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THE PRESBYTERIAN.

APRIL, 1863.

It will gratify our friends throughout the country to know that, during the past winter, there has been found, in all the Protestant Congregations of Montreal, a largely increased measure of life and energy, and, as a consequence, a great addition to the membership of all the Churches.

This state of matters, so cheering to every evangelical Christian, became apparent in the early part of the winter, and has gone on increasing until the present time.

In the latter part of December, the city was visited by Mr. Hammond, who had spent some time in Hamilton and other places in the West, where his labours were largely blessed. The Rev. Rob. Burnet, minister of the Church of Scotland in Hamilton, and a great many of our adherents there took a great interest in Mr. Hammond's labours, and much good has resulted therefrom. It is to be hoped, and prayed for, that with God's blessing these good effects may prove permanent. Immediately on arriving in Montreal, Mr. Hammond commenced to hold a series of meetings which were crowded by people from all the Protestant Congregations, so much so that it was often difficult to obtain admission at all. Daily prayer meetings were also held at different hours in the morning and during the day, which were well attended. Mr. Hammond was particularly successful in obtaining a hold on the attention of young people and children who came in crowds to the meetings. On leaving Montreal he received the thanks of a large body of Christian brethren, who are hopeful that the good effects of his labours will long be seen in this city. The work begun by Mr. Hammond has been continued by the Rev. Mr. Caughey, but more particularly among our brethren of the Methodist Church. He continues to hold frequent meetings in different parts of the city, but chiefly in Griffintown. In

the month of January the great anniversary meetings of the Religious Societies of Montreal were held, and excited much more than the usual amount of interest. They were largely attended by all the Protestant denominations; and no doubt contributed to add to the healthy feeling which has pervaded the congregations of this city during the past few months.

These meetings always exert a beneficial influence in this city, and that influence is felt over a considerable part of the country. They bring together under one banner all the different sections of the great Protestant Church, sections differing on minor points, but all uniting on the grand fundamental truths and doctrines of Christianity. It is indeed a cheering sight to see a meeting of over three thousand earnest Christian people, proclaiming their attachment to Protestant faith and principles, and their determination to uphold and maintain the same by supporting the leading societies for evangelizing the country.

The principal persons who took a part in the meetings either by moving resolutions or delivering addresses were, Rev. J. B. Bonar, Rev. J. H. Johnson, Rev. E. B. Webb, from Boston, Rev. Dr. Taylor, Rev. Mr. Fraser, Rev. Dr. Wilkes, Rev. Mr. McKillican, Rev. Mr. Harper, Rev. D. McVicar, Rev. Mr. Shuttleworth, Rev. A. F. Kemp, Rev. J. Irwin, Rev. W. Snodgrass, Rev. Mr. Sullivan, Rev. A. Colburn, of New Hampshire, Rev. Mr. Duclos, Rev. Mr. Lafleur, Hon. James Ferrier, Principal Dawson, Professor Cornish, T. M. Taylor, John Dougall, J. S. Mathewson, Lieut.-Col. Wilgress, J. C. Becket, J. W. Holmes, Capt. Orr, R. A. Capt. Noble, R. E. Our readers will be glad to see that these gentlemen are not confined to any one or two denominations, but are drawn from nearly all the different divisions of the Protestant church.

The Rev. Dr. Wright, a distinguished missionary from Oroomiah, in Persia, in which land he has laboured long and zealously, was also present at the meetings and added greatly to their interest.

The first of the anniversary meetings, that of the CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION, was held on Monday evening, the 26th January in the Wesleyan Church, Great St. James Street, in which elegant and commodious building we may observe that all the meetings were held;—the trustees having kindly placed the building at the service of the societies.

Hon. James Ferrier occupied the chair. The annual report gave a most satisfactory account of the schools and also of the finances.

The second meeting was that of the RELIGIOUS BOOK AND TRACT SOCIETY on Tuesday evening, January 27th.

Principal Dawson occupied the chair.

Rev. Professor Cornish read the report shewing that the past year was one of progress and increased usefulness. Many thousands of Bibles, Books, and Tracts had been issued by the society, and distributed throughout the country by colporteurs. The society's income was \$5,099, and the expenditure \$4,833.

The meeting of the BIBLE SOCIETY was held on Wednesday the 28th January, being the 42d anniversary. A large number were in attendance. In the absence of CAPT. MAITLAND, the worthy and much esteemed President, who was confined to his house by illness, which we regret to learn has continued with but little intermission up to the present time, the chair was taken by the HON. JAMES FERRIER. The chairman gave a brief address and called on T. M. TAYLOR Esq., the Corresponding-Secretary to read the report, which was listened to with much interest. The receipts of the society amounted to \$11,125 and the expenditure to \$11,003.

The Rev. Mr. Snodgrass made a most eloquent speech, which we are sorry we have not a more full report of.

He said that:—

The Bible had made use of all the improvements of modern invention as a means to its end, and it had given a wholesome stimulus to every such discovery. If the marvellous development of riches had contributed to men's worldly comfort, the Bible had made use of a large portion of it to promote their spiritual interests. The Bible Society had itself brought to light many facts which would otherwise have been buried in oblivion. There was, he said, in all lands, a demand for the Bible, and

it was their duty to provide Bibles in a sufficient number to meet these wants. He said they all needed more fully to appreciate the Bible, which was the guide of their lives and the standard of Christian duty. Protestants contended for the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible, because it was the palladium of civil and religious liberty; and they also contended for the right to circulate it without let or hindrance. (Applause) They all felt grateful for the peace and comfort which the Bible afforded, and he hoped they would give a practical proof of their gratitude by giving liberally towards its circulation.

The Rev. Mr. Sullivan, in an able speech, moved one of the resolutions.

A large collection was taken up, the Doxology was sung, the benediction pronounced, and the assemblage separated.

The meeting of the French Canadian Missionary Society was held on Thursday evening, January 29th. The Church was densely crowded.

The president, Lieut.-Col. Willgress, presided.

After the devotional exercises, and some very excellent singing by the pupils of Pointe-aux-Trembles, the President opened the meeting by calling upon the Secretary to read the report.

The report stated that notwithstanding the difficulties under which the Society laboured, owing to the large amount of Roman Catholics that were spreading over Protestant districts, carrying their influences with them, which were prejudicial both socially and politically to the Protestant cause, the returns for the year were gratifying. The Society's Schools were in a prosperous condition. The Schools at Pointe-aux-Trembles and Ste. Foye, had increased the number of their scholars this year. It was to be hoped, that by their exertion they would not only support these noble institutions, but erect others, as the good principles which the scholars learned in those Schools they disseminated to others. Many Roman Catholic children who had been educated in those Schools obtained a knowledge of the saving truth. Many thousand tracts had also been distributed. It also stated that \$4200 had been received towards the erection of a Mission Church and premises in this city; but \$12,000 was the sum requisite to erect these. He then gave the collections for the last year, which were \$12,751, being an increase over last year of \$2053. The balance on hand was \$544, the only balance that they ever had on hand. (Applause.) He closed the reading of the report by making an eloquent appeal in behalf of the French Canadians.

The Rev. Mr. Ducloux delivered an address in French.

Rev. Dr. Wright said they did not wish to attack the Romish Churches, but simply to lay the word of God before their fellow-men. He said that in doing this they should approach a man, and so converse with him as to give him to understand that they had his welfare

at heart, than that every avenue of that man's heart would be open to them. His experience in Persia satisfied him that this was the true policy. They should have the love of their fellow-men that Christ had for them. He approved of their educational system, and their schools; and said that such places were productive of revivals of religion, the influence of which would have good effect upon the country round. The speaker concluded by exhorting them to pray earnestly for the success of their labour, without which he said all their efforts would be fruitless.

On Friday evening, January 30th, a missionary meeting was held; the Church was comfortably filled.

Captain Orr, R. A., presided.

After devotional exercises by the Rev. D. McVicar, the chairman opened the meeting by saying, that he did not see as many there to-night, as he did at the Bible Meeting. The reason was because there were many Bible readers but few Missionaries. He believed it to be the duty of every man and woman to be a Missionary, as much as those to whom our Saviour gave the command, "go ye forth and preach the gospel to every creature." And every one who read the Bible, did not consider it their duty to be a Missionary. Many difficulties stood in the way of the Foreign Missionaries. It was difficult to learn the language of foreign people, and to earn their affection, which was the reason there were so few Missionaries; and generally he said, that Missionary reports fell coldly upon the ears of people. He hoped that the report that would be read that night, would stir up their hearts, to see what they could do at home by their own individual efforts, telling others of the Lord what they themselves had learned.

This meeting was of a most interesting character.

On Saturday evening the week of the anniversary meetings was closed by a social meeting at the residence of T. M. Taylor, Esq., Corresponding Secretary of the Bible Society, who invited a large party of Christian friends to meet the Rev. Dr. Wright of Persia, the missionary in Groomiah. This gentleman gave a long and very interesting account of his labours in that distant land; and said that he would be happy to answer conversationally any questions from parties present. A lengthy and agreeable conversation ensued, which was kept up until 10 o'clock; when, after devotional services by the Rev. Dr. Wilkes, the meeting separated, having spent a delightful and instructive evening. Dr. Wright took occasion, towards the close of the meeting, to thank the inhabitants of Montreal for the cordial welcome and great kindness shewn to him, of which he would always entertain a grateful remembrance.

FRENCH MISSION.

We insert below the pulpit notice issued by the Convener of the Committee of Management of the French Mission to the Ministers of the Church, respecting the collection to be made in aid of the Mission on the 5th inst. It is sincerely hoped that no minister will withhold from his congregation an opportunity of contributing, and that every congregation will respond liberally to the call which is made to them. This, at all times proper, is particularly needful at the present time.

We find, in some quarters, a disposition to treat this scheme as if it were in opposition to the French Canadian Missionary Society's operations, or an interference with them. It is no such thing. There are two ways of working the French Mission—either by a general scheme supported by all Churches, or by each Church maintaining a scheme of its own. These are not so distinct as that both modes may not find a warm and liberal supporter in one Christian. They are not so exhaustive of Christian liberality as that the one need come into hurtful competition with the other. They are not so extensive in their operations as that the one may strive to elbow the other out. The field is wide enough for both systems; and where the one may fail, either in getting aid or doing work, the other may succeed. It is an obvious advantage that both the man who favours a united effort of the Churches, and the man who makes his denominationalism the channel of his liberality, should have the opportunity of promoting the same work, in the way he most approves of and delights in. Our Church had a French Mission Scheme, one of the earliest in the Province, we believe, before what is usually called *The Pointe aux Trembles Mission* was heard of; and yet, had it appeared that the people of our Church had really a preference for that Mission over their own, when the latter was revived a few years ago, it would have been very questionable policy to have resumed denominational operations. But the fact is notorious, that, with one or two exceptions, our congregations did nothing for the more general scheme. Have they no responsibilities in connection with the work? Have they no desire to help it on? Have they no means to give for its promotion? And would it be creditable to our Church, as an Institution of the Province, to fail in the effort to call these out? Is it any less honourable to the Presbyterian Church of Canada in

connection with the Church of Scotland to have a French Mission Scheme, than to the Episcopalian Church, or the Wesleyan Methodist Church, or the Baptist Church? We hope our people will look at the matter: not as the two systems are sometimes invidiously set in antagonism to one another; but as they may be practically useful in increasing agencies and extending the work.

In our last number "Geneva," the detector of so many weak spots in our position as a Church, concluding his remarks in reference to Montreal, "would respectfully bring under the notice of the Executive Committee of our French Mission there, the necessity of making some provision (either as a Committee or as individuals) for the temporary support or employment in some way of such of Mr. Tanner's converts, as may, by reason of their change of faith, be exposed to persecution at the hands of their relatives, or former co-religionists."

We quote "Geneva's" words because they state very clearly one of the difficulties that beset the French Mission, and one of the facts which have been repeatedly given as reasons for the enlarged contributions from our people to the Mission Fund which we have so long looked for, but as yet looked for in vain. When "Geneva" speaks of the Executive Committee of the French Mission *there*, that is in Montreal, he seems to us to let out what, we fear, is a prevailing notion, that the French Mission is a Montreal and not a Synodical Mission. The Committee referred to are *the Executive of the Synod*. We are sure that Montreal is incapable of doing what the Synod has done;—appointing an Executive, and giving them to administer a fund next to nothing in amount.

Some people have a cruel delight in pointing out weak spots. This failing is not in general a characteristic of skilful leaders, model workers, exemplary pastors. We will be glad to know that "Geneva" and his congregation have together contributed more than ten dollars in three years for the French-Mission scheme, and not surprised if *individual* members of the Executive have more than once given double or treble that amount. We do not need "Geneva's" pen to point out what should be done; but his influence, in and out of Montreal, to help us in getting the means of doing it.

An appointment of the Synod requires a collection to be made on the first Sabbath of next month in behalf of the French Mission Scheme.

It is not necessary to explain the object of this Mission; and it is believed that to intelligent and thoughtful members of the Church but one view of its importance can occur. Those who know how to value the blessing of an open Bible will not esteem lightly the attempt to convey it to such as are denied free access to its precious contents. They who understand the excellencies of Protestantism, as distinguished from Romanism, cannot well be uninterested in the dissemination of the principles peculiar to the former. If it be a Christian duty to give bread to an enemy when he is hungry, how much more is it a Christian duty to extend to our neighbour "the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ!"

It seems necessary, however, to remind the congregations and members of the Church, that, without the use of means, this praiseworthy and desirable object is quite beyond our reach. Our agencies must be maintained; our Missionaries must be supported. Whatever good the scheme may be doing, it cannot be for its good to keep its managers in a state of financial embarrassment.

There are two Missionaries labouring—labouring with diligence and success, in connection with the Scheme. In the little Congregations that wait upon their ministry there are none of the rich, the great, or the wise, of this world. It is not with these that the work of religious reformation, the reception of Protestant truth, generally begins. In their weakness and poverty they are exposed to the reproaches of those who are without, while they are almost helpless to maintain the ordinances of religion within themselves. Much pecuniary assistance is therefore needed in their behalf. The responsibility of preaching a new faith to them involves the addition of good works done in the name of its Divine Author.

Would that the experience of past years inspired a suitable confidence in the success of the present appeal! With the intimation that the income of the Scheme is utterly insufficient to sustain its operations, the Committee of Management implore a liberal collection. May the great God who "is able to make all grace abound toward you," enrich you "in everything to all bountifulness;" "for ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich."

In the name and behalf of the Committee,
W. SNODGRASS, *Convener*

We have received a letter from Rev. William Darrach, minister of St. Matthew's Church, Montreal, complaining of certain statements made by our correspondent "Geneva," in last number respecting the state of the Church of Scotland in Montreal. Mr. Darrach does not object to his church being styled a mission church, and only wishes that more of a missionary spirit was displayed in all our churches.

It is well known, that St. Matthew's Church has been regularly admitted as a congregation by the Presbytery of Montreal, and is in an active, healthy, working condition. This congregation makes large and liberal collections for all the schemes of the church; it numbers seventy families, and has ninety communicants. There is an excellent Sabbath school in connection with it, attended by one hundred and forty-four scholars, and having twenty-two teachers. There is also a day-school adjoining the church, with two teachers, one of whom has been a student of Queen's College, and this school is attended by one hundred and thirty-four scholars. There is no debt whatever upon the school.

The Sabbath School also maintains an orphan in India, and contributes to other missionary purposes. We are aware that the minister of St. Matthews, has had, for a considerable time, a mission station in Griffintown, which has been very successful. We do not think that we have many congregations who do more for the church at large than this congregation does; and it speaks most favourably for the liberality of the people, and the zeal of the minister, that they have been enabled, working hand in hand, to do so much.

A communication has reached us from Mr. A. T. Drummond, Librarian of Queen's College, Kingston, sending a list of donations to the library, and asking us to publish the names of the books and the names of the donors *in extenso*. We are rejoiced to see that the list is so long and includes so many valuable works; and we hope that the friends of the church will largely add to it. At present it is impossible for us to find room for so much matter in our paper, which we regret very much.

An account has been sent to us of the examination of Wardville Union Grammar School, of which Mr. D. J. Macdonnell, M. A., formerly a student of Queen's College, is head master. The examination appears to have been most creditable.

Upwards of two hundred persons were present and at the close a handsome rosewood writing desk was presented to the head master by the pupils.

The Rev. James Mair, M. A., of Martintown, has sent to us another letter on the Temporalities Fund; and we have also received a communication on the same subject from another quarter. It may have been noticed by our readers, that Mr. Mair has published another letter in the *Globe* newspaper which we have not copied. We are of opinion that more time, space, and attention have already been devoted to Mr. Mair's charges than they deserve at our hands; and we do not intend at present, to insert any more articles regarding them.

Our readers will miss the usual article "On Points of Contact between Egyptian and Jewish History" in this number; but these articles will be continued in our next.

We hoped to have had the second article of "Stray Leaves from my Port-folio" for this month, but numerous pressing duties of a public nature have prevented the author from sending it in time for insertion.

INDUCTIONS.

We learn, though not officially, that the Rev. James George, D.D., has been inducted to the charge of Stratford, and the Rev. William Miller, to the new charge of Zorra, by the Presbytery of London.

We beg to remind Presbyteries that the Synod has transmitted several Interim Acts and overtures for them to consider and report upon, to the next annual meeting. It is desirable that all Presbyteries give diligent attention to the duty intrusted to them. We merely indicate the matters referred to, without expressing any opinion upon their merits.

1. Interim Act anent the representation of the Eldership.

2. Overture and Interim Act anent the taking up of collections for ecclesiastical purposes.

3. Interim Act anent the calling and settling of ministers.

4. Overture anent the collection of Hymns published by the authority of a committee of the General Assembly of the church of Scotland.

With reference to the last, a copy of

the collection of Hymns has been sent to each Presbytery clerk for the use of his Presbytery in disposing of the overture.

SYNOD MINUTES AND OTHER PAPERS.

The following printed documents in the hands of the Synod clerk, the Rev. W. Snodgrass, Montreal, are sent postage free on receipt of orders and prices:—

Minutes of Synod, from 1831 to 1836 inclusive. (a reprint).....	\$2.00
Minutes of Synod, from 1837 to 1862, single copy for any year...	25
Acts of Synod collected down to 1850	12½
The Synod's Model deed.....	50

Remittances may be made in Bank bills or postage stamps.

Literary Notices.

THE PROMISE OF THE SPIRIT. By Rev. W. B. Clark, Minister of Chalmers' Church, Quebec. Printed at the Evangelizer Office, Prescott.

A series of sermons on the work and power of the Holy Spirit. Their author is not the most interesting of writers. There is a haze over his thoughts which we find it difficult for our weak vision to penetrate; however we trust they will be fathomable to others of quicker perception, and be profitable for that whereunto they are intended.

MEDITATIONS ON DEATH. By Zschokke. Printed by request of Her Majesty the Queen. Dawson Brothers, Gt. St. James' Street, Montreal.

The circumstances under which this volume has been produced are very peculiar. A favourite book with his late Royal Highness, the Prince Consort, was the well known German work *Stunden der Andacht*, which is generally ascribed to Zschokke. Some of these meditations were frequently read by him, as though he had a presentiment of his early death. After that sad event the book became more than ever endeared to the Queen, who solaced herself by making a selection of the greater favourites. These she employed Miss Rowan to translate, and had them printed in a volume, of which a small number of copies were circulated with a notice that the "Meditations" had "been selected for translation, by one to whom, in a deep and overwhelming sorrow, they had proved a source of comfort and edification." As the volume is one so eminently calculated to answer this end, it was evident that a much wider circulation was desirable than was at first contemplated; and accordingly her Majesty was pleased to give her permission

to that effect. The volume is now republished in America, where so many afflicted hearts need consolation. It is believed that these meditations will carry comfort wherever they are read, and it is our earnest wish that they *may* be read by every family in every homestead in the land.

THE THOUGHTS OF GOD. By the Rev. J. R. McDuff, D.D., author of "Morning and Night Watches." Dawson Brothers, Gt. St. James' Street, Montreal.

Very few Scotch divines of the present day write in a more interesting style than Dr. McDuff, and he will lose none of his well earned reputation by the little work before us. It is altogether such a one as will please the eye and enrich the mind. It is thoroughly evangelical in its tone, instructive in its teachings; and is full of vital truth, stated with great thoughtfulness and practical point.

TWO FRIENDS. By the author of "The Patience of Hope," and "A Present Heaven." Dawson Brothers, Gt. St. James' Street, Montreal.

The one friend is a wanderer in this sin-blighted world, at one time receding in the Divine life, at another time progressing. The other friend is "he who sticketh closer than a brother, amid all change-unchangeably the same. The pervading, continually recurring idea, throughout the book is that of the guardianship of the second friend, who sympathizes with us in every position of difficulty in which we can be placed; who will never leave us if we put our trust in him, until he takes us to the promised country, and confers on us the unfading glory. Original and highly instructive in style, this book cannot fail to

interest. It is an excellent Sunday evening book, to which the religious and devout reader may profitably revert for the quickening of his graces.

THE WORKS OF THOMAS GOODWIN, D.D.,
Vols. IV. and V. Dawson Brothers, Gt.
St. James' Street, Montreal.

These are two beautiful volumes of Nichol's series of standard divines: and to us they are far more interesting than the two preceding volumes. Thomas Goodwin has an eye to observe a distant object and to discern a delicate distinction; a wing for a bold and lofty flight; a hand to grasp a big thing and to arrest a strong force. Not without some justice he has

been called the Shakspeare of the Puritans. In his writings the apt disciple will find a great deal of sterling and stimulating thought. The editorial notes attached to these volumes are, to us, very satisfactory. We highly approve of the course the editor has pursued in relation to the autobiography, punctuation, substitution of certain words, and verification of the authorities that are quoted. We are pleased to know that Dr. Miller, rather than Mr. Spurgeon, whose name was first mentioned in connexion with this work, has written the life of this remarkable man. No one but a scholar should attempt to write the life of a scholar: no one but a sage the life of a philosopher.

The Church in Canada.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, MONTREAL—SOCIAL MEETING.

The second annual social meeting of the congregation of this church was held on the evening of Wednesday the 18th ult.

The proceedings—in the body of the building—having been opened with devotional exercises, the Rev. W. Snodgrass, Pastor of the congregation gave some account of its financial and spiritual condition for which there was cause for satisfaction.

Rev. Mr. Cochrane, missionary, followed with some observations on the advantages resulting from re-unions like the present, also upon the duties of Christian parents, in respect to their conduct towards their children, with a view to the latter becoming themselves useful members of the church of Christ.

After the choir had sung, the meeting adjourned to the Lecture-room in the basement, which was most tastefully decorated and illuminated. In the ante-room were a number of useful and fancy articles, provided by the ladies of the Dorcas Society of the church; many of which were sold during the evening, for the benefit of the indigent members of the congregation. Refreshments were immediately served; and, after some time spent in conversation, the choir again gave some selections of sacred music. Then the Rev. Dr. Taylor delivered a short address, expressive of the pleasure he felt in being there as their guest. He remarked that there was a door of usefulness open to the female members of churches, and then spoke of the past history and present prospects of Presbyterianism, stating that though there were some denominational differences among Presbyterians, there were many points of coincidence; and, notwithstanding there were yet impediments existing in Scotland to the union of the different branches of the Presbyterian

Church such did not exist in Canada, and he hoped to see the day here when they would all be united in one.

Rev. Mr. Snodgrass followed, reciprocating the sentiments of union expressed by Dr. Taylor. He expressed the belief that when the proper time and measures came he would be found on the side of union. At present the divided state of the Church is not an unmitigated evil, and he was not one of those who are disposed to do nothing but mourn over the external divisions of Protestants. Religious liberty, freedom of opinion, must for a long time at least produce diversity. Beneath this diversity there may be the real spirit of union, if Christians will cultivate it. In the meantime this is the true view for Protestant Churches to take of their position—that they are so many regiments marching and fighting under the same Leader, "the Captain of Salvation": and certainly the way to promote union and serve the end of a real usefulness is not for one regiment to interfere with the working position of another, to deprive it of the means whereby it proposes to increase the activities and extend the labours of its members. He thanked the ladies and others who had contributed to the pleasure of the occasion; and, after some further singing by the choir, the Doxology was sung by all, and the benediction pronounced, when the large meeting separated, many regretting that the happy fellowship of the evening had been so brief. On the following evening the same excellent arrangements were made available for the Annual Soiree of the Sabbath School.

SOIREE AT WHITBY.

On the 30th January, a Missionary meeting, under the auspices of the Presbytery of Toronto, was held in St. Andrew's Church, Whitby. The object of this meeting, in common with those of a similar nature held in all congregations within the bounds of this Presbytery, was to excite an interest in and raise funds

towards the operations of the Home Mission Schemes of the Synod and Presbytery. To promote this object the members of the Parochial association of the congregation deemed it advisable to hold a Soiree in connection with the meeting. Accordingly, the ladies and young men of the congregation applied all their energies to make the soiree as successful as possible; and the result proved most creditable to all concerned. The basement of the church, though in the state in which it had been left by the masons, was tastefully decorated with evergreens; while an abundant display of bunting covered and concealed the roughness pertaining to an unfinished building. In this a sumptuous entertainment was provided. After these refreshments had been partaken of, the large and social assemblage adjourned to the body of the church, where the evening was spent most pleasantly, and we trust profitably, in hearing speeches delivered by the Rev. Messrs Bain (Scarboro'), W. R. Ross (Pickering), Mackerras (Bowmanville), Byrne, Minister of the Congregational Church, Whitby, and Mr. MacLennan the worthy and eloquent pastor of the congregation, who acted as Chairman on the occasion; and in listening to choice music discoursed by a select choir. All the proceedings were regulated in accordance with a printed programme, and were marked by the utmost decorum; while a genial and kindly feeling appeared to pervade the large and respectable audience assembled. At the close of the services a collection was taken up. The net proceeds of the Soiree and of the collection amounted to about \$90, by far the larger portion of which is to be devoted to the purposes mentioned in the opening sentences of this notice, and the balance to kindred objects in which the Parochial Association of this flourishing and rapidly growing congregation are interested.

The success which has attended this effort together with the handsome results of a Bazaar held last spring under the auspices of this Association, the proceeds of which netted \$430, suggest the query—whether it would not be most desirable to have a similar association, conducted by the ladies and zealous male members, organized in every charge situated in a city or having a town within its limits?

MISSIONARY MEETING.

The Congregation of Spencerville, in connection with the Church of Scotland, held their first Missionary Meeting, on Tuesday evening, the 24th ult.

The evening being fine, and roads good, the attendance was large. In addition to the congregation, there were many from other Churches in the village, so that the Town Hall was crowded to overflowing.

The chair was taken by the minister of the Congregation, at seven o'clock, and after the choir had sung the Missionary hymn, the meeting was opened with prayer by Rev. D. Morrison, Brockville.

The Chairman, having made a few remarks on the various "Schemes of the Church," called on Rev. D. Morrison, who gave us an able and interesting address, on the "Home Mission Scheme."

The other speakers were John Cron and Thomas Robertson, Esquires, who made a few well-timed remarks, and Rev. R. Kennedy, of Prescott, editor of "*Evangelizer*," and "*Good News*," who entertained and edified the audience by an excellent address on "Revivals and their effects."

A well-trained first rate choir contributed greatly to the pleasure and profit of the evening.

After the collection had been taken up, which was in behalf of the "Bursary scheme," and which amounted to \$16.00, the benediction was pronounced, and the assembly began to disperse during the singing of "Hope in the Lord," highly pleased with the evening's entertainment.

ARRIVAL OF A MISSIONARY.

It affords us pleasure to chronicle the arrival of the Rev. William Cochrane and wife, by the steamship *St. Andrew* from Glasgow, after a perilous passage of 43 days. Mr. Cochrane has been commissioned by the colonial committee of the church of Scotland, to the Presbytery of Montreal, within the bounds of which he has begun to labour. We learn from the *Glasgow Herald*, that previous to his leaving for this country, he was presented by the congregation in which he was acting as missionary, with a purse of forty guineas.

THE CONNECTION BETWEEN LIFE AND ETERNITY.

When, after a few fleeting hours are past,
Thy will is fully perfected in me.
My earthly burthen is removed at last,
And from the chains of sin my soul set free,—
The last sad tear that earth can claim is shed,
And, 'dust to dust,' I rest among the dead,—

How shall I to myself, for joy, be known,
When the dark veil is taken from mine eyes?
When the bright Angel brotherhood shall own,
And my glance pierces heaven's deep mysteries?

And what was sacred held from mortal sight,
To the freed spirit is revealed in light.

Here, ere Thou cam'st Thy hidden ways to teach,

My boasted wisdom was an idle dream:
Of all the countless joys my soul shall rear,
My searching gaze can scarcely catch a gleam.

Yet I, confiding in Thy truth, believe,
What Thou hast promised, that shall I receive.

Mercy of God! without or mark or bound,
The heavens have not sufficient tongues to praise,
Nor words of worth enough our thanks to sound

For that Thou lend'st Thy light to guide our ways.

One single ray from Thee outshineth far
The sun and moon, and every glittering star.

The Leaders of the Reformation.

ART III.

There is no class of men which has offered such persistent opposition to the Church of Scotland as infidel and semi-infidel men of letters. But although their scoffs may have caused the faith of some to wax cold; although some of the Church's flock may have been led by their writings basely to withdraw allegiance, or what is as bad, to give it grudgingly to that Presbyterian system which has been such a blessing to their country,—it should be remembered that the infidel's censure should rather be counted the Church's praise. For what is more natural than that he who hates religion should hate its most powerful instrument? And what can be a more powerful instrument of the truth than a Church built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets? It is because our Church has neither added nor subtracted—it is because her ever glorious Reformers were commissioned by God not merely to reform, but to restore the Church to Apostolic purity in doctrine, and in order,—it is because in so doing they established a bulwark of the faith built upon the eternal rock of truth, a bulwark against which the gates of hell cannot prevail,—that the sneers of the polished sceptic, and the buffoonery of lower infidels have been hurled against our Zion.

But how firm is the position, how lofty the hopes of the truly Apostolic Church? Her order she traces directly to the Apostles who committed to Presbyters—sometimes termed bishops or overseers—the government of Christ's House; and from these Presbyter bishops her ministers can trace a continued succession. For although the Church became corrupt, yet God did not forget his promises; although the ministers of the Gospel added much to the Gospel, they were still His ministers, and still enabled to transmit the high commission with which they had been entrusted. In opposition to the independent sectary, the Church traces the authority of her ministry not to the dictum of a congregation, but to the power given by Christ to His ministers to set apart men by ordination to the pastoral office: in opposition to the prelatist, she denies that there is in the Gospel or in any primitive records any such person as a prelate; and affirms that but for the fact that persons who have held the unscriptural office of prelate have always been also

invested with the scriptural office of Presbyter, it would, unless Presbyters had assisted, have been impossible to trace a regular ministerial succession. But Presbytery never wholly passed away. Even at present in the prelatist churches it is necessary that Presbyters should assist the prelate in ordination; and such never ceased to be the case. And as the commission of the Presbyterian bishop is primitive and scriptural, so is the manner in which the Church is governed. Apostolic order was sought by our Reformers as well as evangelical truth. The greatest gain of the Reformation was a surely grounded faith built upon the Word of God; the next greatest gain was the restoration of the primitive order. The blessings of the Gospel have been unmingled in Scotland, for there the Gospel has been unadulterated; the Church of Scotland has been a pillar and ground of the truth, because she has held to the old truths and rejected all innovations. The unhappy divisions of the Presbyterian Church have not prevented her from being the most faithful teacher of the doctrines of the Cross. The infidel may well hate her. For when his blasphemies are passed away, when his very existence is forgotten, she will still be blessed of God in proclaiming the ancient truth, and in protesting against changes of the divinely appointed way of teaching it.

The greatest censure which men of the class of Hume can cast upon the Church is the fact that good and great men fought nobly for her liberties. Here at once the true churchman takes issue with the infidel and the latitudinarian. To the latter, the brave shepherds of Christ's flock, who resisted perfidious kings and wicked prelates, are but enemies of the public quiet. To the Presbyterian they are soldiers who fought the good fight,—ministers of Christ who knew that at all hazards Presbyterian order should be maintained in its integrity. The result of their labours we are reaping, and those who come after us, will reap to the end of time. It was a glorious generation of men that God raised up for the work. Without further preface we will proceed to give some details of the life of the most learned of the many learned men who had a part in the Presbyterian Re-

formation. The services of George Buchanan, although not so brilliant as those of some of his contemporaries, were yet of the greatest value to the Church and nation.

George Buchanan was born in February, 1506, at Killearn, Stirlingshire, of an ancient and honourable, though not wealthy family. His mother's name was Heriot, and his father, Thomas Buchanan, was second son of Thomas Buchanan of Drumkill. George was the third son of the family, and received the rudiments of his education at the school of his native parish, then one of the most celebrated in Scotland. Showing early signs of talent, his maternal uncle, James Heriot, sent him when fifteen years of age to the University of Paris, where he studied with the greatest diligence, and put forth his first poetical efforts. The death of his uncle, however, prevented his remaining long at Paris, and poverty conspired with ill-health to delay the prosecution of his studies. Obligated to return to Scotland, he served as a private soldier in the campaign undertaken under the leadership of the Duke of Albany, then Regent, against the English. The campaign was unsuccessful; and Buchanan, who narrowly escaped being made a prisoner, returned to his home completely cured of warlike enthusiasm. He then attended the University of St. Andrews for one session; after which, through the assistance of John Major, one of the Professors, he returned to Paris, became a student in the Scots College there, and took his degree of Master of Arts in 1528. After this he was for three years professor at the College of St. Barbe, where he received liberal remuneration for his services. It was there that he became acquainted with Gilbert Kennedy, Earl of Cassillis, who asked him to become his preceptor; and the acquaintance with the young Earl had a great effect upon his prospects, and, it may be added upon those of his country.

When tutor to the Earl of Cassillis, Buchanan was introduced to James V of Scotland, then on a visit to Paris; and as he had already made himself odious by satirical poems, to the Franciscan Friars, the protection which that good natured prince afforded him, was of great service to him. His attacks on the impudence and ignorance of the reverend fathers seem greatly to have entertained the King of Scotland, who even pushed Buchanan to go further in his ridicule of monkish habits, than he had at first intended. His writings and his influence with the King

roused to transports of rage, Cardinal Beaton, and the Scottish clergy; and the wretched Beaton, who afterwards suffered the just penalty of his crimes, had sufficient audacity to offer the king a large sum of money for Buchanan's life.

Scotland was at this time in a sad state. The Romish Church had lost its hold on the people. The clergy were everywhere treated with disrespect. The influence of a corrupt Church is better than the reign of infidelity and licentiousness which follows the loosening of all ecclesiastical ties. The Romish bondage was passing away; but although pious priests had already suffered nobly as martyrs for the ancient truth, no great chief had arisen to bring back the Church of Scotland from the corruptions into which she had fallen, to the good old ways of Gospel truth. It followed that things were at their very worst. King James, notwithstanding his anti-monkish tirades, had died in good odour with the priesthood. Many nobles looked with interest on the work of the Reformation in England and the continent; but with few exceptions the interest which they took in it was only the interest of avarice. The plunder of the Church's ill-gotten wealth, they were in the highest degree anxious for; about the reformation of her corrupted teaching and practice they were absolutely indifferent. One of the evils of ecclesiastical corruption is the horrible crisis which must precede the throwing of it off. When France in the last century threw off the yoke of the Church of Rome, she went into infidelity only to return to the old tyranny. We should be thankful, that when the crisis was passed in Scotland, our Church and nation had left Rome to return to the Gospel.

Few men have seen more of the world than did George Buchanan. He was familiar with the plotting of statesmen, and the intrigues of priests. His life was, from fifteen years of age to his death, a continued scene of difficulty and danger; and there are few men whose lives written fully would more resemble a romance. One of his many adventures took place in Portugal where he found that the Franciscan brotherhood had not forgotten his sins against their order, when living at Paris under the protection of James V. He was sentenced by the Portuguese Inquisition to some months' imprisonment for eating flesh in Lent, and other enormities. But among the monks of the monastery in which he was confined he met some scho-

lar, of humane and kindly disposition who encouraged him in the planning, and partial execution of a work of itself sufficient to cause his name to be named with reverence to the latest posterity—his Latin translation of the Psalms of David. After a short detention, Buchanan received pardon though the intercession of the King of Portugal, a great admirer of his talents, and he sailed from Lisbon in a Greek vessel bound for England; from which country however, he soon after proceeded to France. At Paris, he published his *Adventus in Galliam*, in which with great force and sarcasm, he expressed his contempt for the Portuguese, and his attachment to the French nation. The long alliance between France and Scotland had made Scotland look to France with an affection second only to that in which they held their own country. Indeed, in France they seem hardly to have been regarded as foreigners. By laws repeated, and added to so many reigns, Scotchmen resident in France, were allowed privileges often refused to native born French subjects. Nor have the fruits of this friendship, of which Buchanan obtained the full benefit, passed altogether away. While all classes of the people in Old France still speak warmly of Scotland and Scotchmen, it has been found in our own country that traces of the ancient sympathy still remain, and that Scots and Frenchmen can agree on the banks of the St. Lawrence, perhaps as thoroughly as any of the other classes of our population.

But Buchanan was not merely a scholar; he was in the fullest sense of the term a Christian patriot. In France all honour was paid to him, and there he published many of his most famous works. But although happy, and prosperous in France, he felt that his first duty was to his own country. Obtaining an appointment in connection with the Court he proceeded to Scotland in 1561, where the strong influence of his learning and character were, with his powerful pen, put at the service of the struggling cause of the Reformation. He did not forget his old friends the Franciscans, against whom he published a poem which he dedicated to the Earl of Murray, afterwards Regent. In 1566, he was appointed Principal of St. Leonard's College, St. Andrew's; and in 1567, he was elected Moderator of the general assembly of the Church of Scotland, after having been, as a doctor in theology, for four years a member of that body. In every phase of the

great crisis of the Reformation between 1561 and 1570, Buchanan played an honourable post. His wisdom and profound learning were ever at the disposal of the Church, and he was regarded not only in Scotland, but throughout Protestant Europe as one of the most able supporters of the Reformed cause.

In 1570, it was felt after the assassination of the Regent Murray, that the hopes of the country centred on the young king, afterwards James VI, and the lords of the privy council selected Buchanan to act as his instructor. He now laboured diligently, though as the result showed with but too little success, to instil wise principles of religion and government into the minds of his royal pupil; and many are the amusing anecdotes which are told of the stern rebukes administered by his Presbyterian teacher, to the youth who was afterwards destined to be bespattered with the fulsome, and in many instances, disgusting adulation of English prelates. But if unsuccessful in making James VI grow up a wise and sensible ruler, Buchanan did much to lay the foundations of that national system of parochial education which has done so much under the auspices of our beloved Church, to mould the character of Scotchmen. He was president of an Education commission which accomplished much good; but he allowed no public labours to keep him from the gentler occupations of literature. His Latin writings prove him to have been one of the most elegant, as well as profound of scholars; and his *History of Scotland*, also written in that language, serves as the foundation on which many modern histories have been built. Buchanan died on the 28th September, 1582, in the seventy-seventh year of his age, expressing his firm faith in the atoning blood of Christ. He died, we are told, in much peace, and was buried in the Greyfriars Churchyard, an immense multitude of people attending his funeral. Buchanan was never married, and lived very moderately. But although many offices of emolument had been conferred on him, such was his liberality, that he died poor, leaving only about £100 arrears due him upon a pension.

In a sketch, necessarily very brief, it is hard to do anything like justice to such a man as George Buchanan. But it is well to call attention, however imperfectly, to the lives and deeds of the men who were the champions of the Church at the greatest crisis of Scottish history. To the learned

infidel, who hates the Church of Scotland because of its pure faith, and divinely appointed order, we can oppose in Buchanan a scholar unsurpassed in knowledge; to the sectary, we can oppose in him, a man, who although warmly attached to ecclesiastical freedom, held that the foundation of a Church was essential to the right work-

ing of the Christian system; while to the shallow-pated Puseyite parsons of Lennoxville and Toronto, we can present him as one of the many Presbyterian champions who have crumbled to dust their senseless superstitions.

St. Andrew's Manse, Quebec.

J. W. C.

Government and Position of our Church.

(Continued from page 79.)

The number of our adherents in the five cities of Upper Canada (London, Hamilton, Toronto, Kingston, and Ottawa) and in the two of Lower (Montreal and Quebec) appears to be 13,761, while the number belonging to the Free Church in the same is 9051. For these 13,761 we have nine ministers and nine churches, including the Mission Chapel at Point St. Charles, Montreal.

For those 9051, being 4710 less than ours, the Free Church has thirteen ministers, and, if we mistake not, fourteen churches. We have thus a minister and a church in these cities, collectively taken, for every 1529 adherents, whereas the Free Church has one minister and one church (allowing the number of their churches in these cities to be thirteen) for every 696. Had we a like provision made in these for our people, we would have, say seventeen ministers and seventeen churches, eight additional churches and eight additional ministers to those we now have. And the sooner these be obtained the better.

It is well to provide ordinances for the dwellers in the backwoods. It is not well to drive our people in the cities to seek these at the hands of others. And this is what we are doing! How long are some Presbyteries to sit, as it were, with folded hands, foolishly waiting for the initiative to be taken by the people, whom they have so long neglected? Let them wake up to a sense of their duty! They tell us of course, that they have no means at their disposal, wherewith to do anything. This we know. But have they put forth all the efforts to obtain these, which they might? They have not. Let them, even thus late, accept the work given them. If they do this, who knows but that they may excite the interest, call forth the prayers of the church, and secure the required means for the work? Great purposes of Christian enterprise, when heartily entered upon, seldom fail to call forth great sacrifices of Christian love. If Presbyteries would resolve to act worthily, we believe they should never fail to be worthily supported.

Have we not many members in these cities each of whom is perfectly able to build or endow a church, without ever injuring himself or his friends? And if able, why should they not do it? Is the expectation that they should, an unreasonable expectation? Such things are not uncommon in the Church of England. There are some noble instances, we believe, in that church in this province, and, we rejoice to say, that such things are not unknown in our own church at home. We read the other day in a Scotch paper of the laying of the foundation stone of a new parish church in the neighbourhood of Glasgow to cost upwards of £3000 sterling, and now being built at the expense of one man. It may be, we have no Barons, nor men of lordly titles in communion with our poor church here, but we have not a few men possessed perhaps, of as much of the gold and silver of this world, as have some of these. And why should not such devise liberal things? A few laymen we have, to their honour be it said and these not the richest, who make a conscience matter of giving, as gave Israel of God, the tenth of all they have! Would that the number was largely increased! What a blessing for the church! what a blessing for themselves! And O! "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

But if means are not to be immediately forthcoming for such purposes as have been already indicated, or if the services of suitably qualified men, willing to act for a time as ordained missionaries in our cities, are not to be had amongst us, let the state of matters here advertised to be revealed to the Church at home: let a suitable appeal be made to the Colonial Committee, and that church, which has done so much for us in the past, will doubtless respond to it in a worthy manner.

Turning from the cities to certain of the country parts, what do we find? A state of things, alas! not at all flattering to our Presbyterianism! May not the whole of the west, pro-

perly so called, be said to be lost to us? Had the Presbytery of London been at all alive to their duty, the position of our church in the west would surely have been very different to-day from what it is! Instead of a few congregations (some of them petty enough) a little zeal and Christian enterprise on their part, might, under the blessing of God, have raised up many large and flourishing congregations; now, we fear, it is *too late* for us to regain any considerable portion of that which at one time might have been ours.

Five charges, it seems, comprises the Presbytery of Kingston. Shall it be deemed a proof of a carping spirit if we ask, might not the number have been doubled? We should like to know what efforts, worthy of the name, have been put forth by the Presbytery of Kingston, say, during the last ten years, in order that the "wilderness" within its borders "might blossom as the rose." No Presbytery in the land has so many advantages as that of Kingston with its five clerical professors all able, and we are sure, also, all willing to do *occasional* missionary work, in addition to the Theological Students of Queen's College during the one half of each year; and yet no Presbytery seems to have done less for the extension of the church, or the spread of religion! Camden, that enjoyed the services of more than one ordained minister, and for many years had a place on the roll of this Presbytery, has now, strange to say, entirely disappeared from it! we find no mention of the name, even as a mission station! Has the lamp of our Church in Camden been extinguished? *En passant*, we may remark that we find the names of the Principal and certain of the Professors of Queen's College in the roll of the Presbytery of Kingston; we should like to know whether it is *by courtesy*, or *of right*, that these gentlemen have seats in that Presbytery and also in Synod? not certainly "of right!" and if "by courtesy," we should say it is an *uncalled for* act of courtesy. The professors of the universities of Scotland have no seats in Presbytery. True! each university is *represented* there, and also in the two higher courts, but that is all. Why then should the Professors of Queen's College have seats in our Ecclesiastical Courts, as if each one of them had a congregation behind his back, and a representative elder of it at his side? We do not believe that any proper reasons can be alleged in justification of this breach of Presbyterian polity, and if not, we trust that a change will be immediately made in reference to this matter, by the Supreme Court, and that the university will be, in the future, represented by its

principal ex-officio, or in his absence, by some one of the professors, being a member of our church.

The Presbytery of Quebec is of equally unpretending proportions as that of Kingston, of which we spoke (before being led to make the above digression in regard to the representation of the university). But though it be so small, there is within its bounds a large, and, by us, hitherto unpossessed territory. We know not exactly the geographical boundaries of the Presbytery of Quebec, but we feel assured that if that Presbytery be worthy of the name, it might do some missionary work; say, in what are called the Eastern townships—an ample field! will it be believed that in all these, we have only one minister and one congregation?

On a review of our position as a church, we are humbled, certainly we do not occupy that position in many parts of the land, which, with the advantages which have been ours, we might reasonably have been expected to do.

Our adherents in the United Province in 1861 numbered 132,651. At the present time, if we mistake not, the number of our ministers in fixed charges is 105, (besides these there are four ordained missionaries or ministers without charge, and two probationers, together with five clerical professors and seven retired ministers). Very many of these men do not receive stipends equal to the salary of a third rate clerk in a retail store in our cities. Certainly they do not receive the support which they ought, in order to enable them to discharge, in a proper manner, and with minds free from harassing and corroding cares about worldly things, their sacred duties! And what more disheartening to the mind of the minister, rendered the more sensitive by education, than this? Have our several Presbyteries done their duty in this matter? Certainly they have not! And oh! poor comfort it indeed is to the heart of the minister, deprived of a good part of the petty pittance promised to be paid him, or having that same doled out to him in dribblets, and at uncertain intervals, through the niggardly parsimony of his people, or the entire want of management or utter apathy of Sessions, or of those (in too many cases) mis-named "managers," to know, or to be told, that the Presbyterianism, under which he is a being, starved in mind and in body, and those dearest to him on earth beggared, is Scriptural, primitive and Apostolical, and that what is called Episcopacy is the offspring of worldly ambition or human pride!

Poor comfort such knowledge also is to every right thinking man among us, and lover of his church, who sees, as every one must, the weak-

ness of our government, the want, in practice at least, of an Executive, and the poor position which, as a church, we occupy in the land, compared to that which might have been ours!

But now we close; our self-imposed task (alas we cannot call it a labour of love,) is done. We have spoken plainly and honestly, recking little who chides, or who fumes at the way in which we have performed it. It is quite possible that the publication of certain truths herein contained, may displease some. Like the surgeon's knife, when applied to a wound, these may give pain. Should any, smarting under this pain, cry out, in the columns of "The Presbyterian," they need not be surprised if we do not make our voice to be heard, in reply, for *what we have written, we have written!* and thrice happy shall we be if this our writing tends in any measure to bring health and cure to our government and position as a church.

Yours, GENEVA.

For the Presbyterian.

THE BAIRNLESS MITHER.

The poet sings sweet o' the "Mitherless Bairn,"
An' gars a' our hearts to feel sairly forfairn;
For the puir dowie laddie, sae sad and forlorn,

And a' the cauld sorrow to which he is born.

But sing ye nae sang o' ane sadder by far,
Ken ye nae grief that aboon it is waur;
A sorrow 'neath which e'en the coldest hearts
swither, [mither?

Oh! wha can speak peace to the bairnless
The mitherless bairn, a kind wordie will cheer,
And a smile or a bannock will chase away fear;
Young hearts are aye blythesome—hope disna
soon wither—

But hope ne'er can come to the bairnless mither!

She sees na a wean but it maks her heart sair,
An echo deep echoes each little voice there;
Ah! how lanely the ingle where ance a' the-
gither [mither!

Her bairnies play'd round the noo bairnless

She dwells 'mid the mem'ries o' days that are
gane, [them again;

Still sees them, an' hears them, an' clasps
In fancy they call her to joys that ne'er wither,
And she pines to be wi' them, the bairnless
mither!

Oh! speak ye her saftly, for sair is her lot,—
"Lamentation and weeping because they are
not;"

The angels in pity are whispering with her,
For the Lord kens the grief o' the bairnless
mither!

He alone sees the tears that in secret are shed,
Hears the groans o' her heart o'er the hopes
that are dead;

In "the land o' the leal" they'll be soon a'
thegither;

For the Lord hears the prayers o' the bairnless
mither!

ANNA.

DAYS AND YEARS.

O swiftly gliding time! how soon wilt thou be done? O winged days and years! how quickly will you all be run out! Then the judgment, and the sentence, and the recompense, and the unending eternity. O man! make haste to live while thou livest, lest thou die for ever.

THE IMMORTAL SOUL.

He, whose infinite mind knows what heaved is, knows what its loss must be to an immortal being. Can he be too much in earnest about its gain? He whose all reaching foresight knows what hell is, in all its never-ending anguish, sees afar off and fathoms the horrors of the lost soul, its weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth for ever and for ever; its horrible sense of condemnation and immitigable woe; its cutting remorse, its too late repentance, its hopeless sighs, its bitter memories of earth's sunny hours; with all the thousand sadnesses that go to make up the sum total of a lost eternity! Can He then pity too much? Can He yearn too tenderly over souls that are madly bent on flinging themselves into a doom like this? Can He use words too strong or too affectionate in warning them against such a darkness and such a devil, and such a hell? Can He put forth words too affectionate in beseeching them to make sure of such a heaven as His?

Crates, the philosopher, used to stand in the highest places of the city and cry out to the inhabitants, "Why do you toil to get estates for your children when you take no care of their education?" This is, as Diogenes said, to take care of the shoe, but none of the foot that is to wear it:—that is to take great care to get wealth for your children, but none at all to teach them how to use it:—that is to take great care to undo them, but none to make them happy. The principles of religion and virtue must be instilled and dropped into them by such degrees, and in such a measure, as they are capable of receiving them; for children are narrow-mouth-ed vessels, and a great deal cannot be poured into them at once.

In the journey of the Christian life, there are not a few who, through the whole path of it, bear a load of temporal adversities, or a spiritual body of sin and death, and frequently both. It is but the journey of a day, however, and the end of it will bring them to their Father's house. The day is possibly far spent, and it may unexpectedly and rapidly close; but when it does close, they shall enter into rest,—the rest of the house of many mansions,—a rest not intended to fit them for new undertakings of labour and trial, but a rest of uninterrupted enjoyment, in the midst of the everlasting endearments of the heavenly family, the heavenly home, and their Father's house.

A gracious heart should be as sensible of mercies as of miseries, and be as ready to render praise for the one, as to put up prayers for the removal of the other. But most men are like the lepers; of ten that are healed, but one gives thanks.

St. Elmo.

The fresh and fragrant morning was abroad ;
 Over the lonely land the light of God
 Flung out a flood of full, rejoicing life,
 As to St. Elmo passed-Cellano's wife.
 There is no morning where the captive dwells,
 O dark St. Elmo ! in thy dungeon cells,
 Where now the soldier-jailer leads the way,
 Down into darkness from the light of day.
 The bolts are drawn—there rushes forth an air
 As if the pest had been imprisoned there ;
 She trembles ; not the faltering of fear
 But of a long-sought joy at length brought near,
 There sits the prisoner !

But hope is dead
 Within him, and he hardly lifts his head,
 Until the words, "O husband !" met his ear,
 When—with a cry, 'twas terrible to hear,
 Such years of anguish in its accents wailed—
 He sprang his chain's length, yet to reach her failed,
 Then with his hands, as if by shame assailed,
 His face he covered.

When he raised his head
 They were alone ; the bolts again had sped.
 He was the first to speak : his cheek was dry
 While she wept wildly. "Darling, I can die,
 But cannot weep," he said ; "Why blind with tears
 Eyes that have wasted all those weary years
 With longing for these looks?"

And now a light
 Bursts on the dungeon's long-enduring night ;
 A stone withdrawn lets in a flight of rays
 From a high grating ; now indeed they gaze
 Upon each other's faces, till again
 Silence is broken with a sob of pain.
 "O martyred husband ! See thy wasted hands,
 Almost escape the iron's cruel bands !
 How art thou changed ! Thy noble head grown grey ;
 Thy manhood wasted in this foul decay ;
 Am I too changed ? I should be changed too !
 I've grudged myself the light not shared by you ;
 Never breathed freely of the bounteous air
 Shut out from thy close prison ; tasted not
 The sweetness of aught sweet ; of all things fair
 Forgot the fairness in this one dark spot."
 "Enough ! enough, beloved ! Each word now
 Must answer for a thousand. Tell me how
 Of Italy ? Our Friends ? Our Children ? Home ?
 And by what way of wonder thou hast come ?"
 She answered, "Hush ! I shall not haste to go—
 The land hath peace, a prisoner's peace ! Yet glow
 The patriot fires, 'neath raked-up ashes deep,
 And our Volcano's treacherous silence keep,
 E'er he begins to mutter in his sleep,
 And not a vine-leaf trembles at his feet."
 "Friends ! All thy noble friends who used to meet
 At our fair villa ;—in its fragrant groves
 To pace beneath the stars and tell their loves,
 All one, all Italy's—they share thy fate
 Or envy it in exile.

At the gate,
 I left our daughters, in thy father's arms,—
 Such as I was when first my childish charms
 Drew thy great heart toward me. And thy son,
 Thy love! Aurelio! our little one,
 Cradled the year they took thee—he had been
 Three days in Heaven, or else I had not seen
 Thy face, beloved! On my lap he lay
 One golden evening, dying with the day;
 And at the hour when he was wont to say
 His evening prayer, he clasped his hands to pray:
 Deliverance from prison and from death
 That prayer besought for thee! But his sweet breath
 Failed at thy name. He smiled, and dying so,
 I kissed his darling lips and bade him go
 With that petition to Christ's thronèd feet.
 And well I know he reached the heavenly seat,
 For until then, in vain to see thy face,
 I prayed to enter even this dreadful place."
 "Deliverance," he groaned; "Ay, it shall be
 When Death, the great Deliverer, sets me free:
 But yet when thou art gone and darkness falls,
 Since thou hast stood between me and these walls,
 Still on the blank thy features I shall trace,
 And their sweet light shall lighten all the place."
 "To share thy prison was the price I paid
 To see thee for a moment." Then she said,
 "They knew not who demanded it that they
 Increased the boon by all they made me pay.
 Why groan, Philippo?"

"Oh! my noble wife,
 What torture! When you shared my happy life
 Joy was twice joy when thine and mine made two,
 And twice must pierce the pang that falls on you.
 Our children call thee!"

"Stay, in pity cease!"
 The bond is made and there is no release.
 And though each door should proffer me a way
 Back to all bliss, I would not choose but stay.
 And here what holy vigils we shall hold,
 What treasures hidden in our hearts unfold,
 No tyrant's hands can touch."

A dream of bliss
 Dawned, and they both were silent. Who is that
 That enters? From each other's arms they start
 To hear the mocking mandate. They must part,
 Part, prisoners both, but not together; doomed
 To drag despairing years apart entombed,
 Each suffering double anguish.
 Let tyrants tremble! Every mourning groan
 From these dark dungeons shook a tottering throne;
 The HERO with his daring hundreds came,
 And at the shout of Garibaldi's name,
 Fell the dark walls of many a living tomb,
 And, morning bursts upon its midnight gloom.
 'Mong those who hailed that resurrection birth,
 And rose to freedom on Italian earth
 From dark St. Elmo into light and life,
 There passed Cellano, and his noble wife.

ISA CRAIG.

News of the Churches.

The annual meeting of the National Bible Society was held in Edinburgh on the 20th inst. The Duke of Argyll presided, and delivered an admirable address; in which, after commending the catholicity of the Association, and the excellence of its object, he adverted to the recent meeting of the Synod of the Episcopal Church in the Southern States of America, and pointed out the evils which must result from their attempt to associate slavery with Bible principles, and from their denunciation of the abolition sentiment, as infidel in its character. The mischief which such a declaration must have, he believed, would be far greater than any which would arise from the application of the rules of arithmetic to the Pentateuch, though Dr. Colenso were to publish a similar book every year of his life, and though he were to live to the age of Methuselah. He thought it most important, at this period of free discussion in the Christian world, that the various Protestant Churches should come forward and say that they had unshaken faith in the power of the gospel, and in the right of the people to interpret the gospel for themselves. The way to meet these speculations was not by making the discussion less free, but by making it more full; and he thought this of the greater consequence, because it was often said by the opponents of the free circulation of the Scriptures, that the Protestant Churches did not themselves address the Scriptures to the people, without note or comment. This was entirely a misinterpretation or a misrepresentation of the Protestant doctrine. The Protestant Churches did not receive the various creeds and confessions because they were imposed upon them by authority, but because they believed them to be true. The address of his Grace was received with great applause. The Rev. Dr. Gould then gave in the annual report, which stated that during the year the Society had issued 116,000 Bibles, Testaments, parts, and Psalms, an advance of 13,500 copies, or about 14 per cent. on the issue of 1861, and the largest circulation yet attained by a Scottish Bible Society.

It is with feelings of deep emotion and thankfulness, says a resident in Athens, that I take up the pen to write these lines; of

emotion, for the radiant change which has taken place in this important corner of the earth; of thankfulness, because this change is for good! Only three months ago, there was not a single club throughout Greece, now there are several of them in full operation. Then, the press was fettered, and no political discussion allowed whatever; now, both press and public discussion are as free as in England. Then, the formation of militia was looked upon with suspicion, and its organization by all means postponed; now, it forms one of the pleasing aspects of the revolution, and is justly regarded as one of the pillars of civil rights. Then, the Parliament acted according to the dictates of King Otho; now, the National Assembly consults the wishes and interests of the people. Then, evangelical religion was either little thought of, or scoffed at, and its followers ridiculed, and not seldom persecuted; now, the current of public opinion has turned towards it, and they declare that, in a person evangelically brought up, and in a country where evangelical Christianity predominates, they can find a safeguard and a true supporter! What a change! what a revolution! And yet it is too true to be denied even by those who have been disappointed in their expectations.

The sudden, though not altogether unexpected, death of the Viceroy of Egypt, in the course of last month, has given a new character and interest to the proceedings in that ancient land. The late Viceroy was a man of considerable talents and intelligence, but not free from the enervating influence of Oriental vices; and in his latter days he fell under French influence. The last act of his life related to a questionable transaction of shipping off a whole regiment from his army to act as pioneers for the French in their invasion of Mexico. His nephew and successor, a man in the prime of life, is said to be the reverse of all this—to be industrious, methodical, and economical, and to be averse to French domination in the country. In a speech he made to the Consular Body, who met to compliment him on his accession, he announced his resolution to make the finances his first and chief care; and, in order to do so, he said he would fix his personal

expenses a civil list, after the European fashion, which he was determined not to exceed. He was also resolved to put an end to the forced labour—the slavery, in fact—of the peasantry. These will be great reforms; and if fairly carried out, Egypt cannot fail to benefit by them. As to the important question of religious toleration, it is fair to say that the new Viceroy can hardly do better than follow in this respect the example of his predecessor.

The state of Italy may be shortly described as one in which the breach between the civil and ecclesiastical powers widens every day. From the position of the respective parties, it must be so. The secular authorities, the politicians and statesmen of the country, would make any sacrifice short of their national independence to be on good terms with the Pope; and the sacrifice of their national independence is the only condition on which the Pope will give his friendship. That the head of the Roman Catholic Church should be the first dignitary of the Italian kingdom, would add immensely to the glory of Italy in all the Italian eyes; but that position the Pope positively and absolutely refuses to accept. And while politicians expostulate and ecclesiastics evade their demands with sham reforms that mean nothing, the cause of the Reformation makes progress. Toleration, as our Italian correspondent informs us, is gradually giving way to practical religious liberty, though still the Evangelicals are not positively encouraged by the civil authorities; but that is probably all the better for the cause of Protestantism. Its adherents are by that means left out of all those corrupting influences which, coming from a favouring Court, could not fail to deteriorate a nascent and struggling Church. As it is, while depending entirely on its power of setting forth the truth, it is slowly but gradually extending over the country, and has lately effected a lodgment on the very borders of Rome, and every such step gained is a solid one, and marks a point from which there is not likely to be retrogression. We must not omit to mention, also, that Father Passaglia, the ex-Jesuit, who has incurred the Papal displeasure by declaring against the temporal power, has been elected a member of the Chamber of Deputies by the peasants of an agricultural district in the old duchy of Modena. This is justly regarded as a proof that the peasantry are not so devoted to the cause of Rome as is

generally supposed. But the Legislative Chamber is hardly the fitting sphere for such a man as Passaglia. If the Government, which is said to have supported his election, would appoint him to one of the vacant archiepiscopal sees in Turin or Milan, it would take a step that would reverberate through all Poppedom. But that would be too bold a stroke to be ventured on yet awhile.

The distress in Lancashire gives gratifying proofs of its having passed the worst. The waters are subsiding, and the district is slowly, but steadily, returning again to its old condition of industry. Since the first week in December, when the number of the unemployed was at the highest, there has been a weekly diminution of cases on the parochial rates, which now amounts to the aggregate number of 30,000 souls. The diminution on the lists of the relief committees has not been to the same extent; but it is still considerable. And the abundant liberality of the country and her colonies has supplied these committees with a sum which, after providing for the weekly necessities of the poor, leaves a fund in hand of more than half a million sterling—amply sufficient to carry them over to the summer months, when it may be reasonably expected that employment will be more abundant. We may therefore congratulate ourselves that the worst is over. How much of thankfulness do we owe to God, that He has carried us through the season of unexampled distress without a single case of perishing from hunger, without the outbreak of pestilence, without a murmur on the part of the sufferers, without the need to send a single additional soldier, or to arm a single additional policemen throughout the famine-stricken province. The unity of all classes in the bond of Christian charity was never more signally manifest, and we trust it will not again be broken.

Dr. Colenso announces that he has the second half of his volume on the Pentateuch in the press. He coolly intimates to those who remain unconvinced by his first volume, that he is sure they will not be able to resist his second. In the meantime, the heads of the Church have been taking council together what is to be done in his case. The matter was referred to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, on his part, has summoned a meeting of the bishops of his province to meet him on the 6th

of this month, when some united action may be determined on. We hope Dr. Colenso may be persuaded to resign his bishopric. He is free to publish what he likes; he injures nothing but his own reputation for learning and common sense; but it is too bad that his arrows against the Christian religion, otherwise pointless, should be barbed and venomous by his high position in the Church.

The Presbyterians of New Zealand have followed in the footsteps of their brethren in Victoria, in having formed themselves into one united body. This event took place at Auckland, in November last, when the first General Assembly of the New Zealand Presbyterian Church was held. The United brethren have entered with vigour upon their labours, and have set up all the machinery that pertains to the Presbyterian system, with the exception of Synods. They also resolved to institute a Sustentation Fund, and deputed one of their number, the Rev. Mr. Will, to visit the United Kingdom, for the purpose of increasing the number of ministers in the colony, and of creating an interest in their movements.

At the end of another year it rejoices the heart to see how many powerful friends God has raised up for Italy. The Bible and Tract Societies of London and New York lead the van with large-hearted liberality. Then comes the Scotch Church, Wesleyan and American "Foreign and Christian Union" agencies. In London the "Italian Aid" and "Evangelical Continental" are similarly occupied with the Edinburgh and Dublin Italian Evangelization Societies. The Geneva and Nice committees continue their operations, while considerable funds are raised for special purposes, by Dr. Stewart, for college, &c.; Francesco Madiai, for cemetery; Signor Gavazzi, for printing-press and newspaper; Count Guicciardini, for evangelization; and Mrs. de Sanctis, for her schools. With the various reports before me, I observe with pleasure that not less a sum than 20,000*l.* has been expended by foreign Christians during 1862, in the religious interest of Italy.

The Rev. W. P. Dickson of Cameron, has been appointed to the chair of Biblical Criticism, in the University of Glasgow.

The Trustees of Newington Established Church, Edinburgh, have unanimously agreed to introduce an organ, to improve the psalmody.

Children's Corner.

GIVE THE BEST.

In the centre of Mrs. Wayne's sitting-room a large packing box had been placed, while the adjoining chairs and tables were covered with piles of clothing. Three merry little girls looked more demure than usual. Their mother had dressed them in their best frocks, and told them to be very helpful. Minnie could just peep over the edge, by standing on her toes, yet she was old enough to comprehend that the home missionary's family would greet joyfully the coming of the well-filled box. Two ladies arrived to help Mrs. Wayne; one folded the garments neatly; another took a list of the articles; and the children's mother packed them beautifully. While she stowed away the gifts, the little girls ran back and forth, willing helpers. There were children in the distant missionary's family for whom many little dresses and aprons had been made; there were goodly piles of sheets and pillow-cases, and useful stores.

When they were busy with this hand work, Minnie crept quietly up to the play room, wearing a puzzled look. She was trying to find something of her own to send in the missionary box. Poor little Minnie was rather mortified

at finding in her corner of the baby-house many broken toys, and mutilated dolls, some having no heads or arms, others looking worn and shabby. The animals from Noah's Ark had lost legs and tails, several of the tiny tea-cups were without handles, her prettiest books had been read until the edges were soiled and the gilding tarnished.

A very sorrowful look came into the child's eyes, as she sat surveying the forlorn playthings.

Her sisters' parts of the room were very tempting in comparison, the dolls were well dressed and whole, the furniture in nice order.

Minnie thought of an envelope of paper dolls, but, alas! the frocks were torn, and the doll itself had a weakness of the neck. Presently the dear little thing remembered her pet and greatest treasure, the new doll baby, which would sleep as soon as it was placed in the cradle, with its pretty clothes trimmed with lace.

Very soon Minnie returned to the sitting-room, bearing her doll and all its belongings.

"Here, mamma," she cried, "I have brought something for the box. I must give away the best, you know," she added, seeing her mother's look of surprise; it would not do to keep the best myself." The darling's wish could not be refused; with joy the happy mother took the

baby's best treasure, and packed it carefully away in the depths of the box.

Minnie's sisters felt rather ashamed that they had not thought before of making those far-off children happy by some little gift. Now they ran for books, which they begged their mother to hide under the piles of clothing. The box was full to the brim. When the cover was nailed on and the card of direction affixed, the expressman carried it away, and the children did not once regret the voluntary sacrifice.

When miles of travelling were accomplished the box appeared unexpectedly at the home missionary's door. It caused unspeakable joy in the hearts of the parents and the children, especially when they found how thoughtful their unknown friends had been in providing for their necessities, not forgetting many little comforts and pleasures. Minnie would have danced with delight, had she seen the enjoyment produced by the arrival of the rosy doll and its wardrobe. Oh, little children, give the best to the Lord, and some day he will give the very best to you!—*Child at Home.*

THE POOREST SORT OF POVERTY.

"I wonder, neighbour, your conscience lets you work on the Sabbath-day," said a man, on his way to the house of God, to a neighbour at work in his garden.

"Conscience!" replied the man: "oh, I am too poor to keep a conscience."

He was not however, so poor but he could be poorer; for, in the course of years, the Sabbath breaker had to give up his patch of land, and seek employment elsewhere. He heard of a gentleman who wanted a gardener, and he applied for the place.

"I think," said the gentleman, "you are the man who used to work in your garden on the Lord's day, and said you were too poor to keep a conscience."

"Why, yes, sir, I left all that to folks better off than I," answered the man.

"If you are too poor to keep a conscience, I am too poor to keep you," said the gentleman. "A man who will break God's laws, will break man's laws."

"I don't know how it is," said the man, grumblingly, to his old neighbour—"I don't know how it is you are so much better off than I am, when you have worked only six days and I've worked seven."

"Ah, friend," replied the other, "I have kept a conscience, and my conscience, by God's grace, has kept me."

Reasoning in this foolish way, I am afraid children sometimes think they are too small to keep a conscience. They do wrong things, and excuse themselves by saying or thinking, "Oh, it is only little I. When I grow up I mean to do better." They deceive their parents, and say, "Oh, they won't suspect me;" or they say they cannot learn their lessons, when, in fact, they have not faithfully tried;—and so they lose their conscience.

It is such a loss! No, my children, hold fast to your conscience. Keep it. God has given it to keep you. You do not want to be lost; and lest you should be, God, who loves you so dearly, gave you this "little voice" to direct

you always in the beautiful and blessed path of well-doing.

GOD HEARS.

"Jessie," said a little boy to his sister, "don't talk naughty, for God hears."

Indeed he does; but how many children feel this—how many grown up people? The Bible says, "There is not a word in my tongue, but thou, O Lord, knowest it altogether."

Oh, how many complaining words, teasing words, cross words, hard words, thoughtless words, wicked words, foul words, false words, lying words, bitter words, God has to hear. Even if they are whispered, he hears; and he knows whose mouth speaks them, whose feelings they express, all the harm they are meant to do, and all they do do to both speaker and hearer. In the hubbub of voices nobody's word is so drowned but God hears it and knows it. "Don't talk naughty, for God hears."

A FATHER'S "ALL GOOD."

The nursery lamp was burning very low, in the still midnight, when little Miriam opened her eyes wide, and found everything so quiet that she began to cry and grew very restless in her crib.

The little child knew well that crying would soon be heeded. Presently her father comprehended, through his dreams, that his darling was troubled, and took her gently in his strong arms. How pleasant it was for the little one to be thus cared for! Gradually her cry ceased still her eyes were bright as ever; the lids did not drop like her tired father's; he was longing for sleep, while the baby-girl talked and laughed, and called for stories. There was no limit to her faith in her father's goodness and forbearance.

On the pillow, close by his tired head, the child sat wide-awake, pulling open his eyelids when they began to close, and coaxing him with kisses to tell her nursery rhymes and wonderful tales of his own invention. Not until day-light made the windows very plain in the room did Miriam yield to the quiet influence of sleep.

The day was cold and stormy; no one thought of venturing out for pleasure, and Miriam's father was glad to read and write quietly at home. In the dreary afternoon, when the wind howled about the house, Miriam left her little playthings, and clung to her mother. Her head drooped languidly, and the fever-stained her cheeks and lips with a too vivid crimson.

How quickly her father left his warm library, and went out into the storm, many miles to get the physician for his little daughter! he did not mind the driving snow nor his stiffened fingers, for his heart was warm with love for Miriam. The doctor came and drove away the ill that threatened the baby; then Miriam's father read, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name; who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases; and prayed such a solemn, earnest prayer that she stood still and listened. She had begun dimly to understand about her hear-

only Father too; thus loving and loved on earth and in heaven, she "feared no evil."

Many years passed away, until Miriam, in her character just like the noble woman described so well by Solomon, ministered unto her father with loving, grateful care.

It was a pleasant sight to see that venerable man with his wise yet peaceful face, and the silvery hair which is a "crown of glory if found in the way of righteousness." The time of waiting for life to close did not seem long and tiresome; the daughter filled each day with pleasure.

It happened that Miriam's father was walking one day in a garden wherein grew rare and varied flowers. One was given him by a friend, who called it by its botanical name. The meaning was the "all good." "Ah," said the dear old man, his face lighting up with deeper joy, "that is my daughter; she is my 'all good' on earth—she is like this wonderful flower!"

Dear children, thus repay your parents' care and love, by becoming, as the almond tree flourisheth, their "all good" here, and their crown of rejoicing hereafter.

THE CHILD MARTYR OF ANTIOCH.

It was at Antioch, the city where the disciples were first called Christians, that a deacon of the Church of Cæsarea was called to endure the most cruel tortures, in order to try his faith and force him to deny the Lord who bought him with his own precious blood. The martyr, amidst his agonies, declared his belief that there is but "one God, and one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus." His body was almost torn to pieces, the Emperor Galerius himself looking on. At length, weary of answering their taunts that he should acknowledge the many gods of the heathen, he told his tormentors to refer the question to any little child, whose simple understanding could decide whether it were better to worship one God, the Maker of Heaven and earth, and one Saviour who was able to bring us to God, or to worship the gods many or lords many whom the Romans served.

Now it was so that a Roman mother had come to the scene of the martyr's sufferings, holding by the hand a little boy of nine years old. Pity, or the desire of helping the sufferer, had probably brought her there: but the providence of God had ordained for her an unexpected trial. The judge no sooner heard the martyr's words than his eye rested on the child, and pointing to the boy, he desired the Christian to put the question he proposed to him.

The question was asked; and, to the surprise of those who heard it, the little boy replied, "God is one, and Jesus Christ is one with the Father."

The persecutor heard, but, far from being either softened or convinced, he was filled with fresh rage. "It is a snare," he cried: "Oh, base and wicked Christian! thou hast instructed that child to answer thus." Then turning to the boy, he said, more mildly, "Tell me, child, who taught you thus to speak? How did you learn this faith?"

The boy looked lovingly in his mother's

face and replied, "It was God's grace that taught it to my dear mother; and she taught me that Jesus Christ loved little children, and I learned to love Him for his love to us!"

"Let us see now what the love of Christ can do for you," cried the cruel judge; and, at a sign from him, the lictors, or officers, who stood ready with their rods, or sticks, after the fashion of the Romans, instantly seized the boy. Gladly would the mother have saved her timid dove, even at the expense of her own life: but she could not do so; yet did she whisper to him to trust in the love of Christ, and to speak the truth. And the poor child, feeble and timid as he was, did trust in that love; nor could all the cruelty of his tormentors separate him from it.

"What can the love of Christ do for him now?" asked the judge, as the blood streamed from the tender flesh of the boy.

"It enables him to endure what his master endured for him, and for us all," was the reply.

And again they smote the child, to torture the Christian mother.

"What can the love of Christ do for him now?" they asked again. And tears fell even from heathen eyes as that Roman mother, a thousand times more tortured than her son, answered, "It teaches him to forgive his persecutors."

The boy watched his mother's eye as it rose up to heaven for him, and he thought of the sufferings of his dear Lord and Saviour, of which she had told him; and when his tormentors inquired whether he would not now acknowledge the gods they served, and deny Christ, he still answered, "No! there is no other God but one: Jesus Christ is the Redeemer of the world. He loved me and I love him for his love."

The poor child now fainted between the repeated strokes; and they cast the mangled body into the mother's arms, crying, "See what the love of your Christ can do for him now."

As the mother pressed him gently to her own crushed heart, she answered, "That love will take him from the wrath of man to the peace of heaven."

"Mother," cried the dying boy, "give me a drop of water, from our cool well, upon my tongue."

The little martyr spake no more—and then the mother said, "Already, dearest, hast thou tasted of the well that springeth up to everlasting life—the grace of Christ given to his little one—thou hast spoken the truth in love; arise now, for thy Saviour calleth for thee. Young, happy martyr, for his sake, may he grant thy mother grace to follow thy bright path."

The boy faintly raised his eyes, looked to where the elder martyr was, and said again, "There is but one God, and Jesus Christ whom he has sent;" and so saying, he died.

God is love. The ocean is but *one* sheet of water; but it assumes various names, as it washes different shores. The various attributes and perfections of God are only modifications of one principle which builds an *infirmary*, erects a *prison*. WILLIAMS OF WERN.

Miscellaneous.

NEEDLES AND PINS.

A PAGE FOR GIRLS.

NEEDLES AND PINS! Don't think this is a trifling subject. I have chosen it with the deliberate, strong conviction, that for you and me, and the most of us,

"Little things, on little wings,
Bear little souls to heaven."

Great events don't happen to us more than half-a-dozen times in our lives; then don't wait for them to practise what is pure and lovely, honest, and of good report. You hear often the commercial proverb, "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves." Nobler, and of still more vital consequence, is the charge,—take care of the little duties, the little pleasures, which occur in "the common round, the daily task;" and the great heroisms, the blessed boons, will take care of themselves. It is the little foxes that destroy the promise of the vintage.

Needles and Pins bulk largely in your daily life, and often lead to important results; therefore you are not wise if you neglect them; nay, if you do not take them up and turn them to sweet and generous uses.

A case of family quarrel, bitter and inveterate, was reported to the writer: and, in the course of the tale, the speaker had to observe, wonderingly and sorrowfully, "and the cause of the quarrel was needles and pins—nothing more." Yes, so it is: our comfort, women's comfort especially, may be made or marred by Needles and Pins.

Think for yourself, what constituted your happiness at any special time and place. You can hardly tell: but it was a good deal mixed up with sunshine, fresh air, a pleasant path, a fine view, and cheerful or witty company—small influences all of them. And what produced your dissatisfaction on another occasion, and your subsequent aversion to recall the least particular of this other time and place? Clouds, close air, mud, smoke; disagreeable, dull society, and a headache on your own account. Of course, you cannot command sunshine and cheer when you will, but you can command many causes and effects which are almost equivalents.

You don't need to be fine ladies, or even to move among fine ladies, in order to be gentlewomen. You have only to follow St. Paul's injunction, "Be virtuous." You have only to read it in its deeper, finer readings—self-denial, forbearance, and charity, to rank, not nominally but really, among the pleasantest girls and women in the land; so that it may be said of you, as it was said of another girl of whom it was noted in reservation, that she was neither beautiful, learned, nor witty,—

"Men at her side

Grew nobler, girls purer, till through the whole town

The children were gladder that pulled at her gown."

On to the end—

"She made the grass greener even here by her grave." And what do you think creates this gracious power? What is it which makes you always pleasant and sweet? Needles and Pins. Beginning with them, though not ending with them; beginning and progressing by them day after day.

I would ask you, girls, plainly, how much annoyance do you cause your mothers by being troublesome or careless about trifles? You won't eat this, and you won't eat that, though it is perfectly wholesome, and you have no particular dislike to it, just because on the reverse side you have no particular liking for it, and it does not tickle your palate. You will neglect family meals, and so derange the economy of a whole house, and inconvenience or oppress its dependants; or else you will lie in bed in the mornings, and accomplish the same undesirable result, unless papa is particular, and frightens you by his frown or his sharp word. I have been struck by the human judiciousness which shines out in a reverent, simple, eloquent form of family prayers for the present day, in which the head of the house is made to petition, for its members, power to resist sloth as well as the seven deadly sins. I suppose when you do get up early you are apt to be cold and fault-finding and factious. Do you know that Caroline Chisholm used to test the tempers of her female emigrants, by remarking which tempers were below zero before breakfast? You will squabble about which is to have the first reading of the book; the charge or the freedom from charge of a house: the turn to gad in public, or the turn to dawdle in private; the warmest seat on the hearth-rug; the gayest place at the window; the sweetest morsel of cake; the mellowest bite of peach or pear. Oh, big children! while your poor mother who has learnt self-forgetfulness (as it is hoped you will do one day), from the well-remembered hours she bore about your helplessness as babes and sucklings, is at her wit's end, like the old man and the ass, to please each and all of you. No wonder though you multiply her grey hairs, and shorten the years of her life by your folly. You have most of you, probably, read or heard something of the marvellous literary success of *Adam Bede*? Did you notice how significantly the wise author rendered Hetty fretful at the Squire's feast under the weight of the little pet of the rest? How significantly she made Dinah offend Mrs. Poyser's sense of justice, and won her reluctant admiration by Dinah's propensity to eat her dinner from the made-up dish, the dish of scraps, the dish least in repute amidst the abundance at the farm-house table. Would you like to consider whether you are in the catalogue of the Hetties or the Dinahs, not in their rank growth, when they were lawfully divided, as light from darkness, but in their small beginnings? The measure is before you.

A faulty girl used to plead, in resistance of all kind remonstrances against her hardly apportioned to herself a cold seat, or unpalatable walk or visit, "Let me do it. It is an act of domestic chivalry. This is what I call domestic chivalry. Surely you have some enthusiasm for that gallantry of the old knights and their modern representatives—the soldiers who bleed for you, the sailors who perish in your defence in the waste of waters. Though you can never vindicate it in your own persons, you can catch its shadow at an immense distance, it may be such a distance as may separate our work on earth from our work in heaven. You can be gallant girls and women by being easily served, temperate, long-suffering; and remember every hardship, however slight, borne in a soldier's spirit, proves you as truly good soldiers of Jesus Christ as if you were very grey-headed brigadiers.

Avoid self-consciousness as much as you can; reflect that, having done your best, you are unprofitable servants to your master, and giddy self-engrossing fellow-workers to your chosen partners in the field. You will be convinced of the last truth when you and your friends are severed for a time; when you labour alone without the sweet face of your mother bending over you, or the warm hand of your sister clasping yours, or the bold eye of your brother flashing back encouragement upon you when there would be no sparkle in it for his own sake. Life is too short to have any of its dignity and sweetness wasted for Needles and Pins. Since Needles and Pins must play their pigmy parts in our dramas, let them be converted, even in their insignificant bluntness and crookedness, into handy little tools for our lives' purposes.

Much of the peevishness and contention which ruin the relations of families, is the effect of the wasted energies and purposeless lives to which custom and the complications of society tend to reduce many women in the present day. But the more weariness, restlessness, and nervousness, are acknowledged to be the diseases of our era, the greater should be the necessity for cultivating betimes the antidotes,—the common graces, like common sense (in danger of becoming least common of any), humility, cheerfulness, and activity; wherewith to pick up and put in their proper places, and generally employ and improve the irksome Needles and Pins. Believe that the fairest face in a glass is that which flits aside to permit the image of another to be reflected there; the bravest adornment that which costs least care and pain to father and mother; the most delicately spiced morsel that which is eaten after abstinence; the soundest sleep that which is slept after fatigue. Be honourably, kindly obliging, and don't display the curious inconsistency of being eagerly attentive to strangers and slight acquaintances, and by perversity, availing yourselves of your very familiarity with your friends and kindred, and their tried affection for you, to be gruffly, crustily disobliging to them. Remember they are entitled to the cream of your intellects and hearts. Copy your patterns, study your books, exchange your opinions, go a-walking, shopping singing, dancing, in a liberal, tender fashion.

Wait for the slow ones, you quick ones, without a grumble, unless it be a merry grumble, to serve as a frolic by the way; help the stupid, awkward performers, you who are naturally skilful and expert, without a sneer or snarl. Ay, be loyal, deal, in small things, if you would live and die to be noble in great ones.—*Good Words.*

SARAH TYTLER.

THE MOUNTAIN-LAND OF EUROPE.

'Now for Switzerland,' exclaimed Richard, on the following evening, when the tea things were removed, and his uncle drew his chair towards the fire. 'How did you get into Switzerland, when you went there?'

'Think a little,' Mr Rushton replied, 'and you will see that I have already answered that question.'

'O yes, uncle, I remember now, when you were showing Percy what he would have to do in order to climb Mont Blanc, you told him the quickest way to Geneva.'

'Never ask any question without thinking first, Richard,' said Mrs Mayfield; 'it will save you much trouble, and others much annoyance, if you endeavour always to think twice before you speak once.'

'Well, well, my boy,' said his uncle, 'we will forgive you this time; we learn by experience. When you begin Cæsar's Commentaries, Richard, you will find that Geneva is called the last fortress of the Allobroges, and nearest to the Helvetian (Swiss) frontier. I went from end to end of the city in a morning's ride, although it is the largest in Switzerland. The emperor Paul ridiculed its smallness by saying that the disputes of its citizens were like "a tempest in a tumbler of water."'

'That was a good idea,' said Richard.

'Geneva is noted for its jewellery, watches, and musical boxes, which are made by the French Swiss. Thither John Knox and other reformers fled in former times, and found a refuge from their persecutors; and there the good John Calvin died. He was buried in the cemetery of the Plain Palais. But he forbade the Genevese to erect any tombstone. His grave is marked by the letters J. C. In the cathedral I saw the very canopy under which he used to preach.'

'Are they not all Swiss who live in Switzerland?' asked Mary, 'for you said the French Swiss made watches.'

'Although the country is occupied by descendants of the Germans in the north, east, and centre, the French in the west, and Italians on the south, yet they are all called Swiss. But I must tell you that in order to see as much of the country as possible, I set out for Italy by way of the Splügen Pass.'

'Before leaving Geneva, I took a trip to Lausanne, where Gibbon wrote his history of the "Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire." I went into the hotel which stands on the very spot, and which the proprietor allows to be used as a Bible depository.'

'Oh, that is nice,' said Mary.

'Setting out for Italy, I proceeded by the lake, in a steamboat, to Villeneuve, at the other end; thence up the valley of the Rhone to St Maurice.

From this place I took a char-a-banc for Martigny, and thence to Sion and Sierre.'

'What is a char-a-banc, uncle?'

'It looks like a short omnibus, cut in two, lengthways,—in fact, it is a kind of leather sofa, trundled along upon wheels. A little beyond Sierre I made for the pass of the Gemmi, and here my walking began in good earnest. At the foot of the pass are the baths of Leuk, which are higher than the highest mountains in Great Britain; and yet, high as we were, vast heights were above us and vast depths below us, deep ravines and torrents thundering down them, villages hanging to the mountain sides, green pasturages and winding paths, and, amid all, delicate and beautiful alpine flowers.'

'I should not have thought there were any flowers up so high,' said Mary. 'Are they pretty ones?'

'Yes, my dear, they grow beneath the snow-bed; and on the very edge of the glacier, gentians and lilies, hyacinths and blue-bells, mingle with the red rhododendron. In climbing the Alps tourists pass through all seasons. As Mr. Murray observes in his Handbook:—"Leaving behind fields where the corn has been cut, you come to some where it is still yellow and waving in the ear,—a few miles further on and you find it green, and then you come to spots where it will not grow at all. Then, again, you enter forests of pine, clothing the mountain side; and probably above that you may find haymakers at their work. Winged insects, too, are to be seen hovering over the flowers by the glaciers."

'Oh, uncle,' said Mary, 'how can they live there?'

'They last only for a short time, and then die away. Above these you get into the climate of Lapland and Siberia, and I can assure you that woollen stockings and gaiters, and a good great-coat, are not to be despised then.'

'I should think not,' said Percy; 'I should want to sit by a good fire, instead of climbing about among frost and snow.'

'I can assure you,' said Mr Rushton, 'that at the top of a pass over the Alps, it is necessary to be very active, to keep the blood in circulation at all. As we proceeded, we rose from point to point, gaining a wider view at every turn, scaling the face of crags where narrow galleries have been made like grooves in the sides of the mountain, with no barrier between us and the gulf below.'

'Oh!' said Mary, 'that would turn me giddy.'

'It tried my nerves,' her uncle replied. 'So far were we now above the village and the baths of Leuk, that they looked no larger than children's toys. At length we reached the highest point of the pass, about 12,000 feet above the level of the sea.'

'I should have told you that on our way we saw the watch-tower of a chamois-hunter. It was made to imitate a dead pine; and the hunter climbed into it by the stump. There he sat waiting till some poor chamois came within reach of his gun. I saw also the condor of the Alps, sailing above the highest peak, and a ptarmigan started from among the snows. Bears too, are to be found in this country.'

'I should be afraid to live there, then,' said

Mary. 'Are there any places on the mountains where you can get anything to eat?' asked Percy.

'Yes, on some; for as we descended from the Gemmi Pass, we stayed for refreshment at an inn built on the ruin of an avalanche; but it is necessary to take some provisions with you. We then passed down into the village of Kandersteg, and thence to Frutigen, where we remained for the night.'

'What kind of houses are the Swiss?' asked Mary.

'The Swiss cottages are very pretty, with galleries round them, and projecting roofs, and green windows, especially as seen on the sides of the mountains peeping from among the trees. Many of them have large stones placed on the roofs to preserve them from being blown away by the wind.'

'The next place at which I stayed was Thun, on the river Aar, about a mile from the lake of that name. The Aar passes through this lake as the Rhone does through that of Geneva.'

'The view from the churchyard terrace of Thun is lovely indeed. Before you stretches the lake, about ten miles long, fringed with green gardens and mountain ranges, with the snowy summits and glaciers of the Jung-frau, Finisterraar-horn, Eiger, and Mönch filling the view at the extremity. I spent the Sabbath at Thun.'

'Are the Swiss Protestants?' asked Richard.

'The majority are professedly so; but many of the people have gone sadly away from the religion which Calvin, and Knox, and others taught them.'

'I crossed the lake of Thun in a steamboat to Neuhaus—passed the Lutschine torrent—peeped at Lauterbrunnen, sunk between steep precipices—admired the fall of Staubach, which in winter hangs in icicles half way down the precipice,—and, after a good night's rest, set out to cross the Wengern Alp.'

'As we ascended we could look over vales and mountains. Before us rose the Jung-frau and other giants of the Bernese chain of mountains, and we could see and hear the avalanches roaring and thundering, and sending up their columns of dry, dusty snow.'

'How high is the Jung-frau, uncle?' asked Mary.

'More than 13,000 feet above the sea. As I gazed on this mountain, the idea of a mass of ice, large enough to bury a whole village, being shot down from such a height into the valley below, with only one or two interruptions, filled me with awe; and I thought of the power of Him who weigheth the mountains in scales, and at whose presence they shall flee away. The tourist, however, does not see this kind of avalanche. He only sees, glaciers, which, every day in summer, may be heard breaking with the noise of thunder, and appearing, when they meet the traveller's eye, like a steam of snow winding down a mountain side, till at the bottom it curls into folds like the twistings of a silver snake.'

'What are glaciers, then?' asked Percy.

'They are masses or fields of ice, formed by the partial melting and freezing again of the snow. The warmth of the sun or wind loosens them, and away they slide and roll down the mountains.'

On the highest part of the pass we had some strawberries and cream; and the boy of whom we purchased them had a small cannon, which he fired to bring down the avalanches for his patrons.

"On our way down we visited the glaciers of Grindelwald, where we saw a small lake of water, which, like a looking glass, reflects the mountains above it. But I shall tire you."

"O no, uncle," said Percy, "I am not tired."

"Nor I," said Mary, "I am not tired;" while Richard said he could 'sit all night' and hear his uncle's account of Switzerland.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.

We hear a great deal on all sides about the progress of humanity and the development of Truth.

The Roman Catholic theologian rejects the idea of Divine Truth being planted full-grown on earth by apostolic hands,—or at least insists that many truths which the first Christians saw "implicitly" infolded in the bud, subsequent ages have developed explicitly or unfolded into the flower.

Many of our German neighbours, on the other hand, indignantly disclaim the notion of the "finality" of the Reformation, and look on Luther and the old reformers as men who, although giants in their generation, are yet a full head and shoulders below the standard height of this elevated 19th century.

Progress, it is said, is a law of nature and of humanity. But, if we look at things calmly and carefully, do we find this statement true?

I. The law of nature seems to be not *progress* but *revolution*.

"Time vanishes," as Göthe said, "but the seasons return." All natural growth is simply metamorphoses, or successive changes of form, of which decay and death are stages. The dead flower is not glorified into a higher life; it becomes the seed or the food of future generations, "made in its own image." The burnt coal is not spiritualized into a nobler essence, but simply dissolved into ashes and gas.

II. The law of *fallen* nature is not *progress* but *decay*.

System after system arises, culminates and sets,—not, like God's stars, to rise again in another sphere, but, like the old pagan star-gods, to sink in the ocean and the night.

Empire after empire springs-up, is consolidated, dissolves and falls in pieces.

Generations after generations are born, grow to manhood, fade away and die.

The law of nature, then, seems to be not growth but change,—the tendency of fallen humanity, not development but decay.

But there is on the earth one body, of which all the most sanguine dreams of philosophers are true, and in which all the most Utopian schemes of philanthropists are to be realized. It is the redeemed and regenerated Church of God, the renewed race of which the Son of God is the First Man.

In her is life, for in her is The Life. Of this heavenly body, as of the new creation in each individual believer, progress and growth are

the perpetual and unchangeable law,—a progress to be limited only by the fulness of the stature of Christ. This is the unalterable destiny of the Church, not to be turned aside by any enemies in the highest or more secret places; how much of it she or each one of her members may realize on earth seems to depend in a great measure on her own or their individual fidelity.

Whilst all parties seem, therefore, to agree as to the fact of the development of Truth, all differ as to its organ.

The Roman Catholic doctrine of development seems to us to be only another word for *addition* or *accretion* from without. We, Protestant Christians, cannot see how the doctrine of a merited heaven can flow naturally from that of a free gift of life to the dead, or that of a human priestly caste from the unchangeable High-priesthood of the Christ, and the universal priesthood of Christians; and therefore it appears to us that some foreign element must have concurred in the production. In other words we believe the Roman Catholic theology to be, not a development but a graft; and, since we believe the original stock to have been Divine, we necessarily look on the graft, whether effected by popes or œcumenical councils, as a corruption.

Some of the German neologists, in the other extreme, appear to regard progress as a natural principle of the human race, as if mankind had one individual mind, and was through the transmigrations of many generations perpetually learning. According to this opinion the world is necessarily wiser in the 19th century than in the 16th, simply because it is 300 years older—rationalist and traditionalist agreeing in this, that the organ of development is human, although the latter profess to believe in a supernatural superintendence.

Another smaller class of minds believe in a perpetual series of inspirations; to them the Holy Spirit is the Teacher of the Church, not by calling old truths to remembrance but by revealing new ones.

We, the simple disciples of the old revelation, believe firmly that there is or may be a gradual unfolding of Truth to the Church; that is, we believe that the Church in the 19th century may know more of the mind of her Lord than she did in the 16th; but we differ from all these classes of thinkers as to the *organ* of this development. We believe that with Divine Truth, as with vegetable life, the germ infolds the plant, and that the plant can only be unfolded *from this germ*.

The seed of truth we believe to be the Word of God, and the Word of God its genuine organ of development.

We believe, literally and soberly, that the Bible is for us an inexhaustible treasury of truth, the key of which is indeed in the hands of Him who inspired it, but is offered to all who in reverent and childlike faith are unfeignedly desirous of using it.

We believe that the Bible is an unfathomed well of living water; that it contains revelations of God, of ourselves and of the future, near and distant, which neither Luther nor Calvin fathomed, and which will not be exhausted until He shall come, to whom the prom-

ised Comforter is now bearing witness by bringing His words to remembrance.

And we are assured that, if any will patiently and prayerfully study it, they will be convinced that the Bible is not only in its human element a collection of many books, the products of many minds, but ONE wonderful and harmonious book, the conception of One all-seeing mind, whose ideas are all eternal realities.

The classical simplicity of Goethe's Hermann

is a facial beside its stories and pictures; the vivid visions of Dante are faint and dusky as the air of his Inferno beside its wondrous revelations. And there is this infinite difference between it and all human compositions, its heroes are men who "were alive and are dead, and are alive for evermore;" its visions are glimpses of realities, which shall one day familiarly surround us: its thoughts are messages to each soul among us from the Lord our God

Sabbath Readings.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF THE DEAD WHO DIE IN THE LORD.

"Blessed are they that die in the Lord. Rev.

xiv. 13.

If a doubt should cross a Christian's mind whether the change through which he passed in youth were a true conversion, he need not spend time in attempting precisely to determine the value of a long-past experience. If he should enter upon such an investigation under the conviction that his hope for eternity depended upon an affirmative solution, he would be led through mazes of perplexing doubts to an issue of dark despair. But with the gospel as it is revealed in his hand, he may avoid the decision of the past, and throw all his energy into the present. Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation. Although it be true that up to this moment he had been deceived and deceiving, at this moment Christ invites him to believe and live. Although he has hitherto been a prodigal, he may come now as if he had never come before. He is welcome. The Father's heart and home are open to receive him. He renounces all confidence in the past, and counting himself only a sinner, he cries, "God be merciful to me." He brings nothing to Christ; he receives all from Christ. He is nothing; his Redeemer is all. He obtains peace, not on the ground that he was a converted man so many years ago, but on the ground that at this moment God offers and he accepts free pardon and reconciliation and eternal life through his Son, Jesus Christ.

Blessed be God, those who die in the Lord are safe, although an hour before they were lying under condemnation and living in sin! Anything short of this would subvert the gospel. If the intervention of any specified proportion of life or period of time between conversion and departure were necessary to secure blessedness, it would not be true that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin; the dying malefactor could not have received, and the dying Saviour could not have given, that amazing promise. "To-day shalt thou be with me." Let us receive in simplicity all the word of God, and trust the Omnipotent for the tendency of truth.

I know well that a deceitful heart too frequently prompts a man to postpone the decisive change, on the ground that it may be safely accomplished at life's latest hour. I know that this is one of the most effective wiles of the

devil. I would fain save my reader from the fatal fall;—but I shall not go about to secure this object by limiting the grace of God. Truth will stand longest, and achieve the greatest good. Although I were called to address the most daring profligate, I would, on this point, tell all our Father's tenderness. I would utter in his ear the bold word, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," whatever their life may have been. On this doctrine hypocrites may stumble; but by its opposite sincere inquirers would be crushed.

The mean, greedy craftiness that endeavours to make the most of this world through the pleasures of sin, and yet to secure the next world by a well-timed turn of repentance as the close, completely misapprehends the Gospel root and branch. In his cunning, carnal plan there is not the faintest glimmer of what sinners need, and the Saviour brings. The salvation that true men seek, and the true God gives, is deliverance from sin. The evil is in the man, and if he desires to escape from it, he desires to escape now. In this respect the soul's disease is like the body's: in the sick man's estimation the sooner he is cured the better. He who desires to defer the cure of his soul till his dying day, that he may longer enjoy his disease, is not sick of sin; and the physician came to heal the sick. Those who think that a walk with Christ in this world is so great an evil, that they will put it off as long as they can, know neither themselves nor him. No change of doctrine would take this innate enmity away.

The article of death is the boundary line. The "place of repentance" runs up to it, but does not go beyond it. The way to the mercy-seat stands open for sinners as long as they live, but if they depart unconverted, purchased priestly prayers cannot send a pardon after the penitent into the world of spirits.

And that decisive moment, charged with the issues of eternity, lies before every one of us. How far forward on life's line it lies, we do not know. But while it cannot be very far away it may be very near. We are all moving forward to the edge of life. That movement never ceases, night or day. The heart of the living is, at every pulsation, "beating the dead marches to the grave." The farther edge of time is the nearer edge of eternity. There is no neutral borderland. The two regions lie along each other, as the land and the sea. To step off the

one is to step into the other. It is neither a wise nor a comfortable method merely to turn in another direction, and refuse to think of a disagreeable theme. The thought of death is most dreadful to those who refuse to think of death. The sound of death's footsteps behind the fugitive is far more terrible than the sight of his face to those who in faith confront the coming messenger.

Thus, present happiness as well as future safety depends on faith. There is no way of being in the Lord when we die, except by closing with the Saviour while we live. When I have accepted Christ for pardon and reconciliation, my safe passage through the valley of the shadow of death is secure; and that safety in the distance like the sun rising above the horizon, gilds with gladness all the space between itself and me. Both Noah and his godless neighbours must meet the coming flood; but it was one thing for him to plunge into the waters, sealed within his impenetrable ark, and all another thing for them to be thrown naked upon the devouring deep.

The line that an immortal life is moving on when it leaps the boundary, determines its destiny for ever. Now and here our future condition fixed. Conversely, the future life, acting on our desires and expectations, exerts a decisive influence in shaping the course of the present.

Those persons make a great blunder, who, under the name of Secularists, propose, as their distinguishing characteristic, to attend to the present life, and ignore the next. Their philosophy is grievously at fault as well as their religion, when they propound the maxim that our business is with the duties of the condition in which we are, and not with speculations regarding the condition in which we may possibly be. You cannot let the next world alone; it will not let you alone. From within the veil it stretches out its line and grasps us. We are so constituted that we cannot shake off this grasp. You might as well say, we shall live on the fruits of the earth, and have no relations with the air of heaven, as say we shall confine our view to time, and have nothing to do with eternity. In point of fact, as all history declares, false views of a future life exercise a preponderating influence on the present conduct of the majority of mankind. You cannot discharge from the human mind all conceptions and expectations about a future life, and so leave it empty. You might as well propose to make a universal vacuum round the globe by means of an air-pump. Conceptions of the future, practically powerful on the present, there must and will be in the minds of men; the only question open is, whether they shall be true or false.

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

"My yoke is easy, and my burden is light."
Mat. xi. 30.

ONE of the most remarkable features of the Bible is that it invites no one under false pretences. It states exactly what all must expect who range themselves under the banner of the Saviour. It speaks in the strongest possible terms of the blessings and privileges which God

bestows on his servants, and presents those blessings under the most inviting images. But it nevertheless does not conceal from us that there are corresponding duties which we must not omit. We cannot study our Bibles without seeing that they who walk in the way to Zion have a yoke to bear, a race to run, a battle to fight, before they can enter into rest. But lest any one should faint and lose courage at the prospect, we are told that though there is a burden to be borne, there is abundant assistance for the bearer—though there are many difficulties which beset the path of the pilgrim, it is nevertheless a "way of pleasantness" in which he walks.

The words which I have chosen for my text afford an example of what I say. If any one will come to Christ, there is a yoke to be borne, but it is an easy one; there is a burden to be carried, but it is light.

1. Of course the first subject of inquiry must be, *what is the yoke of which the Saviour speaks?* I will venture to believe that some of my readers are ready to say—"Point out to me the burden that my Saviour would impose and I am ready, by his grace, to carry it." To define that yoke is not difficult. It is simply that we are required during our lives, to sacrifice our own will whenever it opposes itself to that of God. When two ways of acting or of speaking are opened before us we are to refer to the Bible, and according to its decisions we must choose.

Do you not think that it is strange, that to do this should be a yoke? Surely the news must have been received with absolute incredulity, when it was first whispered in heaven that the inhabitants of the new-created world could consider the will of their Creator as a yoke. It must, I think, be more amazing still to those pure and holy spirits around the throne of God, that *now*, after the death of the Saviour—*now* after it is well known among the sons and daughters of our race, that God spared not even his own son, and that the Lamb of God vouchsafed to die for the sins of the whole world—that even now, men should call God's will a yoke, and should shrink back from the burden which his laws impose.

It is important to inquire *why* it is that men so shrink from God's law. And the answer is twofold. Partly, because our nature is sinful and corrupt; partly, because the world, with the flesh, and the devil, spread endless temptations around us. Let not any one, because, perhaps, at Christmas-time his heart is drawn out into a little unusual sympathy and kindness towards his relatives and the poor around him, begin this year with any idea that his nature is pure, or that he has any inbred disposition to do God's will. I will suppose one of you to struggle one day with your besetting sin—say it is irritability of temper, or lustful desires. Perhaps, by God's grace, you conquer it once, and you would fain believe that you have crucified that sin. Lie still a day or two in your fancied security, and you will soon find that the crucified flesh still lives, that the conquered serpent was scotched, but not slain.

This natural corruption then, is one cause of our feeling God's law to be a burden. And, unhappily, the world, the flesh, and the devil,

supply this natural corruption with a thousand inducements to go wrong. Are you naturally idle? You will encounter throughout this year a profusion of incentives to idleness. Are you prone to indulge your sinful lusts? You will not walk far into the world without meeting that which is provocative to lust. Perhaps you are naturally proud. The world will offer you a thousand sources from which conceit can feed itself. Perhaps you are inclined to gluttony? For you will the table be spread, and the wine shall sparkle in the cup. The great enemy of our souls is never idle. He is the master of the well-filled armoury of sin. He is the director of the myriads of evil agents who are continually abroad, seeking above all things else to do injury to the soul.

Now here is our burden, and here the yoke which Christ imposes—that, despite these hindrances, we must seek with our whole heart to do God's will.

Satan would tempt us to believe that we may serve God and himself at the same moment—and that, if we fail to serve God, our difficulties are so great, our temptations so strong, our circumstances so peculiar, that we shall be judged by a different standard from others. There is no such statement in the Bible. The cry this day from the very cross of the Saviour himself is *not*, “indulge your besetting sins, and live as your corrupt heart would prompt you,” but, “take my yoke upon you, bow your heart to submit to the burdens which my laws impose.”

2. Secondly, the question arises, *How can it be said that this yoke is easy and this burden light?*

And here every page of the Bible comes pressing on our view, and I hardly know which out of the many answers to suggest, if any one should ask, “In what do the lightness and easiness consist?”

What say you, for example, to this—that the yoke is imposed on us by One who loves us as a father, and who, in fact, “so loved us that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” An earthly father, if he really desires his child's welfare, imposes a yoke on him. He knows that “it is good for a child that he bear the yoke in his youth.” To leave him without it, is to provide a scourge for the child's back as well as for his own. And our heavenly Father lays this yoke on us, not in anger, but in love; not for our hurt and hindrance, but for our good. Here, then, is one delightful thought for us at this beginning of the year, that if we are required to bow our necks to receive a certain yoke, the hand from which we shall receive it will be the hand of a wise and tender Father, who consults not only his own glory, but our temporal and eternal welfare, by the laws which he imposes.

But again, the lightness of the yoke consists in this, that we are not constrained to bear it in our own unaided strength. The same wisdom and love which impose it, have provided most efficient help for us. We cannot, except by our own fault, be overburdened by the weight. Our Lord himself has told us, that if he left his disciples, it was that he might send the Holy Spirit, that he might abide with them for ever. This Holy Spirit is promised to all who

seek him. They who obtain this precious gift are inwardly “strengthened by his might,” and the happy result is, that the yoke which would otherwise be too hard, becomes light and easy. Under the Holy Spirit's teaching the word “duty” vanishes from the vocabulary of the Christian, and “privilege” stands in the place of it.

3. And only once more, the lightness of the burden consists in this, that they who cheerfully bear it, are being prepared by it for an eternal dwelling-place in heaven. So far from leaving any effects behind, from which it is reasonable that the human heart should shrink, the honest bearing of this burden makes the man who submits to it daily more fit for his Master's service here on earth, and daily more prepared for that service which is without alloy in heaven. It is a delightful thought. Satan would, if possible, hold us back from submitting to this yoke. But here should be our reply: “The yoke which my Saviour imposes, shall I not bear it? He has borne it before me, and I cheerfully bow my neck to it. It is imposed on me in love. I shall find help in carrying it. I have the happiness of knowing that every day throughout this year, if I do not flinch, I shall grow daily happier, and daily fitter to join myself hereafter to those happy spirits who cease not day nor night, but serve him continually in his own eternal kingdom.”

I conclude with three short cautions, founded on these three circumstances which constitute the lightness of the burden.

1. I said that the lightness of the burden consists in this—that it is God's imposing. Let us, however, take care that it is his imposing and not our own. Many trials come through our own fault. Take Jacob as an example. He availed himself of his brother's hunger to procure his birthright, and jealousy was excited. He practiced deceit on his father, and exile followed. He showed too much preference for Rachel, and domestic quarrels were the result. Thus many trials are of our own making. If we run wilfully in the way of temptation, we shall find immediately a heavy burden laid upon our shoulders, but not of God's imposing.

2. I said the lightness of the burden consists in this—that God has promised his Holy Spirit to strengthen us to bear it. Let us take care that we do not attempt to bear it in our own strength. If he has provided for us most efficient help, let us seek it daily in our prayers.

3. I said that the lightness of the burden consists in this—that bearing it cheerfully tends to prepare us for a better service in the world to come. And the last word of caution and exhortation is this—Let us take care that our daily life, with its daily burden, is making us more fit for the Master's service. Let us see to it, that by God's grace, we *are* travelling onward in faith and love, in humility and prayer, towards that better world, for which this mortal life is intended, through the Holy Spirit's teaching and the Saviour's merits, to prepare us.

God grant that having cheerfully carried the yoke which God's law imposes, and having found it to be light and easy, we may at length cast it down for ever in eternal happiness and joy.