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THE  
CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

VOL. IX.

TORONTO, JANUARY, 1863.

No. 7.

REDEEM THE TIME.

Another turn of the wheel of Time has brought us to the opening of a New Year. We hasten with kindly feelings to present our cordial salutations to our readers. Our good wishes for their future prosperity we turn into a prayer, that grace, mercy and peace, may be multiplied to them all. The year that is spent in the enjoyment of spiritual good cannot fail to be a happy one. May each succeeding wave of the rolling stream of life bear on its bosom treasures of grace to their souls; may each earnest throb of the old heart of time find them tireless and strong in their trust for mercy; may each step on the road which they travel over, before they come to cross the dark waters of Jordan, be taken with the peace of God reigning in their hearts. Can this be realized without redeeming the time? Wisdom will gather lessons from the past, and, refusing to settle down in hopeless despondency over the sins and sorrows, trials and temptations, bounties and blessings that are gone, will bravely apply itself to the working out of the problem of life; that it may be a life of faith on the Son of God, who loved us, and gave himself for us. The winter wind sweeps over the grave of a departed year; buried there is the record of its deeds, till God in judgment shall read them out; already a new page is turned which is to be written with the events of 1863. There is a column for every individual; the deeds done in the body are registered in heaven. Reader, what shall the entry be in your case? While God holds the pen you can make your mark. The future is to us all unknown, and yet, regulated by the principles of the gospel, we may look forward with the brightness of hope. Plans for the future are laid out by all sorts of men, the merchant, the farmer, the lawyer, the physician, the statesman, all have their purpose; it is well when that recognizes the will of God, and takes into account the certainty of death. The Christian too has his plan of life; let it be diligently studied, calmly matured, and faithfully carried out, and then every year of work will add something to its completion. Should not Christian churches also, ask how much can we do this year for Jesus? What plans of an aggressive and benevolent character have been formed? To make this year a happy one it must be filled with deeds of kindness—deeds of love. To aid in suggesting plans of effort to save souls, we gladly insert the following striking thoughts, from an exchange paper:

(1.) "As the basis idea, each church is responsible before God for the salvation of every soul within its sphere of influence, and can only be discharged of

that responsibility by an honest persevering effort for it. This idea, realized, will give a new life to the church which is asleep at this point.

(2.) "A concerted movement upon the part of the pastor and his faithful people. We would rely upon the agencies which are providentially raised up—let them seek extraordinary power.

(3.) "The field should be explored, religious reading circulated, and there should be faithful religious conversation with each man, woman, and child of sufficient age to comprehend it; such extra meetings should be appointed as are providentially indicated, whether private prayer meeting, public prayer meeting, sermons, etc., whether every day or occasionally.

(4.) "If there be none to help him, the preacher sent to save men, must alone attempt this work, and do what he can, relying upon the plain, faithful preaching of the gospel, which never has been and never can be a failure—so preached that men must feel, and following it with such other work as he can perform.

(5.) "There should be general prayer and strong faith for the outpouring of the Holy Ghost.

"In our opinion there is too little preaching of an awakening character. For what is the law given? What were the feelings of Paul as he said, 'Knowing the terrors of the law, we persuade men?' He not only taught and persuaded, he 'warned men.' Men must be started from the sleep of sin.

"We believe there is a general longing for a revival. It may come upon our thirsty soil.

"O Young Preacher! Does ambition lure you? Do you think of fame when preparing your sermons? Brother, you are sent to save men! In your youthful sympathies you are strong for persuasion. Come, brother, be this your aim—to win the souls for whom was the anguish of Gethsemane!

"O Venerable Minister! Where the fire of other days? Where the appeals that melted, the exhortations that stirred? Oh, tell us not that you have no longer a commission to the impenitent! We will not believe it. How can it be that you, skilled in applying the saving truths of the gospel, can walk among dying men who need them and have no call to help them! It is not so.

"May the present be made the most glorious year of the church!"

## PERSONAL HUMILIATION AND FASTING.

Our aim in advancing a few thoughts on this subject is, to bring what we fear is a neglected, but nevertheless a beneficial practice, into consideration. We believe that it is profitable to the soul to inquire, on scriptural principles and before God, Is it well with thee? Doubt in ourselves, or in the minds of others, as to the presence and power of religion, must arise in a great degree from the want of growth in grace. That heavenly seed, sown in the heart, is intended with vigorous and healthy shoots to push its way upwards; first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear. Free from weeds and briars, the garden of the soul, when diligently cultivated, will bloom as blessed of the Lord. No amount of favourable circumstances can, however, produce growth, if the precious seed has never been sown. Our remarks, therefore, are meant to bear on those of whom there is hope. A sadly defective state of religion may exist, starting a train of mournful reflections and vain regrets. What, then, is duty? Surely not passively to submit to this mournful condition. It is time to awake out of sleep. Unless a ship is well ballasted, it suffers disaster in a high wind; so the storm of temptation will wreck the soul without true religion. The voyage will end in loss, with pride at the helm, and vain conceit as a cargo. Personal humiliation before God is

urgent. *To this end, we recommend the allotment of a portion of time for a calm review of our state in the sight of God, accompanied with prayer and fasting.* Long absence from school necessitates the scholar to review former lessons in regaining his standing, and can the Christian be recovered from the dangerous influence of past neglect, without a renewed consecration of himself in covenant to the Lord? Time is to be redeemed and set apart to this object. A suitable season for this is the opening of another year. The voices of the past come with thrilling power;—remember how it was with you in days that are past, in years that are gone. Let not the pressure of business prevent this solemn work. If so crowded with lawful duties, the greater need exists of seeing well to the interests of the immortal soul. Why should the power of the world to come prove weaker than that of the present? It may be pleaded that the ordinary means of grace are enough, and that it is a work of supererogation to set apart a special time for humiliation and fasting. We reply, ordinary means are to be highly prized, especially the Sabbath; yet the sadly defective state of religion in the soul of which we speak, leaves us in the use of ordinary means lacking life. The body is there; where is the soul? The shadow is there; where is the substance? The form is there; where is the power? Is it not time to pause, and solemnly to ask, wherefore are we left as the heath in the desert? Can the review be brief that includes our failures, our errors, our wanderings, our forgetfulness, our ingratitude, our coldness, our deadness? Further, it may be said, that the use of spare moments might do; that if the minutes that are at every man's disposal each day were rightly used for devotion, the end would be gained. This we admit; but such a state of affairs indicates health. Nothing but an active condition of the religious affections could produce that constant living and breathing in an atmosphere of devotion. A joyous state exists when the reign of winter is over and gone. Our present inquiry is as to the most likely means to bring about that blessed change. The quick, clear eye may catch a glimpse of the King in his beauty in a moment; far otherwise is it with the slumberer that must awake and rub away the film of earthliness. Would you have a weapon fit for effective use?—the rust which has grown over it in the scabbard cannot be wiped off; it must be rubbed or scoured till bright.

We are aware of an existing disposition to slight the Christian duty of fasting. It is more than hinted that correct views of the divine benevolence tend to discourage and discourage the practice. We fail to see, however, any antagonism between correct views of the perfections of the Godhead, and the exercise of self-denial for a great and good end; the more especially when that objected to is sanctioned by the Old and New Testament. Besides, are not the bounties of God the more enjoyed when we see ourselves unworthy of them? The question further arises, whether from the tendencies of the age there is not a decided call to the duty of personal fasting, which has fallen sadly into disuse. There are so many activities in our day, that the contemplative element in our Christianity is apt to be overlooked. The old hermits that shut themselves out from the world, pushed to an extreme a truth which ought not to be forgotten. Retirement is necessary for recuperation. Religion, to be strong, must have reasons for devotion. The foundations that are laid deep and far out of sight, sustain the towers that glitter in the sun-light of heaven. Roots that spread wide and run deep, draw nourish-

ment to the boughs that groan with golden fruit. Hidden springs are struck in the bosom of the earth, which overflow on its surface. Plowing in the closet prepares for the harvest in the life. We therefore desire that amid zeal for the welfare of others, due attention be given to individual prosperity, lest it be said, "Mine own vineyard have I not kept."

Fasting has doubtless been abused, especially in vain distinctions of meats, and in the superstitious observance of days, while it may have often ministered to the self-righteousness of the unsubdued sinner. That it may be seen, however, to rest, when properly observed, on scriptural authority, the following passages may be consulted:—Lev. xxiii. 27-29; Joel, ii. 12; 1 Samuel, vii. 3-13; Pal. cix. 24, lxix. 10; 2 Chron. xx. 1-30; Jonah, iii. 4-10; Daniel, ix. 1-3; Esther, iv. 3; Ezra, viii. 21; Neh. i. 1-11, ix. 1-3; Luke, ii. 36 & 37; Acts, x. 30; Matt. vi. 16-18, ix. 15; Acts, xiii. 2 & 3, xiv. 23; 1 Cor. vii. 5; 2 Cor. vi. 4 & 5. The comment of Andrew Fuller, on Matt. vi. 16, is as follows:—"Fasting is supposed to be the ordinary practice of the godly. Christ does not make light of it, but merely cautions them against its abuses. There has doubtless been much formality and hypocrisy, in some who have attended to it; but it does not follow that the thing itself should be neglected. It is an appendage to prayer, and designed to aid its importunity. It is humbling and in a manner chastising ourselves before God. The spirit of it is expressed in the following passages: 'So do God to me, and more also, if I taste bread, or aught else, till the sun be down.' 'Surely I will not come into the tabernacle of my house, nor go up into my bed; I will not give sleep to mine eyes, nor slumber to mine eye-lids, until I find out a place for the Lord, an habitation for the mighty God of Jacob.' No mention is made of the time, or how often the duty should be attended to. It seems proper on various occasions, especially when, as the scripture phrase is, we 'set ourselves to seek the Lord.' It is only a *means*, however: if rested in as an *end*, it will be an abomination in the sight of God. In the direction of our Lord concerning it, respect is had to the *principle* of things, rather than to the things themselves. A *sad countenance*, if it be expressive of a sad heart, and in our secret approaches to God, has nothing in it improper; the evil consists in counterfeit sadness and ostentatious grief. Whatever be your concern of mind, make no show of it before men, but rather appear, when in company, as at other times. Let all be between thyself and thy Father, 'who seeth in secret.'" Neander, remarking on the practice, as observed by the primitive Christians, says: "Although Christians did not by any means retire from the business of life, yet they were accustomed to devote many separate days entirely to examining their own hearts, and pouring them out before God, while they dedicated their life anew to him with uninterrupted prayers, in order that they might again return to their ordinary occupations with a renovated spirit of zeal and seriousness, and with renewed powers of sanctification. These days of holy devotion, days of prayer and penitence, which individual Christians appointed for themselves, according to their individual necessities, were often a kind of fast days. In order that their sensual feelings might less distract and impede the occupation of their hearts with its holy contemplations, they were accustomed on these days to limit their corporeal wants more than usual, or to fast entirely. In the consideration of this, we must overlook the peculiar nature of that hot climate in which Chris-

tianity was first promulgated. That which was spared by their abstinence on these days, was applied to the support of the poorer brethren."

Some have objected to fasting as savouring of Popery. That it has been grossly abused by the devotees of Rome, is unquestionable. The sentiments of the Reformers are nevertheless decided in approbation of the practice. This fact is clearly established by public confessions and private opinion. *The Latter Confession of Helvetia* says, "Fasting is either public or private. In old times they celebrated public fasts in troublesome times, and in the affliction of the Church, wherein they abstained altogether from meat unto the evening, and bestowed all that time in holy prayers, the worship of God, and repentance. Private fasts are used of every one of us, according as every one feeleth the spirit weakened in him. For so far forth he withdraweth that which might cherish and strengthen the flesh. All fasts ought to proceed from a free and willing spirit, and such a one as is truly humbled, and not framed to win applause and liking of men, much less to the end that a man might merit righteousness by them. But let every one fast to this end, that he may deprive the flesh of that which might cherish it, and that he may the more zealously serve God." Also the *Confession of Bohemia* says, "Touching true and Christian fasting, we teach that it is an outward work of faith, comprehending in it worship, which is done by exercising the body to abstinence, joining therewith all prayers, and giving of alms, and that it is due to God alone; and that among Christians, according as their strength will suffer and their affairs and business desire and permit, at what time soever they use it, in any society, either general or particular, it must be done without hypocrisy or superstition, as the holy scriptures do witness; and Paul, among other things, doth thus write of it: '*Let us approve ourselves as the ministers of God, by fasting;*' and Christ saith, '*Then shall they fast;*' and again, Paul, in another place, '*that ye may give yourselves to prayer and fasting.*'" Calvin says: "Holy and true fasting hath three ends; for we use it either to make lean and subdue the flesh, that it should not wax wanton; or, that we may be better disposed to prayer and holy meditation; or, that it should be a testimony of our humbling ourselves before God, when we are willing to confess our guilt before him." (Instit., book iv. cap. 12.) This may suffice to meet the objection that the practice is Popish in its character, while the opinions of preëminently great and good men since the era of the Reformation may further show that it was not from the lingering shadows of superstition that they thus felt. Archbishop Usher, in *Summe and Substance of Christian Religion*, says: "Fasting is a religious abstinence, commanded of God, whereby we forbear the use not only of meat and drink, but also of all other earthly comforts and commodities of this life, so far as necessity and comeliness will suffer; to the end that we, being humbled and afflicted in our souls by the due consideration of our sins and punishments, may, grounded upon the promises of God, either for the obtaining of some singular benefit or special favour we have need of, or for avoiding of some special punishment or notable judgment hanging over our heads, or already pressed upon us. \* \* \* The Apostles themselves had need of this help of fasting, for their further humiliation; and that even after the ascension of our Saviour Christ, when the graces of God were most abundant upon them. Wherefore it is a shameful thing for men to say that fasting is Jewish or

ceremonial. \* \* \* A private fast is when, upon the view either of public causes not considered of by such as are in authority, or of the like but more private occasion, as domestic or personal, a Christian is moved, either with his family or special friends, or by himself solitarily, to humble himself before the Lord." In the Life of Brainerd, *President Edwards* writes thus: "But particularly his example and success with regard to one duty, in an especial manner, may be of great use to both ministers and private Christians; I mean the duty of *secret fasting*. The reader has seen how much Mr. Brainerd recommends this duty, and how frequently he exercised himself in it; nor can it well have escaped observation, how much he was owned and blessed in it, and of what great benefit it evidently was to his soul. Among all the many days he spent in secret fasting and prayer, that he gives an account of in his diary, there is scarce an instance of one but what was either attended or soon followed in the apparent success, and a remarkable blessing in special increase and consolations of God's Spirit—and very often before the day was ended. But it must be observed, that when he set about this duty, he did it in good earnest, 'stirring himself up to take hold of God,' and 'continuing instant in prayer,' with much of the spirit of Jacob, who said to the angel, 'I will not let thee go except thou bless me.'" To this it may suffice to add the following extract from the *Memoirs of Payson*: "It is moreover true, that the most eminent saints of ancient and later times have devoted frequent seasons to private fasting and prayer; and the practice may therefore be ranked among the essential means of rapid and extensive growth in grace. It were well for individuals, it were well for the Church, if the practice should revive and become common. There are some distinguished labourers in the vineyard of the Lord, who practise the essential duty here recommended, not so much by totally abstaining from food beyond the accustomed intervals, as by 'denying themselves' at every meal, and using a spare and simple diet at all times; a course well adapted to preserve both mind and body in the best condition for biblical research and devotional exercises. This modification of the duty was much practised by Mr. Payson, and strongly recommended by him to the members of his church. He would have them, when fasting on their own private account, not 'appear unto men to fast,' but come to the table, which was spread for their families, with a cheerful countenance, and partake sparingly of its provisions.'"

Thus far have we written in illustration of a means of grace which we fear is not in much repute; nor can we leave off before pointing out the substantial and essential part of it as consisting in deep humiliation before God. By sin we are shorn of the locks of our strength. Its degradation is realized, and we say, against Thee, Thee only have we sinned. Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord, and he shall lift you up. When sin sits lightly on the conscience, when excuses are formed to conceal its hideousness, surely there is no contrition. A broken and a contrite spirit, God will not despise. Sin is bitter to the enlightened soul. Seen in its true colours, it is black as hell; loathsome and malignant, it is felt as a burning coal in the bosom, to be cast away; or as defiling pitch on the garments, to be removed. Mourning on account of sin, the cry is, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" That with which we are vexed may come forth only by prayer and fasting. Lowliness of soul is deepened by a review

of one's past life. It is right to set apart a time for such retrospect. Our childhood, our youth, our riper years, or even our old age, afford much cause of sorrow and abasement. Have the things of God been first? What have we been living for? Set in order sins of omission and commission. Take the ten commandments; mark what is required, ponder what is forbidden. Our hope is not from the law. Moses suites us. The law is holy, while we are carnal, sold under sin. It is, however, from an apprehension of the mercy of God in Christ that true Christian humiliation flows. At the cross we lie lowest; there we see our sins. An unbelieving heart is frozen; the ice melts by the warmth of a Saviour's love—they shall look on Him whom they have pierced, and mourn, every family apart, and every individual apart. Sin, as portrayed in the sorrows of the Son of God, appears exceeding sinful. Wherefore we abhor ourselves, and repent in dust and ashes. Sadly are the garments of sackcloth worn; still, "blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." He takes us from the fearful pit, and from the miry clay. Lifted high on the Rock of Ages above every storm, eternal sunshine begins to settle on our heads. Hope has touched the soul—live, it cries. Night is chased away by the morning light. Such are the results of humiliation before God, while the influence of that abasement appears in consistency of life, for the humble men are the strong men.

Finally, feeling assured that a proud spirit interferes with the progress of the cause of Christ, and that there is no blessing descending on the land adequate to the means employed, every individual whose heart the Lord hath touched, should set his face unto the Lord God, to seek by prayer and supplications, with confession of sin, an abundant outpouring of the Holy Spirit. "O Lord, hear; O Lord, forgive; O Lord, hearken and do. Defer not, for thine own sake, O my God; for thy city and thy people are called by thy name."

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#### UNITED PRAYER.

Invitations to observe a week of especial and united prayer, at the beginning of the year 1863, have we trust met with a cordial and general response in Canada. Former years have demonstrated the value of such calls. Many have felt the quickening power of continuing in prayer, while brethren of various churches have been brought together in closer bonds of brotherhood. May we not also feel that the united efforts made in several of our cities for the revival of the work of God, and even now graciously crowned with success, are closely allied to these special supplications. Abounding prayer will surely secure an abundant blessing.

A circular issued by the Evangelical Alliance says—

"The manifest blessings by which these seasons have been marked, render it imperative upon us to repeat them. Christians of every country and name are therefore affectionately recommended to set apart the eight days, January 4-11, inclusive, of the ensuing year, for simultaneous and earnest supplication with thanksgiving to Him who has commanded—"Pray without ceasing. In every thing give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you."

The topics suggested for a prominent place in exhortations and intercessions are—

Sabbath,	Jan. 4.	Sermons on the Dispensation of the Spirit.
Monday,	" 5.	Humble confession of our manifold sins.
Tuesday,	" 6.	The conversion of the ungodly.
Wednesday,	" 7.	Increased spirituality and holiness in the children of God.
Thursday,	" 8.	Blessing on missionary labour among Jews, heathen, &c.
Friday,	" 9.	The word of God: its recognition and circulation. The Lord's day: its sanctity and obligations.
Saturday,	" 10.	Thanksgiving for mercies. Prayer for kings, &c.
Sabbath,	" 11.	Sermons. The praying church.

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## Trans-Atlantic Retrospect.

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The distress of the unemployed in Lancashire has been *the topic* of the British press of the last month, as its alleviation was *the work* which engrossed the thoughts and called forth the liberality of the British people, to an extent never before witnessed, as happily it was never before required, at any period in their history. The contributions to the relief fund were estimated to amount to the magnificent sum of £70,000 per week, of which £30,000 were given by suffering Lancashire itself! It is gratifying to learn by recent advices, that "there is a welcome gleam of light on the fringe of the dark cloud that overhangs the cotton districts," still, scores of thousands of the operatives will have to receive aid during the winter months. Experience is convincing those conversant with the facts of the case, that it is now better to send contributions direct to Manchester than to London, more efficient oversight in its distribution being thus secured. The Central Congregational Relief Committee is doing a good work in assisting the members of our sister churches in Lancashire, who had been rendered destitute by the common calamity. All remittances to be dispensed through its agency should be sent to the order of the Rev. R. M. Davies, Oldham, the financial secretary.

*The following article will be read with interest :*

THE CONGREGATIONALISTS, THE BI-CENTENARY, AND THE LANCASHIRE OPERATIVES. —On Sunday week, the Rev. Andrew Reed, B.A., of Preston, on the occasion of the Cannon Street Chapel Anniversary, referred in his sermon to the above subjects as follows:—"This has been a marked and wondrous year. If we in this district have been sorely tried and straitened. it may do us good to look out and see what others have been doing. Take only our Congregational body, not a very large religious community, nor very rich, yet during this Bicentenary year we have raised £131,000 as a memorial fund, which before the year ends will probably be £200,000. Besides this, during the last three years we have collected for our Pastors' Retiring Fund £30,000. In 1861, with no special effort, we opened 96 new chapels, at a cost of £121,000; enlarged 38, and improved 73, at an entire cost of £151,000; thus accommodating 70,000 more persons at worship, in 200 new or enlarged chapels. In 1861 we spent on chapels, schools, &c., and a college, £215,000. So much for an ordinary year. But the results of 1862 cast this into the shade. We shall open, before the year closes, 300 new chapels, with 165,000 more sittings, at a cost of £495,000. Of this effort, the share of Lancashire, amid all our deep troubles, is thirty new chapels, at a cost of £110,000. One of these is in course of erection at Preston. Surely this is a noble proof of zeal for the house of the Lord. At the same time our Congregational churches

have raised £6,000 for their distressed brethren in this district, and will do much more, besides sustaining their share towards the general relief fund of this town and the county, to which most important call of humanity I make bold to say, whoever may gainsay it, they have given their full share. How glorious the spectacle of public charity! We have 152,000 persons out of employ, 119,000 on short time, and the weekly loss of wages is reckoned at £130,000—an awful necessity. Toward this already the public subscription is nearly £400,000, and will probably reach £1,000,000. Even now the Manchester committee can expend £25,000 per month for five months. Three coal-firms in Pendleton are giving 2,000 tons of coal, and others in Ashton and Oldham 3,500. This is splendid liberality: but with all this, what is £25,000 a month, or about £5,000 a week, against £130,000 a week of lost wages? And are we in Lancashire making no sacrifices? Ours is the most splendid contribution of all to national honour. We bear the brunt of a just but severe policy, and all the horrors of a voluntary blockade. With fever and famine, bankruptcy and idleness, agony of the sufferers and exhaustion of the relievers, the great iron wheel seems crushing gradually every class and interest. Yesterday it was the operatives, to-day it is the shopkeepers, to-morrow it must be the manufacturers. Grandly patient and heroic is the attitude of the people—unbroken through months of hardships such as few other districts would have borne. The passing disturbance at Blackburn is no breach of this, for it sprang out of the provocation of the recent new Game Act, which I denounce as one of the most selfish acts of an aristocracy at a time like this. Still, it were better to bear even this patiently than incur the worst evils of turbulence and crime. And amid all this want, where is the district freer even now from crimes of violence and plunder? The metropolis is increasing its police force at the present moment, when half-starving Lancashire knows no increase of alarm. No sacrifices here? History will record them. When will government awake and see our real condition, and by some general legislative rate, hardly felt by the nation, or by some European peaceful mediation, come to the rescue of a blameless people before Lancashire collapses in a manner which will take years to recover? Let us gather together often to pray; let us exert ourselves to give. We have some employers of labour among us—not the wealthiest or largest; but they have been among the first to care effectively for the welfare of their people. I have heard some of their workpeople with flowing eyes speak of them as fathers and saviours in this bitter hour of those who work for them." Upwards of £30 was collected for the building fund of Cannon Street Chapel at the close of the service.

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DEATH OF THE REV. JAS. BENNETT, D. D.

Our obituary this week chronicles the death of one of the patriarchs of London Nonconformity. It is nearly sixty years ago since Dr. Bennett united with Dr. Bogue in writing the "History of English Dissenters," and only last week he died. Dr. Bennett was one of the "four B's" of the London of our early youth, and for many years has been the only dissenting minister living who saw the "Dove" sail to the South Seas, on her first missionary voyage. He was a man of ripe attainments, of active and industrious habits, and a solid and useful preacher. His name will be missed amongst us, although he has not been before the public for many years. *He is dead, and now, "the fathers—where are they?"*

By the decease of Dr. Bennett at a ripe old age, another of the standard-bearers of evangelical truth and Nonconformity has been gathered to his fathers. This venerable divine expired on Thursday afternoon last, at his residence in Gibson Square, Islington, having reached the advanced age of eighty-nine. He died rather of the gradual decay of a strong and wiry constitution, than from any particular disease, and suffered comparatively little pain in his last moments.

Dr. Bennett was educated for the ministry at Gosport, and commenced preaching in 1792. For fifteen years he was President of Rotherham college, Yorkshire,

and in 1828, he accepted the charge of the church and congregation assembling at Falcon Square, Aldersgate street. Here he remained, presiding over an attached congregation, until the end of 1860, when increasing age and infirmities counselled his retirement. On that occasion his people and other friends took the opportunity of shewing their esteem and affection for Dr. Bennett by the public presentation to him of a handsome time-piece and a purse of 300*l.* In the fear of being unable to be present, the venerable patriarch had prepared a written reply, and was represented by one of his sons, Dr. Risdon Bennett, physician at St. Thomas's Hospital. But Dr. Bennett did attend, though his infirmities prevented him from hearing a word of what passed. On the presentation of the memorial emblazoned on vellum, he stood up amid great bodily weakness, and proceeded with extraordinary energy to address the assembly, expatiating on by-gone days, and the goodness of God to him and his people. It is described as having been a very affecting spectacle. Amongst the ministers who took part in the proceedings were the Revs. Dr. Tidman, Campbell, the Rev. Mr. Hollis, and the Rev. J. S. Hiall, Dr. Bennett's successor. The Rev. T. Binney, who was unable to attend, wrote a cordial letter expressing his deep interest in "the venerable patriarch in his wonderful old age," and his affectionate admiration for him. Thus, after *sixty-two years* of an honoured ministry and of public service in the cause of his Master, Dr. Bennett retired into private life in 1860.

Dr. Bennett will perhaps be better remembered for his theological works than for his eminence as an Independent minister. He was the author of a treatise on "Justification by Faith," "Lectures on the Acts of the Apostles," and at an earlier period obtained some celebrity by bringing out with Dr. Bogue the well-known "History of Dissent."

The remains of the deceased minister will be interred in Abney Park Cemetery to-morrow (Thursday) at one o'clock. The funeral sermon will be preached by the Rev. S. M'All of Hackney Theological Institution, and the Rev. T. Jefferson, of Stoke-Newington, will deliver the address at the grave.—*Noncon., Dec. 10.*

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LANCASHIRE COLLEGE—PRINCE ALBERT FELLOWSHIP.—At the beginning of the year 1862 a proposal was made to endow a "Prince Albert Fellowship" in the Lancashire Independent College. The result has been the collection of £700, which has been invested in South-Eastern Railway preference stock at four and a-half per cent. interest, as the foundation of the proposed fellowship.

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The Rev. David Thomas, of Stockwell, author of the "Care of Creeds," "The Crisis," and "Progress of Bede," and also the editor of the "Homilist," of which 45,000 volumes have been sold, has recently received, through Dr. Baird, of New York, the title of D.D., conferred by the Waynesburgh College, Pennsylvania, on account of his Theological works, which have a large circulation in the United States.

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CLAYLANDS CHAPEL, KENNINGTON.—The Rev. J. Baldwin Brown and his congregation are not unmindful of their poor neighbours this winter. A new series of meetings of the same kind as were held last year was commenced on Monday evening week. About two hundred of the poorest of the neighbourhood sat down to tea—an abundant and comfortable meal. After tea the company removed to the upper schoolroom, and spent some time in looking at pictures and microscopic objects. Several gentlemen had microscopes, stereoscopes, galvanic batteries, &c., and were most indefatigable in their efforts to gratify their visitors. During the evening the number increased to nearly three hundred, all of whom seemed to enjoy the meeting thoroughly. Several members of the congregation who had formed a choir, and met for the practice of glees and other pieces of music for the occasion, contributed in no small degree to the enjoyment of the guests. Mr.

Brown and Mr. Henry Doulton varied the entertainment by very effective readings from the poets, among them Shelley's description of a cloud, Wordsworth's "Idiot Boy," Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" and "Village Blacksmith," and Hood's "Song of the Shirt." The evening was closed with family worship, and a few earnest Christian words from Mr. Riddle, the city missionary of the district, and the company separated about half-past nine, highly delighted with their treat. We understand that the meetings a.e to be continued fortnightly, and most heartily we wish them success.

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**THE WEEKLY OFFERING.**—The Rev. John Ross, of Hackney, who has during the past seven years and a half advocated "storing God's portion and weekly offering," in hundreds of Independent, Baptist, and Presbyterian Churches, in asking for information of realized results, to enable him to prepare a tabular statement, says, in a recent letter to the *Nonconformist* :

"The superior power of 'storing God's portion,' besides its happy influence on the giver's heart, only to be known by practice, must be seen in facts, in order to its full appreciation. The following fact may serve to indicate it. Last Sabbath a congregation collected, for a given object, a sum which surprised and gratified all who heard of it, except one of limited means, who, besides bearing his part in this effort, had, from the Lord's store a few days previously, presented to the same object above one fifth of this whole amount.

"Waiting for a train lately in a provincial town, I called on a gentleman in a large wholesale business whose guest I once was. He instantly observed, 'You are quite right, fourteen of us who store now give as much as the whole congregation gave formerly. I am sure I never should give in quarterly sums what I now give in weekly amounts; but the sense of gratitude for what I receive, and of happiness in devoting it to God, is a rich compensation for it.'

"While some of our most liberal givers are suggesting to me the urgent need of our ministers taking this matter seriously in hand, instances are not wanting of the generous admission of this opinion among ministers of superior influence. Within a week such an admission has been made by one who does not mean to let his statement terminate with myself. But nothing that has occurred for a long time has so cheered and gratified me as your own candid admission to me yesterday that you believe this truth is extensively taking hold of the public mind."

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The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon delivered a lecture at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, on Tuesday, Nov. 25, 1862. Subject: Miracles of Modern Times. The Right Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury took the chair at seven o'clock. A choir of 600 children sang during the evening. The lecture was illustrated by a series of magnificent dissolving views, painted expressly for this lecture, and shown by first-class apparatus. By the kindness of Mr. Spurgeon the profits of the lecture were to be devoted to the funds of the Band of Hope Union.

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The new Archbishop of York, Dr. Thomson, has shewn his decided objection to Puseyite ornamentation in churches. On Friday, he objected to consecrate a church at Selsby-hill, near Stroud, until a floral cross had been removed from the "altar."

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**BISHOP COLENZO'S BOOK.**—Dr. Davis, secretary of the Religious Tract Society, writes to the *Record*:—

"In reference to your correspondent's, W. F.'s, hope that some competent person who can give more patient thought to it, and make more learned research than we can, who are occupied in populous places, will soon put forth a wise,

convincing, and plain refutation of his (Bishop Colenso's) errors, I am happy to inform your readers that Mr. Birks is now engaged upon a reply, which will be soon forthcoming, and will, I have no doubt, prove a wise, convincing, and plain refutation of the Bishop's errors."

**TEMPERANCE IN THE ARMY.**—The temperance cause is progressing rapidly in the army. At Woolwich, since the Garrison Temperance Soc<sup>y</sup> was formed last year, 512 non-commissioned officers and men have signed the pledge; and at Warley barracks, within little more than a year, upwards of 700 have become teetotallers. A missionary of the National Temperance League, who has laboured upwards of five years amongst the military, is of opinion that in the portion of the army with which he has lately come in contact fifteen per cent. of the soldiers are teetotallers. When 3,000 men recently embarked at Woolwich and Gravesend for India, the National Temperance League presented a packet of temperance publications to each man; and the commandant-general, Sir Richard Dacres, issued an order expressing his high gratification that every man was forthcoming at the time, and that not a drunken man was to be seen—quite a new feature in the embarkation of soldiers for foreign service.

**THE PRINCE OF WALES IN NAPLES.**—The Prince and Princess of Prussia, with the Prince of Wales, have recently been up Vesuvius. The Princess of Prussia made her late ascent on foot, scrambling, slipping, and struggling with her companions. After remaining about half an hour the royal party began to descend—ankle-deep in fine ashes, sliding, involuntarily running, the only difficulty being to keep themselves from rolling to the bottom. One gentleman broke the scabbard of his sword; and the Princess found herself almost shoeless or bootless, and, as the Neapolitans would say, compelled to *rimediare con un fazzoletto*. The royal party have also visited Pompeii, and carried away many relics. In honour of the birthday of the Prince of Wales, the Princess of Prussia gave a dinner on board the Osborne steamship. At the close of the dinner the health of her Majesty was given, and was received with much enthusiasm, and then General Knollys, all the guests rising, proposed the health of the Prince of Wales. Briefly, but in a very feeling manner, he intimated that but for the great loss which the royal family and the nation had sustained the Prince would not have been here this evening, and then, alluding to the great future which lay before him, he pointed to and eulogised the bright example of the deeply-to-be-regretted Prince Albert. The Princesses were much affected, and, as the guests raised their glasses to drink the toast, the Princess of Prussia, who stood next to his Royal Highness, turned towards and kissed her brother. A rocket announced that the toast of the evening had been drunk, and in a moment the London, the Doris, and the Magicienne were blazing with blue lights; they ran along the yards and peered out of the portholes, while rockets were sent up from each vessel, and the silence of the evening was broken by the cheers of the crew as they drank the health of the Prince of Wales. The royal travellers are now at Rome.

**PROCLAMATION OF PRINCE ALFRED.**—Hydra, Spezzia, Nauplia, Tripolitza, Sparta, Calamatra, Chalcis, Syra, and Kiriten, have all declared for Prince Alfred. At Athens, on the 26th ult., a large crowd of all classes, after parading the streets and shouting for Prince Alfred, stopped before the British Legation, and would not depart until Mr. Scarlett addressed them. Thanking them for their sympathy towards England, he told them that he could not give an opinion on the subject which brought them there, but that Greece had the best wishes of England. The crowd then dispersed in the most orderly manner.

At Lamaia, on the Turkish frontier, the people, the army, and the public authorities have proclaimed Prince Alfred King of Greece. A salute of 100 guns was fired on the occasion.

**THE YOUNG MORTARA.**—A letter from Rome in the *Paris Presse* says:—"Your readers have, doubtless, not forgotten the little Jewish Mortara, who was shut up, after his baptism, in the convent of St. Pierre-aux-Liens. I am assured that he has just had conferred upon him the minor orders."

**RUSSIA.**—Count Victor Panin, Minister of Justice, has been dismissed, the cause of which is stated to be the part he has recently taken in regard to the judicial reforms which are being introduced. These reforms principally consist of the establishment of trial by jury, and the admission of publicity in civil and criminal causes. The majority of the Council of Empire were in favour of the reforms; but a minority, led by Count Panin, opposed them. The Emperor entirely approved of the changes, and the Count was obliged to retire.

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## Official.

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### ASSOCIATION MEETING.

The North Western Association will hold its next meeting in Toronto Second Congregational Church, January 12 & 13, 1863. The meeting will open on Monday, January 12, at 2 p.m., instead of 5, as first announced.

There will be a Public meeting in the evening, when a number of Ministers will address the meeting, chair to be taken at 7:30 o'clock.

Delegates and Pastors will be directed to places of entertainment by calling at the office of Mr. James Fraser, 5 King street west.

Georgetown, Dec. 11, 1862.

J. UNSWORTH, *Secretary.*

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## News of the Churches.

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### LONDON CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH TEA MEETING.

The annual tea meeting of the Congregational Church was held in the chapel on Thursday, 4th December. The attendance was large and respectable, reflecting credit upon the pastor and trustees of the church, and we noticed quite a number of friends from other Christian denominations in the city present—a tribute of respect as well as a duty to the Rev. C. P. Watson, who is ever foremost in promoting unity and Christian intercourse with his brethren, the clergy of the city.—*The Daily Prototype.*

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### REV. EDWARD PAYSON HAMMOND.

This earnest and highly successful Evangelist, since his labours in Hamilton, has been labouring in London, and at the time we write is engaged in Montreal. Remarkable power attends these efforts; as will appear from the following statements—

London, C. W., Dec. 10.

The Rev. Mr. Hammond has been working here with his usual untiring energy. He held four meetings on Sabbath and three on Monday. I noticed the last of these in my note of that date. On Tuesday morning at 8 o'clock, a large number of children representing the various protestant denominations met in the Congregational Church, their respective ministers being present, and were addressed by the Rev. Mr. Hammond and the Rev. Dr. Irvine of your city. Afterwards an

enquiry meeting was held among the children when a considerable number seemed to be deeply impressed. At 3 p. m. a Union Prayer Meeting was held in Mr. Scott's Church. The church (except the galleries) was quite full, and when the children gathered in from the city schools about 4 o'clock, the house was crowded. Addresses were delivered by Dr. Irvine and Mr. Hammond, upon the *duties* and *difficulties* of Divine Life, and at the enquiry meeting clergymen of all the protestant churches in London were present and took part. I have never witnessed a more interesting—indeed a more touching sight than that which I saw in the Vestry of St. Andrew's Church—a very crowd of little ones and grown ones, some sobbing, some praying and others being conversed and prayed with by ministers and christian laymen and devout ladies.

The meeting in the large Wesleyan Church, at 7½ o'clock p. m., was like some you have had in Hamilton. On the platform and in the church as well as at the enquiry meeting, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist and Congregational ministers were in attendance.

The services being commenced by devotional exercises, Dr. Irvine gave a pointed and forcible address upon the means to be used in working such an important movement, and how to use them—in which he introduced several very touching cases which had come under his own observation. Mr. Hammond gave a powerful discourse on the Prodigal Son, and several hundreds waited for the enquiry meeting which was continued till nearly half past eleven, and most of the ministers remained till the close.

At eight o'clock a. m. on Wednesday the children's meeting was held in the Congregational Church and addressed by Dr. Irvine and Mr. Hammond. After the children were dismissed the church was soon filled by adults. Then Dr. Irvine preached on the efficacy and power of prayer, and continued his discourse till nearly the hour of the train leaving for Hamilton. A goodly number of christian friends accompanied him and Mr. Hammond to the train, regretting their departure. From Saturday till Wednesday morning Mr. Hammond addressed 13 meetings in London; and from Monday evening till Wednesday morning Dr. Irvine addressed six. Though these friends have left, it is resolved that the Ministers here will keep up the meetings, as there are hopeful symptoms of a gracious awakening—especially among the young.

Montreal, Dec. 24.

The *Montreal Witness* of Dec. 24, says—The Union meeting on Sunday afternoon in the Wesleyan Church, St. James Street—the largest Protestant place of worship in the city—was so crowded that from four to five hundred adjourned to the lecture-room below for prayer, and the two meetings went on simultaneously. In the evening, the meeting in the American Church was also crowded; at which, besides the address from Mr. Hammond, the Rev. Mr. Brookman, Episcopal Minister from the Diocese of Huron, made an eloquent and fervid appeal to the audience—to be reconciled to God in Christ.

The meetings on Monday afternoon in the American Presbyterian Church, and in the evening in the Wesleyan Church, were solemn. Not only has the hearing ear been vouchsafed to multitudes, but the broken and contrite heart to not a few. This, we think, can only be the work of the Spirit of God; and when the kingdom draws thus nigh to us, the responsibility laid upon Christians to improve the golden opportunity of laboring for souls is very great. It is a day of good things; and one may well say to another, Why sit we here idle?

#### CONFERENCE.

The Eastern Conference of Congregational Churches and Ministers held its semi-annual meeting on Wednesday, November 12, at Flat Rock.

In addition to its ordinary business, the Conference dedicated the new and beautiful church edifice just completed by this church and society. This new

church enterprise, under the care of the Rev. J. Nall, has shown a vigor and enterprise that promise prosperity.

The Conference also voted—

Whereas a Mr. Armstrong, who, we have reason to believe, is a deposed minister of the gospel and an unworthy man, has been seeking employment among some of our feeble churches, therefore

*Resolved*, that this Conference caution our churches against him, and against all other strange ministers, who come among them without due credentials; and that they be advised to seek information of neighboring ministers before employing any persons who cannot present such credentials.—*Detroit Adv. & Tribune.*

#### SOCIAL MEETING AT SHERBROOKE.

From the *Sherbrooke Gazette* we learn that the church and congregation under the pastoral charge of the Rev. A. Duff, invited him and his family to a social party, in the Town Hall, which came off on Wednesday, December 3, "To testify their respect and gratitude for his faithful labours in their behalf." The supplies were abundant, and the evening pleasantly spent in conversation, interspersed with music and appropriate addresses. The Pastor acknowledged gratefully the uniform kindness shown to himself and family since he had been in Sherbrooke. A novel feature marked the occasion, which indicated in a happy manner a delicate consideration for the feelings of the family whose comfort was sought to be promoted. In the absence of the family from the parsonage, the friends sent to it many tokens of love; furnishing substantial evidence of their gratitude to them and to a kind providence for supplying the church and people with so faithful and efficient a minister of the Gospel.

## Rills from the Fountains of Israel.

### THE RICH MAN AND LAZARUS—NOTES ON LUKE XVI, 19-31.

BY THE REV. A. DUFF, SHERBROOKE.

Parable, or whatever else this may be called, it is surely intended to convey some wholesome and important truths. The end and aim is evidently to warn against worldly-mindedness, and the influence upon the heart of earthly possessions; and the different estimate entertained in eternity of persons and things much admired and eagerly sought after here. In a few propositions, briefly illustrated, we propose to set before our readers the valuable lessons taught here.

I. *Wealth, as well as poverty, must go down to the grave.* No one will deny this in words, but many act as if they forgot it. Wealth can procure almost anything. Even health, to a certain extent, is within its reach. Medical skill of the first class can be secured, and whatever that skill can devise or advise. Climate may be changed; watchful attendance procured. Yet it must give way. Gaiety, beauty, luxury, vigor must succumb. The mind and heart may be fascinated, blinded, carried away—but death will take no denial. "There is no discharge from that war." In the grave the rich and the poor are alike. All levelled—no distinction of dust.

II. *The souls of men do not die with the bodies, neither do they become insensible.* The rich man and Lazarus are introduced as existing after death: that is, after the body had become lifeless and been laid in the grave. Not, you perceive, after a period, shorter or longer; not after the resurrection; for the rich man's five brethren are still upon the earth, still in the body, still in possession of their wealth and worldly position. The soul and the body are distinct and separate things: the one may become inanimate, while the other still lives, thinks, acts.

The soul is immortal. Nor is the soul *insensible* after death and before the resurrection; for the rich man is represented as suffering pain, and commanded to put forth an act of mind. Son, remember. Death is called a sleep; but this is figurative language, and is to be interpreted by the plain and literal portions of Scripture. Besides, we know that the soul is not insensible in sleep. But neither Lazarus nor Dives was asleep.

III. *In the future state there is a place of happiness and a place of woe.* We may not be able to tell you where the one or the other or both are locally; but if there is existence it must be somewhere. Lazarus was comforted—happy: Dives was tormented—in woe. This is the burden of Scripture representation everywhere. Earth is a place of probation. Here means and appliances, numerous and varied, are set up and employed, all tending to benefit the mind spiritually. Life and death—blessing and cursing—Heaven and Hell are set before us. These are future and affect the soul, and after the resurrection the body likewise. Yet the elements of the joy and of the pain are mental, moral, spiritual. The soul, in a right state, enjoys God and holiness. The absence of this joy is of itself misery. Abraham's bosom seems to represent honor—to be near and familiar with the friend of God. "Without a drop of water." Awful condition. A guilty conscience—self reproach—wicked company, without the diversions of earth, are elements of wretchedness quite sufficient to sustain the representation here. It will be well for each of us, my readers, to remain forever ignorant of its reality!

IV. *One or other of these states is entered upon immediately after death.* This is evidently conveyed to our minds by the passage before us. No space of time is supposed to intervene between death and the state of happiness or woe. Whether the soul reaches the same place as it will occupy throughout eternity is no matter. To be with Christ wherever He may be, must be to be happy—to be in heaven; and to be conscious of deserved separation from God must be misery. Paul tells us, more than once, that to die is "to depart"—not to lie dormant, much less to be annihilated—and "to be with Christ." "To be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord." And if Paul be no nearer Jesus now than when, by the Tiber, they burned his body and cast its ashes to the winds, it certainly was no better to him or to any one, if there be meaning in language. But if he went to Jesus, then Jesus went "to His Father and ours—to His God and ours." Let no one encourage himself with the expectation—for it is a vain one—of a new period of trial after death—of a further offer of life. "After death the judgment." The full meaning of which must be left to be unfolded by the fact.

V. And yet, *not temporal circumstances, but state of heart and mind, determines on which of these states any one shall enter at death.* The rich man's wealth might get him anything but spiritual life. There is no royal road to glory, any more than to learning. His funeral may have been attended with great pomp and splendor. Many weeping women may have been employed. Many may have wept tears of sadness at his departure; but nothing that wealth or friendship could afford could go farther than to the grave.—Beyond that he must be alone! Awful solitariness! Not so Lazarus. It is not said that he was buried. Into the earth his body was no doubt laid—buried with official haste, as if ashamed to have anything to do with it.

"Rattle his bones over the stones,  
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns."

But the angels watch his decease, and immediately perform what, to them, must have been a grateful task—they carry him to Abraham's bosom. Oh how different is the estimate formed of character in eternity and in time! But it would be a very serious error to suppose that Lazarus was taken to Abraham's bosom because he was poor. A poor wicked man will be a poorer man still—a more wretched man still—an unhappier man still—if he die in his wickedness. Dives had had "his good things," the things he counted "good." Where the treasure

is there will the heart be likewise. His good things were *here*, without any calculation for hereafter. "What shall I eat, and what shall I drink, and wherewithal shall I be clothed," is the sum total of such "good things." He is not called lewd, or debauched, nor blasphemer, nor reviler of religion, nor uncharitable. It is no where implied that Lazarus did not receive assistance at *his gate*. He simply neglected his *soul*. He forgot the Lord; never thought of His claims on him; he let slip the things of eternity in the enjoyment of these of time. Moreover, this proposition is proved by the request of Dives to Abraham. Why did he wish Lazarus sent to his five brethren? "That he may testify unto them that they come not also into this place of torment." There was a danger of their coming there, and they might avoid it. How? By repentance. A change of mind then was necessary—it was more—it was enough. Only let them repent—and we know what that means—and they are safe: they will "escape from hell and rise to heaven." Evidently then it is "state of mind" that determines the condition after death. Is your mind, dear reader, one with God, or is it averse to Him? Do you love Him, and "seek first the kingdom of heaven," in the faith that "all other things shall be added unto you?" Or are your "good things" the possessions, and pleasures, and practices of time and sense. Then, Oh you need repentance: and we testify unto you; for though Lazarus could not we are commanded to say unto you, "Repent and be converted, every one of you, that your sins may be blotted out."

VI. *These states, the one and the other, are unalterable.* If this is not taught here, then the words are unmeaning, and language is only made to deceive. Abraham says there is no communication between the two: no one can pass from the one to the other. If this is, and we believe it is, a state of probation, and sufficient time and opportunity are given, yet despised, or simply *not* improved, then there can be no imputation of injustice in putting into execution the sentence already passed and announced against final impenitence. The ways of God are not unequal. What would be thought of a farmer who, having neglected his spring's work, were to cry out bitterly because the God of providence had determined to bring on the summer months and the appointed weeks of harvest, notwithstanding his foolish negligence. Would the cry of injustice, think you, much less that of cruelty, be sustained, in that case, by any one in his right mind. Nay, verily! In providence and in grace the universal and universally approved law is, "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

VII. *God hath given, and is now giving, sufficient means of warning and instruction.* Nothing more is necessary, nothing more will be added, nothing more would be successful. To the request of Dives that Lazarus should be sent to his five brethren in order to their repentance, Abraham replies, "They have Moses and the prophets, let them hear them." To these we have now added the New Testament revelation. The Word of God is no dead letter. It killeth; for "it is mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds." To such as these five brethren Moses and the prophets in the name of God say—"Turn you at my reproof; behold I will pour out my Spirit upon you, I will make known my words unto you." But should they refuse such calling, "therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices." The heart of God is "kindled with compassion" towards those thus favored with His messages of mercy, yet He most solemnly vindicates His ways towards them in those striking words, as true to day as when first uttered. "Judge, I pray you, betwixt me and my vineyard, what could have been done more to my vineyard, that I have not done in it?" And yet men are apt to discredit the divine plans, and to look for something additional and different—for some other means than those already employed to be put in operation: so unwilling are they to believe and acknowledge the unwelcome truth that they are themselves to blame. They will find out some way to roll over on God. "Is there not," say they, "some one thing which when done we should be saved." This opinion was entertained even

by Dives ; not in self-vindication, or in extenuation of his own sin. Nay, father Abraham : but if one went unto them from the dead they will repent." The marvellous or miraculous is here supposed to be without fail a converting power. But it is not so. Another Lazarus was raised from the dead, yet it only added fuel to the hatred of Jesus in the hearts of the unbelieving Jews. One from the dead might terrify and affright for a time ; but, as "the unthinking feathered tribe, who, when one of their number falls by the hand of the fowler, are scared for a moment and fly from the fatal spot with screams of horror, but, quickly recovering their confidence, alight in the same place, and again expose themselves to the same danger," so men, terrified by having seen a spirit, and thus "momentarily checked in their thoughtless career of irreligion and dissipation, would doubtless soon return with eager impetuosity to the same course, as *the horse rusheth into the battle.*" But Abraham's reply is sufficient to settle all conjecture on this point. "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead." "From this answer of Abraham we learn, that the sacred writings contain such proofs of a divine origin that though all the dead were to rise, the proofs could not be more evident, nor the conviction greater, and that to escape eternal perdition, and obtain eternal glory, a man is to receive the testimonies of God, and to walk according to their dictates." Bag. Min. Quar. Bible, note in loc.

#### A NEW YEAR'S BENEDICTION.

I would, in concluding, make this remark: I wish, my brothers and sisters, that during this year you may live nearer to Christ than you have ever done before. Depend upon it, it is when we think much of Christ that we think little of ourselves, little of our troubles, and little of the doubts and fears that surround us. Begin from this day, and may God help you. Never let a single day pass over your head without a visit to the garden of Gethsemane and the cross on Calvary. And as for some of you who are not saved, and know not the Redeemer, I would to God that this very day you would come to Christ. I dare say you think coming to Christ is some terrible thing ; that you need to be prepared before you come ; that he is hard and harsh with you. When men have to go to a lawyer, they need to tremble ; when they have to go to the doctor, they may fear, though both those persons, however unwelcome, may be often necessary. But when you come to Christ, you may come boldly. *There is no fee required ; there is no preparation necessary ; you may come just as you are.* It was a brave saying of Martin Luther's, when he said, "I would run into Christ's arms, even if he had a drawn sword in his hand." Now, he has not a drawn sword, but he has wounds in his hands. Run into his arms, poor sinner. "Oh," you say, "may I come?" How can you ask the question? You are *commanded* to come. The great command of the gospel is, "Believe on the Lord Jesus." Those who disobey this command disobey God. It is as much a command of God that man should believe on Christ, as that we should love our neighbour. Now, what is a command, I have certainly a right to obey. There can be no question, you see. A sinner has liberty to believe in Christ, because he is told to do so. God would not have told him to do a thing which he must not do. *You are allowed to believe.* "Oh," saith one, "that is all I want to know. I do believe Christ is able to save to the uttermost. *May I rest my soul on him, and say, sink or swim, most blessed Jesus, thou art my Lord?*" *May do it, man? Why, you are commanded to do it.* Oh, that you may be enabled to do it. Remember this is not a thing which you will do at a risk ; the risk is in not doing it. Cast yourself on Christ, sinner. Throw away every other dependence, and rest alone on him. "No," says one, "I am not prepared." Prepared, sir? Then you do not understand me. There is no preparation needed ; it is, just as you are. "Oh, I do not feel my need enough." I know you do not—what has that to do with it? *You are commanded to cast yourself on Christ. Be you never so black, or never*

so bad, trust to him. He that believeth on Christ shall be saved, be his sins never so many; he that believeth not must be damned, be his sins never so few. The great command of the gospel is, Believe. "Oh, but," saith one, "am I to say I know that Christ died for me?" Ah, I did not say that, you shall learn that by-and-by. You have nothing to do with that question now; your business is to believe on Christ, and trust him—to cast yourself into his hands. And may God the Spirit now sweetly compel you to do it. Now, sinner, hands off your own righteousness. Drop all idea of becoming better through your own strength. Cast yourself flat on the promise. Say—

"Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that thy blood was shed for me,  
And that thou bidst me come to thee;  
Oh, Lamb of God, I come, I come."

You cannot trust in Christ, and find him still deceive you.

Now, have I made myself plain? If there were a number of persons here in debt, and if I were to say, "If you will simply trust to me, your debts shall be paid, and no creditor shall ever molest you," you would understand me directly. How is it you cannot comprehend that trusting in Christ will remove all your debts, take away all your sins, and you shall be saved eternally. Oh, Spirit of the living God, open the understanding to receive, and the heart to obey, and may many a soul here present cast itself on Christ. On all such, as on all believers, do I again pronounce the benediction, with which I shall dismiss you: May the God of all grace, who hath called us unto his eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered awhile, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you!  
—*Spurgeon's New Year's Sermon.*

## Poetry.

### THE KINGLIEST KINGS.

Ho! ye who in noble work  
Win scorn, as flames draw air,  
And in the way where lions lurk  
God's image bravely bear;  
Though trouble-tried or torture-torn,  
The kingliest kings are crowned with thorn.

Life's glory, like the bow in heaven,  
Still springeth from the cloud;  
And soul ne'er soared the starry seven,  
But pain's fire-chariot rode.  
They've battled best who've boldest borne,  
The kingliest kings are crowned with thorn.

The martyr's fire-crown on the brow,  
Doth into glory burn;  
And tears that from love's torn heart flow  
To pearls of spirit turn.  
Our dearest hopes in pangs are born,  
The kingliest kings are crowned with thorn.

As beauty in Death's cerement shrouds,  
And stars bejewel night;  
God-splendours live in dim heart-clouds,  
And suffering worketh might.  
The murkiest hour is mother o' morn.  
The kingliest kings are crowned with thorn.

GERALD MASSEY.

## MATTER IS FOR MIND.

For us the winds do blow,  
 The earth rests, heaven moves, and fountains flow.  
 Nothing we see, but means our good,  
 As our *delight*, or as our *treasure* :  
 The whole is either our cupboard of food,  
 Or cabinet of *pleasure*.  
 The stars have us to bed ;  
 Night draws the curtain, which the sun withdraws :  
 Music and light attend our head.  
 All things unto our flesh are kind  
 In their descent and being ; to our *mind*,  
 In their *ascent* and *cause*.  
 More servants wait on man,  
 Than he'll take notice of : in every path  
 He treads down that which doth befriend him,  
 When sickness makes him pale and wan.  
 Oh, mighty love ! man is one world, and hath  
 Another to attend him.

HERBERT.

## A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

The mind that broods o'er guilty woes,  
 Is like the scorpion girt by fire ;  
 In circle narrowing as it glows,  
 The dames around their captive close,  
 Til inly searched by thousand throes,  
 And maddening in her ire,  
 One sad and sole relief she knows—  
 The sting she nourished for her foes,  
 Whose venom never yet was vain,  
 Gives but one pang and cures all pain,  
 And darts into her desperate brain :  
 So do the dark in soul expire,  
 Or live like scorpion girt by fire.  
 So writhes the mind Remorse has riven,  
 Unfit for earth, undoomed for heaven,  
 Darkness above, despair beneath,  
 Around it flame, within it death.

BYRON.

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 Fragment Basket.
 

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THE FULNESS THAT IS IN CHRIST,—It pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell ; dwell, not come and go, like a wayfaring man who tarrieth but a night, who is with us to-day, and away to morrow ; not like the shallow, noisy, treacherous brook that fails, when most needed, in heat of summer, but like this deep-seated spring, that rising silently though affluently at the mountain's foot, and having unseen communication with its exhaustless supplies, is ever flowing over its grassy margin, equally unaffected by the long droughts that dry the wells, and the frosts that pave the neighbouring lake with ice. So fail the joys of the

earth ; so flow, supplied by the fullness that is in Christ, the pleasures and peace of piety. It cannot be otherwise. If a man love me, says Jesus, he will keep my words ; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.

I have read how, in the burning desert, the skeletons of unhappy travellers, all withered and white, are found, not only on the way to the fountain, but lying grim and ghastly on its banks, with their skulls stretched over its very margin. Panting, faint, their tongue cleaving to the roof of their mouth, ready to fill a cup with gold for its fill of water, they press on to the well, steering their course by the tall palms that stand full of hope above the glaring sands. Already, in fond anticipation, they drink where others had been saved. They reach it. Alas ! sad sight for the dim eyes of fainting men, the well is dry. With stony horror in their looks, how they gaze into the empty basin, or fight with man and beast for some muddy drops that but exasperate their thirst. The desert reels around them. Hope expires. Some cursing, some praying, they sink, and themselves expire. And by and by the sky darkeous, lightnings flash, loud thunders roll, the rain pours down, and, fed by the showers, the treacherous waters rise to play in mockery with long fair tresses, and kiss the pale lips of death.

But yonder, where the cross stands up high to mark the fountain of the Saviour's blood, and heaven's sanctifying grace, no dead souls lie. Once a Golgotha, Calvary has ceased to be a place of skulls. Where men went once to die, they go now to live ; and to none that ever went there to seek pardon, and peace, and holiness, did God ever say, Seek me in vain. There are times when the peace of God's people, always like a river, is like one in flood, overflowing its margin, and rolling its mighty current between bank and brae. There are times when the righteousness of God's people, always like the waves of the sea, seems like the tide at the stream, as, swelling beyond its ordinary bounds, it floats the boats and ships that lie highest, driest on the beach. But at all times and seasons, faith and prayer find fullness of mercy to pardon, and of grace to sanctify, in Jesus Christ. The supply is inexhaustible.

Mountains have been exhausted of their gold, mines of their diamonds, and the ocean of their pearly gems. The demand has emptied the supply. Over once busy scenes, silence and solitude now reign ; the caverns ring no longer to the miner's hammer, nor is the song of the pearl-fisher heard upon the deep. But the riches of grace are inexhaustible. All that have gone before us have not made them less, and we shall make them no less to those who follow us. When they have supplied the wants of unborn millions, the last of Adam's race, that lonely man, over whose head the sun is dying, beneath whose feet the earth is reeling, shall stand by as full a fountain as this day invites you to drink and live, to wash and be clean.

I have found it an interesting thing to stand on the edge of a noble rolling river, and to think, that although it has been flowing on for six thousand years, watering the fields, and slaking the thirst of a hundred generations, it shows no sign of waste or want ; and when I have watched the rise of the sun, as he shot above the crest of the mountain, or in a sky draped with golden curtains sprang up from his ocean bed, I have wondered to think that he has melted the snows of so many winters, and renewed the verdure of so many springs, and painted the flowers of so many summers, and ripened the golden harvests of so many autumns, and yet shines as brilliant as ever, his eye not dim, nor his natural strength abated, nor his floods of light less full for centuries of boundless profusion. Yet what are these but images of the fullness that is in Christ ? Let that feed your hopes, and cheer your hearts, and brighten your faith, and send you away this day happy and rejoicing. For, when judgment flames have licked up that flowing stream, and the light of that glorious sun shall be quenched in darkness or veiled in the smoke of a burning world, the fullness that is in Christ shall flow on throughout eternity in the bliss of the redeemed. Blessed Saviour,

Image of God, divine Redeemer ! in thy presence is fullness of joy : at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore. What thou hast gone to heaven to prepare, may we be called up at death to enjoy !—*Rev. Dr. Guthrie.*

THE BIBLE.—“Is it solely moderation, prudence, or even fear of entering into a defence of its conduct that induces it to remain impervious to such attacks? No, gentlemen, a higher and more Christian motive regulates our acts. We have full faith, on the one hand, in the Divine origin and inspiration of the holy writings; and we believe, on the other, in their efficacious action and salutary influence on the human mind. These two convictions are intimately connected together. How is it possible not to believe in the moral efficacy of the Old and New Testaments when their Divine inspiration is once admitted? How is it possible not to have confidence in their action on man when once their emanating from God is not denied? If you ever meet anywhere with doubt as to the moral efficacy of the holy books, or with hesitation or lukewarmness in disseminating them amongst mankind, be perfectly certain that what is wanting is faith—firm and enduring faith in their Divine origin. Whoever believes God to be really present, acting and speaking in these writings, cannot be averse to men hearing His Divine voice, and feeling its influence in their souls. We are not ignorant of the difficulties which may arise in reading and studying the Bible, nor of the abuse which may be made of parts of its contents. We know the obscurities and problems which the learned may meet with, and the inconveniences which prudent men may apprehend from them; but these are only the embarrassments arising from human knowledge and from the condition of human infirmity. Above such embarrassments and inconveniences towers the Divine character of the holy books, and the Divine breath which fills and animates them. The monument is sometimes difficult to penetrate and explain, but God is everywhere—everywhere makes Himself seen, heard, and felt; and athwart all obscurities and all difficulties, the continual spectacle of the presence and action of God, the constant echo of His voice cannot fail to move, enlighten, and dominate mankind. No doubt, even amongst the populations where it is most assiduous and general, the reading of the sacred writings does not overcome—far from it—all the bad passions of men—it does not prevent all errors and all faults. Man remains full of weakness and vice, even when he knows himself in the presence of God. But the habitual reading of the holy books preserves nations from the greatest of perils—it prevents them from forgetting God. It possesses the virtue of causing God to be for them, not an idea, a name, a system of philosophy, the secret of an enigma, but the real and living God, under whose eyes they are constantly, amidst the conflicts and trials of the world. A great proof of this has been given in our time, and is being continued in our presence. Christian faith has been, and is still, very fiercely and obstinately attacked. How many efforts have been and are still made—how many books, serious or frivolous, able or silly, have been and are spread incessantly in order to destroy it in men’s minds! Where has this redoubtable struggle been supported with the greatest energy and success? and where has Christian faith been best defended? There where the reading of the sacred books is a general and assiduous part of public worship—there where it takes place in the interior of families, and in solitary meditation. It is the Bible—the Bible itself—which combats and triumphs most efficaciously in the war between incredulity and belief.”—*M. Guriot in a speech to the French Bible Society.*

THE BEAUTY OF THE GRASS.—It seems as if nothing could be said under this head; because, in truth, there is so much to say. To get a good idea of the beauty of the grass, endeavour, in imagination, to form a picture of a world without it. It is precisely to the scenery of nature what the Bible is to literature. Do you remember that idea of Froude’s, that the Bible had been obliterated, and

every other book had thereat lost its value, and literature was at an end? Take away this green ground colour on which Dame Nature works her embroidery patterns, and where would be the picturesque scarlet poppies or white daisies, or the gray of the chalk cliffs, or the golden bloom of a wilderness of buttercups? Its chief service to beauty is as the garment of the earth. It watches night and day, at all seasons of the year, "in all places that the eye of heaven visits," for spots on which to pitch new tents, to make the desert less hideous, fill up the ground-work of the grandest pictures, and give the promise of plenty on the flowery meadows where it lifts its silvery and purple panicles breast-high, and mocks the sea in its rolling waves of sparkling greenness. It is beautiful when it mixes with *cupine* and *turitis* on the ruined bastion or gray garden-wall; beautiful when it sprinkles the brown hatch with tufts that find sufficient nourishment where green mosses have been before; beautiful when it clothes the harsh upland, and gives nourishment to a thousand snow-white fleeces; still more beautiful when it makes a little islet in a bright blue mountain lake, "a fortunate purple isle," with its ruddy spikes of short-lived flowers; and precious as well as beautiful when it comes close beside us, in company with the sparrow and the robin, as a threshold visitant, to soften the footfall of care, and give a daily welcome to the world of greatness.

"If a friend my grass-grown threshold find,  
Oh, how my lonely cot resounds with glee!"

Is it only for its velvet softness, and the round pillowy knolls it heaves up in the vistas of the greenwood, that the weary and the dreamer find it so sweet a place of rest? or is it because the wild bee flits around its silvery panicles, and blows his bugle as he goes with a bounding heart to gather sweets; that the hare and the rabbit burrow beneath its smooth sward; that the dear lark covers amid its sprays, and cherishes the children of his bosom under its brows, matted roots; that the daisy, the cowslip, the daffodil, the orchises—the fairies of the flower world—the bird's foot trefoil—the golden-fingered beauty of the meadows, the little yellow and the large strawberry trefoil, are all sheltered and cherished by it; and that one of its simple children, the *Anthoxanthum odoratum*, or sweet-scented vernal grass, scents the air for miles with the sweetest perfume ever breathed by man?—*Hibberd's "Brambles and Bay Leaves."*

**A CHEERFUL ATMOSPHERE.**—Let us try to be like the sunshiny member of the family, who has the inestimable art to make all duty seem pleasant; all self-denial and exertion easy and desirable; even disappointment not so blank and crushing; who is like a bracing, crisp, frosty atmosphere throughout the home, without a suspicion of the element that chills and pinches. You have known people within whose influence you felt cheerful, amiable, hopeful, equal to anything! Oh, for that blessed power, and for God's grace to exercise it rightly! I do not know a more enviable gift than the energy to sway others to good; to diffuse around us an atmosphere of cheerfulness, piety, truthfulness, generosity, magnanimity. It is not a matter of great talent; not entirely a matter of great energy; but rather of earnestness and honesty—and of that quiet, constant energy, which is like soft rain gently penetrating the soil. It is rather a grace than a gift; and we all know where all grace is to be had freely for the asking.—*Country Parson.*

**DEBT OF THE SELF-DESPAIRING.**—If the pressure of pecuniary debt can rob men of their sleep, embitter their enjoyments, mar their peace, and make life a burden, what would be the issue if the vast account-books between us and God should be completely opened and made fully legible? If you are really and thoroughly persuaded that you must, and cannot pay this awful debt, you may behold, as the ancient persecutor saw amidst the white heat of his own devouring furnace, a form like that of the Son of God standing erect beside the way which leads you to the throne of mercy. You must pass by him, or you cannot reach the footstool.

Who is he that thus awaits you? His eye moist with pity, but his features pallid as one risen from the dead. And in his outstretched hand the eye of faith can discern something shining, something precious, something priceless: not the glare of gold or silver, or the sparkle of invaluable gems, but something wet with tears and stained with blood. And the blood still oozes from that stricken heart. It is the purchase of your life; it is the ransom of your soul; it is the price which you could never pay which men and angels could not have paid for you; in default of which, you had resigned yourself to perish. See, he holds it out; he presses it upon you; and the turning point is, can you reject it? If you can, Oh let your lips be sealed forever from all mention of the penalty of God's law, as deterring you from mercy; for as you plunge into the gulf of self destruction, the last sound from above that reaches you may be the dripping of that blood, one touch of which would have sufficed to cancel your vast debt for ever.—*Dr. Alexander's Sermons.*

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## Family Reading.

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### A WORKER TOGETHER WITH GOD.

Biographical sketches are the fashion, and have happily taken the place of idle tales. Nevertheless, the reader sometimes asks, at the close of the story of a life, if he has learnt much out of it? and why was it worth while to write it? Biography ought to be a record of God's dealings with man—facts marking the providences by which He guides and prepares each object of His care for his destined work on earth, and for a blessed eternity. In the origin of the Coast Mission, we shall not need to enquire why the life of Rosie was written. The author has wisely depicted the preparation of the first missionary, and shown how his enjoyment among boats and sailors in boy-hood, on the storm-swept coast of Ronaldshay, was fitting him to guide his barque in after years, laden with the message of peace, among the rocks and shoals of the Hebrides; while his conversion from outward and formal religious observance to a genuine devotion of heart to his Saviour, when he had reached the age of sixteen, fitted him to explain that message to those who were the objects of his mission.

To have one great object, be it secular or spiritual, and to give the mind to it entirely, is nearly sure to succeed. Rosie's object was to win souls, that he might glorify his gracious Saviour. His own struggle into spiritual life, as narrated in his unvarnished words, will best exhibit him as a man prepared for some work:—

Up to the time of my father's death, though I was obliged to keep up the outward performance of duty, there was in my heart a great dislike to all that is good. My mind was set on folly, on the pleasures and profits of the world, and other such things. I was quite sensible I was doing wrong; but I always resolved to put off a little longer the work of turning unto God. Yet the conviction of sin and danger became stronger and stronger, and the question forced itself on my mind, "What shall I do to be saved?" Many a long day and night did this question recur, and all the while I knew the answer, *but did not understand it.* For a considerable time, I thought that the way of coming to the Saviour was by giving up my sins, and living in the practice of every duty, and then God would accept me. I tried this way, but *found I could not succeed*; I never could arrive at that state which I thought God would be inclined to look on with favor. During all this time, I never once *really* prayed to God. At length one day, feeling much alarmed lest I should die in my present state, the thought struck me that I should pray to God. I immediately went into a room, and knelt to pray; but I could not utter a word. I wept bitterly, and rose from my knees, not feeling

any better ; but these words, "What shall I do to be saved?" were ever present to my mind. One summer morning I rose early, and went to Salisbury Crags. When musing on my state, and the question that was never out of my thoughts, it came into my mind that I should again attempt to pray. I knelt down beside a rock, and prayed to God to teach me what I should do to be saved. At that moment, God let me see that all I should do was *just to come to Jesus as I was*. I felt that if I waited till I was better I would never come at all. I felt that I had got the light I needed, and found the true answer to the great question, "What shall I do to be saved?" I began also to feel the value of prayer, of God's word, and of His ordinances. I went home quite happy, feeling that if death were to come, I should not be afraid to die. And from that hour the desire arose in my mind to devote myself to the work of telling others the way to be saved. I felt also that if a way were opened up for my being engaged in that work, I should be willing to go to any quarter of the world.'

HIS HEART TURNED TO SAILORS.—'As he mused upon the condition and claims of sailors, the thought at length struck him that they were at least as well entitled to the services of missionaries, as the neglected or destitute classes in towns. Full of this idea, he often devoted a holiday, or such spare time as he had at his command, to an excursion along the coast, either to the east or west of Leith. He visited all the fishing villages in the neighbourhood, entered freely into conversation with such fishermen and sailors as he met, and treasured up all the information he could get about a class of men in which he felt a deep and growing interest. Sometimes he spent the whole day in traversing the coast and making such inquiries, and would come home exhausted with fatigue, and want of food. As if it were becoming his meat and drink to be about his heavenly Father's business, he would forget the cravings of nature in the ardor of his work. On such occasions he was rather averse to telling where he had been, and whether he had got any food ; but for the most part, in reply to his mother's anxious questions, he quite unbosomed himself, and frankly related the adventures of the day.'

In this state of mind, and occupation of all his spare time, he was made ready to lay hold of an advertisement for a coast missionary, whose work was to lie chiefly among fishermen and sailors. He was the very man for the office, and accordingly in June 1850 he began his labors at Dunbar. We must refer to the interesting memoir itself for the success of his work—for his entrance into college, and preparation for the ministry—for his struggles to establish similar missions at Glasgow, and on the east coast of Scotland ; and must only indulge our readers with a taste of his engagements, when he had stirred up the christians on the west coast to furnish him with a yacht and two other good men, who landed to preach and distribute tracts and sell Bibles on many islands and points of the mainland:—

"MISSION YACHT, 'FRIEND OF THE ISLES,'

HARBOUR, PULTENEYTOWN, WICK, July 6, 1857.

My dear Madam,—We left Stornoway on the morning of Friday last, at five o'clock, and expected to reach Widewall Bay, South Ronaldshay, on Saturday. The wind was fair when we left Stornoway, but continued only so till we reached Cape Wrath. We were, therefore, kept beating all Friday night, Saturday, and Saturday night, between Cape Wrath and Dunnet Head. On Sabbath morning we tried to get into Widewall Bay ; but when we were just opposite its entrance, the strong tide of the Pentland Firth caught us, and in ten minutes we were swept as far as the Pentland Skerries. As it was Sabbath, and the wind was increasing considerably, I was unwilling to wait till the next tide, and also beat up to Widewall ; so we up helm, and made as fast as we could for this port. We cast anchor in this Bay when the bells were ringing for afternoon worship. We have had a good deal of rough weather and hard work since we left Portree, eight days ago. You may imagine my disappointment when obliged to run away from

Widewall Bay when so near. It washes the place of my nativity, which I have not seen for seventeen years,—a place of which I have many interesting recollections.

We have sailed from Greenock through all the Western Islands, through the Pentland Firth, and on as far as Wick, without once employing a pilot, although neither I nor any of the crew had ever been in all the places before, while not a pin, rope, or spar of our gallant little ship has sustained the least damage. But while we were diligent in the use of means, the Lord's arm has been round about us; His hand has been for us, guarding us from danger, and pointing out our course. For example, between Portree and Stornoway, we encountered a very heavy sea in the Minch, so heavy that we thought we should be swallowed up. Frequently large waves were to be seen at some distance, rolling and foaming on every side. All these we escaped except one, on the one side of which our little bark rose as if standing right up; and when she plunged on the other side of it so violent was the shock, that all hands had to hold on by something to avoid being thrown overboard. Being at the helm at the time, I was lifted right up from the deck and thrown forward a little space. By that one wave the Lord shewed us what He could do with us; but He guided us over it, and steered us clear of all the rest. That night we of course made for the first place of safety we could get, and accordingly put into a small loch a little to leeward of the Shiant Islands. By the chart we thought we were going into one loch, but we found in the morning it was another. It was midnight and dark, and we sailed backwards and forwards in it for some time till we got a good anchorage. We lay in it all next day, and on the following morning we set sail for Stornoway. It was very calm, and ere we were aware, we were stuck fast on the top of a rock in the middle of the loch. But we soon got off again. Now, the night we came in we did not know the rock was there, but thought we were in another loch altogether. We sailed backwards and forwards in this loch, and, I am sure, must have been very near the sunken rock; but the Lord kept us off it when there would have been danger, and let us go on it when there was no danger, that we might know it was there, and that we might thank and praise Him for His gracious protection.

A vessel of some kind is indispensable for the efficient working of the mission among the islands. To this I can now get hundreds to testify. Now, I have a grand plan in my head; that is, to get a screw steamer instead of a sailing-vessel to have four of a crew beside myself. I feel myself able to take charge of her, and thus save the expense of a captain; while I would have four chosen men always on board as missionaries, to labour daily in every nook and corner among these islands, the steamer their conveyance and lodgings. I daresay it will take £1000 to get such a vessel; but we can easily raise that out of Scotland. It will take about £700 per annum to support it; but that is not much for the work that will be done.—I remain yours truly,  
THOMAS ROSIE.

Mr. Rosie's zeal was contagious, and he formed such large expectations of aid, with a lively anticipation of their being fulfilled.

We must pass over all the intervening active years to 1859, when we find our missionary exercising his plans still among sailors in the Mariner's Church, in the harbor of Bombay. There he toiled very acceptably; there he was married to a lady who had been helpful to his cause when in Edinburgh; and there the messenger was sent suddenly to call him to the end of his earthly toils—not, however, till he had won many souls, and suggested plans by which, not the coast of Scotland alone, but the whole Indian peninsula, might be surrounded with coast missionaries. We give one of his last writings on the claims of British Seamen:—

'While engaged in this work I often feel how much I need an interest in the prayers of Christians. While I laboured in the Coast Mission at home, I often

endeavoured to set forth the claims of the sailor on Christian sympathy and effort ; and now here I am engaged directly and daily in seeking to bring these men to Christ, in one of the largest and most eligible spheres of usefulness among them. I now know from experience, that the representation I was wont to make of their condition and wants was not by any means exaggerated, but rather that I told not the half of the urgency of their claims. I have long had a general idea of the widely diffused influence of British seamen in foreign lands ; but I now understand more perfectly, how largely and how directly they operate upon the heathen, either for good or for evil. We have three thousand sailors in this harbour at present, and there are at least as many natives employed every day about their ships with cargo, etc. Our sailors mix with these natives, they work with them ; and, depend upon it, these heathen men are carrying away impressions of our nation and our religion from those so-called Christian seamen.

Moreover, many British ships that trade abroad for a few years have native crews, commanded by English captains and officers who have a still better opportunity of teaching these heathen the supreme excellence of the Christian religion. O let the church devote special attention to the evangelization of seamen ! I say so, not as a sailor's missionary, but as a resident in a heathen land. And did a revival but take place among them, it would be one of the most auspicious epochs in the missionary enterprise that has occurred for many an age.

We must now bid this zealous man of God farewell, quoting the narrative of his closing scene, as given by his bereaved wife, and longing that all who love the Lord our righteousness were as single-hearted and zealous as he was :—

‘ When all due arrangements had been made, we were left alone for the night.

‘ I cannot attempt to describe the night that he passed. I still hoped against hope, though he could not rest. At daybreak the doctor came and saw his weakness, but thought if he could be kept up for two hours, he might rally. Through the means resorted to, he did appear to revive a little. Awaking, however, from a short morning slumber, he repeated with emphasis the words, “ He maketh intercession for us. He maketh intercession with groanings that cannot be uttered.” He then looked at me and said, “ I am going home. My father is calling me, and I am quite ready.” I could not speak, and he continued—“ Yes, I am quite ready. I have just a simple faith in Jesus, my dear Redeemer. It is just like a child's. Oh ! I shall soon see Him !” Then lowering his voice, and with increasing solemnity, with a grandeur and dignity that quite overawed me, he said “ Do you know that glory is breaking upon me ? Soon, soon unspeakable glories shall burst upon my vision, and I shall see my dear Redeemer !” For some minutes he thus spoke in such a strain of rapture and holy triumph, descriptive of the glory of heaven and the blessedness that awaited him, that I was quite overpowered, and am still unable to recall much of what he said.

‘ When he paused, I said to him, “ How mysterious it is that you should be called away so suddenly, and should leave me alone on this hill !” “ Yes,” he replied, “ but not alone.” “ But I cannot,” I said, “ part with you so soon.” With a look of surprise, and in a tone loud enough to be heard in the adjoining room, he rejoined, “ Oh ! when I am to be for ever with the Lord !” Then slowly, and as if bringing himself down to my state of mind, he repeated the words, “ But I see it is the separation you are thinking of. Well, I am in Christ, and I have a good hope that you are in Christ ; and we must meet ; I am only going before you.” Then gathering himself up with a solemn and triumphant expression which filled me with awe, he said, “ Now then kiss me in Jesus.” Here I became unconscious for a few minutes, and during that time the Rev. Mr. Dean and Mrs. Dean, of the American Mission, entered the room. They had called for us on our arrival, and had been unremitting in their kind attentions. On Mr. Dean asking the dear sufferer if Christ was precious to him, “ Oh yes,” he replied,

"very precious. I have been a great sinner, but I have found a great Saviour. Sixteen years ago He sought me, and found me, and brought me to Himself."

'Mr. Dean then offered up prayer, after which, he asked if any one else would pour out his heart before God; whereupon Mr. Martinnant, who was present, prayed. After that, Mr. Rosie evidently engaged in prayer himself, though in such a low tone that he could scarcely be heard. This was about ten o'clock in the forenoon.

'I asked him at this time what message he had for his sisters; he sighed and said, "This will be to them their greatest earthly trial; but just tell them what I have told you, and that I shall meet them again." Then on any friends entering the room, he always commended me to their care. Mr. Dean he especially asked to see me taken care of till I reached Bombay, adding, as on other occasions, with much emphasis, these words—"There are kind friends in Bombay."

'For some time he continued giving expression to his joy at the prospect of dying—of "going home," as he loved to call it. "Oh, if this be dying," he said at one time, "how easy it is to die!" Then turning to me, he would say, "You know that to me to die is *great gain*." Closing his eyes after a little, he then said, "I wish to exist only for thy glory: Jesus, Jesus, take me to Thyself!" The doctor came in about this time and kindly urged him to take some support; but he replied, "My sight is already dim, and I feel the torpor in my limbs. My Father is calling me; and why should I wish to continue here!" On the doctor bidding him farewell, he shook his hand and thanked him for all his kind attention; and looking at him earnestly, said he hoped they should meet in another world.

'After this, he was able to speak but little, and soon the restlessness of death was on him. At his request, I read to him some portions of Scripture and repeated some hymns, to all which he feelingly responded. The hymn, "I lay my sins on Jesus," always a favourite with him, he listened to with special delight. When I began to repeat the hymn, "The hour of my departure's come," he stopped me and said, "Ah, these were the dying words of my sainted mother, and I shall soon see her!" Then his expression became so lighted up, that I could not help speaking of it to him. But he only murmured forth such expressions as these,—"The Lamb of God"—"The sea of glass"—"The Lamb in the midst of the throne." Then I asked him if he could see me, and he replied, "Partially" After that, he turned and put his hand already cold, over my face, but it fell down powerless, and I heard the words, "*Dear, dear Maggie, farewell!*"

'Still the work of dying continued, and I almost wished to see him released. To every question I put, he now replied with a countenance radiant with joy, "The Lamb of God! the Lamb of God!" He continued slowly sinking, yet perfectly conscious and acute. Scarcely was him uneasy, and not thinking death was so near, "Is Jesus with you now dearest?" With a great effort he said, "Yes;" and after a few more breaths were drawn, the weary wheels of life at last stood still, and his spirit at last was with the Saviour. I heard some one near exclaim, "Victory, victory! he is the conqueror now!" I closed his eyes, and was immediately taken away.

'The funeral took place next morning at seven o'clock. Mr. Dean conducted a short service in the house; and Mr. Schwabe, the English clergyman, read the Burial Service at the grave. The coffin of the departed was laid upon an open palanquin, and the same bearers that a week before had carried him up the Ghauts, now bore his remains to their last resting place. Mr. Dean Mr. Martinnant, and the other two English gentlemen residing on the hills at the time, formed the funeral company. The English cemetery is a quiet, secluded spot on the top of one of the mountain ridges. Mr. Rosie's dust is laid beside that of the Rev. Mr. Graves, the American Missionary, who laboured long and faithfully in that mountainous region, and who, sixteen years ago, was called to his rest.'

## THE SLAVES OF KING "FIRE WATER."

I suppose that some little reader will wonderingly say, "Who is King Fire-water? and where does he live? Does he keep a great many slaves, and is he kind to them, or does he treat them very badly?"

And perhaps some little blue-eyed girl who has just learned her geography lesson, and *somewhere* on the map has traced with her rosy fingers those odd words, "Terra del Fuego," or "the land of fire," will venture a shrewd guess that this king with a very strange name lives somewhere in those regions, or perhaps where—as she has read in some pleasant story book—the sun drops like a great red ball into fair tropical seas, making them all one mass of rosy fire. But you are not quite right, dear Blue-eyes, for this king of whom I am going to tell you has a very great kingdom, and you may find his slaves in almost every land under the sun. There are some, I know, in the pleasant city where you live, and some on the sea-shore where you went last summer with your cousins. There are some on the wild western prairies, and some under the burning southern skies, and some sailing on the blue sea. You are sure to know them the minute you see them. *The king does not dress them well. Their clothes are almost always tattered and worn, and their hats knocked in, and your little brother, who has only walked a fortnight without a chair, would feel much mortified to stagger about as they do. King Fire-water never gives his slaves anything to eat, but he has always ready for them a terrible drink—all poison and fire; and the worst of it is, he has taught them to love it, so although they sometimes see that they are growing thin and old, and wretchedly poor, and must very soon die, still they can never refuse it when it is offered, and, indeed, they are so crazy for it, that they are willing to part with everything else they have in the world, rather than go without it.*

Now, when I further tell you that this wicked king makes his slaves sleep in barns and station houses, and, oftener yet, with the miserable pigs in the gutter, you will wonder how he ever finds any one willing to come into his service. But this is the way he manages. When he sees a nicely dressed man whom he wishes to make his slave, he offers him a cup of his best poison. It looks so beautiful, "when it moveth itself aright," like water with a small piece of sunset dissolved in it, and the poor man thinks it *must* be very good. He drinks it, and feels so happy. He thinks he is the richest and greatest man in the world, and Fire-water is a good old king, who has been very much slandered. So he drinks again, and again, but all the while the cruel fire is steadily burning, and by-and-by he suddenly wakes up and finds that it has burned all his patience, and love, and strength, his pleasant home, and all his comforts, and he himself is one of the wretched slaves of King Fire-water. Sometimes he struggles very hard to escape from his tyrant master; but, alas! he generally finds himself bound by the strongest kind of chain. There is a name I have given to this chain. Some people call it "*Habit*," and *bad* habits are the very worst chains to break I ever knew. Dear Black-eyes, who have stolen back to the dinner table to see if there were any of that pretty red fluid left in the wine glass, and who mean to buy a cigar with your very next pocket money—be careful! Don't let such a chain get wound around you.

Now, I am going to tell you a true story about one of King Fire-water's slaves. He was a grown-up man, and had a wife and four little children—the eldest not more than seven years of age. He had drunk so much of the king's poison, that all his money had been burned, and almost all his wife's and children's clothes, and what is more, the last loaf of bread in the house. Now, at the time my story begins, it was winter, almost night, and wretchedly cold. Sue, and Jack, and Sally, had been crying and fretting in chorus for more than an hour, and poor patient baby had nearly sucked off both his thumbs, when, oh, joy! mother came back with some bread and meat, and a little pan of coals. The little starved children had a famous supper, and there was enough left for breakfast.

"If father only don't find it," cried Jack and Sue, and they hid it carefully away. Then locking the door very securely, the children with the poor mother, who was sick and lame, all went to bed to *keep warm*. They were very much afraid their father would come home, and once Sally cried out in a frightened voice: "Hark! isn't somebody coming?" But Jack answered drowsily, "It's only a window shutter, or the other family up stairs," and soon they were all sound asleep.

About twelve o'clock that night the poor slave was trying to get home. The king, who loves to torture his victims, had refused to give him drink without money, and so he was coming home as crazy and as fierce as some wild animal. But the king had some work for him to do, and he said to his slave, "Your wife was busy drawing brushes to-day, and this is her night to be paid for them. You had better go home, and see if there isn't something to eat in the house, or maybe you can steal her money. Never mind if she is sick and lame, and your little children starving. So the slave reached home, and finding the door locked, gave it a great kick. The poor frightened wife heard him, but dared not let him in. But he was very strong and angry, and in a few minutes he burst open the door, and was in the room. Before the poor woman could speak he dragged her out of bed, and said,—

"So you dare to keep me out of my own room; I've a good mind to kill you!" and he looked at her with two eyes very much like those you've seen in pictures of great hungry tigers. Then he cried again, clutching her shoulders till they were black and blue, "Give me your money, and I'll let you go."

But she only sobbed and begged him to have mercy. Then he pounded and beat her, for you know the goodness was burnt out of his heart, and at last when she almost fainted, he threw her out into a great snow-heap, and then fastened the door with nails, so she could not get back.

He looked for the money in vain, and at last shook up Jack to make him tell where it was.

"I don't know, indeed, father," cried Jack.

Then King Fire-water whispered, "Their mother has taught 'em. They'll tell a lie for her any time. They love her a great deal the best."

The slave was mad with rage, and seizing the little warm sleepers, one after another, in their scant-dresses and bare feet, in a row against the wall. A very sorry little regiment they were, shivering with cold and fright. Poor baby tumbled over again and again, and vainly tried to comfort himself with his thumbs.

Then came the angry question, "Which do you like best—your mother or me?"

Poor little children! In their innocence and simplicity, the answer came in a prompt chorus, "*Mother.*"

The furious man seized an old stick in the corner, and began most unmercifully to whip his little shrinking children, one after the other, down to poor baby who only cried gaspingly through his blue lips and little chattering teeth, "Mammy, mammy, mammy!"

The poor mother, almost wild at hearing her children's cries, tried in vain to open the door, then flying around to the window she arrived just in time to see the heavy blows fall upon poor innocent baby's shuddering limbs, and she sent up a cry so shrill and piercing, that the neighbors windows flew up on every side and soon two or three strong men came to the rescue. They forced open the door, and the wicked man was caught and tied down with strong cords.

King Fire-water never helps his slaves when they are in trouble—he only mocks and sneers. So when the judge said the man must go to jail, and stay there three months, there was no one to help him, or say a word to comfort him. Everybody was glad to see him go, even, I fear, his own little children.

Now, perhaps, you will think that when this slave comes out of prison he will

be so angry with his old master, who has made him all this trouble, that he will try to break his chain, and will clear the ashes out of his heart, and ask God to put some new kindness and love in it, and will try to make a pleasant home for the wife and children who have been unhappy so long. But I cannot tell. King Fire-water is very careful that his slaves shall not escape and his chains are very strong.

Dear Black-eyes and Blue-eyes! I know you will not have anything to do with this wicked king. You will always be afraid of the dreadful fire that may lie hidden in the bright crimson cup. You would rather drink pure water, bright and flashing like diamonds, the sweet cool water that comes up in the "old oaken bucket," or that you find bubbling up in the dim, old woods, and where, falling upon your knees, you scoop it up in your rosy pails—the nicest drinking cup in the world.

But you can do more yet. You must always be on the watch for the beginning of *little* chains. Give them a good pull whenever you get a chance, for they are always comparatively weak and easily broken *at first*.

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#### THE PAINTED SHIP.

While standing at the wharf of a quiet harbour, looking at the shipping which lay at anchor, we heard a young lady remark to a friend, "That nicely painted ship I would choose for a sail across the sea." He replied, "I would not, but prefer the dark old vessel near it. For that handsome ship is unsafe; her timbers are rotten. She has been newly painted."

Very suggestive, we thought, of practical truth. There are painted ships on all seas. Upon the waters of life they are gaily sailing to eternity with an inward decay which will yield to the storm that awaits every mortal mariner.

In the church the formalist seems to himself and to others bound to the celestial shore; but alas, he is a painted ship, whose timbers are worthless, and will go down when the tempest comes. Out of the sacred fellowship of the saints, the moralist sails in a similar bark, with different colours only; and hopeless wreckage is near.

How much of human existence, hope, and destiny, is represented in that painted ship! How little, by the unpretending and solid worth of the sailor's home, floating on the same tide!

But there comes to the ear no sound of the disaster as the light forms of decay go down on the lee shore of despair; no shout of welcome and rapture, as the barks of infinitely precious freightage reach their desired haven, where the weary are at rest.—*British paper*.

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#### "LIVE THE LIFE OF JESUS—ALL ELSE IS NOTHING."

Such were the dying words of the excellent and devoted Jean Louis Rostan, the companion and fellow-labourer of the faithful Felix Neff. When asked by the friend who stood by his bedside, a witness of the triumph of his closing hours, "Have you any personal counsel or advice to give me?" he replied, "*Live the life of Jesus; all else is nothing.*"

But to live his life, we must come to him with full faith in him as the only and all-sufficient Saviour; giving up all that we have and are to him and his service; asking, as the one great question, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" confessing his name, obeying his laws, cherishing his Spirit, imitating his example, labouring for the extension of his kingdom, aiming in all things at the advancement of his cause and the promotion of his glory. Like the great apostle to the Gentiles, we must be able to say, "The life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God." "For me to live is Christ."

Such a life is indeed the only one worth living. It is the only life that can satisfy the sober judgment, or meet the demands of conscience, or fulfil the re-

quirements of God: the only life that has peace and self-approbation in its progress, and joy in its end; the only life that is worthy of a rational and immortal being; the only life that will bear the test of the final judgment, and prepare for endless blessedness in heaven.

*"All else is nothing."*

Live for *fame*, and even if you gain its plaudits, they are not sure for a moment. The "*Hosanna*" of to-day may be the "*crucify him*" of to-morrow.

Live for pleasure, and though it may gratify for a season, you will find it like poisoned food, satisfying a present hunger, but leaving death behind.

Live for *wealth*, and in the very aim you will "fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition," and be in danger of "erring from the faith, and piercing yourself through with many sorrows." And even if you are successful, and gain the riches you desire, you can hold them but a little while, and cannot bear them with you to eternity; and if misimproved, "your gold and silver will be cankered, and the rust of them will be a swift witness against you, to eat your flesh as it were fire."

Live for *the world in any form*, and what shall it profit you though you gain it all, if you lose your soul?

*Live then the life of Jesus, for all else is nothing.—British Messenger.*

#### THE GREAT DIAMOND-OWNER.

The greatest diamond-amateur in the world is said to be the Duke of Brunswick, who has published a catalogue of 268 quarto pages, giving a detail of their previous stories, together with sundry particulars. It describes how one adorned a Turkish sabre, another a royal diadem, the other an imperial collar, and this black diamond was an idol's eye. Some were worn on the waistcoat as buttons by the Emperor Don Pedro; a diamond ring, with the Stuart coat of arms and the cypher "M. S.," belonged to Mary Queen of Scots; and that pair of earrings hung once on Marie Antoinette. The Duke is in treaty for the purchase of two diamonds—one is stated to be worth fifty thousand pounds, and the other one hundred and forty thousand pounds!

The total value of this diamond-miser's precious stones must be almost fabulous. Surely such a man must be happy? Not so. His diamonds keep him chained to his palace. He dare not sleep from it a single night, and the place is constructed not so much for safety as for security, being surrounded by a high wall and burglar-proof. The wall itself is surmounted by a lofty iron railing defended by innumerable sharp spear-heads, which are so contrived that if any person touches any one of them a chime of bells begin instantly to ring an alarm; this iron railing cost him three thousand pounds. He keeps his diamonds in a case, built in a thick wall; his bed is placed against it, that no burglar may break into it without killing, or at least waking him, and that he may amuse himself with them without leaving his bed. This safe is lined with granite and with iron; the locks have a secret which must be known before they can be opened; if they are opened by violence, a discharge of firearms takes place, which will inevitably kill the burglar, and at the same time a chime of bells in every room in his house are set ringing. He has but one window in his bedroom; the sash is of the stoutest iron, the shutters are of thick sheet-iron. The ceiling of his room is plated with iron several inches thick, and so is the floor. The door opening into it is of solid sheet iron, and cannot be entered unless one be master of the secret combinations of the lock. A case of a dozen six-barrelled revolvers, loaded and capped, lies open upon the table, within reach of his bed.

What a picture is here presented of this Royal Duke! Who will envy him? Surely the lot of the poorest peasant who walks abroad amidst the beauties of nature, not having a rood of ground to call his own, much less a brilliant diamond with which to adorn his person, is infinitely to be preferred to that of this celebrated diamond-owner.—*British Ensign.*