Edie, depicting a kindred scene, witnessed by him in the following year, "of the intense earnestness of his addresses on occasions of visitation in my father's house, when he would unconsciously move forward on his chair to the very margin of it, in his anxiety to impart to the family and servants the impressions of eternal things, which so filled his own soul." It was thus he laboured, hour after hour, to remove the difficulties and dispel the anxieties of the inquirers at these lengthened interviews. Like the Master at the well, he forgot his fatigues in his efforts to lead to the fountain one thirsting soul.

“Prayers and pains,” he used to say, quoting the favourite apothegm of John Elliot, “Prayers and pains can do any thing.” His prayers and pains the Lord blessed. The scene in the plantation, given in our opening paragraph, indicates the result. Like their teacher a year before, the two inquirers found peace in believing. An entry in Dr. Chalmers’s journal seems to indicate the breaking forth of his sunshine,—“*Sunday, March 1st.* Alexander Paterson, who called on me yesterday, called on me to-night also. He tells me that he has obtained more comfort.” And what kind of comfort is meant, we may gather from another sentence in the same entry, expressing his own. “I had a very near and intimate preception of my Saviour this evening. I felt joyful communion with God.”

But the reader shall hear the outpouring of the new convert’s heart. “I hope,” we find him writing to his friend Robert Edie, in 1812, “you are putting on strong resolutions to follow your great Redeemer, who came from the bosom of his Father, and tabernacled among sinful men. The time is drawing near, that we are to commemorate that awful event which took place at Jerusalem. Oh! the love of Christ—it passes all understanding. ‘Come saith the Lord, let us reason together; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.’ Now, we are to sit down at the table of the Lord. We enlist ourselves to that great Captain of our salvation. We, therefore, must take the helmet of salvation, and the breastplate of faith.”

“It is not in man that walketh,” he adds, “to direct his steps. We must pray to God for his Spirit to help us in time of need. And this is a time of great need; for the devil will be going about like a roaring lion, to cast us down into the pit. Oh, my lovely friend, what think you of Christ? Do you find some warm love burning in your breast?”

After the two converts had been at the table, he again writes:—“I hope, my dear Robert, you have tasted that the Lord is gracious. We have enlisted ourselves to be his faithful soldiers, to fight under him; and he will be a faithful Captain. Oh, Robert! as we have vowed to be the Lord’s, may we defer not to pay our vows now unto him who is worthy to receive all honour and glory. Since we have tasted his body, may this be a means of dethroning sin that has so much dominion over us. May we live no longer to ourselves, but to Him who died for our sins, but is risen again. Oh that we could bear about with us the dying of our Lord! Oh that our thoughts were always settled upon him, and our conversation becoming the Gospel; for we must be Christians, not in word only, but in deed also.

“We must make head,” he continues, “against sin now. We must be forgetting the things which are behind, and be pressing on towards those things which are before. O God, do thou take up thy abode in each of our hearts! Oh, perfect thy strength in our weakness, and make thy grace sufficient for us! O Lord, hold up our goings! Let not our footsteps slip out of thy ways.”

And in another letter, also dated 1812,—“I wish that we could have our conversation in the heavens, then would sin become evil and loathsome in our eyes. Oh, may we be often at the throne of grace pouring out our hearts before God!”

These letters were written from the “Bothy” of a farm in the neighbouring parish of Logie, to which Alexander Paterson had removed after recovering from his illness. The friends used still to meet at the church of Kilmany each returning Sabbath. “I well remember,” says one who was a member of the congregation, “seeing Alexander Paterson seated before the pulpit, and how intense was the earnestness of his expression, whilst the truths of the gospel were so strikingly and faithfully delivered.” “When the service was over,” remarks the biographer of Chalmers, “his friend, Robert Edie, generally conveyed him part of the way home. About one hundred yards from the road along which they travelled, in the thickly-screened seclusion of a close plantation, and under the shade of a branching fir-tree, the two friends found a quiet retreat, where, each returning Sabbath evening, the Eye that seeth in secret looked down upon these two youthful disciples of the Saviour on their knees; and for an hour their ardent prayers alternately ascended to the throne of grace. The practice was continued for years, till a private footpath of their own had been opened to the trysting-tree.—*Rev. John Baillie.*

A SINGLE THREAD.

I recollect, in my childhood, a story I somewhere read making on me a very deep impression. To this day I not have lost it. It was the story of a venturesome lad who followed the dangerous craft of gathering bird’s eggs from the cliffs on the wild west

shores of Ireland. Some of these cliffs rise sheer from the water's edge many hundred feet in height, and to look even from their margin down on the white hovering sea-birds that haunt them in flocks, and on the surfy waves far beneath, is enough to fill the eye and brain with terror. Picture, then, what it must be to be lowered down midway over their face in a sort of wicker basket, attached by a single rope, as is the custom with many of the natives, who make a kind of livelihood by taking the eggs of the wild fowl from the shelves and crannies of the rocks!

In the case of which I wish to tell you, a pair of very large and fierce eagles had made their nest on a jutting point that was seen hanging far out above the abyss. It was a point the boldest climber had never set foot upon, and for long in their eyry the eagles made their home, and reared their young undisturbed. At last a young man formed the daring resolve that he would rob the nest. The basket was prepared—its rope was fastened in the usual way by a party who were to wait his signals on the top of the cliff, and armed only with a large knife or hanger, the youth, in his frail cage-like apparatus, began to descend. Slowly but safely he reached the giddy platform. A couple of young eagles lay huddled in the nest, but the parent birds were absent. It was an opportunity not to be lost; so, joyfully seizing the unfledged birds, he was about to give the signal that he should be hoisted up, when suddenly the air above him became darkened, and looking upward, he beheld the two parent eagles casting a fearful shadow, and with a fell swoop and wild screams hovering just above his head. They were so near that he could see the fiery glare of their eyes, and the huge talons that were spread out as if to rend him in pieces. Presence of mind failed him, and, instead of giving the signal, as he should have done, to be raised, with his drawn knife he made a stroke at one of the eagles, as it swept so near as to fan his face with the edge of its wing. Horrible to relate, instead of striking the bird, the knife struck the rope by which the basket hung. Yet it was a side stroke, and the rope was not severed quite through. It was parted all but a *single thread!* What a moment of stricken horror!

The great foaming abyss below, that made the head now whirl to look down—and all that saved him from it, only this *single thread!* And where the gush had been made, too, was just so high up as to be beyond the reach of his hand to grasp over it. For a minute he dared not stir. His eye was wild—his face was blanched—the next breath might carry him into the hideous depth. Yet for dear life he made one great venture—he sprang clear of the basket, catching, as he did so, desperately at the rope above its divided threads—the effort was successful, although no more than barely so—just over the *single thread* his hand seized the cord with a grasp of iron; those on the cliffs felt the strain, and fearing some peril had befallen, they began to raise it by a quick and timely effort. In a few minutes the young man was brought safely to the solid ground above, but as the story tells, by the horror of that brief but awful period his hair was bleached white as the locks of age.

Whether, dear readers, the *single thread* of this story be a fiction or no, I cannot say; but I am quite sure that, in the lives of those who are not safe in Jesus, it is an awfully true thing. They hang over a gulf—oh, how dark, deep, and full of terror! The life God gives in this world is the cord by which they hang, but then it is a cord so slim and fragile, that any moment it may snap. And what then? Nay, so bad is the case of some, that with their own hands they do blindly and rashly cut it almost in twain. Every sin is just a cutting of the soul in this way off from God—it is a severing of the cord well nigh through, even till but a *single thread* remains. How long, long, and patiently God attaches some souls to Himself, by no more than this single thread, giving yet a chance, waiting yet in mercy, not willing yet that they should perish! Then, when some are awakened to their danger, how desperate often does the case seem! The *single thread*—the stroke given then cannot be recalled—the gulf below! Yet, one great effort, if the heart has courage to make it, may save the soul, after all, alive. Above the thread *He* stands who is mighty to save. The instant He feels the anguished grasp, and hears the heart's deep and stricken cry, that instant He makes haste to help. He is sure to rescue—so as by fire, it may be the case of many, yet He is sure to rescue. Reader, put Jesus to the test in this way—try his strong arms, instead of hanging over the brink of eternity by a *single thread*. Cast yourself on these, and swift and certain He will draw you up out of all dangers, into the Father's rest!—*Juvenile Missionary Record.*