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M A Y, 1859.

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1859.

THE
CHRISTIAN INSTRUCTOR.

MAY, 1859.

“THAT THE SOUL BE WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE, IT IS NOT GOOD.”—Prov, xix.

SERMON.

PREACHED AT MAITLAND, MARCH 13TH, 1803, BY THE REVEREND
ALEXANDER DICK.

“*Whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly purge his floor, and gather his wheat into the garner; but he will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire.*”—MATH. III. 12.

SOME OBSERVATIONS ON THE VERSE.

1. The Lord Jesus Christ never wants the means of purging his church and people—his, “fan is in his hand.” Sometimes the professing people of God by their sins provoke him to use the fan of temporal judgments. In this manner the dross and tin of ancient Israel were to be purged away. This was the case both before the captivity and at their dispersion by the Romans. Sometimes he called for a famine, sometimes for a pestilence, &c., Amos, iv. 6. By these means much of the chaff is often purged away, and the church appears in her purity. Zech. xiii. 9, “and I will bring the third part through the fire, and will refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried.”

But the fan is used only to separate and blow away temporizing and nominal professors. It never reaches the genuine servants of Christ in such a manner as to deprive them of their interest in him; but it may and often does reach them so as to make them fall in their common calamity. But even in this case, they are only taken away from the evil to come. They are safe because they are united unto the mediatory person of Christ, and enter into everlasting peace.

But the Lord, as the great purifier of his church and people, also purifies them with the fan of his word. Hence says Christ to the disciples, “ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you.” This is the great design of the word of God, viz: to promote the holiness of the Saints, and to make them meet for the happiness of heaven—for without holiness no man shall see the Lord. Hence the

language of the Psalmist, "The fear of the Lord is clean;" and again, "By what means shall a young man learn to purify his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word." To this he frequently adds *afflictive providences*. "By this therefore shall the iniquity of Jacob be purged." There is much dross and chaff remaining about the best in the world, and it is by these means that the Lord purges it away. These have nothing of a penal nature in them, but are only fatherly chastisements for their profit and advantage, Heb. xii. 8.

2. It is the grand design of Christ's coming into his church, to purify and purge her. Accordingly, when John here announces his coming, he shows that his fan is in his hand. Let no man be in any doubt about the intention of his coming, for he has his fan in his hand, which plainly indicates that there is a trying work to commence. It was his design to purge the Israelites when he came down to deliver them from their bondage; when he came to reside in their tabernacle and temple, he came to purify them; and when he came in human nature it was his design to purge and purify a peculiar people unto himself, zealous of good works. This is his design in giving them the Holy Spirit and all his gifts and graces.—It is the design of all his providences, both prosperous and adverse. How then do you view the glorious Redeemer? Have you ever seen him with his fan in his hand, and have you ever experienced his cleansing influence? Have you ever been afraid of his trying dispensations, and have you been ready to cry out with the church of old, "who may abide the day of his coming?"

3. All the means of purging the church and people of God can only be effectual when applied by himself. The word of itself can produce no saving effects, unless accompanied by the Holy Spirit. It is then it becomes the power of God unto salvation, Rom. i. 16; Heb. iv. 12. Unless the waters are troubled by the angel of the covenant none can be healed. The success of the word depends neither upon those who administer it, nor upon those who hear it. "Paul may plant and Apollas water, but God alone gives the increase." Even the saints themselves find not the same comfort in the word at all times. It is indeed at all times the firm and sure foundation of faith, but it does not on every occasion produce the same comfort and consolation. Hence the necessity of the frequent supplies of the spirit of grace. Afflictions cannot produce holiness without his special agency and blessing. Hence a wicked man may for a long time suffer heavy affliction and distress and yet not be purged from his iniquity. The afflictions of the ungodly are of a penal nature, and may be looked upon rather as punishments for his sins, as some drops from the storm of wrath which awaits him in the future state unless he repent. Smiling providences are of themselves equally destitute of energy. If not blessed by the Lord Jesus Christ, instead of proving the means of purging his church, they will prove the occasion of their sin. Thus Jeshurun, when he was grown fat, kicked. Here, however, is ground of comfort to the saint of God—the fan is in the hand of Christ.—Examine, brethren, what effect the word has upon you. What use do you make of your knowledge? What benefit do you receive from the providence of God? Does his goodness make you proud and haughty? And do you receive his reproofs with meekness, humility and resignation? &c.

4. The Lord Jesus Christ does not leave his work half done. "He will *thoroughly* purge his floor." Let no man think that he shall escape the narrow and accurate scrutiny which he will make, for he will thoroughly purge away the chaff, and will winnow and fan his people in such a manner as to detect and cast away the empty hypocrite. When he came into the world it was with the design of making atonement for sin by the sacrifice of himself. Nor did he need to do this often, for the excellency of his person he completed at once this great work. He made a thorough expiation by his death on the cross, and by his obedience he wrought out a righteousness for the actual justification of his people. Thus he fulfilled all righteousness. In this great work he did not stop till he said it is finished, and bowed his head and gave up the ghost. Nor did he here leave his work when he had made atonement, but he is exalted as a prince and saviour to carry his work into effect by his operations in the hearts of his people. He lives to give remission of sins to his people, and to give them his Holy Spirit. He exercises his power in taking the prey from the mighty, and in snatching many from the snare of Satan. In the day of his power he comes into the heart, implants his grace, bestows his spirit, and makes all things new. Nor is he here at an end with his work, for he carries forward his grace into lively exercises, and makes the soul to increase in grace, and grow up in conformity unto himself. He not only justifies, he sanctifies his people, and presents them unto his Kingdom and glory. Here we may take occasion to reprove the error of those who would have Christ for righteousness, but see no necessity of holiness.—Here is comfort to the saints who are complaining of a body of sin and death. He will finish his work, for he that hath begun it will also perform it in the day of Christ.

5. Though his work is a thorough work, yet we are not to expect perfection in the present life. The saints are indeed perfect in regard of their justification the moment they are united to Christ; and in reference to his righteousness they are as much justified as they will be to eternity. But this is not the case as to their sanctification. Though the reigning power of sin is broken, so that the man is no longer under its uncontrollable sway, yet it is not wholly destroyed. The lusts of the old man in part remain in the soul in the present state, and sometimes break forth in open acts of rebellion against God and his law. This is what the apostle calls the law in his members which he finds to his sad experience, leading him captive into the law of sin. This is that struggle which there is between the flesh and the spirit which are consequently lusting against one another. These are the two armies which you may see in the Shulamite, Song vi. 13. By reason of these the people of God often suffer a very severe conflict. Nor is there any discharge in the war till they are at death admitted into the Kingdom of their Father. There they are made perfect indeed, every spot will then be washed away, and that which is only in part will be succeeded by that which is perfect. The case with the church of God in general, bears a great similarity to that of particular saints. There is chaff in the floor of the visible church. There are tares among the wheat till the time of the harvest. There are foolish virgins mingled with the wise till the Lord comes to make the separation, And there are

sinner and hypocrites in Zion in this imperfect state. Here we may reprove the advocates for perfection, who maintain that the saints are in this life as perfect as ever they will be.—Examine yourselves, brethren, about your desire for holiness, and your progress in it, and your endeavors to obtain it. You say you know it is necessary to be holy. But what influence has your knowledge upon you? Does it put you on your guard in every part of your conduct,—and are you willing to have your heart tried and purged by the Lord Jesus? Are you sincerely desirous to have every lust and corruption mortified and subdued, and to be completely purged? &c.

6. The work of cleansing and purging the church is the work of Christ himself. “*He will thoroughly purge his floor.*” Accordingly when he exercised his public ministry, he purged the temple of them that bought and sold. This was as it were only an emblem or specimen of that purity which was requisite in his service. It was he who purged away the great body of the Jewish nation as chaff, and as fruitless and profitless branches from his church in their dispersion.—It is indeed the work of gospel ministers and other office bearers to attend to the external conduct of church members, and with the fan of church discipline to purge away the chaff of notorious offenders and disorderly members; but after all their accuracy and attention, there are still much refuse and dross when tried by the Lord himself. Many who now pass among men for good christians, will, when weighed by the balance, be found wanting and destitute of true religion. Hence, brethren, the necessity of examining yourselves as to your state. Are you the wheat of the floor, or are you only chaff? If you are the latter, there is a horrible tempest and storm of wind awaiting you which will blow upon you to your utter destruction. Remember, it is not a man like yourselves who is to try and fan you. It is the Lord, the great proprietor of the floor who will do the work, and though you may deceive yourselves and your neighbors, be assured that he seeth not as man seeth—man looketh to the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh to the heart.

7. The saints after all their trouble and hardships will at last reach the port of everlasting happiness. “*He will gather his wheat into his garner.*” The troubles which afflict the just are many, but the Lord will at length deliver them out of them all. They often meet with severe trials from their enemies who do everything in their power to make them fall, but the Lord their God upholds them mightily. They meet with opposition from sin, Satan and the world. Sin often rages and prevails in them for a season, but sin shall not have dominion over them, for they are not under the law but under grace. Satan often desires to sift them as wheat, but the great Redeemer has prayed for them that their faith fail not. They are often weak for the performance of their duty, and unfit to cope with their enemies, but his grace is sufficient for them. This is the situation not of some only, but of all the people of God. Not a particle of wheat will be lost or embezzled, for they are not only the property of Christ, but it is his particular work and employment to gather them into his garner. This being the case, how is it possible that any of them can fall away or perish forever? Will the Lord Jesus Christ lose his property? Will his purchase be in vain? Besides, if one can

fall away why not another? If any fall away and are lost, it must either be their own fault or the fault of God. If it is the last, it must either be want of power or want of will to save them, or want of attention to their case. It cannot be want of power, for he is God Almighty. It cannot be want of will, for he loves them with an everlasting love. Nor can it be want of attention to their case, for his eyes are upon the righteous and his ears are open to their cry.— If it is said it is their own fault, then the assertion is directly contrary to the declaration of God's word, John, x. 28, 29.

8. There is an astonishing contrast between the value of the people of God and his enemies. The former are the wheat and the latter are the chaff. The Saints are the peculiar property of God purchased by the precious blood of Christ. They are accounted his peculiar treasure and his jewels. They are here compared to wheat which you know is far more valuable than chaff. The contrast will appear very striking if you consider that the Saints are the friends of God, and the others are his enemies. The former are brought nigh by the blood of Christ, but the latter are far from him. The first are united unto Jesus Christ, and have part in all the blessings of his purchase; but the last have neither part nor lot in this matter. The former are renewed in the spirit of their mind, and walk in new obedience; but the latter are under the reigning power of sin, they are under the curse of the law, and walk after the flesh. The Saints are lovers of God, and earnestly desire conformity to his image; but sinners are haters of God, hateful and hating one another, and are open violaters of every precept of the divine law. The former are men who live by faith on the Son of God, and have obeyed the great Commandments in believing in him; but the latter have not believed in him, neither have they known him. If this is the case, we ought to give all diligence to believe in him lest at his coming we be found empty and worthless as chaff.

9. There will be a complete separation between the righteous and the wicked at last. "He will gather the wheat into his garner."— The chaff grows with the wheat and is gathered with it to the floor, and it lies among the wheat while it is in the floor; but when the time of winnowing comes, the chaff is blown away, and the wheat is preserved. So is the visible church, there are many hypocrites and much chaff. Many hollow hearted professors cleave to the church of God. But there is a line of complete separation. Sometimes the Lord throws away many useless and unprofitable professors by his judgments upon them even in the present life. But the floor will not be completely purged until the period arrive in which he will give commandment to his angels to gather his people from the four winds of heaven and to separate the good from the bad. Then he that is holy, will be holy still; and he that is filthy, will be filthy still.

Here is ground of comfort to the people of God. Do your enemies now oppress you and fight against you daily? The time is approaching when you will see them no more for ever. But let the sinner tremble—let fearfulness surprise the hypocrite in heart, for his confidence will then totally fail. How shall your heart be strong, when you are dragged away, and filled with anguish and pain, and cast into everlasting burnings? For, as sure as the granary is prepared for the wheat, the fire is prepared for and will consume the chaff.

10. The punishment of the wicked is as certain as the preservation and happiness of the righteous. "He will gather the wheat into his garner, but he will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire." Though judgment is not instantly executed upon the evil doer, it is no less certain. For "one day is with the Lord as a thousand years and a thousand years as one day." The justice of God requires it, and his faithfulness has assured us that it will take place, Math. xxv 46; 2nd Thes. i. 6—9. It is necessary for the vindication of his moral government. It often happens in the present life that the wicked enjoy more prosperity and happiness than the godly. But though they flourish and prosper for a while, and enjoy all the blessings of the world in abundance; yet the day comes which shall burn as an oven upon them. Then the reproaches and aspersions cast upon Christ, his interest and his people, will be fully wiped away. He has given commandment to his servants to say to the righteous it shall be well with him, and at the same time to say to the wicked it shall be ill with him for he shall receive the reward of his doings.—This is worth the attention of gospel hearers. Is the punishment of the wicked certain? will he indeed burn up the chaff? Then let those who trample upon his law remember that though punishment is not speedily executed upon an evil work, it is no less certain; for God himself shall come to judgment, a fire shall waste before him and burn up his enemies, and a furious tempest shall compass him about which shall fall with pain upon the head of the wicked. Remember that when the wheat is gathered into the garner, the chaff is committed to the fire.

11. The destruction of the enemies of God is without remedy.—"He will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire." Though hand join in hand the wicked shall not be unpunished. They are often so strong and powerful in this world as to elude the stroke of justice, and prevent its being executed upon their evil deeds by fellow-men, but they cannot escape the righteous judgment of God. When his hand takes hold of vengeance, then all hands shall wax feeble, the strong shall be as tow, and all their device to save themselves will be of no avail. Their work will be as a spark, and they shall burn together and none shall quench them. He will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire. The language is highly figurative, and points out the irretrievable ruin of the wicked. The tender parent will not be able to prevent the destruction of his only child; and the efforts of the dutiful child to save his parents will be equally vain. The affectionate husband cannot prevail in behalf of the friend of his bosom. The current of justice cannot be stopped; for judgment will run like a stream, and righteousness like a flowing brook. As none can prevent their destruction, so shall it never come to an end; it is here represented as *unquenchable fire*. "Their worm dieth not, and their fire is not quenched."

Hence three things deserve our attention. 1. The eternity of the duration of the punishment of God's enemies; 2. The anguish and pain which they feel; and 3. The unspeakable loss which they sustain. Let the voluptuary then think at what expence he is purchasing a short and momentary pleasure, and let the wicked forsake his way and sin no more.

THE MODEL MERCHANT.

MEMOIRS OF, OR SAMUEL BUDGETT. PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION.

The mercantile world of late, has been plunged into deep waters. Many crises, as they are termed, have occurred in commerce, since the present century; but few have been so general, or so universally felt as that which is now passing away. It began, as we read, in New York, extended over the whole of the United States, but did not confine itself within the limits of that gigantic republic. It found its way across the Atlantic, enveloped Britain in a gloom dismal and distressing, shook the confidence of every man in his brother man, and threatened apparently to break up the bonds of civil society. As a necessary consequence, it travelled from the mother country to her half hundred colonies, scattered throughout the various regions of the world, and repeated the panic in each of them. But it did not stop there. It entered France, and made every man on the *bourse* or exchange tremble; and every city and every kingdom upon the continent caught the alarm, as well as Paris and France. Even those countries, which are generally considered *not commercial*, felt its effects, and quaked beneath its stroke. Russia, who would fain, sit apart from the nations of the earth, and make her empire-throne high and lofty above the kingdoms around her—even proud, haughty, and supercilious Russia beheld the storm, not from afar, but rising and swelling within her own domains, and she cowered and felt chafed before it. The world was seemingly tottering to confusion. As failure after failure was announced, men sighed and wept and exclaimed—"when shall the end be?" Commerce was moved to its very foundations, and the pillars of its powers were, every one, made to shake.

As was most natural, and to be expected, enquiries were everywhere instituted into the origin and causes of these calamities. The causes assigned were numerous, and as diversified as they were numerous. *Over speculation* was one grand cause. It formed a fertile theme for Newspaper and Magazine writers. Lists of those who had traded on nothing and less than nothing, were paraded in column after column. It was affirmed that houses without any foundation whatever, sprung up on every side. They were liberally supplied by men who should have known better. For a time they seemed to prosper. As if intoxicated and wild with the delirium, men talked of the rapidity with which the world was getting on. But the great crisis came, and all this prosperity exploded like a gleam of lightning from the thunder cloud, or a flash of powder from the pan. *Extravagance* was another cause assigned. Men did not, and would not, live within their income. The houses in which some merchants lived, were like princes' palaces. The descriptions given of the splendid buildings, the magnificent rooms, the gorgeous drapery, and the rich furniture of some of them, could not but remind us of the enchanted castles of the eastern tales, in which our romantive imagination was wont to revel in our boyish days. The entertainments which they gave, the rank they maintained, and the establishments they kept up, would have required for their continuance, the fortune of a Rothschild, or one of the diggins of California. Even in the

article of dress, the sums spent were incredulous. Here, the ladies themselves, have not escaped censure. The public prints everywhere emblazoned on their pages, the hundreds of dollars given for a handkerchief, and the thousands for a single shawl. But the crisis came, and when the books were examined, there were thousands upon thousands of pounds which could not be accounted for. It was no wonder. Merchants themselves, amid all their luxurious and fast living, had taken no note of where they had gone. The credit system was another cause assigned. 'On every return of a crisis, this is a thing much spoken of and much reprobated. All with one voice condemn it *then*. But no sooner has the cloud passed over, than they who were loudest in their anathemas, are the very first to return to it. Men of prudence, however, should discountenance it as much as possible. It has inflicted many a sore evil on some industrious families, and ruined many a respectable and enterprising merchant. Even in small country districts, its evils have been greatly felt. They are felt now, and will continue to be felt, as long as the credit system continues to be encouraged. In some very particular cases it may be of advantage, but as a general system, the sooner it is done away with, it will be the better both for the seller and buyer. These are some causes commonly assigned for the crisis.

With commerce and politics, we, as Christian instructors, and journalists, have nothing to do, saving in so far as they bear upon religion, or religion bears upon them. But even on this circumscribed ground, it will certainly be admitted by every judicious man, that we have not a little to say on the present occasion. It is no new doctrine—no novel theory enunciated for the first time, that commerce ought to be conducted on religious and Christian principles.—The demand for this is every day becoming stronger. The world itself, is beginning to see its propriety. The church has long ago lifted up her voice in support of this system. Instead of that voice being lowered or hushed, it is waxing stronger, louder and more earnest. She will have it, that those who profess to be her members, will carry their Christianity with them, to the counter and the counting-room, to the store and market, as well as to the house of God and the Lord's table. She will have it that there shall be written, as it were, over the door of every merchant's place of business, and in characters legible to every one,—“whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report—all these things are attended to carefully and faithfully here.” She will have this and all this, for the sake of Christian merchants themselves, for the sake of those with whom they trade, and particularly for the sake of her Lord's cause in the world. Their dealings must not be merely fair and honest, but they must be Christian. They must include by all means what is fair and just, but they must sometimes go beyond this. They must do nothing as merchants, which will taint their character as Christians. They must, if possible, attract the respect of the worldly, the ungodly, and the unprincipled, by their upright, honourable, and liberal dealings. No mean subterfuges for making a few pounds; no low trickery for hoodwinking the simple or ignorant,—must for a moment be tolerated. Everything must be open and candid, and above

ground. All this the church demands of her merchant members; all this, without fail, she will one day have.

Amid all the causes assigned for the late crisis, we have a right to assert that the want of Christian principle was the greatest. The melancholy facts which have come to light through wrecked firms and insolvent establishments, too strongly bear us out in this assertion. There were some men who had no Christianity to lose; they never had any, and therefore could not lose it. There were others, it is to be hoped, who were genuine Christians, but in the heat of competition and rivalry, forgot their Bibles and their Christianity. Had they held fast by the principles which these inculcate, their condition would not have been so sad and so humiliating as it is to-day. It cannot be denied that in hundreds of failures during the last crisis, there was a fearful exhibition of lack of Christianity, of reckless ungodliness, and of the want of every thing like honourable principle. With the man who proves unfortunate in business from unforeseen calamities or fair losses, we feel the deepest and most genuine sympathy. But we cannot, we dare not express, because we do not feel the same sympathy for men who can be called nothing but daring speculators or unprincipled adventurers.

Some merchants, we are aware, are prepared to tell us that it is impossible to conduct business on the strict principles we inculcate. Were they to attempt it, they would lose all their customers and might shut up their places of business; for, supposing that they were to adopt our principles, others would act on the common principles of trade and would outsell them. It is, they add, the merest Quixotism to attempt to establish such a system. But assertion is not proof; opinions can never stand in the way of facts. They must give place to history. Moralists have maintained that the true method of succeeding in business, is the method Christianity proposes. There is scarcely a writer on Moral Philosophy or Political Economy, but takes this for granted. Nor has the pulpit failed to lift up her warning voice. That Christian policy is the true policy of the merchant and of every man of business, Dr Chalmers has long ago demonstrated with his rich and overflowing eloquence. Every man in business should read his "Commercial Discourses." But just as if to meet the case of the matter-of-fact man, incidents and minor events are occurring every day to prove the truth of our statement. At one time it was maintained that it was impossible to carry on business on any other principle than that which is technically called the "higgling or priggling system." It was the cheapening down mode. Merchants put a little more upon their goods than they expected to receive—a penny or two-pence on the yard of cloth—but it was because they expected to be "higgled or priggled down" this amount by their customers. This giving way a little pleased the customer and saved the merchant. But there was much that was mean and sinful about the whole system. A few merchants, not many years ago, set their faces against it. They fixed their prices and would abate nothing, and told their customers so, and what was the result? Their customers were just as numerous, their time was saved, and their consciences protected from a hundred little lies. They required not then to say, "we have come down this much to-day, because you are a good customer;" and yet all the time had ar-

ranged that this much they would come down to any one. Why continue such a useless, hypocritical system longer? Another case in point is at hand. Long hours were considered necessary to business. From six or seven o'clock in the morning, till seven or eight o'clock every evening during the week, and on Saturday evenings to ten or twelve o'clock, young men were required to remain behind the counter and wait on their customers. By this means they were deprived of all opportunity of improving their minds, and were often rendered incapable of worshipping God in a right spirit on the Lord's day. The "Early closing movement" was made. In several places the system has been adopted, and wherever all parties have cordially united, it has been found that it works not only as well as the old practice but infinitely better. Here is another principle for which Christians, especially about cities and large towns, have long contended, practically proved and illustrated.—To mention only another circumstance in which Christian principle is making itself felt among business men, the relation between master and workman is beginning to be better understood, and more appreciated. Workmen are now treated as useful, rational and intelligent members of society, not as mere pieces of mechanism, or worse, as the lowest and most servile menials. Labour is acquiring dignity. The last penny that can be screwed out of him in wages, the greatest exertion and putting forth of thew and sinew, is not demanded of the workman now; more and more is the principle acted on, a fair wage to the operator and a fair profit to the manufacturer. Kindly, affectionate and even Christian feelings are rising up with both parties towards one another. The deadly struggles of strikes and combinations, are not so often occurring or heard of. In their place we read of soirees, and reading rooms, of mechanics' institutes and atheneums, whose audiences are sometimes addressed by the noble and leading men of the world; and all this under the superintendance of masters, and with the cordial co-operation of workmen. In these cases, we see Christianity working its way into the very core of the business world and making her glorious principles effloresce among the masses of mankind. With these facts before him, and many others similar in nature which might easily be adduced, will any man presume to affirm that business can not be conducted on Christian principles and with Christian feelings?

But just as if to confute beyond all dispute, the reasonings of these worldly men, some merchants have lived and acted out the very system which we wish to recommend. Some merchants are doing so at the present day; and some have done so, who have gone to their long home. Nor were these small or petty merchants; they were men who did business on a large scale; making it large by their own noble, exalted and Christian conduct. Of some of them it might well be said they were *merchant princes* of the land. Samuel Budgett was one. The book, the title of which is given at the head of this article, contains a short but most interesting memoir of his life. Perhaps it is not so logically arranged or so happily written in some places, as we could wish, but the facts and the reflections which it contains, are beyond all price. Our space will not permit us to give the particular circumstances of his history; for these we must refer the reader to the book itself; and every man in business

—especially every young man, should purchase and peruse it carefully and prayerfully. In a single paragraph, however, we shall attempt to give a very general outline of this merchant's life.

Samuel Budgett was born in Wrington, Somersetsbire, on July 27th, 1794. His parents were poor shop-keeping people. He was "born a merchant." Making bargains was his delight, almost from childhood. But his whole life proved it was not for the love of money, but for the kind of excitement which it produced. He, whilst a boy, picked up a horse-shoe on the road and sold it to a blacksmith for a penny; and some molasses which would have been wasted, he saved, and sold for three half-pence; these were his first two bargains. They illustrate a principle on which he acted all his life-time—lose nothing and turn every thing you get to the best advantage, and immediately if possible. Many a boy would have passed the horse-shoe; or if he picked it up, he would have carried it home and laid it away, but would never thought of selling it. From small bargains he proceeded to larger, till his penny for the shoe, had accumulated to £30. On leaving home he gave all this to his mother, who needed it much. At 14 years of age he was apprenticed to his brother, who kept store in Kingswood, near Bristol, and then with a merchant in Bristol. After a time, he returned to his brother at Kingswood, and now it was that the model merchant began to appear. The principles on which he resolved to act, are all described; we cannot even enumerate them; but we may give his own statement of the qualifications of a thorough going merchant—"he must have three things—tact, push, and principle." With these three, he said he would undertake to establish a business any where. Another favourite saying of his, was that of Wesley—"make all you can, save all you can, and give all you can." About 25 years of age he was taken into partnership by his brother, and at that time married a Miss Smith. Shortly after this he adopted the idea of entering into the wholesale business and carried it out by mere tact and perseverance. In a few years the firm at Kingswood became one of the largest in the neighborhood of Bristol. But the premises were burned down with fire and he went into Bristol and established his business there. He still resided at Kingswood. The business in Bristol rapidly advanced. It employed even at Kingswood, previous to the fire, 300 hundred men and 100 horses. On a much larger scale was it carried on in Bristol. But the system on which it was carried was the beauty of it all. There was no credit; all was cash-payments.—The hours for business—punctuality—the business to be done by each—modes of saving time and increasing work—all were arranged like clock-work. Every man knew what to do and when to do it.—A festival was given to the men, their wives and children, every year. A society for the sick was established, a reading room, a Sabbath and week day school. Mr. B. regularly attended and was long one of the teachers of it. He built a Wesleyan Chapel, contributing the greater part of the funds, and he aided in building an Episcopal Church. But the most remarkable institution connected with the firm in Bristol, was a room for family prayer. At breakfast time many of the men could not go home, and that prayers might not be omitted, this room was fitted up. It was about 40 feet long and 20 wide, and furnished with benches, bibles and hymn books. Half an

hour was allowed for prayers. From 50 to 100 men commonly attended. The head of the firm sometimes conducted the services, and sometimes one of the head clerks; but most commonly they were conducted by the men themselves; a few taking them in turn. But we cannot go more minutely into this memoir. Suffice it to say, that S. Budgett died May 1851, full of years, full of honours, full of riches, and full of piety. "The righteous are held in remembrance."

There are many reflections suggested by this memoir, to which we wished to give some attention. For example, it reminds us of the scantiness of what may be called "Mercantile Literature." How many merchants have been most useful, influential, and pious men? How many of them have enriched the city or neighborhood in which they dwelt, and how many doing business on a large scale, have opened up communications with portions of the world, almost unknown to one another? How many, by their intercourse and transactions, have linked nation to nation, and kingdom to kingdom, so that even politicians themselves, could not burst asunder by war or otherwise, the ties with which they were united? Yet of such men, no memoir or biography exists. They descend to the grave as the humblest of their clerks do, their dust mingles with the common dust of the earth, and in a few years all that they did is forgotten and unknown. But would not the lives of such active, useful men, read us many an important practical lesson? Go into one of our common libraries, ask for the memoirs of artists, philosophers, or even common strolling players, and you will get them in abundance; but ask for those of our merchants and men of business and you will ask, in all probability, in vain. It certainly appears to us that it would be highly advantageous to our young men, our rising merchants, to have such biographies put into their hands—biographies pointing out the character of the men, the business they pursued, the system which they adopted, and the principles by which they were guided, and all written with a Christian spirit and under the influence of sanctified feelings. A few such books would be, not only a creditable addition to our literature, but might prove with the blessing of God most beneficial to our young merchants. A second reflection suggested is, the rising importance of commerce. The importance of commerce, is every day becoming more obvious. It is not only looked upon as a means of acquiring wealth, but as an interesting subject of study. Hence the value attached to political economy—which may be considered commerce, in its widest sense. But in a more restricted and practical view, it is arresting the attention of thinking men. It is gradually assuming to itself the character of a science. If we ought we not, as wise men to see to it, that ample provision be made for its thorough understanding and investigation? Ought we not to incorporate it, with our academical and college courses? It is true, we have what is called in some establishments a mercantile education, but it is only nominally so; for of what does it consist. A good hand at penmanship—aptness and accuracy in figuring—and skill in keeping accounts—these seem in general, to be the sum total of this education, and sometimes even of these there is not over much. But there is nothing like rising into the higher branches of the study; nothing like attempt

ing to ascertain and illustrate the leading principles according to which commerce is, or should be conducted. But why should it be so? It is long since military academies were established and under the highest authorities. Engineering is beginning to take hold of professorial chairs in some of our best and oldest literary institutions. And why should not commerce be exalted to the same dignity? To make a bargain, may to some seem a very trivial affair. They may smile when we talk about education being needed to do so. A common farmer or mechanic, with common sense may do so. But simple as that process is, it may contain the germs of some of the noblest conceptions and most exalted ideas. We have never had much to do with business, but in our lifetime we have mingled with some thoroughly business and practical men; and we have no hesitation in saying that we have known some transactions planned and carried into execution which required an ingenuity and an amount of original thinking which would have done no dishonour to a Milton or a Newton. To elevate commerce to a science and to place it in our colleges, would, in our opinion, confer an important blessing not only on our business men, but on the world. It would give young men correct views of the branch to which they are directing their attention; it would give them liberal views of other branches not immediately connected with their own; and it might benefit many of our public men—such as politicians and parliamenters—by giving them an opportunity of becoming acquainted with a subject with which they are daily coming in contact, and of which some seem to be profoundly ignorant.

A third suggestion is, the necessity of imbuing the mind of mercantile men with Christian principle. This is the duty of the church, but how it is to be done, or what means are to be employed, we shall not take upon us to determine. But that it is a duty, every one will acknowledge. We are inclined to think that naturally the tendencies of mercantile men are in favour of religion. The good which many of them have done cannot be denied, save by the most prejudiced. How this happens—what is its philosophy—we shall not attempt to explain. Their very occupation is apt to make them worldly,—greedy of filthy lucre; yet nobly have many of them triumphed over this temptation. But there are multitudes of them who still require to be taught this lesson. Let the church look to this duty. It is her special care. If she secure merchants as a class to be her friends, she will have most liberal and devoted friends in them; but if she leave them to become enemies, she may find them most acute and powerful foes.

Again we recommend this memoir. It is a new book, presenting a new subject in a new view.

THE WELSH WOMAN AND HER TENANT.

A MAN, who was entirely a stranger to me, and whose appearance convinced me he was poor, and whose address showed, that he was not very familiar with the subject of religion, called upon me one morning; and with some agitation desired me to go to a distant street, to see his wife, who was sick. On making the enquiries, I learned, that his wife had the consumption, was not expected

to live many days, had not expressed any desire to see me; but that he had come for me, at the request of an aged Welsh woman, who lived in the same house. I immediately went to the place described. I found the woman apparently in the last stages of the consumption. She was an interesting young woman, of about twenty years of age, and had been married a little more than a year. All the appearance of her room was indicative of poverty, though everything manifested the most perfect neatness. She was bolstered up, upon her bed, her face pale, with a bright red spot in the centre of each cheek. She appeared exceedingly weak; while her frequent cough seemed to be tearing her to pieces. Her condition affected me. Manifestly, her youth and beauty were destined to an early grave. She must soon leave the world; and how tender and terrible the thought, that she must still be unprepared for a happier one!

As I told her who I was, and why I had come there; she offered me her hand, with a ready and easy politeness; and yet, with a manifest embarrassment of feeling, which she evidently struggled to conceal.

I have seldom seen a more perfectly beautiful woman. Her frame was delicate, her complexion clear and white, her countenance indicative of a more than ordinary degree of intelligence and amiability; and as she lifted her languid eyes upon me, I could not but feel in an instant, that I was in the presence of an uncommon woman.

I felt her feverish pulse, which was rapidly beating, and expressing my sorrow at finding her so ill, she said to me, (speaking with some difficulty:)—

"You find me—in very humble circumstances—sir"

"Yes," said I, "you seem very sick."

"We have not—always been—so straitened as we are now," said she.—"We lived—very comfortably—before—I was sick. But, I am not able—to do anything, now. And I am ashamed—to have you find me—with my room, and all things—in such a state;" (casting a look about the room.) "Once—I could have seen you in a more inviting place.—But, sir—we are now—very poor—and cannot live—as we used to.—My situation—is—very humble—indeed."

"You have no occasion to be ashamed," said I. "Your room is very neat; and if you are in want of anything, it will give me pleasure to aid you to whatever you need."

"Oh, sir, I am not—in want—of anything now. I am too sick to need anything—more than the old lady—can do for me; and she is—very kind."

"And who is the old lady?" I asked.

"Mrs. Williams," said she; "in whose house—we lived since ours—was sold—the woman that—wanted me to have you—come and see me. She has been—talking—to me about religion;—(she is a Welsh—woman;—) and she has read—to me—in the Bible, but—I cannot understand it."

"And did you wish to have me come and see you?"

"No—yes—I am willing—to see you; but—I am—in such—a place here—my room—"

"My dear friend," said I, "do not think of such things at all. You have some thing of more moment to think of. You are very sick. Do you expect ever to get well?"

"No sir; they—tell me—I shall not."

"And do you feel prepared to die?"

"I do not know—what that—preparation—means. And, it is too late, now for me to do anything—about it.—I am too far—gone."

"No, Madam, you are not. God is infinitely merciful; and you may be saved. Have you been praying to him to save you?"

"I never—prayed. Indeed, sir,—I never thought—of religion, till I was—sick and the old lady talked—to me. But I cannot—understand her. I have never—read the Bible.—I never was inside—of a church—in my life. Nobody—ever asked me—to go, or told me—I ought to. I did not think—of religion. I just lived to enjoy—myself—as well—as I could. My aunt—who took me—when my mother—died, never went—to church, and never said anything—to me about religion.—So I lived—as she—allowed me to, from the time I was three years of age—I had property—enough for anything—I wanted—then; and after I left school—about four years ago,—I had nothing—to do—but to go to parties—"

dances—and attend to—my dress, and read—till—I was married.—Since that—we have had trouble.—My husband—I suppose—did not understand things—in our country—very well.—He mortgaged—my house, and in a little while—it was sold—and we were—obliged—to leave it, and come here.”

“What did you read?” said I.

“Oh, I read novels; the most of the time—sometimes—I read other books; but—not much, except—some history, and biography.”

“Did you never read the Bible?”

“No, sir.”

“Have you got a Bible?”

“No, sir. The old lady—has got one—which she brings to me; but I am too weak—to read it.—It is a large book; and I—shall not live—long enough to read it.”

“You need *not* read it,” said I.—“But now suffer me to talk to you plainly.—You are very sick. You may not live long. *Will* you give your attention to religion, as well as you can, in your weak state; and aim to get ready to die?”

“I would, sir—if I had time. But I do not know anything—at all—about religion—and it would do me—no good—to try now, when I have—so little time—left.”

“You have *time enough* left.”

“Do you—think so—sir?”

“I *know* you have, Madam.”

She turned her eyes upon me, imploringly, and yet despondingly; and with a voice trembling with emotion, she said to me, speaking slowly and with difficulty:—

“Sir, I cannot—believe that.—I have never *begun*—to learn religion.—I lived only for my—present enjoyment—till I was married; and since that, after—my husband—failed—all I have thought of—was to save—some little—of my property—if I could; so as not to—be a burden—to other people.—And now—there cannot, be time—enough left—for me—to begin with religion—and go—all the way through.”

“*There is time enough*,” said I.

Perceiving that she was already exhausted by her efforts to speak; I told her to rest for a few minutes, and I would see her again. I went into another room to see “the old lady,” (as she called her,) whom I found to be a pious Welch woman, who had rented a part of her house to the sick woman’s husband, some months before, and who now devoted herself to take care of the poor sufferer.—The tenant had squandered all his wife’s property; and now during her sickness, continued his dissipation, paying little attention to his dying wife. If he ever had a heart, rum had destroyed it.

“She is a good creature,” said the Welch woman, “all but religion.—When she was well, she was very kind to me. Though she was a *lady*, and had fine clothes, she was not ashamed to come and sit with me, an hour at a time, and talk to me, and try to make me happy; for I am a poor, lone widow, seventy years old; and all my children are dead; and when I told her how it was with me, that I had nothing to live upon, but the rent I got for the rooms of my house; and she found out, (I did not tell her of it,) that her husband did not pay the rent any longer; she sold her rings and some of her clothes, and brought me the money, poor thing, and told me to take it. I did not know, at first, that she sold her rings and her clothes to get it; and when I asked her how she got it, and she told me, I said to her I would not have it, it would burn my fingers if I took it, and the rust of it would eat my flesh, as it were fire, and be a canker in my heart, and be a swift witness against me in the day of the great God, our Saviour. So I gave it back to her; but she would not take it: she laid it down there,”—(pointing to it with her finger,—) “on the mantle-piece,—It is some weeks yesterday, and there it has been ever since. I cannot touch it. I *never* will touch it, unless I am forced to take it to buy her a coffin. Christ Jesus would not have taken the price of a lady’s rings and clothes, in such a case; and it is not for the like of me to do it. Poor thing! she will soon die, and then she will want rings and clothes no longer! Oh, sir! if I could only think I would wear a robe of glory in heaven I would not weep so. But I am afraid

it is all to late for her now! Religion is a hard business for a poor sinner! And her husband would *not* go for you, week before last, nor last week. He *never* went till this morning, when I told him, as I was a living woman, he never should enter the house to-night,—he should sleep in the street, if he did not bring you here before the clock struck twelve. I want you to pray for her. There is no telling what God may do. May be he will send suddenly. But I cannot tell her the way. I have tried. I tried hard; but, poor thing, she said she could not understand me. And then, I could do nothing but come to my room and weep for her, and go to prayer, and then weep again. I am glad you have come. And now *don't* leave her, till you have got a *blessing*,—if it is not too late."

I have seldom heard eloquence surpassing that of "the old lady." Some of her expressions were singular; but they seemed to have in them the majesty and tenderness of both nature and religion.

I borrowed the "old lady's" Bible; and returned to the sick woman's room.—Seating myself by the side of her bed, I told her I did not wish her to talk, for it wearied her. But I wanted she should listen to me, without saying a word, only if she did not understand me, she might say so, and I would explain myself.

"Can I understand?"—said she, (with a look of mingled earnestness and despair.)

"Certainly you can. Religion is all simple and easy, if one desires to know it; and if you do *not* understand me, it is *my* fault, not *yours*."

And now, my dear child; listen to me, a little while. It will not be long. But first allow me to pray with you for a single minute."

After prayer, I took the Bible, and told her it was God's word, given to us to teach us the way to eternal life and happiness beyond the grave;—that it taught all I knew, or needed to know about salvation;—that though it was a large book, and contained many things, which might be profitable to her under other circumstances, yet, all that she needed to think of just now, was embraced in a few ideas, which were easy to be understood;—and I wanted her to listen to them, and try to understand them.

"I will—sir," said she, "as well—as I can."

"Hear what God says then," said I.

"The first thing is—that *we are sinners*." I explained sin. I explained the Law which it transgressed, how it is holy, just and good; and we have broken it, because we have not loved the Lord our God with all our heart, and our neighbor as ourselves.

"No, I have—never loved—him," said she.

I dwelt upon our sin, as guilt and alienation from God: explained how sinners are worldly, proud, selfish; and read the texts as proofs and explanations,—“by the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified—the carnal mind is enmity against God, for it is not subject to the Law of God.” In short, that man is, in himself a lost sinner; God is angry with him, and he has a wicked heart.

Said she, “that seem—strange—to me; I wish—I had known it—before.”

“The *second* thing is—that just such sinners may be saved, because Jesus Christ came to seek and to save the lost. I read from the Bible, ‘God so loved the world that he gave his own Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life. The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin. He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities. The chastisement of our peace was upon him. The Lord hath laid upon him the iniquity of us all.’ You see, therefore, that sinners can be saved. Christ died for them.”

“Will he—save *me*?” said she.

“I hope he will—but listen to me.—The *third* thing is, that lost sinners will be saved by Christ, if they repent of sin and believe in him.” I continued to select texts and read them to her. “God now commandeth all men everywhere to repent. Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish, As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe in his name. Christ is the end of the Law for righteousness to every one that

believeth. Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow, though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."*

As I read such passages, turning over the leaves of the book, as I stood by her bedside, her eyes followed the turning leaves, and she gazed upon the book in astonishment. At times, when repeating a peculiar text, my eyes rested on her face instead of the book, and then she would ask, "Is that in God's word?" I found it best, therefore, just to look on the book, and read slowly and deliberately.

"The fourth thing is, that we need the aid of the Holy Spirit to renew our hearts, and bring us to faith and repentance. 'Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh; that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. No man can come unto me, except the Father which sent me draw him. In me is thy help. Let him take hold on my strength, that he may make peace with me.' Man is *helpless* without the Holy Spirit."

"The last thing is, that all this salvation is freely offered to us *now, to-day*, and it is our duty and interest to accept it on the spot, and just as we are, un-
lone sinners. 'Hear and your soul shall live. Seek ye the Lord while he may be found. Call ye upon him while he is near. Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him, and to our God for he will abundantly pardon. If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more will your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him. Behold now is the accepted time; behold now is the day of salvation. Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. The Spirit and the bride say, come; and let him that is athirst come: and let him that heareth say, come; and whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely.'

"Now, my dear child, this is all; only these five things. I will now leave you for an hour, to rest and then I will be back to see you."

In an hour I returned, determined to go over the same things, and explain them, if needful, more fully. As I entered the room she looked at me with a glad-some smile, and yet with an intense earnestness, which for an instant I feared was insanity. Said she, "I am so glad you have come:—I have been—thinking—of what you read—to me. These things—must be true; but—I don't know—as I should—believe them, if they were not—in the word—of God. I understand some—of them.—I know I am—a sinner—I feel it. I never knew it—so before.—I have not—loved God. I have been—wicked and foolish.—I am—undone. And now—when I know it, my heart—is so bad, that instead of—loving God—it shrinks from—him,—and I am afraid—it is too—late—for me!"

"Yes," said I; "your heart is worse than you think. You can make it no better. Give it to God. Trust Christ to pardon all. He died for just such lost sinners."

"Yes, sir,—I remember—that; but—what is it—to believe? I do not—understand that—*thing*.—You said I must repent of a sin,—and must *believe*—in Jesus Christ.—I think that I understand one—of these things. To repent is to be sorry for my sin,—and to leave it. But—what is it—to *believe*?—I cannot—understand that.—What is believing—in Jesus Christ?"

"It is trusting him to save you. It is receiving him, as your own offered Saviour, and giving yourself to him, as a helpless sinner, to be saved by his mercy. He died to atone for sinners."

"I believe that.—for God's word—say so.—Is this—all the faith—that I must have?"

"No; not all. You must have more. You must *trust* him. You must receive him as *your own* Saviour, and give yourself to him. You may remember the passage I read to you. Here it is in God's word:—'As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name.' You see that, here, 'believing' and 'receiving' express the same thing. You are to take Christ as God offers him to you: and you are to rely on him to save you. That is: faith."

"Sir,—I am afraid—I can never—understand it," said she, the tears coursing over her pale cheek.

"Yes, you can. It is very simple. There are only two things about it. Take

Christ for your own, and give yourself to him to be his. Sometimes these two things are put together in the Bible, as when a happy believer says, 'my beloved is mine, and I am his.' It is union with Christ, as if he were your husband, and you were his bride."

"Oh! sir,—it is all dark to me!—Faith—I cannot—understand it!"

"See here, my dear child. If you were here on this island, and it was going to sink; you would be in a sad condition, if you could not get off. There would be no hope for you, if you had no help. You would sink with the island. You could not save yourself. You might get down by the shore, and know and feel the necessity of being over on the other side, quickly, before the island should go down. But you could not get there alone. There is a wide river betwixt you and the place of safety, where you wish to go. It is so deep, that you could not wade it. It is so wide and rapid, that you could not swim it. Your case would be hopeless, if there was no help for you. You would be lost!—But there is a boat there. You see it, going back and forth, carrying people over, where they want to go. People tell you it is safe, and you have only to go on it. It seems safe to you, as you behold it on motion. You believe it is safe.—Now what do you do, in such a case? You just *step on board the boat*. You do not merely *believe*, it would save you, if you were on it; but *you go* on it. You commit yourself to it. When you get on, you do not work, or walk, or run, or ride. You do *nothing, but owe*. You *take care not to fall off*. That is all. You just trust to the boat, to hold you up from sinking, and to carry you over, where you want to go. Just so trust yourself to Jesus Christ to save you. He will carry you to heaven. Venture on him now. He waits to take you."

"But—*will* he save—such—a wicked—undone creature—as I am?"

"Yes, he will. He says he will. He came from heaven to do it, 'to seek and to save that which was lost.' He invites you to come to him. I read it to you in his word; 'come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'"

"May I go?" says she, (her countenance indicating the most intense thought; and her eyes, suffused with tears of gladness and doubt, fixing upon me, as if she would read her doom from my lips.)

"Yes you may go to Christ. Come in welcome. Come now. Come just such a sinner as you are. Christ loves to save such sinners."

She raised herself upon her couch, and leaning upon her elbow, with her dark locks falling over the snowy whiteness of her neck, her brow knit, her lips compressed, her fine eyes fixed upon me, and her bosom heaving with emotion,—she paused for a moment,—said she:—

"I do want—to come to Christ."

"He wants you to come," said I.

"Will he—take—me?" said she.

"Yes, he will; he says he will," said I.

"I am wicked—and do not—deserve it," said she.

"He knows that; and died to save you," said I.

"Oh, I think—would help—me. But—my heart—is *afraid*. I thought,—just now; if I only knew—the way, I *would* do it. But now, when—you have told me; I cannot believe it. I cannot—trust Christ. I never—knew before: what—a distant heart I have!"

"The holy spirit does help you. At this moment in your heart he urges you to come, to trust to Christ. The Bible tells you to come. 'The Spirit and the bride say, come.' God lengthens the hours of your life, that you may come; while he says to you, 'Behold now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.'"

I paused for a little time; and as I watched her countenance, she appeared to be absorbed in the most intense thought. Her brow was slightly knit—her lips quivered—her fine eyes roamed from side to side, and often upwards; and then closed, for a moment. And seeming utterly forgetful of my presence, she slowly pronounced the words, with a pause almost at every syllable;—"lost sinner—*anger*—God—Christ—blood—love—pardon—heaven—help—Bible—now—*come*." And then, turning her eyes upon me, said:

"I do want—to come—to Christ—and rest on him.—If my God—will accep

such—a vile sinner—I give myself—to him forever!—oh!—he will—accept me by Christ—who died!—Lord—save—I lie on thee—to save me.”

She sunk back upon her bed, with her eyes lifted to heaven, and her hands raised in the attitude of prayer; while her countenance indicated amazement.

I knelt by her bed, uttered a short prayer, and left her, to return at sunset.

As I returned, the old Welch woman met me at the door, her eyes bathed in tears, and her hands lifted to the heavens. I supposed she was going to tell me that the sick woman was dead; but, with uplifted hands, she exclaimed, ‘blessed be God! blessed be God! The poor thing is happy now; she is so happy! Thank God! she is so happy! She looks like an angel now! She has seen Christ, her Lord; and she will be an angel soon! Now I can let her die! I can’t stop weeping! She has been a dear creature to me! But it makes my heart weep for joy now, when I see what God has done for her, and how happy she is.’

She conducted me to her sick friend’s room. As I entered, the dying woman lifted her eyes upon me, with a smile:—

“The Lord—has made me happy!—I am—very happy. I was afraid—my wicked heart—never would—love God. But, he has—led me to it. Christ—is very dear—to me. I can—lean on him now. I—can die—in peace.”

I converse’ with her for some minutes, the “old lady” standing at my elbow, in tears. She was calm and full of peace. She said, “All you told me—was true; my heart finds it true. How good—is Jesus, to save such sinners!—I was afraid—to fall upon him; but I know now—that believing is all. My heart—is different. I do love God. Jesus Christ is very dear—to me.”

She appeared to be fast sinking. I prayed with her, and left her. The next day she died. I visited her before her death. She was at peace. She could say but little; but some of her expressions were remarkable. She desired to be bolstered up in her bed, that she might “be able to speak once more.” She seemed to rally her strength; and speaking with the utmost difficulty, the death-gurgle in her throat, and the tears coursing down her pale, and still beautiful cheek, she said:

“I wonder—at God. Never was there such love. My soul—loves him. I delight—to be his. He—has forgiven me—a poor sinner—and now—his love exhausts me. The Holy Spirit—helped me—or my heart—would have held—to its own—goodness—in its unbelief. God has—heard me. He has come—to me, and now—I live—on prayer. Pardon me—sir,—I forgot—to thank you—I was so carried off—in thinking—of my God. He will—reward you—for coming—to see me. I am going—to him—soon—I hope. Dying will be sweet—to me—for Christ—is with me.”

I said a few words to her, prayed with her, and left her. As I took her hand, at that last farewell, she cast upon me a beseeching look, full of tenderness and delight, saying to me: “May I hope—you—will always—go to see—dying sinners?” It was impossible for me to answer audibly;—she answered for me;—“I know—you will—farewell.”

She continued to enjoy entire composure of mind till the last moment. Almost her last words to the “old lady” were, “my delight is—that God—is king—over all, and saves sinners—by Jesus Christ.”

I called at the house after she was dead, and proposed to the “old lady” that I would procure a sexton, and be at the expense of her funeral: lifting both her hands towards the heavens, she exclaimed,—“No sir! indeed; no sir! You wrong my heart to think of it! God sent you here at my call: and the poor thing has died in peace. My old heart would turn against me, if I should allow you to bury her! the midnight thought would torment me! She has been a dear creature to me, and died such a sweet death. I shall make her shroud with my own hands; I shall take her ring-money to buy her coffin; I shall pay for her grave; and then, as I believe her dear spirit has become a ministering angel. I shall hope she will come to me in the nights; and carry my prayer back to her Lord.”

She had it all in her own way; and we buried her with a tenderness of grief, which I am sure has seldom been equalled.

If this was a conversion at all, it was a death-bed conversion. A suspicion

or fear may justly attach to such instances perhaps; and persons wiser than myself have doubted the propriety of publishing them to the world. But the instance of the thief on the cross is published to us; and if the grace of God does sometimes reach an impenitent sinner on the bed of death; why should we greatly fear the influence of its true history? The wicked may indeed abuse it, as they abuse everything that is good and true; but it must be an amazingly foolish abuse, if on account of a few such instances, they are induced to neglect religion, till they come to die. It is a very rare thing that a death-bed is like this.

I deemed it very important to convince her it was not too late to seek the Lord; and I found it a very difficult thing. The truth, that it was not too late, came into conflict with the unbelief and deceitfulness of her heart. It seems to me, that we ought not to limit the Holy One of Israel, leading sinners to believe, that even a death-bed lies beyond hope. Truth is always safe; error, never. And if there is good evidence of a death-bed conversion, why should it be kept out of sight?

And yet it is no wonder that careful minds are led to distrust sick-bed repentance. It seldom holds out. Manifestly, it is commonly nothing but deception. Health brings back the former impiety, or that which is worse.

It does not appear, that the dying thief knew anything about the Saviour, till he was dying; and this woman seems to have been like him. And what a lesson of reproof to Christians, that this woman, living for twenty years among them, and in the sight of five or six Christian churches, should "never have been inside of a church in her life," and that "nobody asked her to go." Year after year, she was in habits of intimacy with those, who belonged in Christian families; she associated with the children of Christian parents; and yet, she never had a Bible—she never read the Bible—she never was exhorted to seek the Lord! And probably she would have died as she had lived; had not divine Providence sent her, in her poverty, to be the tenant of the "old lady," who loved her so well. Oh! how many are likely to die soon, with no "old lady" to bring them the Bible, and pray for them in faith and love.—*From Spencer's Sketches.*

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

THE NATIONS THAT WOULD NOT HAVE THE REFORMATION.

Austria, Spain, Italy, France, Poland—the offer of the Reformation was made everywhere; and it is curious to see what has become of the nations that would not hear it. In all countries were some that accepted; but in many there were not enough, and the rest, slowly or swiftly, with fatal, difficult industry, contrived to burn them out. Austria was once full of Protestants; but the hide-bound Flemish-Spanish Kaiser-Element presiding over it obstinately for two centuries, kept saying "No; we, with our dull, obstinate Cimburbis under-lip and lazy eyes, with our ponderous Austrian depth of habituality and indolence of intellect, we prefer steady darkness to uncertain new light!" and all men may see where Austria now is. Spain still more, poor Spain going about at this time, making its *promneciamentos*. They refused

Truth when she came, and now Truth knows nothing of them. All stars and heavenly lights have become veiled to such men; they must now follow terrestrial *ignes fatui*, and think them stars. That is the doom passed upon them. Italy, too, had its Protestants; but Italy killed them; managed to extinguish Protestantism. Italy put up silently with practical lies of all kinds; and shrugging its shoulders, preferred going into *dilettantism* and the fine arts. The Italians, instead of the sacred service of fact and performance, did music painting, and the like—till even that has become impossible for them: and no noble nation, sunk from *virtus* to *virtu*, ever offered such a spectacle before. But the sharpest cut example, France, to which we constantly return for illustration. France, with its keen intellect, saw the truth and saw the falsity, in those Protestant times; and with its ardour of generous impulse

was prone enough to adopt the former. France was within a hairs-breadth of becoming actually Protestant. But France saw good reason to massacre Protestantism, and end it on the night of St Bartholomew, 1572. The celestial apparitor of Heaven's chancery, so we may speak, the genius of fact and veracity, had left his writ of summons; writ was read;—and replied to in this manner. The genius of fact and veracity accordingly withdrew—was staved off, got kept away for two hundred years. But the writ of summons had been served; Heaven's messenger could not stay away for ever. No; he returned duly, with accounts run up on compound interest, to the actual hour, in 1792;—and then, at last there had to be a "Protestantism;" and we know of what kind that was!—*Carlyle's Life of Frederick the Great.*

FRUITS OF PALESTINE.

The country around Jerusalem affords a great diversity of climate and soil, and therefore many varieties of fruits. Immediately around the city, hoarfrosts, if known at all, are very slight, and touch but lightly either fruits or vegetables; and water seldom even freezes even in midwinter. During the summer, cool breezes are enjoyed almost throughout the day, varied occasionally by the hot, oppressive sirocco, which blows from the parched sands of the desert. Such is the mildness of the winter, that oranges, dates, figs, pomegranates, lemons, apicots, almonds and grapes grow throughout the season, requiring no protection whatever.

A curious anecdote is connected with a plant peculiarly Oriental—the mandrake. The fragrance of its berries tempted a sojourner in the Holy City to try it as an edible. The root was subjected to a long process of boiling, stewing, and frying, and then our prying friend proceeded to satisfy his curiosity and appetite, little imagining its wondrous effects. The night of the experiment was passed in the agony of fear and frightful dreams. It is an ascertained fact that no snake can touch this plant with impunity. It is doubtless on account of such remarkable properties that the Arabs term it *Tufahel-Shatan*—"Apples of Satan."

A little beyond Bethlehem are the

Gardens of Solomon, so beautifully alluded to in the Canticles. In this lively spot, the most capricious taste could not complain, so varied and luscious are its fruits. The gardens are enclosed by steep and rugged mountains, whose sides abound in apicots, peaches, oranges, lemons, pomegranates, grapes, and figs. In all the flora of Syria, I know of no plant more curious (unless, indeed, the "resurrection flower" be so esteemed) than a quite weed-like plant abounding here, which bears no less than five or six different kinds of flowers.

But few palm trees remain, either in or around Jerusalem, though in other Oriental cities they are very abundant.

Mount Olivet is planted with olive, fig, pomegranate, mulberry, and almond trees. Olives are eaten either pickled or soaked in olive oil. The most common dish of the Arabs, is an earthen vessel of olives, and a loaf of taboon bread, with which they seat themselves under the shade of a tree, seeming to be perfectly contented with their simple fare. Their bread is always made flat and thin, and being not unlike leather in respect to toughness and pliability, they easily mould it into the shape of a spoon, with which they dip up the olives, rice, or whatever they may be eating. Their hands, however, are used quite as often as the spoon of taboon bread, and thought to be much the more convenient of the two.

So abundant are oranges and lemons, that twenty oranges can be bought for a piastre, and thirty lemons for the same small sum. Citrons abound in almost as great profusion.

The karub-tree is sometimes to be met with, the pods of which are said to have been the food of the prodigal son. The word "husk" used in the New Testament, correctly translated, would be "little horn," which exactly coincides in shape with these pods. It is still used in some parts of the world for feeding swine, but in Syria it is in great requisition with the poorer class, who use it as their daily food.

The cactus or prickly pear grows to an immense size, and bears a most palatable, juicy fruit. It is also formed into hedges for vineyards, gardens, and paths.

In addition to the fruits already mentioned, pears and bannans are raised. Grapes are in season during five months

in the year, and are converted into unadulterated wine by the Jews and Christians, and raisins by the Mohammedans, wine being forbidden them by their *temperate* prophet. Indeed, the Syrian climate produces almost every variety of fruit, grain, and vegetables to be found in our western soil, the American colonists having eminently succeeded in the cultivation of every article introduced by them except the apple.

If we visit the market in October, the streets will be found lined with baskets of olives, grapes, pistachio nuts, radishes, lettuce, and other vegetables of rapid growth. In November, the olives and grapes being scarce, they bring dates instead. The juice of the grapes is converted into molasses, called by them "dibis." Grapes are also converted into raisins, which, together with figs, are placed in the still for the formation of arrack, the Oriental alcohol. In December, when the country no longer wears a barren aspect, but is covered with richest verdure, cabbages, cauliflowers, radishes, lettuce, and lentils are brought to the city. After January, corn is no longer brought to market; but we can well dispense with it now, for we have in Syria three crops a year. This is the month in which the almond, apicot, peach, and plum trees are clothed with their rich and fragrant blossoms. Oranges, lemons, citrons, and limes are brought in great abundance. In February the bazaars are lined with flowers, hyacinths, daffodils, tulips, ranunculuses, lillies, narcissus, geraniums, scarlet poppies, anemones, and daisies. Most of the vegetables and fruits already named are still in great abundance, with the addition of onions, carrots, and beets; and in March, beans, sage, thyme, and mint are added; and now the pear, black thorn, fig, palm, and apple trees bloom, while orange and lemon trees are still heavily laden with fruits and flowers. To these may be added celery, parsley, and other herbs. In April, vegetation being very abundant, the list becomes longer: white mulberry, artichokes, peas, beans, onions, cucumbers, lettuce, corn, the Arab potatoe, and a vegetable something like the turnip, lavender, rosemary, and the supposed rose of Sharon. In May, cucumbers, tomatoes, onions, potatoes, corn, a small species of apple, and late

in the month, muskmelons, watermelons; cantelopes, walnuts, blackberries, and the mulberry fig. In June there is an abundance of cherries, figs, plums, damascenes, quinces, olives, almonds, bananas, pomegranates, plantains, grapes, egg-plant, licorice root, dandelion, and henna. In July, peaches, grapes, pears, nectarines, melons, plums, potatoes, eggplant, prickly pear, Indian fig, pumpkins, dates, damascenes. In August a still greater variety of fruits and vegetables are displayed; but in September there is a slight decrease. In this month cotton and hemp rapidly mature, and the Arab corn, doura, millet, and castor-oil plant, which here grows to a tree; the Egyptian maize is also brought to market. But this is by no means a complete list of the varieties of fruits, vegetables, medicinal plants, and flowers in the bazaars at different seasons of the year. The variety is almost endless: indeed, so abundant are vegetables, that but little meat is consumed, both from choice and necessity; for the only animal food to be obtained, besides fowls, is mutton and goat-meat.—*Hedji in Syria.*

THE TWO TREES OF PARADISE.

1. *The tree of life.* This was a real tree, as well as any of the rest, and evidently placed there for like purposes with the rest. The only difference was, that it had peculiar virtues which the others had not. It was a life-giving or life-sustaining tree, a tree of which, so long as man shall continue to eat, he should never die. Not that one eating of it could confer immortality; but the continuous use of it was intended for this. Not that man was made mortal as he now is: the use of means does not necessarily denote some such innate effect. Man had to eat of food even when unfallen, yet this did not prove him to have been originally a dying creature. Nay, Christ had to partake of food, but this did not argue any defect in Him. So did not the existence of the tree of life and man's need to eat thereof argue any original defect in man. The link between soul and body was to be maintained by this tree. So long as he partook of this, that tie could not be broken.

2. *The tree of the knowledge of good and evil.* Why may we not take this in

the same literality of meaning as the former? Why may it not mean a tree, the fruit of which was fitted to nourish man's intellectual and moral nature?—How it did this I will not attempt to say. But we know so little of the actings of the body or the soul, that we cannot affirm it impossible. Nay, we see so much of the effects of the body upon the soul, both in sharpening and blunting the edge alike of intellect and conscience, that we may pronounce it not at all unlikely. We are only beginning to be aware of the exceeding delicacy of our mental and moral mechanism, and how easily that mechanism is injured or improved by the things which effect the body. A healthy body tends greatly to produce not only a healthy intellect, but a healthy conscience. I know that only one thing can really pacify the conscience,—the all-cleansing blood; but this I also know, that a diseased or enfeebled body operates oftentimes so sadly on the conscience, as to prevent the healthy realisation by it of that wondrous blood, thereby beclouding the whole soul; and there is nothing which Satan seems so completely to get hold of, and by means of it to rule the inner man, as a nervously-diseased body. Cowper's expression, "A mind well-lodged, and masculine of course," has in it more meaning than we have commonly attached to it.

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

A mother had heard of the arrival of her sailor-boy's vessel, and was awaiting his return with the anxiety a mother alone can now. With faith strong in God, she prayed for his safety. News came that the vessel was lost.

The father, an unconverted man, who had preserved a sullen silence, now wept aloud. The mother observed: "He is in the hands of Him who doeth all things well;" and again the subdued and softened spirit bowed, commending her son and her husband, in an audible voice, to God.

In the morning, the little gate in front of the dwelling turned on its hinges, the door opened, and their son—their last, loved son—stood before them. The vessel had been driven into one of the harbors on the coast, and was safe. The father rushed to meet him. His mother, hanging on his neck, earnestly exclaimed, "My child, how came you

here?" "Mother," said he, as the tears coursed down his sun-burnt face, "I knew you'd pray me home."

Christian mother, pray for that son who is likely to be wrecked in the storm of life, and his prospects blasted for ever! He may be saved!

PASSING FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

The old man lay on his humble bed, and beside him sat the pastor whose words were dear to him. His breathing was very heavy, and it was seldom that he was able to speak; but he seemed conscious of all that was said, and his look spoke the heart-felt Amen which he inwardly added to each prayer that was offered.

Mr. S— read the twenty-third Psalm. Old C— had now entered the valley of the shadow of death, and was treading its dark and dreary paths. "Do you lay hold of the rod and staff, C—?" his minister inquired.

"Oh yes, sir, I hold it firm," answered the dying man.

Then, again, Mr S— spoke of the man who built his house on the rock; and though the floods came, and the winds blew; it did not fall, for it was firmly founded; and he asked him:—"Are you on that rock, C—?"

Again did poor C— declare his faith at that trying moment, and with strong assurance he replied, "Yes, Mr S—, quite firm now."

He listened to the reading of the parable of the lost sheep; and after his soul had been borne by the Good Shepherd to the fold above, the family that were left remembered how their pastor had said, that there would be more joy in heaven because he had entered into glory, than there would be sorrow on earth because a husband and a father had departed.

A few more hours of his mortal pilgrimage had yet to be passed. Then he seemed to gain a glimpse of his Father's home, and to hear the voices of those who dwelt in the better land to which he was now very nigh. His faltering tongue attempted to join their song, and say, "Glory, honor, praise, and power, be . . ." It ceased on earth—it continued in heaven. His eyes closed to all things below—they opened to behold the Lamb in the midst of the throne. The cottage of clay was

deserted—the mansion of glory was entered. The poor man was gathered to his long home; and the father, redeemed by the Saviour's blood, rejoined his children in that better land where parting is unknown.

Reader, you are not yet at home, you are still a traveller, although you may not know it.

Perhaps you think that just now you are sitting still. Ah! that is quite a mistake. You are moving; your house is moving,—the very ground beneath you is moving. You are like a speck of dust upon a rolling ball, ever going round it.

All within you is moving. The blood within your arteries and veins, the air that enters your lungs, and every particle of your body, are undergoing continual change.

Your soul is moving onwards,—onwards to eternity. You cannot stop its progress, nor cause it to halt—no, not for a moment. Reader, you agree with this,—you acknowledge your travelling condition.

Then, fellow-traveller, where are you going? Are you bound for a better country? Where shall you be at your journey's end. It is not wise to be ignorant on such a point as this—for the length of our journey is most uncertain; even now we may be on the borders of the unknown land.

God has given to us the Bible to guide us in the right road. God saw us, as lost travellers, and sent unto us Jesus to be our light,—to show us the way to heaven.—*Every Day Life.*

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

HONOR THY MOTHER.

'Here is the parcel, George; take it to Mrs Gray before school, and ask her to have the mending all done for me in a week.'

'Yes mother, I'll tie it to my new sled, on my swift Reindeer's back, and harness Dash to draw it; just let me find some stronger cord for reins.'

'No, my son, you cannot take Dash this morning. There is only time enough for you to go the errand and reach school in season. Dash would want a great frolic, if he were to go—wouldn't you, good fellow?' said George's mother, turning with an affectionate carress to the noble Newfoundlander that stood by her side, listening so knowingly to every word that was said.

'O, mother,' pleaded the little boy, 'do let me take him. There's plenty of time, and I won't play with him to make me late.'

'No, dear, you had better leave Dash at home this time,' was the mother's gentle and firm reply. But George put on a sour face, and jerked the parcel out of her hand, refusing her kind offer to adjust his school books, and replying to her sweet 'Good morning, dear,' with only a sullen 'good morning,' that was little better than no reply at all.

'It's too bad,' he muttered to himself,

as soon as he was out of hearing; 'Dash might go just as well as not; but mother is always so afraid of something or other. I know I shouldn't be late, and it's real mean he can't go. I wish I didn't have to mind, he continued; 'men don't have to; it's too bad that little boys must. I'll be glad when I'm a man as big as papa; then I can do just as I please always;' and from this soothing soliloquy George went on to consider the great privileges that manhood would bring him, when, as he imagined, all restraints would be removed, and he might do precisely as he pleased. 'That's what I shall like. Won't I have grand times then?' and the anticipation really quickened his step and brightened his face as he hurried along on his way.

The errand done, George soon found himself among the schoolboys, and in the ordinary interests of his studies and his sports, he quite forgot the ill-temper that had clouded the morning sky, and the impatient, rebellious feelings he had permitted to work unrestrained in his breast. But his mother remembered it all sorrowfully.

School closed early that fine afternoon, and groups of merry boys started for Bare Hill to coast. George hastened home in high spirits, and bounced into the parlor almost out of breath, asking

eagerly, 'May I go too, mother, and Dash?'

His mother put her arm around him and drew him tenderly to her side, kissing the glowing cheek which the keen air had tinted so richly. 'Yes, my dear boy, I am especially happy to give you my full consent to enjoy this pleasure, and to take Dash too!'

Something, George could not tell what, caused him suddenly to remember the incident of the morning, and a pang of self-reproach accompanied the thought. But he was eager for his play, and stopping only to return his mother's kiss, he went in search of Dash.

At tea that evening, and for an hour afterward, George's father and mother were engaged with company, so he and his cousin Will stayed by themselves in the library, telling stories and playing quiet games. George was tired after his afternoon's play, and had taken off his boots, wet and heavy with snow water, to which he had carelessly exposed himself in coasting, and now he sat in his wet socks, not because he knew no better, nor even because he "didn't think," but simply because he did not feel like taking so much trouble as to rub his feet and change his socks and put on his slippers. And so he was willing to disregard his duty and the oft-repeated direction of his mother, by thus exposing his health.

Presently his father had occasion to pass through the room, and asked with surprise, "Are you sitting all this time without your slippers? and your feet wet, too? How is this, George?"

"O, father, I'm not cold, and my feet are most dry now."

"Why, my son, how can you be so careless? I could not do such a thing without feeling that I was *sinning against the commands of my mother*, who taught me it was wrong to expose my health. Go immediately and attend to yourself."

The words were emphatic and seriously uttered.

"My father still minding his mother," thought George; why, he's a man grown, and old enough to have some grey hairs, and his mother died years and years ago, when father wasn't much older than I am. Father loved her, I guess, a good deal," and then he hunted the closet for a missing slipper.

Sinning against the commands of my

mother." Again the words returned to George's mind as he laid his head on the pillow for the night, and again his thoughts went back to the morning, when he had so rebelled against his mother's directions, and suffered so many wrong feelings and wishes to possess his mind. "I thought *men* didn't have to mind their mothers, and could always do as they liked; but father minds his mother now, though he's a man, and she has been dead a very long time. That's strange! I never thought it could be so. Father's a good man, and grandma must have been good too."

And isn't *my* mother good and wise, and kind?" asked conscience. "Wasn't *she* right and *I* wrong this morning, when I felt cross and disobedient?"

Just then he heard a step in the hall. It was his mother come to give her good night kiss and blessing. She observed the serious, troubled look upon George's face, and before she could speak the sobs broke forth. "Mother, I'm sorry I was so naughty this morning. I will try to mind you better; father always minded his mother, and he minds her still," and then George told her what his father had said, and all he had thought about it afterward.

"Yes, my child," said his mother, in low, earnest tones, "your father was an obedient son, and that has fitted him to be now a wise and faithful parent. I have many times heard him say that his remembrance of his mother's teachings comes up to him with an undiminished authority in the daily duties of life, and his obedience to those teachings formed, long ago, many habits that are now too strong to be broken. Her precepts and her example still influence his life; he will never cease to do so, and as you have heard him say to-night, he would not violate any obligation that she had taught him, without feeling that he was sinning against his *mother* as well as against *God*."

"My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother."

GLEANINGS FOR THE YOUNG.

MATT THE IDIOT BOY.

A lady one day wandering along one of our lonely English sea coasts, observed before her a boy intently gazing up

at a small open space of blue sky, between two pure white clouds. She came close to his side and said, "What are you looking at, my boy?" The child made no answer. He had a peculiar countenance, and the idea suggested itself to her that he was weak in mind.

"Boy, boy," she said, shaking him gently by the sleeve, "what are you doing? What are you looking at?"—Upon this, the figure by her side seemed to wake up from his deep musing. The child rubbed his eyes. "Boy," said the lady again, "what are you doing?" The boy sighed, and glanced to the space between the clouds. He then shaded his eyes, and said with sorrowful earnestness, "Matt was looking for God. Matt wants to see God." The clouds were coming together, and as they mingled and shut out the space of sky, the boy said, "There was a great hole; Matt wanted to see God." Then, as if to comfort himself for his disappointment, he said in a more cheering tone, "Matt shall see God to-morrow: shall see God some day."

There were some cottages on a sand-bank a quarter of a mile from the shore, and not doubting that he lived there, the lady led him towards them. Very shortly a little girl ran out of one of the cottages, and taking the boy by the hand, said, "Come home, Matt, dinner's ready." At the same moment a woman came out and asked the lady to walk in and rest. Having led the boy in and cut up his dinner for him, she gave it to the little girl to feed him with. From her the lady learnt that Matt was an orphan of thirteen years of age, and lived there with his aunt and great grandfather.—The village children had with difficulty taught him to speak, and took pleasure in waiting on him, especially little Becca, the girl whom she had seen. After this, the lady often visited poor Matt, and after great perseverance succeeded in teaching him to plait straw. One day, on entering the cottage, she found the old man very ill. The clergyman shortly after came in, and read the 18th chapter of Matthew. When he came to the parable of the "king that would take account of his servants," Matt's attention and interest became evident. When he had finished, Matt turned to him very earnestly, saying, "Parson, read some more." Mr. Green began to relate the parable thus:—"A great King said"—and in speaking he pointed up-

wards—"bring my servants to me, and I will make them pay me all the pounds that they owe me. And they brought one servant that owed a thousand pence, a great many, a great many, a great many. And he had no pence to pay. And the King said, 'he shall be put in prison, and never come out any more, till he has paid all this money.'" He had got so far when he observed that tears were trickling down the boy's cheeks, and that his countenance showed great alarm. He stopped at once, and patted him on the head, saying that he had not intended to distress him. But Matt was not to be comforted. He broke away from his friends, and hobbled out on to the beach, where he threw himself down under the shelter of a fishing-boat, and continued to weep piteously.

The next morning being very stormy, the lady could not get to see him till late in the day. She pressed on till she saw the motionless figure of the boy, his white smock-frock fluttering in the wind, his face intent on the gloomy sky. She called to him several times as she drew near, but the noise of the wind and waves drowned her voice; it was not till she came close and touched him that he looked at her. His countenance was full of awe and fear.

"What is Matt doing?" she asked, in a soothing voice.

"Matt was talking to God," said the boy.

"What did poor Matt say?" she enquired, compassionately.

The boy joined his hands, and, looking up with a piteous expression of submission and fear, said, "God, God—Matt has no money to pay."

And then, shaking his head, he told her with a reality of fear most strange to see, that he was going to be put in prison; God was going to put Matt in prison.

She turned towards him, and taking both his hands, said in a clear, cheerful voice, "Jesus Christ has paid for poor Matt."

The boy looked helplessly at her: and pointing upwards with a smile, she repeated slowly, "God will not put Matt in prison now. Jesus Christ has paid for poor Matt."

The child repeated these words after her; and as their meaning, helped by her reassuring face, gradually unfolded itself to his mind, an expression of wonder and contentment overspread his face.

tures. He sat down and wished again and again to hear these good tidings, and as he conned them over he gradually became calm and happy.

He sat so long silent in the shelter of the boat that his kind friend thought it possible that now his fears were removed, he might have forgotten their cause.

But it was not so: he arose at length, and walking a few paces, lifted up his arms and face to heaven, and cried out, in a loud voice, "Man that paid, man that paid, Matt says, thank you, thank you."

Some days after, in going to the fisherman's cottage, the lady found that the aged man was dead. She asked a neighbour, "What does Matt know about his great grandfather?"

"Why, ma'am, when his aunt woke him and dressed him this morning, she told him that he would not see his grandfather any more, for that God had sent to fetch him."

"He was not frightened, I hope?"

"O no, ma'am, pleased, wonderfully pleased, and said he wanted to go too. He is a very strange child."

"Very strange, indeed! but, in some respects, I wish we were more like him."

When Matt saw his friend, it reminded him of the great news about his grandfather; and he told her that God had sent for him, adding, "Matt wants to go too."

"Matt shall go some day," she answered soothingly.

"Matt wants to go now," replied the boy.

His friend took him out on to the sands, and sat down with him. She tried to explain that some day God would certainly send for him, and that it might be any day. He sat long silent on the sands as if pondering, and then got up and began to move towards the cottage.

"What does Matt want?" asked his friend.

The boy looked at his hands, and replied, with calm and touching simplicity, "Matt must have hands washed."

Why? the lady wondered why; but she said nothing, she only rose and followed.

He had found the woman of the house when she entered, the mother of little

Becca, and was explaining to her that his hands must be washed, that God would send for Matt some day, perhaps it would be that day, and that Matt must be ready.

The woman no sooner understood what he meant that she sat down, threw her apron over her head, and began to cry bitterly; but little Becca was willing to indulge the boy's fancy; she, accordingly, fetched some water and some soap, and carefully washed his hands. But that done, he still stood still, as if expecting something more, till she asked him what he wanted; then he answered, with a kind of glad but solemn expectancy, "Matt have must his new cap on—Matt wants his fur cap."

"No, Matt must not have his best cap," answered the child, "except on Sundays to go to church in." But Matt entreated in his piteous way; and the tears rolled down his cheeks, till at last the lady begged that his new cap might be fetched; and when it appeared he was contented, and went gently out at the door, and looked up between the clouds, softly repeating that "God would send for Matt some day; perhaps it would be to-day, and Matt must be ready—Matt must always be ready."

His friend called at the cottage on the morning of the funeral, and took the boy out of the way. She found him still "ready," still occupied with the belief that God would fetch him, and that perhaps it might be "to-day." She took him to the cave that he might not see the mournful procession. She gave him a nice dinner out of her basket, after which he made her wash his hands and he put on his best cap and sat down to be ready. In watching the fishes, and amusing himself with throwing corn to the rock-pigeons, he was still ready, still conscious of an expected summons.

"Is Matt sorry that his grandfather is gone?" asked his friend.

Matt answered, "No;" and said he wanted to go too; and then in his imperfect way, partly in words and partly by signs, he inquired what kind of a place it was where God lives.

"It was never cold," she replied; "always warm and pleasant; Matt would never cry when he got there."

"Would nobody beat Matt there?" asked the child wistfully; "wouldn't Rob beat him?"

"No; when Matt went to be with God, nobody would beat him any more."

A gleam of joy stole over the boy's face as he sat pondering over these good tidings; then with a sorrowful sigh he said, "Rob often beats Matt now." In

the midst of his pleasure that gleam of joy would often return to his face, and he would exultingly repeat that "some day he should go to God, and nobody should beat him any more."

For many days after this, the boy went to the beach to look for the lady, who had promised to come again; till, after many disappointments, his aunt heard that she had been suddenly called away to the death-bed of a relative.—When winter came on, Matt could only sit a id shiver. He sat from day to day, asking for the lady, and crying with the cold.

And now came a time of great trouble and distress to the inhabitants of the little fishing hamlet. There was very bad weather; the men could not go out with the boats, and unwholesome food, overhard work, brought fever with it, and Becca's mother and Mary Goddard both sickened at the same time. During his aunt's illness, Matt was taken to the cottage of Becca's mother, where he was presently told that his aunt had gone to God. That night the two children were left alone in the lower room, while Becca's mother lay sick upstairs. She tried to cheer the poor boy, but he would not be comforted, and every time a gust shook the door, he entreated that he might go out and "talk to God." She could not persuade him to rest, so giving him some bread, she lay down, and secure that the door was bolted, fell into a deep sleep. At last, in the very dead of night she awoke, but Matt was not there. She laid her hand upon the bolt; it was drawn back, which showed

her that Matt had opened the door. She ran on to the cottage where Matt had lived. It was locked up, so she turned to the cave. When she reached it, the voice she so longed to hear arrested her on her way: "God! God!" it said, "O, send for poor Matt; let Matt go away."

In the entrance of the cavern, with the moon shining on his white face, and the bitter wind blowing about his thin clothing and uncovered hair, and driving the frozen snow over his feet, stood the boy.

The little girl touched him; he was as cold as a stone; she shook his sleeves, but could not rouse him from his deep abstraction. "God! God!" he uttered more perfectly still, "and Man that paid, O, take poor Matt away!"

Then she shook off the shawl that formed her own scanty covering; and as she lapped it over him, he said faintly, "Matt shall see God some day, and Matt shall never be cold any more."

She heaped some driftwood between him and the entrance of the cave to keep the wind away, and then she set off to run home again for help; but before her exhausted feet, in the gray of the winter morning, had reached the cottage threshold, the fishermen, from their perilous voyage, landed a mile or two higher up, and going into the cavern for rest and shelter, found Matt on his frozen bed. Happy Matt, the summons had been sent to him to go, and join that God whom he had sought so long. The days of his darkness and feebleness are over,—he will never be cold any more.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

ROMANISTS CONVERTED IN CROWDS.

At a meeting lately held in Cork, on behalf of the Irish Church Mission to Roman Catholics, it was stated, that within the last few years, above 100,000 copies of the Catholic Scriptures had been put in circulation by the Roman priesthood; to satisfy the demands of the people, and prevent their dissemination by means of the missionaries. That 960 copies of the same version were publicly sold in the streets of Waterford, by the agents

of the Society, under the superintendance of the Protestant Bishop. Thus Protestants and Catholics of all grades were engaged in the dissemination of God's word. And though this was done from very different motives, still the Word is thereby made to have wide circulation,—and therein, with the Apostle, "we do rejoice, yea, and we will rejoice." These facts, said the speaker, should have some weight and in proof of this they could adduce the testimony of many who had abandoned the Church of Rome.

He could take them to forty-seven congregations! which had, within the last nine years, renounced the absolution of the priests, the meditation of saints, looking to purgatory for sanctification after death,—who were now looking to the Lord Jesus for the salvation of their souls, and were added to the Protestant church, through the operations of the Society.

In many parts of the country, the blessing of God had crowned their work. Through many an Irish speaking congregation, they could show symptoms of a great change. The people were enquiring, and the result of these enquiries was not adherence to Rome.

In Dndalk, a gentleman worth a thousand a year, had abandoned Romanism, and was now a member of the Protestant church. In Dublin, their missionary work, in spite of persecution, was very encouraging. In the schools, their classes had increased in an extraordinary degree. An English clergyman who was visiting the schools, asked some questions, which proved what was going on in a remarkable manner. The society never asked the children to go to church. They never asked them to abandon their faith; but they simply put God's word into their hands, in the full confidence of what would be the result.

Among forty two children he wished to know the real state of the matter among them, and put the question:—how many had left the mass for the church? *Thirty* held up their hands. He then asked the other twelve, how many had quit the mass, but had *not* gone to church? And eight of the twelve held up their hands; and on further examination, he found one did not believe in purgatory, and another did not believe in absolution, leaving only two who had not wholly or in part renounced Romanism!

A few years ago, Connamara was a great moral waste. The priests had everything in their own hands. Their chapels were crowded; there were none to stand up against them. Now several congregations have been gathered from Rome and added to the church. In the parish of Clifton, there are at present seventeen missionary stations, where the gospel of Christ was faithfully preached. In that parish, a few years ago, the Protestant congregation consisted only of six persons; now there

were more than 300, nearly all of them converts from Romanism. In this district, some time ago, there was not a vestige of a Protestant church. There was no service, except occasionally in a gentleman's house. There was no schoolhouse. Now they had two churches and six schools.

In Tuam, when the Rev. Charles Seymour was appointed curate, Archbishop Me Hale and a host of friends had it all their own way. The Protestants that remained, were diminishing rapidly. The Protestant bishop of Tuam declared it would be most indiscreet to attack the Church of Rome under such fearful odds. But he replied, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" He was in the habit of preaching controversial sermons in the absence of the bishop. A Protestant gentleman defied him to attempt such a thing in his presence, for if he did, it would be his last sermon in that diocese. He made up his mind to preach an out-and-out controversial sermon before the Bishop; and came down from the pulpit expecting that it would be his last there. But on leaving the church, the bishop said he had listened to it with great interest, and could have strengthened his arguments by what he had himself observed at Tuam. And from that time, his lordship became his supporter.

Thus encouraged, he went to work in God's name, and for three years was subjected to the greatest persecution: followed by hundreds, pelted with mud, and squirted with water. His wife—indeed, no female,—could accompany him through the streets of Tuam, because of the coarse language to which he was subjected. He bore it all, without returning a harsh word. At length it rose to such a pitch, that two policemen had to accompany him everywhere in his parochial labors. His life became a burden to him; still he worked on, and now he could, thank God, walk through the streets of Tuam without the protection of the police; he believed there was not a man in that city would raise a hand to hurt him. He distributed 3 or 400 tracts and handbills among the people weekly, and never lost an opportunity of testifying to the gospel of our Saviour, Jesus Christ. He has sold, in a short time, 1,094 copies of the Protestant Scriptures to Roman Catholics. On the last

Corpus Christi day, he had taken the bold step to protest publicly, against this idolatrous practice. The chapel was crowded to witness the ceremony. He stood on the opposite side of the street; the priests wavered; a message, was sent to inform him there would be no procession as long as he was there. He kept his ground, and after some time the procession came out; he met it, and in the hearing of the assembled multitude, protested against the superstitious and idolatrous proceedings, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; declaring that what they carried in their hands was not the Lord Jesus Christ, and that it was idolatry to bow down to it. There was no hand, no voice raised against him. He went into the bishop's palace, stopped about an hour, and when he came out, to his surprise, a long line of Catholic gentlemen stood waiting, and expressed their feelings by bowing most respectfully as he passed. Next day he posted a number of handbills through the town, putting the question: "Was the Rev Charles Seymour justified in protesting against the ceremony of Corpus Christi?" This was answered by a faithful declaration of Gospel truth, in opposition to the idolatrous nature of the procession; and for the result, he could say that the Protestant population of that district has increased 150 in the course of the past year.

UNITED STATES.

THE SPECIAL SERVICES IN NEW YORK.

The special services continue to be numerous attended, and to be conducted by ministers of different denominations. The *New York Independent* contains the following remarks on this subject:—

"In addition to the immediate personal benefit of the Sabbath evening services at the Academy of Music to many who attend them, and their remoter benefits to the community as a demonstration of the vitality of Christianity, and its sympathy with popular feelings and wants, there is a benefit to Christians from these services in their expression of the practical union of believers. There is no sectarian aspect about these services. The ministers who in turn conduct them are of various denominations, and each is not on-

ly permitted, but requested to conduct the service in his own way. To this day we do not even know who are the responsible originators of the movement, though we believe them to be gentlemen in the Old School Presbyterian Church. Had its projectors drawn up a schedule of doctrinal belief, and requested Drs. Alexander (Presbyterian, O. S.), Adams (Presbyterian, N. S.), Bethune (Reformed Dutch), Hague (Baptist), Durbin (Methodist), Thompson (Congregationalist), and Bedell (Episcopal), to assent to that as the basis of a series of religious services at the Academy, it would have been difficult, perhaps impossible, to have combined gentlemen of so many denominations upon one written declaration of faith. But these meetings were begun in the spirit of Christian confidence, and this confidence is their strength. Christians come together without a thought of denominational diversities. They sing together, they pray together, and their sympathies are moved in common by the contemplation of the multitudes around them who need the gospel. That gospel is so preached, that no hearer can determine the sect or school of the preacher—save this only, that each and all preach Jesus Christ and him crucified."

CONVERSIONS AMONG SEAMEN.

One of the most interesting features of the present revival of religion, is the fact that so many seamen have been brought into the kingdom of Christ, some of them when out at sea, far from the reach of Christian ordinances. We have from time to time recorded many of these instances of the power of Divine grace, and of the power of prayer, and there are many more which we have not recorded. Rev. Mr. Jones, pastor of the Mariners' Church, states, in the Fulton Street Prayer-meeting on Monday last, that within a few days he had admitted to the communion of that church, from on board the receiving-ship *North Carolina*, now at the Navy Yard, 42 on the profession of their faith in Christ. Within ten months, 400 had been admitted on profession, 200 of whom are now abroad in various parts of the world, acting as faithful missionaries, as any one would believe who should see the letters that they write home. How is the influence of this revival extended by such an instrumen-

tality! The importance of seeking the conversion of seamen is beginning to be felt in its true weight.—*New York Observer*, Jan. 6.

IMPORTANT SECESSION FROM THE NEW ENGLAND UNITARIANS.

For many years one of the most prominent men among the New England Unitarians has been Professor Huntington, preacher to Harvard University, and editor of the *Monthly Religious Magazine*. His connexion with this body has long been a source of wonder. The Unitarians, on the one hand, and Episcopalians and Methodists on the other, affirmed that his able sermons had ceased in every respect to differ from those of evangelical preachers. The question was not, Is he a Unitarian or orthodox? but how can he continue to sustain his connection with the Unitarian body? The learned professor has just resigned his editorship, as we learn from the *New York Christian Advocate*, and, in doing so, declared that "in many points, and those not the least vital to Christianity, his views have undergone serious modifications." He makes reference to a certain respect he had towards the Unitarian movement, on account of its early protests against intolerance, and its attention to practical principles; at the same time he declares that he was dissatisfied with its doctrines, indicating in somewhat new phraseology, but with efficient clearness, those relating to the Incarnation and Atonement, and "the action of the Holy Spirit as a supernatural power," and other essential points of Christian truth. He then sketches the different views of the Atonement held by Socinians and evangelical Christians, and, alluding to two reproachful terms used by the former, he makes the following remarkable statements, showing how thorough is his rejection of the prejudices of Socinianism. The first term is "Sacrificial Theology," and of this he observes:

"Meant to bear an opprobrious signification, it is to be eagerly adopted, and worn with thankful honour. Excepting as all names are apt to become vulgarized by flippant use, and to lose their dignity in partisan associations, we should rejoice to be numbered among those who are distinguished as 'sacrificial' believers. It is a happy and descriptive title—descriptive of those who find 'sacrifice' to be the inmost and

commanding idea of our religion: happy for those who can give it an unequalled welcome, and a consistent exemplification in their lives. It is plain that except a man take up His cross he cannot be His disciple, and the cross continues the distinctive Christian sign: so long as the immortal angels bend round the throne in homage to the Lamb that was slain from the foundation of the world; and so long as, in the homes and habitations of the children of men, meek and silent sacrifices of ease, comfort, pleasure, reputation, and property, and every earthly good, go on, for the dear sake of affection towards God and man, so long will the true Church of believers entreat that they may be accounted worthy to bear the designation of 'sacrificial' Christians."—*Watchman*.

MISSIONARY ACTIVITY OF THE PAPAL CHURCH.

The "Annals of the propagation of the Faith," for November last, records the departure of missionary laborers as follows, omitting the names: From London, July 26, 1858, for New Caledonia, three "Fathers," five "Brothers," and three "Sisters of Charity." From Marseilles, October 13, 1858, the "Bishop of Enos and Vicar-Apostolic of Central Oceanica," for his field, accompanied by one father and one brother. From Bordeaux, "about the same date," for the same "missions of Oceanica," four fathers, four brothers, and three sisters of charity. From Havre, August 26, 1858, "thirty-one members of the society of Picpus:" viz. for America, one brother; for Tahiti, two brothers; for "Sandwich," (Sandwich Islands) two fathers and ten sisters; for Valparaiso two, Santiago, four, Lima eight, and Ica two sisters. From Havre, August 28, for North America, one father, one brother, and three sisters. From Bremen, August 30, for the United States, four priests and six brothers. And from Bordeaux, for China, in September, twenty-one priests.

Should not such a record serve to excite Protestant Christians to more missionary zeal? Especially should real Protestants move with reference to China, when Papists are sending so many laborers there, seeking "the palm of martyrdom."

REVIEWS.

HISTORICAL TALES FOR YOUNG PROTESTANTS. Pp. 186. Presbyterian Board of Publication.

This volume consists of a selection of narratives from the History of the Reformation in France, England, Bohemia and other countries. The selection is judicious, the narratives admirably written, and the book, as a whole, such as we would be glad to see in all our Sabbath Schools, and in Christian families generally. Such reading will impress upon the minds of the young a deep sense of the unalterable value of the privileges, civil and religious, which have been bequeathed to them by pious ancestors. We will embrace an early opportunity of giving a specimen Tale, in our Religious Miscellany, if we can find room for it.

OBEDIENCE THE LIFE OF MISSIONS. Pp. 170. By Thomas Smyth, D. D.

This is the third of a series by the same author, on different departments of the same subject. The first written, was an answer to the question, How is the world to be converted?—or Christians, Christ's representatives and agents for the conversion of the world. The second was on *Faith* the principle of Missions. The title of the third is given above. They are similar in style. The present volume is not adapted for Sabbath Schools; although the size would at first suggest its suitableness for such a purpose. It is written, rather for the student, and requires a mind somewhat disciplined to appreciate its worth. It contains entirely too large a sprinkling of Hymns, which weary the reader with their constant recurrence.—The closing appeal is the most interesting part of the work, and leaves on the mind an impression of admiration of the noble band, who in the East, have recently been added to the glorious company of the Martyrs.

GRACE TRIUMPHANT. Or a Sketch of Lieut. Alexander.

This is a little book of 36 pages, containing a sketch of the life of a gallant soldier who fell at the siege of Delhi. He was one of those worthies who belonged to "the Church in the Army." His piety was quite as strongly marked as that of the Vicars, Hammonds and Havelocks, whose names are now familiar as household words. The sketch, though meagre, will therefore be read with interest and profit. It is a book for the Sabbath School or family.

NOTICE.—The Presbytery of Pictou will meet in Prince Street Church, Pictou, for Presbyterial visitation, on Tuesday, 24th inst., 11 A. M. Sermon by the Rev. George Walker.

THE MISSIONARY REGISTER.

OF THE

Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia.

Lord, bless and pity us, shine on us with thy face,
That the earth thy way, and nations all, may know thy saving grace.—*Psalms* lxxvii. 1, 2.

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MAY, 1859.

No. 5.

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APPEAL TO THE CHURCH FOR THE SUPPORT OF A FOURTH MISSIONARY.

The Board of Foreign Missions, at a meeting, had under consideration the propriety of adding a fourth missionary to the staff now under their supervision. It must be generally known that Mr. Samuel Fulton Johnston, for several years past, has been under training as a candidate for the New Hebrides Mission. He has attended a full course of literary, philosophical and theological instruction, such as the church requires for some ministry. He has, moreover, paid attention to the practical details of preaching, and received a course of lectures at the Pennsylvania Medical College, Philadelphia, U. S. The Presbytery of Truro, after due deliberation, pronounced him worthy to be entrusted with the Gospel Embassy. For several months past, his capacity for active missionary labour has been tested in the same field. His services, in the several congregations thus visited, have met with very general acceptance. Under these circumstances, the Board are justified in commending him to the church as one whose gifts and talents appear specially to qualify him for the work to which his heart has long been devoted. Nothing more remains to be said of his preparation for departure to the New Hebrides, but his visitation

of the congregations as *their* missionary, and the needful response on their part, in providing funds for his support. To remove this pecuniary obstacle is the object of the present appeal, and the Board feel every confidence that it will not be in vain.

What then has been the annual income of the Mission? The following tabular view of the Funds in the hands of the Treasurer for the last seven years—that is, from July 1852, to July 1858—will exhibit the receipts for each year, and average income:

In 1852	Receipts.	£384 15 3½
1853		336 6 7
1854		433 15 2
1855		386 9 9
Total.		£1541 6 9½

Yielding a yearly average of over £335 0 0.

This brings us down to the close of the first year of two missionaries, when

In 1856 the Receipts were	£542 3 4
1857	607 7 5
Total	£1149 10 9½

Yielding a yearly average of over £574

In 1858, the first year of three missionaries, Receipts.

£522 18 6

The average income of these seven years will exceed £459; exclusive of all

payments for education fund, and private donations to missionaries. The donations to Mr. Gordon, as acknowledged by him, amount to nearly £100: To Mr. and Mrs. Matheson, was given a sum of much larger amount.

With regard to the expenditure during these years, it is highly satisfactory to say that it never exhausted the sum in funds. In no case indeed did the annual income prove unequal to the expenditure, except when some extraordinary demands were made, such as the preparatory training of missionary students, and the outfit, and other expenses of each missionary on his way to the field of labour. The expenses of Mr. Gordon thus bore heavily on the funds, yet in the year succeeding his departure, the actual receipts were in excess of the previous year's expenditure. It should be remembered too, that apart from the visitation of the churches by each missionary on the eve of his departure, there has been no special appeal made by the Board. The people have offered so willingly that the funds have always been adequate to every demand. During the past year an expenditure of £3110s. 5d., was incurred. The outfit and passage of Mr. and Mrs. Matheson, and the freight of goods sent with them, as well as the salaries and contingencies of the mission, sufficiently account for this extraordinary outlay.

The next question of interest is, what may be regarded as the minimum yearly income, for the honourable support of four missionaries? Taking the scale of the London Missionary Society, which our missionaries are aware, has been adopted by the Board. The following may be regarded as a sufficient answer:

Four Missionaries' salary, at £125,	£500	0	0
Five children of Mr Gedd's,	31	5	0
Annual expenses of "John Knox,"	62	10	0
General contingencies,	56	5	0
Incidental home charges,	50	0	0

Total annual expenditure, £700 0 0

The education of one of Mr. Goldie's children in England, has been never fully chargeable on the general fund.—For some time it was wholly borne by private donations, and though the Board have for some years been required to supplement to a considerable extent, yet as Mr. G. is about to send his children to Nova Scotia, this item will disappear from future accounts. We have allowed an ample margin for contingencies, and we have reached a sum

that should honourably discharge all immediate claim upon the funds. How then are we to meet this £700? It will be seen that the receipts for 1857 exceed £600; so that an additional amount of £2 from each of the 47 organized congregations would secure the entire sum. From the statistical tables, we find that in 1856, 31 congregations contributed, 8 did not; in 1857, 32 contributed, 9 did not; in 1858, 33 contributed, 14 did not. Now it is presumed that every organized congregation would cheerfully contribute more or less, were a proper opportunity afforded; and the necessities of the mission duly represented. It has never been found that even weak congregations have gained in self-support, by withholding contributions from the public schemes of the church.

But it may be said how are the funds to be raised to the large expenditure hitherto found necessary, for outfit and passage? When the funds were, as they have always been, ample, the Board readily incurred expenses for the comfort and usefulness of the missionaries, which strict economy and close adherence to the L. M. S. scale above mentioned, would forbid. That Society only defray the necessary expenses of their missionaries until they reach their settled sphere of labour, and then their regular yearly salary begins. Their missionaries, moreover, are allowed to provide and maintain their own boats. Our missionaries have drawn full salary from the date of their entrance on the service of the Board, and received in addition, liberal outfit and passage expenditure. Their boats have been provided and maintained for them. Farther, the route which has been taken by Messrs. Gordon and Matheson, has been *via* England, and that has proved both very expensive and protracted. By the United States, it will be only one-third of the expense and much more speedy. In strict justice too, the donations given by the congregations to each missionary about to leave, should be reckoned as part, if not the whole of his outfit and passage. It will not, however, be considered prudent to intercept the generosity of personal friends.

In one view, the prospect may appear not so inviting. Our 47 congregations would require to provide a yearly average of £14 to make good the sum required, were the mission wholly dependent on their own exertion. But this is not

all needful. It is well known that contributions have largely come to hand every year, from sources beyond the regular annual congregational collections. Donations from private individuals, Sabbath Schools and congregations, in Canada, Australia and New Zealand, as well as Nova Scotia, are obtained yearly.—Our legacies too are multiplying. In one congregation, since last Synod, two aged persons have manifested their special interest in the foreign mission, by *devoting* their worldly substance for its support. One of these legacies falls due before the present year's accounts will be audited. The other legacy is *reversionary*, being dependent on the life of the widow; but its amount may possibly if properly secured and invested, yield interest more than equal to the support of one missionary. While this appeal is being written, a proposal from a generous and deeply attached friend of the mission, has been submitted to the session of the same congregation, to the effect, that he will be one of twenty that shall support another missionary.

With all this evidence of growing interest in one congregation, it will be passing strange if there be not spirit enough amongst us to secure the speedy

departure of the present candidate.—When the church has so long been calling on her ministry, to depart far hence unto the Gentiles, saying: "Who will go for us? Whom shall we send?"—will it be said, when this individual, so well approved and qualified for the work, says: "Here am I; send me,"—that any hesitation will be felt, in accepting his proffered services? Were a much larger sum required, we cannot imagine that the church would allow even *that* to stand in the way of so very desirable an object.

It only remains then that tangible evidence be forthcoming at next meeting of Synod, that the church really *desires* a fourth missionary. Her *ability*, none can reasonably question. It were a gross *libel* on all the past history of the mission, to doubt the result of this appeal. The Board have therefore ordered, that Mr. Johnston be withdrawn from the direction of the Home Mission Board, and that he proceed as soon as suitable arrangements can be made, to visit the settled congregations, in order to excite their personal interest in him and his mission.

By order of the B. F. M.

JAMES BAYNE, Sec'y.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

NEW HEBRIDES.

LETTER FROM MR. GEDDIE.

Aneiteum, Nov. 29th 1858.

DEAR BROTHER:

I have met with an opportunity of sending letters and I now hasten to address a few lines to you. I sent a bundle of letters about the close of the last month which I hope you will receive. I write this to give you additional information about our brethren Matheson, Copeland and Matheson, now residing on Tana. They will not have the opportunity of writing by the present conveyance.

They sailed from this island for their destination this day four weeks, and according to appointment I accompanied them. After a sail of about eight days we came to anchor in Port Resolution. As the ladies suffered from sea

sickness, we left the vessel without delay and took up our abode for the night in a grass house occupied by the teachers. On the following day we removed to the mission house, which is a neat plastered building. It stands at the head of the harbor and commands a very fine view. Mr Paton, by previous arrangement, occupies this station.—Miaki the chief and the people at large, appear pleased to have a missionary residing among them. The appearance of the people was very warlike, at the time of our arrival. They have recently been fighting with an inland tribe and as peace has not been established they hold themselves in constant readiness for action. They told us not to be afraid that nobody will molest us.

After spending two days at Port Resolution, I accompanied Mr and Mrs. Matheson to their station, called Unmairaruar, on the south side of the island. The day was fine and we had

a pleasant run of three hours. As there is no anchorage the "John Knox" hove too, and her cargo was landed in boats. A large number of natives collected on the shore to see us. The excitement occasioned by our arrival was so great, that it was some hours before the natives were sufficiently composed to carry the luggage to the house, which was some distance off. Mrs. Matheson was a great object of curiosity to the natives, as few of them had ever seen a white woman before. The women at first were afraid, and some of them ran off when she approached them, but their confidence was soon gained and they appeared delighted with her. As the mission house was not habitable we took up our abode in a small grass house. I remained with Mr and Mrs Matheson for nine days, during which time we saw many natives. We observed a marked difference between those among whom the teachers resided and strangers from a distance, the latter being very wild and savage in their appearance. They examined with great curiosity, every thing that came under their notice, and were sometimes intrusive. It is due however to the natives, to say that they did not steal anything, though they had much in their power. They said if we had not been missionaries, everything belonging to us would have been stolen. During the day at Unmairackar, I worked at Mr Matheson's house along with a number of Aneiteum natives, and it was habitable before we left. It is a building 40 x 15 feet and contains three rooms. The site is very pretty and there is a spring of fine water on the beach before the door, and a running stream at a short distance. The island of Aneiteum is visible from the house and in clear weather it looks very near. The chief of the district in which Mr Matheson resides, is very friendly. The morning that I left, he and some others came to me, and said that we must not be uneasy about Mr. and Mrs Matheson, as nobody would be allowed to molest or injure them. After leaving our dear friends, I went to Port Resolution in a boat, accompanied by a number of Aneiteum natives who have been in Tana, assisting to build the mission houses. We met the "John Knox" there and returned home after an absence of two weeks.

The Rev. J. Copland has not yet

been appointed to a particular station, he is expected in the mean time to help at the two stations opened on Tana, as his services may be most required. It is probable that he will receive a permanent appointment next year, on Tana or some other island.

Since my return to Aneiteum the "John Knox" has visited Tana. The letters from the brethren are quite as favorable as we could expect. Mr Paton writes that the people at his station are in an unsettled state from rumour of war, but that they are very friendly and that many attend worship on the Sabbath day. At Mr Matheson's station every thing is quiet. A few days before he wrote, there was likely to be a fight about the stealing of a woman, but the teachers interfered and nothing was done. The attendance on the Sabbath day was about 150 persons.

The brethren who have gone to Tana are entitled to the sympathies and prayers of all the friends of the cause. They occupy an arduous but very hopeful field of labor. In many respects our brethren appear to be eminently suited for the island to which providence seems to have directed them. In the exercise of that prudence and perseverance which they seem to possess, and by the blessing of God on their labors, I doubt not but they will be the honored instruments of bringing another island to the feet of Jesus. I remain yours very sincerely,

JOHN GEDDIE.

REV. J. BAYNE.

LETTER FROM MR. GORTON

Erumanga, Dec. 2nd 1858

REVFREND AND DEAR SIR:

As a vessel has just called here on her way to China and will be away again in a few hours, I hasten to write you a few lines, to say we are pretty well, and are still permitted by Him who rules in earth and heaven, to labour in diffusing the gospel among the heathen of this island. We have now our residence nearly 1000 feet above the level of the sea, on the south side of Dillon's Bay, and I am happy and thankful to say that Mrs G. enjoys pretty good health and is enabled to attend the women who come to her

daily. We were only a few days on Erumanga when we saw that we were placed on a very unsuitable part of the Bay for missionary operations, and have since tried two new places, at the last of which, where we now are, we are in the good providence of God succeeding in gathering some of the natives about us who are daily attending to religious instruction. It is a fact worthy of notice that we have now more prospect of success among the men and women of the tribe who killed the first missionaries than among any other tribe. The wife of the man (Orelalow) who killed Mr. Williams is one of the most regular attendants of Mrs G's school and quite an interesting woman, as mild as a lamb, which is rather an exception. Several of them have of late been struck with weapons for coming into our school house, and one who attended our school, attempted suicide a few days ago, but happily was not killed by the fall, although she is still ill from its effects.

It is an awful idea to realize, a world being in the wicked one, where the reign of Satan is absolute and universal over the hearts of all from the least to the greatest. It is a shame even to speak of the dark deeds of such here. Cannibalism, infanticide and suicide, I may state, are still rife among this people. The young men who are with me state that bodies are exhumed by night and taken away for food. None of them have yet embraced the gospel in any sense of that term, but are not in general opposed to religious instruction in the faith. Of course, you will always have it in remembrance, especially at your missionary prayer meetings, that it is only when the gospel comes to the heathen in the mighty power of the Holy Ghost—that power which raised Christ from the dead, that the genuine fruits of the gospel can in any degree be manifest among the converts who embrace the gospel. I have no doubt that Christ will see of the travail of his soul on this island ere long, and I therefore the more earnestly beseech you to strive together with us here and on Tana especially, by your prayers night and day, that He who has promised to come and bless us, may come and not tarry.

I have this morning sent three young men to the opposite side of the island, and I expect to join them in a few

days, in order to establish a mission premises and school on that side near Cook's Bay, and hope to be enabled to visit several strange tribes I have not yet seen, before I return, after which, God willing, I shall endeavor to see the brethren on Tana, by boat, for I long to see them, and to spend a few hours with them. They wish me to go over, and if the wind favour I shall endeavor to go ere long.

We have just received some useful articles from the Colonies, and some things unasked for. A box of flannels and cotton by the "John Williams" for us, has just been received, for which we feel grateful to friends with you. I think I will ask a rich friend of ours in Tasmania for some type. He is as rich as a Jew, and has named a son after me. Should I not get all I can in justice and prudence from such an one?

Mrs Geddie writes in kind regard to yourself, Mrs Bayne and family.

Yours in Jesus.

G. N. GERLON.

Rev. J. Bayne.

LETTER FROM REV JOHN INGLIS

TO THE REV. JOHN KAY,

Secretary of the Ref. Pres. Synod's Com. on Foreign Missions.

Anciteum, New Hebrides, Nov. 30 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have duly received your letter of the 18th May, and I take the advantage of a vessel that has called in here, on her way from Melbourne to Hong-Kong, to send a short letter in answer to yours. I presume you are already aware that Mr. & Mrs. Paton and Mr. Copeland arrived safely, on the 30th of August. They came direct here from Melbourne. It was certainly very providential that they met with a vessel there, by which they secured a passage direct to this island, with so very little delay. And, although the passage-money was high (£100), yet in all the circumstances of the case, they did well, acting on the advice of friends in Melbourne, to embrace the opportunity. It is very doubtful if their expenses might not have been greater, had they come by way of Sydney, and they would have been two months later in reaching this island. It would then have been so late in the season, that we could not have settled them this year. From my

letters and magazines not reaching me sooner, it was not till the arrival of the "John Williams," about six weeks before their arrival, that I had any information as to the time of their intended departure from home; so that I had less preparation made for them, that I would otherwise have had. Mr. and Mrs. Matheson, from Nova Scotia, arrived by the "John Williams." As Mr. Matheson was in delicate health, we delayed his settlement for some time.— But the arrival of the brethren so opportunely enabled us to proceed with the opening of two mission stations on Tana at once. Mr. and Mrs. Paton are settled at Port Resolution, and Mr. and Mrs. Matheson at Umairarekar, on the south-side of Tana, near to Anuikaraka, where our first Aneiteum teachers were located. Mr. Copeland remains in the mean time with Mr. Paton; but as Mr. Matheson's health continues still delicate, Mr. Copeland will go between the two stations till the hurricane months are over, and lend his assistance at whichever place his presence may be most beneficial. Before the arrival of Messrs. Paton and Copeland, Mr. Geddie and I agreed that we should open these two stations first. He undertook to provide and erect one house, and I undertook the other. Mr. Geddie set to at once with the house for Port Resolution, and when they arrived the house was nearly ready for flooring and plastering; and within two months after their arrival, the two families were both settled. Mr. Paton and I went over to Tana and stayed four weeks, with a party of natives, working at the two houses. Mr. Geddie had been twice at Port Resolution before their arrival, getting up the frame of the house there, and he accompanied the three missionaries to assist in their settlement, and remained two weeks to finish Mr. Matheson's house, so far as to render it habitable. The "John Knox" has been of great service in the opening of these two stations. The frame of the Port Resolution house was taken over at once in the "John Williams;" but the frame of the Umairarekar house was taken over by piece-meal in the "John Knox." Mr. Copeland, who takes kindly to the sea, acted as supercargo, and assisted Mr. Anderson in the transport both of the materials for the houses and of their own and Mr. Matheson's goods. But as the "John Knox" is of very limited

capacity, and as the season was advancing rapidly, we took advantage of a vessel that was sailing past Tana, and engaged for a very moderate sum (£5) to get from twenty to thirty large cases and casks taken from this island and landed at Port Resolution. The owner and the captain of the vessel also very generously offered a free passage to the two mission families. This offer we accepted, as the accommodation for lady passengers on board the "John Knox" is so very limited, and she rolls about so much that they are certain to be woefully sick. This vessel left Aneiteum on the morning of the fifth instant, and landed them all safe at Port Resolution in the evening. The two boats which our young brethren have brought with them are admirably adapted for the coast of Tana. They have been of signal service in the opening of these two stations. These stations are both on the weather side of the island, and the sea is therefore rough along the coast; and but for these boats, we should not have been able to open the station at Umairarekar.

The missionary barque, the "John Williams," is often called a "prayer-wafted vessel." The prayers of God's people are continually rising up to heaven on her behalf, and they do not rise in vain. So the young brethren may have justly been called "prayer-wafted missionaries." From the time of the departure till now, their whole career has been successful and encouraging. The passage from Glasgow to Aneiteum was only four months and a half, including a fortnight's detention in Melbourne. The time of their arrival here was most opportune, and through the good providee of God, their settlement was effected with the least possible delay. The Church's prayers on their behalf have certainly been heard and answered. Oh continue to sustain

I am happy to inform you that the goods sent to me along with Messrs. Paton and Copeland, also five boxes previously sent from Edinburgh by Mr. Gould, and three boxes from Glasgow sent by Mr. Binnie, have all reached me in the same good condition in which they were shipped. My wife and I tender our sincere thanks to the numerous liberal donors for the efficient aid they have hereby rendered to the mission. We are extremely gratified to hear of the strong missionary spirit

pervading the Church, of the deep interest manifested in the appointment and departure of the young missionaries, and of the heartiness with which appeals on behalf of the mission are responded to both by individual members of the church at large.

I remain, yours, &c.,

JOHN INGLIS.

OTHER MISIONS.

OLD CALABAR.

CREEK TOWN.

We have had letters from Old Calabar to the end of January, and we are glad to state that the excitement had subsided, and that matters were proceeding in their usual manner. The Rev. Mr Robb says,—“Creek Town is quiet. The Lord has been very gracious indeed. Eyo Honesty Ita has been favoured of the Lord, and now do we hope that the same Lord will honour him. It is amazing to see how he has carried himself through the crisis.” From this extract it will be seen that Young Eyo is now called “Eyo Honesty Ita,” i. e., Eyo Honesty the Third, his father having been Eyo Eyo, or Eyo the Second. In a letter to the Rev. Mr Waddell, received by the last mail, this young man requests the prayers of the Home Church. He says, “I now beg you, and all God’s Israel, to pray for me, that the Lord may keep me now in his own ways, and give me wisdom and strength to do his will, even as Solomon prayed, 1 Kings iii. 6-9, and may it please him to grant.”

NOTICES OF THE NEW STATION AT IKOROFIONG.

The Rev. Mr Baillie is endeavouring to open a new station at Ikorofiong, on the Cross River, some distance above Ikunetu, and in the vicinity of the great palm oil markets. This will be the 4th station; and it is expected that it will be open the way into the populous regions which lie between the Cross River and the Niger. The following extracts from letters of Mr Baillie, dated 20th September and 23rd November, describe the elevated and interesting situation of the mission ground, and show the very friendly disposition of the people, and the ready and willing help which they are rendering in the erection of a mission-house. The mission-

ary keeping worship in a native chief’s hut is a scene that has been rarely seen in the interior of Western Africa.

20th September, 1858.—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter intimating that I was at liberty to commence a station at Ikorofiong. In order to carry out that design, I removed to Ikumentu more than two months ago. Since that time Mr. Thomson and I have been to Ikorofiong, seeing the people, and getting preliminary arrangements made. They always give us a very hearty reception, and seem most anxious that I should be amongst them as soon as possible.

Site of the Mission.—We have got a nice situation for a house. It is on a hill of considerable height; about half-way down it is the town, and at the bottom of it the river. From the place where the house is to be, we have a view of the river for eight or ten miles. The islands in the midst of it, and the farms of the people close on the banks, give it a very interesting appearance.

We add here an extract from a letter of the Rev. W. C. Thomson of Ikunetu, dated 24th August, with whom Mr. Baillie has resided while matters were in preparation, and who has been of great service to him. Mr. Thomson says, “The choice of a site was reserved for our second visit to Ikorofiong, when we should have Dr. Hewan with us. That choice has been made; and a position affording a more magnificent view than that obtained from the site of the future Ikorofiong mission-house, is not, I am persuaded, to be found in all Calabar. Besides commanding the view of an exceedingly picturesque portion of our noble river, it reveals a wide extent of territory spread out before the observer, presenting the rare feature of hill and dale, and blue mountains in the far distance. I never saw a native moved by the preception of the grand

and beautiful in the scenery around him till we ascended to this spot. Some of those who accompanied us on this occasion gave audible expression to their feelings as they gazed around them, wondering how so fine a view had hitherto escaped them. Most of them seemed never to have visited the spot before. Ere we could again be with them, they had cleared the ground, and cut a broad way through the wood from the town to the spot and, another leading down the hill to the Creek, where Mr. Baillie intends building his boat-house. On this visits we gave them the measurements and number of the posts for the mud-house to be erected, and to serve until such time as a suitable house can be got up for Mr. Baillie. These have already been procured. We got word from them the day before yesterday informing us of this fact, and urging us to come up and to direct their future operations.—The astonishing alacrity these people have shown us in this matter is most cheering. Would that the Master may be as cordially and generally received as the servant has been.”

Anxiety of the people for Instruction.

One gratifying feature is the anxiety of the Ikorofiong people themselves. Going there on one occasion after selecting a place for a house, we found the ground all cleared and levelled, one road made to the town, and another to the spring where they get the water.

We have endeavoured also to let them understand distinctly our intentions in settling amongst them—that we are not coming for trade purposes, but for the purpose of teaching them God's word. Some of them express great anxiety to be able to read. One night, on coming down the river with Mr. Thomson, a gentleman hailed us from one of the farms on the river side. On going ashore, he told us that he was an Ikorofiong man, and that he was very glad to hear that we were about to settle there. He said that he knew about “book” already; for in King Eyamba's time he had lived at Duke, and gone to school there; where he had gone with his education as far as the letter O. His knowledge of books he wished to complete, he said, when I settled at Ikorofiong.

Market.—Sometimes, on going through the town on a market-day, the Ibibio people endeavour to direct our attention to the palm oil they are exposing for sale,

and seem quite astonished at our indifference regarding it; never apparently having heard of any thing else that could induce the white strangers to come to their country except for the purpose of trading. May they soon feel that there is something of more importance in the world than such things!—May they soon find peace and happiness in him whose latest command was, “Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.”

I suppose Mr Thomson will be giving you full particulars regarding Ikune'u. I have enjoyed very good health since going there, and have generally taken half of the school duties.

Erecting a house.—23d November 1858.—I have now got begun to erect a house, and have made considerable progress. For this work I have employed people in the town, who bring from the forest the wood and posts that are necessary. They also make the roof, walls, etc., and do other necessary work. Of course, in erecting the house, I am obliged to reside a good deal at Ikorofiong. When there, I live in the house of one of the chiefs, who is very kind in his own odd way. I am getting accustomed to it now, although at first, I must say, I felt it a little strange. There was no white person near me. I was in the house of an African chief. My speaking I had to do entirely in the Efik tongue. Even then, however, I felt no little comfort from the thought, that the God and Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ was there also, watching over and protecting me, and that he was as easily accessible there as in our highly favored isle.

Worship in a Chief's Hut.—The first night I tried to tell the people I was staying with, and his people, about the God who made the world, who made us, who watched over us, who sent rain from heaven, made the earth fruitful, and then supplied our wants. I told them of his greatness and goodness, and then asked if it was not becoming, at the close of the day, to thank him for his kindness, and to ask forgiveness for the evil we had done against him? The old man said that it was good to do so, and that I must do it. When about to engage in prayer, I told them what we were about to do; that many of them might think it strange, as there was no idol

r visible thing to speak to. It was not, I however, strange, if they called to mind that the Great God was present; and although we could not see him, yet he saw us, and heard every word that we spake.

The first day or two we occasionally had interruptions: as, for example, during prayer, one calling across to another what he thought of the proceedings, and perhaps the old chief crying to some one else why did he not shut his eyes as he saw me doing.

They are now beginning to conduct themselves with a little more decorum. Let us pray that the little seed of divine truth that is now beginning to be sown there may soon bring forth much fruit. May many of them soon be led to him who, with outstretched arms of mercy, is calling sinners to "cast their burden upon him, and he will sustain them."

Literary Attainments.—I may mention, that when living at Ikorofiong over night, I have always a great collection of young and old, bond and free, who are desirous of learning to read.

There is one young lad there just now, who was educated at Creek Town, and whose literary accomplishments are quite the envy of many of the people. Once, when he happened to be in a different part of the house, I asked some of them to tell me something which I wrote down. On the boy's return, I handed the slate to him and simply asked what was there. He read it quite correctly. Some expressed their astonishment in one way some in another; while others with redoubled vigour applied themselves to their A B C. One young chief, who mastered the alphabet at Duke Town a number of years ago, is looked upon by many as having made no little progress in a literary education. I am afraid, however, that their ardour will soon wear off, as perseverance is by no means one of the virtues of an African.

Rural Scenes.—The smoke or dry season has now set in; and I do not expect to get much more done to the house for a month or two, as the harvest has now commenced, and most of the people are away at their farms, and attending to other farm duties. There has also taken away the most of the people from Ikunetu. It is a nice

change, however, to visit them at their farms; there every one is apparently happy. Some are digging up the yams; others are tying them up on large sticks in order to preserve them; whilst numbers of children may be seen romping about. Some, perhaps, roasting yams in the ashes; some lending a hand at the work, while others are bent on play. Those who happen to be scholars have always a smile of welcome ready for us, whilst from all we experience the greatest civility. They appear indifferent about divine things, but "glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God." May that time soon come, when the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established upon the tops of the mountains, and when *all* nations shall flow unto it.

JEWISH MISSION.

ALGIERS.

Letters which we have received from the Rev. Mr. Weiss, show that the excitement, both among the young and the adult Jews, described in the *Record* for February, is still kept up. He has had visits from bands of the Rabbis, and the young men are coming to him for instruction as they have opportunity. He has obtained a school-master, and has got from the government authority to open a school. We shall submit the details in a future number, and in the meantime we give the following extract in regard to

THE VISIT OF A RICH MERCHANT FROM CONSTANTINE.

Nov. 23.—A very intelligent and what may be called a far advanced Israelite, visited me to-day. He is a rich merchant at Constantine, and came here, in the way of business, for perhaps a few months' stay. At the very outset of our intercourse, he professed not to have come out of curiosity, but in order to have an earnest religious discussion. On the very first occasion the Talmud was mentioned, he said that on that point he quite agreed with me, and can say without hesitation that the Talmudical Rabbis did more mischief unto his nation than all the bitterest enemies of the Gentiles; the former having plunged them into superstition, false doctrines, and moral degradation, that our field therefore, was the Bible alone, and our

subject for discussion the question, "Has the promised Messiah already come, or is he yet to come?" Upon which I invited him to forget for a while we live in the 19th century, and to suppose that we live at the time of the prophet Malachi, or a generation later than his ministry and last Old Testament oracles. In this supposition, we opened the Bible, and examined that prophet's message with regard to the sudden appearance of the Covenant Angel in his temple; comparing this with one prophecy of Haggai, and another of Zechariah; and then I said, "Remember now that we are supposed to live during the second temple; and what would you think of the man that would maintain, that these explicit and clear prophecies regarding the coming (and that very soon, and in the same temple) of the Messiah must be slung to a distant future of more than 2000 years?" After a good while of serious thought and hesitation, he said, that certainly, as a citizen of ancient Jerusalem during the second temple, he would have called the supposed individual a *madman or infidel*, as they were then obliged to hope that Messiah would soon come; but seeing that (in his opinion) he has not come yet, the Jews were therefore obliged to think that either were those oracles misinterpreted by their fathers during the second temple (for he cannot deny that then Messiah's appearance was expected daily), or that his coming was delayed because of Israel's sin.

The very nature of our subject under discussion led us to consider Daniel's oracle of the *seventy weeks*; and here he wanted unexceptionable proofs that every one of these weeks was composed of *seven years*, and not of ten, of twenty, or any other number. External proofs, by comparing it with other passages (as that regarding the jubilee period, composed of seven times seven years, etc.), would not satisfy him as conclusive enough, and he must have internal proofs. Internal proofs—Daniel engaged in prayer and supplication, first, for the restoration of the then destroyed Jerusalem; and, second, for a full pardon of the sins of his nation. Both requests are granted to him, and the angel tells him that the first (i.e., the rebuilding of Jerusalem) was to take place after a period of *seven weeks* and that the second (i.e., to "finish transgression, and make an end of sin")

was to take place by Messiah's expiatory death, after another period of sixty-two weeks, and during the last of the last week of the seventy. Now is the question, Was, or was not, Jerusalem rebuilt after Daniel's prayer, and according to the angel's promise? If it was (as no one can deny) then we must see at what time, and consequently of how many years each of these *weeks* was composed. This part of the subject being clear as daylight, we can safely and boldly go on to make a simple addition of the other sixty-two weeks, and see how many years after the rebuilding of Jerusalem Messiah was to come, according to the oracle.*

If to convince a man of the exact interpretation of some Messianic prophecies would constitute conversion, the work would have been done; as he confessed himself satisfied, yea, well pleased with the interpretation, and astonished at the force of the passage. All but the Holy Spirit must first convince a man of sin, and then bring him to the cross to see Christ suffer and die for his sins, yea, and rise again for his justification; and this part of the work no missionary, yea, and no archangel, can perform. O may he do it who alone can accomplish it! My welcome visitor promised to endeavor and profit as much as possible by his visit to Algeria; and I promised him to do all in my power in the way of leading him in as far as it is given to man to instruct and lead another, and exhorted him to seek by ardent prayer to obtain the rest directly from the Lord.

ALEPPO.

The Rev. Mr. Brown says, (17th November).—The very short interval between the arrival and departure of the post scarcely permits me to thank you for your kind and refreshing letter. I trust that what you write is the burden of the prayers of yourself and many others. It is difficult for good people at home to conceive how hard it is, amid universal spiritual death, to maintain

* Mr. Weiss' argument here is, that it can be proved by undoubted historical facts and dates that the seven weeks spoken of mean 49 years, and the time exactly elapsed before Jerusalem was rebuilt and the worship of God restored; so that the sixty-two weeks must also mean weeks of years, and years, marking the precise time when the Messiah was to come. It is an argument which no Jew can answer.—Edit.

that vigorous inner life which is the only spring of activity and usefulness in such a work as mine.

The Jews ready for hire to become Christians.—I have no time by this post to detail my conversation with Jews. I am gradually extending that friendly acquaintance with them without which religious conversation is naturally felt to be abrupt or intrusive. I stood the other day in one of the crowded bazaars, and looked at the British manufactures piled up in a stall kept by Jews. "Is it not strange," I asked, "that our country makes clothes for all the world?" Then, as they replied with interest, I told them how God has given us coal and iron for our machinery, and the sea around us for our ships, and intelligence and energy: but that all these would not have made us a great nation without the Holy Book—the law and the gospel, which had made men's minds free, and our government just. It is true, I said, that few walk according to the gospel, but all enjoy its temporal blessings. "You," replied the Jews, of whom a crowd had now gathered round me,—“you receive the gospel, we the law only.—You say Messiah has come, we still expect him.” Then I tried to tell them the glad tidings of forgiveness and eternal life through the crucified One, and assured them that the day is coming when all Israel shall believe in him; that then they shall not do iniquity nor speak lies; when they shall be true Christians, not like the Nazarenes of Aleppo, but really love him and serve him. “Ah, we know now,” they exclaimed, “yours is the English (Protestant) religion. You do not lie or cheat.” As I moved away, after a full declaration of my message, they asked, “Was it only to tell us *this* that you came here?” Then five or six followed me, and when we had reached a quiet street, they gravely said, “We are all brokers. Every day each of us tells a hundred lies. We cannot do our business without them. I give my hand and solemnly assure a man that a garment is worth fifty-five piastres when its true price is only fifty. Now we are willing to be Christians, and we will tell no more lies. Only you must promise us that we shall not starve.” I cannot buy men: and if I did, would it not be a great sin to change your religion for money? “That is not

what we mean. We do not ask to have as much as we earn now, but only bread. This man,” said one, pointing to another, “has five souls on his neck (dependant on him)—must he see them starve?” “I can give you a better promise than wine, that of the faithful God. If I give you a bill of exchange on London, would you not believe it and give me the money? Now God has said by his Son, ‘If any man leave houses or lands, etc., for my sake, he shall receive a *hundred fold*.’ Will you not believe him? Did your father Abraham know where he was to get his bread when he left his country and his father's house?”

Such is my daily work. A young Greek Catholic has joined my little congregation, with some appearance of earnestness.

House Accommodation.—Winter had begun to find us living very much in the open air, when the landlord of the Kittab house, an Italian, dishonourably broke our agreement. We were in great distress. Man's extremity is God's opportunity. A house belonging to the British Vice-Consul had been vacant for some weeks. I had admired its size, airiness and healthy position; but when told that the rent was 5500 piastres (above £40), I could not think of it. In my distress, I went last Friday night to consult the Vice-Consul about the conduct of the Italian. He offered me his own house. To my surprise and delight, he agreed to take 10,500 piastres (about £78), for three years (paid in advance). We occupied the house in less than twenty-four hours. Thus, after nearly a year of change, uncertainty, and unsettledness, very detrimental to my work, after many a precious half-day stolen from nobler work to look at some utterly unsuitable place, which had been described with truly Oriental panegyric, we suddenly find that God has cared for us, and given us a delightful, cheerful, healthy, and commodious dwelling. But I could not be content with it if it were not also very convenient for my Jewish work, though a little distant from the Christian suburb. It contains a fine room capable of receiving a congregation of two hundred.

NEWS OF THE CHURCH.

JUBILEE OF THE REV. JOHN SPROTT.

Wednesday, the the 23rd ultimo, was a glad day among the inhabitants of Musquodoboit, and as solemn as glad. It was equally a solemn and glad day to Mr. Sprott and his family.

According to previous arrangement the Jubilee of the venerable minister was celebrated in a manner and with a spirit which were creditable all round. Though everything was unpropitious as to the particular season of the year, and though the day itself, especially the latter part of it, was very unfavourable, a large congregation met in the Church to take part in the solemn and delightful services. Almost all the leading men in the several settlements were present, and there were besides a considerable number of brethren from Stewincke and Truro, some of whom had been connected previously with the congregation and who felt constrained to unite with them in this mark of respect and esteem for their old minister.

After devotional services, conducted by the Rev. Robert Sedgewick, who made a few remarks on the beautiful words of Paul to Philemon being such an one as Paul the aged, the following address was presented to Mr. Sprott:—

TO THE REV. MR. SPROTT.

Rev. Sir,—We, the community of Musquodoboit in its several settlements beg leave to tender to you our sentiments of respects and esteem on this day commemorative of so important a part of your official life as a minister of the Gospel.

But few ministers of Christ reach your age, and fewer still are honored to see service in the ministry of the Gospel for fifty years.

It is these considerations which have prompted us to embrace so rare a circumstance in ministerial life in order that we may express the sentiments and feelings which they naturally awaken in our hearts.

We feel there is much in the fact that you have served God in the Gospel of His Son for a period far exceeding the average length of human life.

We cannot forget too that the greater portion of this period has been spent among ourselves—that for so long a

time you have gone in and out among us—instructing us by your knowledge—guiding us by your wisdom—comforting us amid the many and varied ills of life and sharing with us its enjoyments.

We reflect with gratitude on your sympathy and generosity when events in providence demanded the exercise of those virtues and on your readiness to help in every good work.

Whether as a settled minister or since the period when you laid aside the burdens and cares of a congregation, we have marked the willingness with which you have labored for the well-being of the dwellers in the wood whose ears but for your labors would have been rarely saluted with the glad tidings of great joy, and who would otherwise have been obliged to spend many a silent and solitary Sabbath at home.

It affords us great pleasure also to notice the kindness of God to you and your family—that alike in the case of your children who are in distant parts of the world and who are filling or expecting to fill prominent or important places in civil society and in the Church, and in the case of those who are still living under your own roof-tree you have evidence that God is faithful who hath promised, "I will be your God and the God of your children after you."

Like Moses, you are old and full of days, but like him your eye has not become dim nor your natural force abated.

In old age when others are fading you are in the house of God like a green olive.

It pleases us to mark this, and it is our hearty wish and earnest prayer that having served your generation, by the will of God you may obtain the reward of the good minister of Christ, and be associated with those who have turned many to righteousness, and who shall shine as the stars forever and ever.

We are constrained also to embrace in this, expression of our respect and esteem to Mrs. Sprott. We know that she has indeed been a help meet to you amid and through the many chances and changes of this fitful state where there is none abiding,—that she has been succorer of many and of you also,

and it is but dutiful and seemly in us to convey to her the assurance that during the remaining portion of her life she will live in our hearts and be borne on our remembrances when at the throne of grace, and goodness and mercy may follow her all her days and that she may dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

Signed on behalf of the committee by
ROBERT SEDGWICK,
JAMES REID, SENR.
WILLIAM G. ARCHIBALD.

Mr. Sprott returned the subjoined answer, and supplimented it by a most interesting account of his life and labours:—

Musquodoboit, March, 23rd 1859

MR DEAR BRETHREN.

I thank you for this address and its kind sentiments. In old age usefulness declines, hopes fail and we are in danger of being forgotten. I am glad that the services of bygone years are still remembered. This address is a valuable document to my family. It is a high testimonial of character. It vaills the defects and deficiencies of my ministry and scatters the censures of a long life, like chaff before the wind. The good opinion of our fellow creatures is the noblest of earthly renown, and when fairly acquired is next to the approbation of our Maker. I aimed at parity with the abilities which I had, I never amused you with the fictions of fancy, but pressed on you the doctrines of redemption and grace, expressed in the plain and popular language of the country.

This is the second Jubilee held by our own church in this Colony. The venerable Mr Brown well deserved it, for he held a large congregation till the day of his death, and eventually found a winding sheet in the scene of his early labours. When I came to Musquodoboit thirty-five years ago it was rather in a declining state; but even then it contained many excellent christians—the choice gold of the sanctuary. It increased under my ministry for many years, and though the congregation has had its dark days and its bright days, increasing still under the searching and earnest ministry of the Rev Mr Sedgwick. The sanctuary waters at times have been ruffled by men given to change: but our meeting on this day is a token for good, that

discordant feelings have been attuned to harmony, and conflicting elements returned to repose. This congregation will bear a favorable comparison for intelligence, piety, and morality with other communities. For many years the fires of education have been trimmed with skill and ability.

It is fifty years since I entered the ministry. I have preached the gospel for more than forty years in this province. I have visited every creek and corner of Nova Scotia, many parts of New Brunswick, Prince Edward's Island, and some parts of Newfoundland and the United States. I have threaded the wilderness to reach settlements whose inhabitants might hear the roar of the wind among the trees, or the murmurs of the ocean, but seldom hear the voice of the missionary of salvation, and their children were not baptized except by a mother's tears. I have done what I could to plant the rose of Sharon in our snow clad regions, and when the snow drift was too deep, I have dismounted from my horse, carried my portmanteau on my shoulders, to reach the glittering haunts of men, though the stars were shining through the crevices of the log hut.

I have crossed the Atlantic seven times and sailed in many other waters, and at a moderate calculation have travelled by land and water ninety thousand miles. I have found the service very pleasant and my only regret is that I have done so little for so good a Master.

I have been spared from the wrecks of the last generation, and I am a kind of link between the living and the dead—like a lodge in a garden of cucumbers, or a flagstaff on the hill after the enemy has fled away. I have seen some changes in society. I have seen Kings and Popes contending for the dominion of the world. I well recollect the thunders of the French revolution, the general war in Europe, the rage of infidelity, and the reign of terror. I recollect the commencement of Missionary and Bible societies, and am persuaded that more has been done for the glory of God, and the good of man within the last sixty years than for any other period since the reformation. I have seen many changes in Nova Scotia. I have seen new lawyers at the Bar, new judges on the bench, new priests at the altar, and new kings on the throne.

I thank you for making honorable mention of my wife and family. We are immensely indebted to woman. We can never do without her. In the beautiful language of Randolph, "she lost us paradise; but gained us heaven." Brethren, I am far advanced in time's list. I must soon clear the wilderness, I am approaching that battle ground where all must fall. Pray for me and my family that we may have a gracious through bearing at the hour of death, and when we reach that good land, where I hope to be welcomed by my spiritual children, we shall have a long day to talk over the good and ill we have seen in this life. May peace be within your palaces.'

JOHN SPROTT.

The reading of these documents produced a powerful effect on the audience, recalling as it did the remembrance of the days of other years and the numerous and varied events of their personal and congregational history.

After singing a portion of the 132nd Psalm, the Rev Professor Smith in his happiest style and best mood narrated the circumstances connected with the original settlement of Musquodoboit, and the formation and ground work of the congregation down to the induction of the present minister in September, 1849. It would be received by the Church generally with great satisfaction were the Rev Professor to send this narrative for insertion either in the *Witness* or *Instructor*, or in both, not so much for the pleasure which everybody would derive from reading it, but for the lessons it would read the present generation of Nova Scotian Presbyterians respecting the self-denial and steadfastness of their forefathers in conserving the privileges which they enjoy, as well as of patient endurance and untiring industry amid the disadvantages and privations of the early settler's life. Truly they laboured alike in temporal and spiritual matters, and we have entered into their labours.

The evening meeting was all that could be desired. A sumptuous banquet, elegantly laid out, and at which Mr and Mrs Sprott were the special guests, awaited the audience in the Temperance Hall. The house was crowded to excess, but the pleasure that was in everybody's heart and which beamed in everybody's face led every-

body to yield to everybody and accommodate everybody just as everybody could have wished.

After the large company had partaken of the good things so plentifully and elegantly provided, and for which due acknowledgements were offered to the Giver of all good by Mr Sprott and Mr Smith, the main part of the business of the evening began. The chairman read letters of apology from several ministers who found it impossible to be present, and it may be mentioned also that apologies were received from some of the leading men in the Province who would gladly have been present but for public engagements. He gave a short account of the origin of the celebration, the motives which led to it, and expatiated on the benefits that were confidently expected to flow from it. Having tendered to Mr Sprott the congratulations of the meeting, the Rev. Gentleman replied. He reciprocated the sentiments, expressed, in his own happiest manner, and earnestly hoped that all that was expected from such a spontaneous and delightful token of esteem would be obtained.

An opportunity was now afforded to the audience generally, and especially to the older portion of it, to contribute to the information and interest of the meeting. This was a most delightful episode. The old men grew young again. Their hearts were in some instances too full for utterance, their tongues refused to do their office from very willingness to do it, and their furrowed faces furnished channels for as glad tears as ever dropped from their gleaming eyes. The racy anecdote, the striking fact, the mirthful sally, the sweet remembrance, the ingenuous acknowledgement, the ardent hope, commingling fresh and full from the hearts of these good old men, afforded a specimen of christian utterance and fellowship which is but rarely enjoyed in this world, and which shows what the Church on earth might be were the multitude of believers but of one heart and of one soul. The Rev John McKinnon (Wesleyan) next addressed the meeting in a speech redolent of sympathy with the occasion. "In thoughts which breathed and in words which burned" he described the interest he felt in and the benefit he had reaped from the Presbyterian Church, and mentioned the important fact that the

devoted spirit and fervid missionary appeals of Dr Duff greatly contributed to the relationship he now bore to the Church as a missionary of the cross. Altogether his speech was worthy of the man and the time, and was enthusiastically received by the meeting as a fine example of catholicity. Mr Isaac McCurdy followed, as the representative of the body of the people, more especially of the young and active portion of them, who are now managing the business of the community. He pointed out with his usual force and precision the duties and obligations which such a celebration involved, and earnestly besought the young men who had gone so heartily and nobly into the movement to manifest a deeper interest than ever in the well-being of the community, and to make still greater efforts than before for the comfortable and suitable support of their ministers, assuring them that such efforts would rebound to their honor and prosperity now and for ever. After Mr Hugh Reid made a few general and well-timed remarks on the change for the better which had come over the community by the absence of rum drinking, Mr Smith concluded by a short but most appropriate speech on christian union. He adverted to the fact of union among Presbyterians at home, to the earlier

instances of union in this Province, and especially to the prospects of such union on a large scale which were at present entertained by Presbyterians in Australia, in Canada and in Nova Scotia, expressing his conviction that this seemly and necessary conduct on the part of their younger daughters would exert the happiest influences on the mother churches at home.

Mr Sprott here rose and in a voice and manner peculiarly solemn and impressive said that before the meeting separated he had one request to make; the celebration was so unexpected, so general, so hearty, and such notice had been taken of him by the press, on the platform, and by the people among whom he had so long laboured, that he felt there was a great danger of indulging in spiritual pride, and therefore he besought an interest in their prayers that he might be clothed with humility and be prevented of thinking more highly of himself than he ought to think.

After passing several votes of thanks the large audience sang in the inspiring strains of "French" that noble old tune, the no less inspiring verses of the 133rd Psalm, and on pronouncing the Apostolical Blessing, the meeting separated.—*Pres Witness.*

NOTICES, ACKNOWLEDGMENTS, &c.

Monies received by the Treasurer from
20th March to 20th April, 1856.

Foreign Mission.

March 22.—Rev Dr Jennings, Toronto, C. W., per Rev J Bayne,	£23	6	0
Do per Rev Alex Ritchie, Ayr, C. W. do.	1	0	0
23.—Mabou, per Mr Johnston, friend, Cape George, do, 12s. 6d.,	1	18	1½
" A friend at Antigonish, per do.	0	5	0
24.—Mrs. I. Stiles 5s, Mrs. N. Stiles 5s.,	0	10	0
April 12.—Maitland Juvenile missionary society,	2	10	3
" Rockville Juvenile missionary society, Maitland,	2	11	0

" Lower Salmah sowing society, do.	1	9	4½
" Do do missionary society, do	2	18	3
19.—Wm. Matheson, Esq., Pictou,	4	0	0
19.—Juvenile missionary society, James Ch. N.G. 7	10	0	0

Home Mission.

A friend at Mabou,	1	10	0
do. at Cape George,	0	12	6
Maitland section of 2d. congregation, Maitland,	2	12	6
Noel, do, do, do.	1	15	0
Rockville, do, do, do.	0	12	2
Juvenile Miss. Society, Maitland,	1	0	6½
William Matheson Esq, Pictou,	4	0	0

Seminary.

David McCulloch Esq,	2	10	0
A friend, per do	1	5	0
Maitland section, 2d. congregation, Maitland,	3	0	0
William Matheson Esq,	4	0	0

Synod Fund.

Maitland section of 2d. congregation,
Maitland, 1 15 0

Robert Smith, Truro, acknowledges the receipt of the following:

Foreign Mission,

Mr. Baxter's congregation, Old Barns, £2 12 0
Received per Rev. James Waddell, from Miss Margaret Hill, Upper Economy, Treasurer of Little Girls' Society, for 20 shilling shares in Schooner John Knox, £1 0 0
Expences for ditto, 1 0 0

Home Mission.

Ladies' Religious & Benevolent Society, Truro, per Mrs. McCulloch, 10 0 0

Seminary.

On account of Special Effort, 1st Instalment.

Hugh Dunlap, Esq., £10 0 0
James T. Dunlap, 2 10 0
Rev James Smith, 3 15 0
John Deyarmond, 1 0 0
Eliakim Tupper, 1 0 0
Thomas Fulton, 1 0 0
John Fulton, 1 0 0
John McCurdy, 1 0 0
Eaiakim Tupper, 0 10 0
Daniel Bently, 0 5 0
Jhn Logan, 0 10 0
Mrs John Jeffers, 0 1 3
Mrs Solomon Wright, 0 1 3
John Logan, 2 0 0

From the Ladies Rels. and Benevolent Society, Truro, for fencing the Seminary ground, 15 0 0

The agent acknowledges receipt of the following sums for Register and Instructor, for 1859

From James Wilkie, £0 1 6
" Charles Sterns, 0 10 0
" Rev. Alex. Cameron, 3 15 0
" Alex Laird, 0 5 0
" William Graham, 0 0 0
" Do. for John Andamson 0 12 6

The agent acknowledges receipt of a package of Mission Goods from "a few Ladies of upper settlement Middle River, in connection with Salem Church"—for Mr Matheson value 17s.

Pictou, April 21st 1859.

BOARDS, AND STANDING COMMITTEES, &c.

Board of Home Missions.—Rev. Messrs. Patterson, McGilvray, Walker and Thomson, together with Messrs. Anthony Collie, Colin McInnis, Hugh McKay, and Daniel Cameron, Ruling Elders. Rev. George Patterson, Secretary.

Board of Foreign Missions.—Rev. Messrs. Baxter, Roy, Bayne, Waddell, Roddiack and Watson, and Messrs. D. McCurdy, John McKay, James Fraser, G. Tattrie, and George McConnell, Ruling Elders. Secretary—Rev. J. Bayne.

Seminary Board.—The Professors, ex officio. Rev. Messrs. McCulloch, Baxter, E. Ross, Wylie, Cameron, McKay and Currie, and Messrs. Robert Smith, David McCurdy, Isaac Fleming, William McKim, Fleming Blanchard, and Adam Dickie. Mr McCulloch, Convener; Rev. E. Ross, Secretary.

Committee of Bills and Overtures.—Rev. Messrs. Bayne, Roy and McGilvray, and Mr. James McGregor. Mr Bayne, Convener.

Committee on Union with the Free Church.—Rev. Messrs. McGregor, (Convener.) Murdoch, Sedgewick, Cameron, McCulloch, J. Rrs and Bayne, and Messrs. C. Robson and D. McCurdy, Ruling Elders.

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Committee to Audit Acco.nts.—Rev. G. Walker, and Messrs. Roderick McGregor, dan Alex. Fraser of New Glasgow. Rev. G. Walker, Convener.

Committee on Colportage.—Rev. John I. Baxter, Rev. E. Ross, and Messrs. Isaac Logan and Jasper Crow.

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INSTRUCTOR AND REGISTER, single copies 5s. each. Any person ordering six copies or more to one address, and becoming responsible for the payment, will receive one free for every six so ordered, or to state the matter in another form, for every seven ordered he will only be required to pay for six.

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Communications to be addressed to the Rev. George Patterson, Green Mill, Pictou, and it is requested that they be forwarded by the 10th of the month previous to that on which they are to be inserted. Small notices may be sent to the Publisher, up to the 24th.

Orders and Remittances to be forwarded to Mr James Patterson, Bookseller, Pictou. Remittances may also be sent to the Synod Treasurer.

We respectfully request a prompt remittance from Agents. Those who have not collected the whole, will oblige by forwarding the sums they may have on hand.