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THE PRESBYTERIAN.

SEPTEMBER, 1864.

THOSE of our readers, and we believe they are many, who take an interest in the affairs of our University, will be gratified at the announcement made below of a proposal to endow a memorial professorship in the Theological Faculty as a tribute to the personal worth, extensive attainments, and zealous labours of the late Principal. Dr. Leitch is acknowledged to have sacrificed much and toiled arduously in behalf of Queen's University. While caring incessantly for all the departments of the Institution, he was particularly devoted to the business of his own class-room. His students speak with enthusiastic gratitude of the value of his prelections and of the fatherly interest he took in them as aspirants to the office of the ministry. His mode of superintending their preparations for the solemn work of caring for souls was somewhat novel, but eminently practical, and there is no doubt, as we have heard several of them remark, that had his life been spared his course when fully matured would have been most interesting and useful. A substantial tribute to the memory of such a man, to be connected in some way with the scene of his latest efforts, occurs very naturally to his friends in Scotland and in this country as a proper object for coöperation, and it is suggested, very happily we think, that it should consist of a theological professorship. No more appropriate means of honouring and perpetuating his memory could be devised. It will be infinitely better than any monument of stone or marble, more consonant with the spirit and tastes of the man whose name it will honour, a fitter reflection to posterity of the particular species of usefulness to which all his powers and acquirements were ever subservient.

The fact that this proposal will supply an urgent need in the Theological Hall of Queen's University is one of the best arguments in its favour. This need exists. The existence of it was felt by Principal Leitch; and now that he is gone, it will be a solace

to his friends when his departure becomes the occasion of a suitable provision for it. It is in strictest keeping with the sentiment which prompts us to commemorate the lives of the good, that we receive a fresh impulse by their death to extend and complete the beneficial undertakings to which they applied their busy hands.

At present the professional staff of the Theological Faculty consists of the Principal, who, in addition to his numerous duties "as chief executive officer," acts as Primarius Professor of Divinity, teaching two hours a day, and the Professor of Oriental Languages, Biblical Criticism, and Church History, who teaches five hours a day. Each of the following reasons is very strong, and the whole combined irresistibly conclusive, in favour of an immediate addition to these two, of at least one other professor; (1) Five hours' teaching, especially when the work of preparation is taken into account, and it is considered that the teacher has his share of the business transacted at Faculty meetings and examinations, is about twice as much as should be expected of any single professor. (2) Each of the subjects last indicated is in the Scottish Universities, which are by no means regarded as being too fully equipped, a separate department having a Professor of its own. (3) The erection of a new chair, say of Church History, besides relieving the one which is at present overburdened, would introduce a greater variety of thought and management into the superintendence of theological studies which could scarcely fail to be of great benefit to the students who are preparing to occupy the watchtowers of Zion.

As to the means of carrying out this project, a simple calculation will sufficiently indicate what is necessary. The annual interest of £5000 at 8 per cent. is £400. Half the principal, that is £2,500, would certainly not be more than our share, leaving the other half to be furnished by the friends and admirers of Dr. Leitch in Scot-

land. The ability of the Church in this country to raise the amount we assign to it is not to be doubted, and considering the interest and importance which fairly belong to the proposal, we must have proof before we disbelieve its willingness.

We earnestly entreat attention to the statement which has been issued by the authority of the University Trustees, presenting the claims of the object proposed, and appealing for contributions in furtherance of its attainment, and express an earnest hope that the scheme may soon be crowned with all the success it deserves.

PROBABLY before our next number can reach our readers, the special collection to be made by authority of Synod on the first Sabbath of October will have become due. The time for intimating it will at all events have passed. We therefore embrace this opportunity of notifying it. The object of the collection is the French Mission Scheme. From what transpired at the last meeting of Synod, indicative of a quickened interest in the work of this Scheme, we do not feel ourselves called upon to say much more than simply remind its friends and supporters that the appointment of Synod for the day above mentioned affords an occasion for the fulfilment of all promises in its behalf. If possible let the day named be the day for the collection. Let ministers give due intimation beforehand. Let the people generally devise liberal things, and earnestly implore the divine blessing upon the effort. Observing these exhortations,

the hope of an abundant response will be realized. There are now four agents employed in connection with this effort—the Revs. J. Tanner, and L. Baridon, M. Geoffroy, missionary in Montreal, and Miss Vernier, teacher of the Day-school, and matters are pecuniarily in such a state, that if the collection do not fall short of last year's contributions, all obligations will be fully met.

OUR Correspondent, "Nonnullus," must excuse us for respectfully declining to insert his communication on the recent appointments by the Trustees of Queen's University. If it is any comfort to him to know our opinion, it entirely accords with his own—to the effect that, in ordinary circumstances, if the Church in this country can find men within itself suitable for its offices, it ought to be contented to employ them. For the rest, he and possibly others will understand our reason for excluding the letter with which he has favoured us, from the remark, that while it is encouraging to have the favourable opinion of one's fellow-men, public laudations are of value to the recipient only after he has done his best to deserve them.

THE very interesting article in last number, entitled "Christianity in the Palace of the Cæsars," should have been credited to *The Church of Scotland Home and Foreign Missionary Record*. Its style and date lead us to ascribe it to the editor, Principal Tulloch, who has been sojourning in Italy for some time on account of his health.

News of our Church.

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY.—A meeting of the Board of Trustees was held at the College on the 3rd ult. Twenty-three members were present.

The Rev. William Snodgrass of St. Paul's Church, Montreal, was elected Principal and Primarius Professor of Divinity, and the Rev. John H. Mackerras, M.A., was chosen from a list of five candidates to be interim Professor of Classical Literature. Mr. Snodgrass, who received the appointment to the Principalship entirely without solicitation or exertion on his part, has signified his acceptance of the office.

A very important movement was initiated for the endowment of a new Professorship in the Theological Faculty, in commemoration of the late Principal whose devoted zeal in behalf of the University, involving as it did many

personal sacrifices on his part, is considered worthy of some such useful and enduring memorial. Communications from his friends in Scotland were submitted to the Board, expressing a desire to have his name connected with the University in perpetual remembrance, and offering a cordial co-operation for that purpose. A committee, appointed to consider the matter, reported to an adjourned meeting held the following day in favour of the institution of a memorial chair in the Theological Faculty, with which as Primarius Professor of Divinity Dr. Leitch's labours were specially connected, and the Committee was continued with authority to prepare a statement of the proposal, and an appeal in its behalf, which, both from the extremely interesting occasion of it and the

very useful end which will be served by it, if successful, it is believed will be extensively and cheerfully responded to in this country as well as at home.

The Board adjourned to meet on the last day of the month.

We invite attention to the advertisement on cover regarding the opening of classes for the ensuing session.

PRESBYTERY OF MONTREAL.

At the quarterly meeting held in St. Andrew's Church, Montreal, on 3rd ult., there were present:—The Revs. W. Snodgrass, J. Patterson, W. Masson, W. Simpson, and W. Darrach, Ministers; and Messrs. Ferguson and McNaughton, Elders.

The minutes of last ordinary meeting, and of the special meetings at Kingston on the 7th of June, at Dundee on the 15th of June, and at Montreal on the 31st of June, were read and sustained. A commission from the Kirk Session of Hemmingford in favour of Donald McPhee, Esq. was read and sustained. The Revd. Messrs. Porteus, of Wolfe Island, W. Cochrane, Thos. Haig, and Joshua Fraser being present, were invited to take part in the deliberations of this meeting. The Rev. William Darrach was chosen Moderator for the current year, and took the chair accordingly. The Revds. W. Cochrane and Joshua Fraser, and Mr. R. Jardine gave full and interesting reports of their Missionary labours for the past three months. A receipt from the Treasurer for the schemes of the Church of Scotland, for the sum of £43.1.5 stg. recently remitted to the Colonial Committee was laid on the table by the Rev. Mr. Snodgrass. The Clerk was instructed to correspond with the Rev. Mr. Moffat agent the Session Records of Laprairie. The Clerk and Mr. Darrach were appointed to attend to the ordination of another Elder, and to dispense the Sacrament at Laprairie in the month of September. The Moderator, Clerk and Rev. Mr. Cameron were appointed to draw up a memorial to the Colonial Committee to be forwarded with a petition from Elgin Mission Station asking assistance towards the building of a Manse there. Mr. Cochrane was re-appointed to Elgin for three months. Messrs. Masson and Cochrane received the sanction of the Presbytery to take up contributions for congregational purposes within the bounds of the Presbytery during the next three months. Mr. Robert Jardine, student in Divinity, Queen's College, presented himself for examination preparatory to again entering the Divinity Hall. Mr. Jardine gave very satisfactory evidence of his talents and acquirements, and the Clerk was instructed to grant him the necessary certificate. The next ordinary meeting was appointed to be held in this place on the first Wednesday of November next, at the usual hour.

FRENCH MISSION.—At a recent meeting of the General Committee of management, the Rev. L. Baridon was re-engaged at a salary of \$300 per annum. From the increasing interest manifested in behalf of the Mission of late, and the manageable condition of the debt on the Mission Church—now only \$500—the Com-

mittee felt themselves justified in taking this step, and the friends of the Mission, they know, will rejoice that it has been taken. Several encouraging contributions have been received, and it is particularly pleasing to be told that these will not likely interfere with the forthcoming Synodical collection on the first Sabbath of October. The Committee also resolved to provide a salary for Rev. J. E. Tanner of the same amount as Mr. Baridon's salary in the meantime. These are the principal items of expenditure, besides the interest on the debt and the taxes and other expenses connected with the Church in Montreal; and if the collections this year equal those of last year (nearly \$900), and it is believed they will exceed that amount, there is no likelihood of embarrassment.

A change has taken place in the Day school. M. Frereault, who, we believe, has obtained a situation on the Grand Trunk Railway, has been succeeded by Miss Vernier, a devoted and zealous member of Mr. Tanner's congregation. In the acknowledgements for the month will be noticed a donation contributed by the Sabbath School of Spencerville for this department of the work. This offering calls for special gratitude, and affords an example worthy of imitation in our Sabbath Schools.

INDUCTION AT BUCKINGHAM.—The Presbytery of Ottawa met at Buckingham on the 21st of July. There were present Dr. Spence, Moderator, Revs. W. White, H. J. Borthwick, G. D. Ferguson, J. B. Mullan, and Col. Petrie, and Messrs. Henry, Wilson, and McCallum, Elders, also Messrs. D. McDonald and H. Lamont, Licentiates labouring within the bounds. The occasion of the meeting was the ordination of James C. Smith, M.A., Licentiate, to the office of the holy ministry, and his induction to the pastoral charge of Cumberland and Buckingham, vacant since the translation of Rev. Peter Lindsay, M.A., to Arnprior, in June 1862. The usual proclamation having been made by Mr. Borthwick, Clerk, the Rev. W. White of Richmond conducted divine service. Thereafter the act of ordination and induction was performed by Dr. Spence according to the forms prescribed by the Church. Mr. Borthwick delivered the charge to Mr. Smith, and Mr. Mullan addressed the people. The services were very solemn, and the addresses both highly practical and eloquent. Mr. Smith's name was added to the roll of the Presbytery, and at the close of the proceedings he received a most cordial welcome from his people, who were present in large numbers. Mr. Smith has had four years' experience in the mission field in the Presbyteries of Kingston, Bathurst, and London, which will, no doubt, be of great service to him in the important position he now fills. In this case, instead of a separate bond of support, a guarantee was embodied in the call, which throws the responsibility upon the whole people, and with the ability to implement their promises, of which they must have individually assured themselves before signing that document, it is believed they will not follow the multitude to do evil, by allowing themselves to come short of their obligations in the support of religious ordinances.

THE LATE REV. DAVID EVANS.—This excellent man and exemplary minister died at Prescott of chronic dysentery on the 19th ult., in the 74th year of his age. Mr. Evans was a native of County Tyrone, Ireland, a student of Glasgow University, and a licentiate of the Secession body in Ireland, now incorporated with the Irish Presbyterian Church. About the age of 24, when he had been a probationer of only a few months' standing, he was ordained to the ministry, and inducted to a charge in Pomeroy, in the county of his birth, where he remained for 22 years. He then emigrated to Canada, beginning his ministry in this country at St. Therese, near Montreal. Shortly after his arrival, he was admitted by the Synod of our church. Having laboured for nearly four years in St. Therese, he was moved to Richmond, C. W., where he had a very extensive field of labour, consisting of seven stations, and where he remained for about eleven years

From this place he was translated to Kitley, of which he continued to be minister until, owing to bodily infirmities, the Synod in 1862 allowed him to retire. Mr. Evans was a kind-hearted, self-sacrificing man. By his humble, courteous, and frank deportment, he gained the affections of his people, and they soon learned to look upon him as their steadfast friend. On a very small living he managed to educate four sons for professional pursuits, one of whom is the minister of Litchfield. As a preacher he had a very graceful delivery, while the matter of his discourse was thoroughly evangelical. His constant aim was to preach Christ and him crucified. The Master whom he served did not forsake him at his latter end. Perfectly contented to suffer as much and as long as the Lord might please, he at the same time longed to be with Christ. He leaves a widow, and four of nine children by his first marriage.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the Presbyterian.

Last Sunday I went with a friend to a Presbyterian church in the county of Lincoln. The service was to be at half-past ten, and a stranger was expected to preach, the regular pastor being absent. A goodly number had assembled, comprising some who had come some distance, judging from the carriages and waggons at the church gate. The time for beginning the service arrived, but the minister had not come. The people sat patiently for fifteen or twenty minutes, when a man arose and said possibly the minister had mistaken the hour of meeting—eleven being the time at which public worship usually commenced. He would probably be there at that time; and by way of filling up the time for a few minutes, they might sing a few verses of a psalm. The people at once fell in with the suggestion, and got out their books. He gave out the Hundredth Psalm, started it to Old Hundred, and the congregation sung it very well. They then waited about a quarter of an hour longer, when some of them began to show signs of impatience, and one or two went out. The same person then spoke to another, I think addressing him as *elder*, and said he would be happy to give out another psalm, and read a portion of Scripture, if he would engage in prayer; but he said as there was another church in the village, the people might prefer going to it. The other man then addressing the people, said "he was sorry to see such a congregation, assembled for worship, having to be dismissed for want of some one to conduct

it. If the church had seen fit in its wisdom to provide a proper form of worship there need be no difficulty in an emergency of this kind, as there would always be some one present who could read the prayers and devotional lessons appointed for the day, but in the absence of this it could not be expected that any private member could, on the spur of the moment, extemporize such a form of words as would be either satisfactory to himself or profitable to them; he therefore agreed with the elder in recommending them to adjourn to a Baptist Church near by," and so the people went away. I observed, however, that only a few went to the other church, the most of them going some other way, from which it might be inferred that they would willingly have remained for an hour to a service in their own church no matter how imperfectly performed.

It has often occurred to me that the Presbyterian Church would do well to adopt a *form of public worship*, and here was an instance of the want of it being sensibly felt in a country congregation. Who knows with what feelings they had come together? It is not too much to suppose that some of them had in the experience of the past week met with trials or been beset with temptations, for which it would have been a real relief to give expression to the words of contrition and penitence, in the hearing of Him who has promised to be where two or three are gathered in His name. Who knows how many burdens have been lightened and pains of heart relieved by the utterance of the simple confes-

sion, "we have erred and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep." They were deprived of this relief and returned to their homes, it may be with pent up grief and heavy hearts.

A judicious "form of sound words" would not only be of great use in such cases, it would also be an important aid to many ministers in conducting public worship, for while there are some whose prayers are like springs gushing from the fountain of a heart overflowing with devotional feeling and concern for the interests of humanity—how many there are to whose incoherent, irreverent, and vain repetitions, it is impossible for the people to say, Amen; and

whose usefulness would be greatly promoted by being allowed, and even *required*, to use a liturgy approved by the Church.

Yours respectfully,

August, 1864.

O.

[We recommend our friend, and counsel him to advise his friends, to secure copies of the prayers for social and family worship published by authority of a Committee of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. It gives directions for conducting divine service, and suits just such a case as the above. It can be had in pocket size.—*Ed.*]

Articles Communicated.

LIFE OF THE APOSTLE PAUL.

PART I.

The city of Tarsus, which was the birth-place of the Apostle Paul, was situated near the mouth of the river Cydnus, one of those streams which, taking their rise in the heights of Taurus, flow with impetuous current into the Mediterranean, or into one of the many bays which indent the southern coast of Asia Minor. The elevation of the land however in the past eighteen hundred years has impeded this river near its mouth, and spread its waters over unhealthy lagoons, and in the time of the Apostle it floated large fleets, and, as it afforded a safe harbour, rendered Tarsus a great commercial emporium, where the produce of the interior of the peninsula was exchanged for the wares of other countries; but the city also enjoyed a high reputation as the seat of Greek learning, and retained its Greek character long after it was subjected to Rome. During the civil wars of Rome it so strongly attached itself to the side of the Cæsars that Augustus conferred upon it the privileges of a free city. It was most probably its great commercial advantages which induced a large number of Jews to choose it as the home of their exile, in the many political changes which passed over their own country. The family of Saul are said by Jerome to have emigrated from Giscala in Galilee, but at what period they settled at Tarsus we are unable to ascertain; it was however certainly before the birth of the Apostle.

It is not impossible to picture to ourselves the influences under which his early years were spent. The Jews of the dispersion seem, in a very remarkable degree, to

have carried with them, and maintained, their religious principles and their strong attachment to the faith of their fathers. Though carrying on commerce in many countries, and mixing freely with the inhabitants, they yet remained perfectly distinct, and were animated by the same feelings as the Jews of Judea; they were ruled by the same religious code, they cherished the same hopes, meditated on the same histories, and were cheered by the same triumphant songs; the Jewish child at Alexandria, at Rome, at Tarsus, received, at least in his early years, the same instruction as he would have had had he lived at Jerusalem, Hebron, or Nazareth.

We know very little of the home group of the Apostle's childhood. There is allusion made to his father, and we have later mention of a sister and a sister's son, but no notice of his mother; we do not know whether she died during his infancy, or lived to be his earliest and best teacher, or even long enough to mourn perhaps over his apostacy. We have no means of ascertaining the social position of the family, or under what circumstances, or in return for what service, the father obtained the privileges of Roman citizenship, and by which the son "was free born."

Haircloth, which was called Cilicium, of which tents were made, was largely exported from Tarsus to the various markets of the Levant, and it is very probable that the father was engaged in this trade; but that Saul was early occupied in the making of this material is no reason for concluding that the family were in a necessitous condition, for it was a principle and maxim of the Jews to teach every child some

trade, even though he might not likely have to depend upon it for his living.

The child Saul,—“the son of a Pharisee” of the tribe of Benjamin, an “Hebrew of the Hebrews,” was circumcised the eighth day; and, so soon as he was susceptible of instruction, was taught the history of his own nation, and would grow up under the strongest Jewish influences, but Tarsus was a Greek city, and whether or not he attended any of the Greek schools, which a Hebrew boy, and the child of a Pharisee was scarcely likely to do, he was yet familiar with the Greek language, and became acquainted with Greek literature. About the age of thirteen the boy was taken to Jerusalem, and became a scholar at the feet of the learned doctor of the law, Gamaliel, who, though a Pharisee, was in a large measure free from the bigotry of his sect, and was not opposed to Gentile learning. We do not know in what year Saul went up to Jerusalem, but on the occasion of the death of Stephen, he was still a young man, though from the office which he immediately afterwards received he could scarcely have been less than thirty years of age. We have no clue as to what had taken place in the interval, whether he had returned to Tarsus, or had continued at Jerusalem, and been interested in the events of our Saviour's history. But on the occasion of this earliest martyrdom, and in the crowd of fanatic who that day did their work of blood, Saul was indeed no mere idle or careless spectator, but the witnesses who engaged in the deed laid at his feet their clothes, and were no doubt encouraged by him.

The early apology for Christianity before the Sanhedrim, and the nobleness evinced by the proto-martyr suffering for the faith, and with his last voice praying for his persecutors, and commending his spirit to the Lord Jesus, could not have been without an influence on the mind of Saul, and from what we know of his character, in spite of bigotry, in spite of persecuting zeal, he could not have remained indifferent; but if happier emotions did arise, and there was a momentary conflict in his soul, yet fanaticism overpowered the better impulses, and gained the ascendancy over a mind which was really susceptible of the true and good; and still filled with prejudice and zeal for his Pharisaic principles, his fervour only burned with a more devouring flame, and he became the most unwearied and relentless of persecutors; “As for Saul, he made havoc of the Church, entering into every house, and haling men and women, com-

mitted them to prison.” But though Paul was not effectually moved, still the prayer of Stephen for his persecutors was heard in heaven, and was in due time answered in the conversion of him who was to take up the work from which Stephen had so early been called, and there is much truth in the remark of Augustine, that the Church owes a Paul to the prayer of Stephen. The persecution on the death of Stephen had the effect of extending the Church, but Saul, “breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord,” received a commission from the high priest against the Christians, who, it would appear, were already to be found at Damascus. The great Sanhedrim claimed over the Jews in foreign cities the same power in religious questions which it exercised at Jerusalem, and letters were given Paul to the synagogues in the Syrian capital. Armed with this authority, and intending “that if he found any of this way, whether they were men or women, to bring them bound to Jerusalem,” he journeyed to Damascus. We willingly gather up every incident in so memorable a journey, and would follow his every footstep, but we know not which road he took. Two principal roads then led from Jerusalem to Damascus. They both followed for some time the same direction, by Bethel and the valley of Sychar through Samaria toward Galilee, and then, branching off, the one crossed the Jordan south of the Sea of Tiberias, and proceeded direct to Damascus, the other passed to the north of the sea, and very probably joined the former shortly before reaching the city, and entered by the same gate.

Saul perhaps did not know what influence the new religion was acquiring in Samaria, or he was so bent on accomplishing the main purpose of his mission in the Syrian capital, that he would appear not to have lingered in order to oppress the Churches by the way. After passing the Jordan, north or south of the lake, either road crosses the fertile plateau of Bashan, and descends through the rocky defiles of Gaulonitis into the plain of Iturea. Great Hermon, “that chief of mountains”—the tower of Lebanon, which looketh towards Damascus—its summit clad with almost continuous snow, and its slopes sprinkled with trees, rises directly west of the plain. It was as they came near the city that the great event took place. A broad belt of desert girds the rich gardens which surround the city and divides them from the hills on the west. Across this the band of persecutors wend their weary way: they

might easily detect the city nestled in the green enclosure of its beautiful gardens, and their fervour and fanatical zeal might mount the higher as they approached their destination. But the mind of Saul would be by no means insensible to the beauties of natural scenery, for his early home had been one of the most picturesque spots of earth; and nothing can exceed the beauty of that one extensive grove, in the centre of which the city of Damascus seems dropped, and is like a diamond set with emeralds: every variety of foliage combines in a harmony most grateful to the eye,—the dark sombre green of the olive, the light hues of the orange, the fig, the almond, and the mulberry, with the silvery sheen of the poplar; the long bare ridge of Anti-Lebanon, stretching away to the north-east, forms the background of the picture. The splash of waters, the waters of the sweet Abana and Pharpar, and the not unpleasant though low monotonous hum of the waterwheel is heard in the distance. No doubt then, even more than now, the traveller met at every advance long strings of camels laden with the produce of the provinces, or returning with the wares of the city, and bodies of Bedawy mounted on their high-spirited horses, decked with gaudy trappings.

It is both pleasant and profitable to us to seek to reproduce the scenes of the Bible, for we are thus brought nearer to the persons and the events.

It was midday, the birds were silent in the trees, the hush of noon was over the city and the gardens, the sun was burning fiercely in the sky, when suddenly a light shone from heaven,—a light so terrible and incomprehensible as that they were afraid,—a light which they can best understand who have experienced the full glare of the midday sun in the East, for it was a light above the brightness of the sun, shining round about Saul, and them that journeyed with him; all fell to the ground in terror, or stood dumb with amazement, but all heard not the voice, or if they heard did not understand the words that were spoken; the words were in the Hebrew tongue, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me; it is hard for thee to kick against the pricks." Startled, no doubt, by so direct an address and challenge, Saul asked in reply, "Who art thou, Lord," and he answered, "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest." The words of Jesus and the whole circumstances had found their way to the heart of Paul; that voice had spoken as none had ever before spoken, and when he rose from the earth

he had undergone a great change; he rose humbled and subdued, and ready to obey the will of Him who had spoken to him from heaven. But when he opened his eyes all was dark around, the brightness of that vision had made him blind, and his companions led him into the city. He saw not the gardens through which the path led; the rippling of the streams, or the splash of the fountains which fell on his ear, but would scarcely awaken his mind, absorbed as it was with the event which had just happened. Three days the blindness continued. Into the conflict of those three days who can attempt to enter, or fathom the anxiety and anguish which were so deep and piercing that during this time he neither ate nor drank. But at length in his blindness he had a vision, and one, whose name was revealed as Ananias, came and laid his hands upon him that he might receive his sight. A similar intimation was made from on high to Ananias, whose fears as to coming into contact with one known as a persecutor of the Christians were overcome, and through him Saul was restored to sight. It was no doubt for a wise purpose that one of the principal scenes by which we receive impressions from the outer world was closed to Saul, and he was shut up more exclusively to his own meditations, and to give his mind to prayer unto Him who had so marvellously appeared to him by the way. Three days of communion with God, for such they no doubt were, confirmed the work which had already been begun in the mind of Saul, and he was prepared for what Ananias informed him, that the Lord had said unto him, "he is a chosen vessel unto me, to bear my name before the Gentiles, and kings, and the children of Israel."

After the recovery of his sight he was baptized, and received into the fellowship of the disciples, and beginning at once the work to which he had been designated, continued in it with increasing vigour for many days. And thus was our Apostle separated unto the Gospel of God; "an apostle not of men, neither by man, but by Jesus Christ, and God the Father, who raised him from the dead."

Three years elapsed from the time of his conversion till he went up to Jerusalem, but what portion of this time he spent in Arabia, or how long he continued at Damascus, we cannot determine. We are left wholly to conjecture, as to his purpose in visiting Arabia, and we are not able satisfactorily to determine what

portion of the extensive country often known by this name is alluded to. But Saul had now himself become the object of hatred to the Jews, who sought to kill him, and he only escaped from them by the disciples letting him down by night, in a basket from the wall. On escaping from Damascus he betook himself to Jerusalem, and " essayed to join himself to the disciples; but they were all afraid of him, and believed not that he was a disciple;" but Barnabas, whose name was soon to be so closely associated with his, became his sponsor to the church at Jerusalem; assured them of Saul's conversion, and subsequent behaviour at Damascus. Our Apostle himself tells us in his Epistle to the Galatians that his motive in going up to Jerusalem was to seek Peter; that he abode with him fifteen days; that the only other Apostle that he saw was James the Lord's brother. During his stay in the city he was earnest in preaching the Gospel, but was soon singled out from the other believers as the object of a murderous hostility, and was therefore again urged to flee, and by the way of Cæsarea returned to his native city Tarsus.

L'Original, July, 1864.

SUNDAY AT MASSENA.

A worthy friend, whose eye had fallen on certain lines in a local newspaper, descriptive of every day life at " the Springs," thus congratulates the writer:—" I got two of the Massena jottings, and augured well of your being still under the influence of the *Kakoethes Scribendi*." Many readers of *The Presbyterian* need not be told the meaning of the classical phrase here italicized; it is fair, however, to presume that some do not, and that they would like to have it explained. The writer is at this moment, in mood most compliant, and, though at the manifest risk of his repute, the literal interpretation of the thing shall be given. *Kakoethes* is a Greek word and signifies a *bad custom* or *habit*. *Scribendi* is a sort of verbal noun, from the Latin *scribo*, to write, which by an easy transition gives us the English terms "scribe," and *scribbler*. The two together, as above quoted, are commonly rendered in Queen's English, "*an itch for writing*," "*a diseased propensity for authorship*." See then, dear reader, how I stand before thee! and let my self-abasement extenuate, in *thine* eyes, my thirst for fame. To be honest, I am under a certain, to me pleasurable, constraint to hold converse with thee at this time, and yet once again, ere our mutual friend the editor, shall have implemented his engagement with "sweet seventeen."

With little impropriety, perhaps, might have been sent to these pages some notes of "weeks spent at Massena," but, with less, it may now be told how the sacred day of rest is observed, how "these peaceful hours" pass at a fashionable watering place in a foreign land. Though I shall here speak favourably of Sundays at Massena and not at all of other days, let none infer approval of what is perhaps too common a practice,—that of spending the six days given to us for our own employment at our usual avocations, and using the seventh, God's holy Sabbath day, as a season of recreation and amusement. Rather let the sentiment be conveyed, that the Sabbath is more likely to be profitably spent by all of us *at Home*—by occupying our own pew in our own place of worship; listening to the words of "counsel and comfort" that may be addressed to us by our own stated country parson; and in spending as much of the residue of the day as we can in promoting the spiritual welfare of ourselves and others to whom our influence may extend; not by making religious exercises a weariness to the flesh; not by converting the hours into, what Mr. Carlyle would call, "a petrified Sabbath," but in such a manner appreciating and improving them as shall enable us, in the end, to look back upon our Sabbaths as the happiest—the least misspent portion of our time upon earth.

Sundays more than one I have spent at Massena, and each, I may truly say, has left a distinct and pleasing impress on my memory. There is an irresistible charm about novelty, against which few are proof. No man of ordinary observation can go even a short distance from home without seeing and hearing something that may be turned to good account. No matter how wide the range of previous travel, or the extent of reading, or the sphere of society in which he may have moved, the wisest man, while life lasts, may "live and learn."

True, there are narrow-minded ones who measure every thing by their own petty standard, and who, if capable of appreciating good qualities in others, have neither the manliness nor the honesty to acknowledge them. It is possible that some such churl may have taken up this paper, and when he learns that Massena lies not in Canada, but in the county of St. Lawrence and State of New York, may be disposed, doubting, Nathaniel-like, to say, "can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Our first impulse is to bid him an affectionate farewell; but on second thought, we address to him the kind invitation of Philip, "come and see:" or, as said Moses to his brother-in-law, "come then with us, and we will do thee good:"

at least we shall try. To get there, we shall go aboard of the steamer *Alexandra* or *Lord Elgin* at Montreal or Prescott, or any intermediate port of call: this will take us comfortably and cheaply to Louisville Landing. There we shall find in waiting a good old fashioned stage coach, such as we read of, to convey us to the Springs, distant seven miles. In one hour we shall be at the door of the "United States Hotel," or as it is called, *par excellence*, "the Big House." Outwardly it is an imposing structure of brick; within there is no imposition. It is quiet, orderly, comfortable, "neat but not gaudy;" in short, it is a *first class* house. On the door step we are met by a square-built intelligent, rubicund-faced, English-looking man, whose deep rich tones of voice will remind you of the landlord of the "Royal Oak," or the "Crown Hotel," in the land where your forefathers sleep. This is Mr. Pine, mine host, who conducts you to the office, where his two partners of graver mien, receive you politely. You record your name in the visitors' book, and then you run your eye over the list, and see with whom you are to associate for a time. Your new messmates hail from all the North Eastern States of the Union, so that if you wish, you may acquire some insight into American life and manners, or if it shall be more agreeable to you, more familiar names you will find from nearly every part of Canada lying within the watershed of the Laurentides. The Americans are quite accessible, they don't *tall* speak through their nose: some are very intelligent, and, if I do not mistake, you will find most of them very willing to reciprocate friendly feelings with "the Britishers." If you are an invalid, you may drink freely of the sparkling spring water; it will do you good. You will soon acquire an astonishing appetite for the creature comforts, here provided for you. If not an invalid, still drink, and *keep cool*. You will note that there is no bar-room, and that gambling, horse racing, and other disreputable appliances for "killing time" are here unknown. You may walk, ride, drive, fish, bathe, or boat sail; read your "Blackwood," "Good Words," or the last Quarterly, or otherwise amuse yourself while your guide is "takin' notes," or consoling himself with a pipe:—*Chacun a son gout*.

Now let us suppose a Sunday morning about the middle of July: a very bright morning it is: the heat is very great—as measured by the thermometer, it is 91° in the shade. The hour is half-past ten, and the place, the drawing room. An hour and a half ago we had broken fast in company with 150 guests, a large per-

centage of whom are again seated around us, or clustered about the doors and windows, on the verandah and in the hall. The walls are hung with a few oil paintings and water colours; before you pronounce them daubs, give them a careful inspection—you will find that they are gems. Let me tell you,—for the modest artist will not,—that the paintings are done by Mr. Pine, and that the others were brought by him from Rome. He is a man of travel, and instead of boring you with American politics, he will talk to you about Herculaneum and Pompeii, about Switzerland, Paris, and London, about Edinburgh and the Trossachs: *that* will do you good. Notice a coloured engraving on the centre of the east wall: it is a sketch of Raffaele's great picture, "The Transfiguration." It is presumed that you have never been in Rome, nor seen the original—You may have seen an engraving of it, but not so good a one, perchance, as this: at all events you have heard of it. No! Know then that by competent critics it is conceded to be the greatest painting not only in Rome but in the world. This may serve to give you some idea of the design. It is not like any picture you ever saw before. It is neither strictly historical nor allegorical, but a blending of both. The upper part of the tableau portrays our Lord floating in the air—Moses and Elias on either side—Peter, James, and John beneath, prostrate on the Mount. The lower part represents the scene described by St. Matthew, "after they had come down from the mountain, and when they came to the multitude." A wonderful group is here. See the vacant unearthly stare of the lunatic,—*"sore vexed with the dumb spirit."* Observe the imploring—terribly earnest-face of the father of the child who has brought him to the disciples, "and they could not cure him:?" one disciple—is it the physician, Luke?—is turning over the pages of the Book of the Law, but no help is there! while near by, another with uplifted hand is pointing to the Glorified Redeemer—the Great Physician—who forgiveth our iniquities and healeth our diseases. Here, too, are weeping females, contemptuous Jewish Rabbi, learned scribes, and supercilious, self-righteous Pharisees. You may study this picture even on a Sunday morning, and, if you read aright the comfortable doctrines, and the heavenly precepts which it is designed to convey, *this* too, will do you good. But hush! —a low deep voice! "Let us worship God by singing the 74th hymn." Divine service has commenced. We are strangers, and may be excused in that we have no book, but so clear and audible the

sweet voice of her who presides at the piano and leads, we can follow every word. The lines are beautiful, let us recommend them to our good friend the Convener of the Synod Committee on psalmody: they are by Lyte, as follows:

This is the day the Lord hath made;
O earth, rejoice and sing;
Let songs of triumph hail the morn;
Hosanna to our King!

The stone the builders set at naught,
That stone has now become
The sure foundation, and the strength
Of Zion's heavenly dome.

Christ is that stone, rejected once
And numbered with the slain;
Now raised in glory o'er his Church
Eternally to reign.

This is the day the Lord hath made;
O earth, rejoice and sing;
With songs of triumph hail the morn;
Hosanna to our King!

and now the instrument is reverently closed, and the piano-top extemporized into a reading-desk. Does this offend you? Think of the drum-head—the army chaplain's pulpit in the tented battle-field. Think of "the friend of publicans and sinners," and of how He said, "cleanse first that which is *within* the cup and platter."

The Reverend Dr. McClintock, a methodist, from New York—a man of European fame, whose eloquence is said to have "brought down the House" in Exeter Hall—conducts the devotional part of the service. Fervently the good man prays for his country distracted and torn by civil war—for the bleeding and dying on the field of strife—for the grief-stricken widow and fatherless—that rulers may be endowed with wisdom from on high—that the people may know themselves to be but men.

Mr. Weed, a Presbyterian, is the preacher of the day. His subject is the "battle of death," and his text, *Ecc. viii. 8.* "There is no discharge in that war." He describes war—"glorious war"—with its "pomp and circumstance," as conceived by the youthful enthusiast,—a dream of soul-stirring music, of gold tassels, gay uniforms, prancing steeds and flashing arms. Again of war, "*horrida bella*," as it really is, a scene of blood, groans, tears and death; where legions of infuriated men, enveloped in dust and smoke, deafened with the din of artillery and clash of arms, amid gore and mangled corpses, struggle, and shout, and strive to thrust the bayonet and sword into a living wall of

flesh, in turn to be stricken down with unseen stroke, or torn with whistling shot.

Another warfare there is, which all of us are too apt to forget. Wars there are within and around us. The world is a battle-field, the whole human family combatants; the grim King of Terrors, the common enemy. It is respecting this warfare that the text says, "there is no discharge." Wellington has been dignified with the name of victor over the world's Conqueror; but the hero of Waterloo has had to succumb to a foe more invincible than Napoleon. So it shall be with us all. There is no exemption: no substitute will be accepted *and there is no discharge.* To the child who knows neither good nor evil, death comes not, indeed, as a warrior, but as a heavenly harvester—to the Christian as a kind janitor, who opens to the faithful disciple the crystal gates of Emmanuel's land—to the unrepentant and hardened sinner, as a strong man armed, with whom he must wage eternal, hopeless warfare, in prospect, "a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation," "for there is no peace, saith my God to the wicked."

The service has occupied one hour and a half, and it is yet an hour until dinner time. The piano is again opened. The same lady seated before it. Perhaps you expect now to hear *Brinly Richard's* latest march or polka, or a passage from "*Fra Diavolo.*" "What vandalism!" you are ready to exclaim, "would that I were in a land where Sabbath's are not disturbed by "*a kist fu' o' whistles!*" Stay a moment: See! a band of children, American and Canadian, ranged in line with book in hand. It is the "*Sabbath Bell,*" familiar as a household word in all our Sunday Schools. "Do you know this one? "*O do not be discouraged for Jesus is your friend:*" "Why yes, we sing that in our school:" and this? "*I'm glad I'm in this army:*" "to be sure we do," and "*joyfully, joyfully?*" "Of course we do, let us sing *that.*" How their little faces brighten at the discovery: sweetly and joyfully they sing together until the dinner bell rings, and again in the afternoon. Listen, my friend, admit, that *this* has done you good.

In the cool of the evening, let us walk over to the village—it is only a mile. Here are three churches,—Baptist, Presbyterian, and Methodist. We will enter the first named. It is a neat brick building with a tinned steeple. I see you are eyeing that marble slab over the door. What see you there? "*Baptist house, erected 1827,*" "*House! House!*" How very queer!" Good friend I see nothing queer about it—saving your captious propensity. In my humble opinion the Baptist

have the right of it, and we who call it a Church are wrong. "This is none other but the *House of God*;" (Gen. xxviii. 7.) "Come let us go up to the *House of God*" (Is. ii. 3.) "Even them will I bring to my holy mountain, and make them joyful in my house of prayer for, *my House shall be called a house of prayer for all people*;" (Is. lvi. 7). The word *Church* is nowhere used in the Bible to designate a building; the meaning it would have us attach to it may, I apprehend, be gathered from that passage of St. Paul to the Romans, "Greet the church that is in their house," that is to say, the company of believers, be they few or many. If you must have a term more distinctive than *House*, our own word "*Kirk*" comes nearer to propriety than "*Church*:"—the former is a derivative, the latter an Anglo-Saxon corruption, of the original "*Κύριος οίκος*," literally *Lord's House*, whence *Κυριακον*, the Greek word for a place of worship; whence, too, plainly come, the Dutch, "*Kerk*;" German, "*Kirche*;" Swedish "*Kyrka*;" Danish "*Kirke*:" and Scotch "*Kirk*." If this does not convince you we shall argue the matter at some other time; now, let us go in. A Presbyterian is in the pulpit, and that is "*brother Smith*," the Baptist minister, sitting beside him. Had you been here a few Sundays ago you would have found a Methodist preacher in this same pulpit, the house filled by about an equal number from the three Congregations. Here, then,

learn, that sectarianism has assumed a mild type. We offer no strictures on the conduct of the service. Our testimony, in general terms is, that the sermons we heard on Sundays at Mas-sena were all characterized by great plainness of speech, and their practical tendency to impress upon hearers the duty of national and individual humility, and of recognising the retributive justice and severity of the Almighty in these trying days of calamity. In this, as in most American Churches, the congregation stand to sing: and sit at prayer; this last, a most unseemly, undevotional attitude. We are not sticklers about posture—Solomon stood and prayed at the dedication of the temple, "and the Lord heard his prayer." (1 Kings viii.) Paul kneeled down on the sea shore, and prayed with them all (Acts xx. 36). But we have no authority for listless sitting at prayer. The singing in this little country church is the softest and most harmonious I remember to have heard anywhere. And now, my imaginary friends, we must part. Has "*Jacob*" over-taxed your patience?—you know of course, that it is he who has been adressing you. You remember that terribly long sermon your minister preached to you, a while ago: had you expostulated with *him*, no doubt he would have replied that, so numerous were the interruptions during his hours of study, "he really had not time to make it shorter." I must ask you to take his answer as my apology.

Notices and Reviews.

THE WORKS OF RICHARD SIBBES, D.D.
Vol. vii., containing Miscellaneous Sermons, &c.

THE WORKS OF DAVID CLARKSON, B.D.
Vol. i., Sermons, &c. Montreal; Dawson Brothers.

The former of these volumes is the last of the complete works of the "heavenly" Sibbes, and the reader will find it to be characterized by the excellencies which distinguish all the author's writings, and form their great merit, namely, tenderness, richness, and power, combining everywhere to the production of spiritual comfort.

The second is the first of the practical works of a sound thinker, a vigorous theological writer, and an earnest expostulator, concerning whom little is known besides the date and place of his birth. That he was ejected from the rectorial living of Mortlake,

Surrey, by the Act of Uniformity in 1662, that he spent twenty years thereafter in retirement and study, and then became co-pastor with Dr. John Owen of London, and upon Owen's death, minister of his congregation, until 1682, in which year he closed his career, are almost the only facts that are preserved. But, judging from this volume, his works are worthy of the place assigned to them in the series of standard divines of the Puritan period now in course of publication by Nichol of Edinburgh.

These two volumes connect the third and fourth years' issue of the series, the second being the last of the former, and the first the commencement of the latter: and it is extremely gratifying to find that the extensive scheme of the publisher has hitherto been quite a success, as, from its exceeding utility and extraordinary inexpensiveness to purchasers, it deserves to be.

SAVAGE AFRICA, being the Narrative of a Tour in Equatorial, Southwestern, and Northwestern Africa: By W. Winwood Reade. Fellow of the Geographical and Anthropological Societies of London, &c. Montreal; Dawson Brothers.

The appearance of this volume will tend to quicken the interest in Africa which distinguished travellers have recently revived. Written in a racy, humorous vein, by one who has the faculty of turning small adventures to account for the gratification of his readers, while he possesses the art of minutely and vividly describing whatever he observes, it will be found to be full of instruction and entertainment. We are disposed to accept the narrative as truthful, and confess to having derived much enjoyment from its perusal. But we demur to many of the author's opinions and conclusions, notwithstanding the advantageous circumstances under which he expresses them. The last chapter, entitled "the redemption of Africa," which professes to give a deliberate judgment as to the best mode of civilizing that continent, is a most humiliating *finale* to the book. The author seems thoroughly convinced of the futility of Christian missions in Western Africa. The Catholic religion has not succeeded, and what chance is there for the Protestant creed? Marriage he considers a purely secular question; and polygamy, which he does not know to be forbidden in the New Testament, except in the case of the clergy, has a most salutary effect in redeeming Africa. Mohammedanism, which is "the religion of God," as well as the religion which through Moses civilized the Hebrews, and through Christ the Western world, is the grand instrumentality for African civilization. Even now the followers of Mohammed, "a servant of God," "are redeeming Africa." Mr. Reade accordingly advises the abandonment of what he calls the absurd project of converting Mussulmans, and exhorts Christians to aid Mohammedans in their great work.

HISTORY OF FRIEDRICH THE SECOND: CALLED FREDERICK THE GREAT. By Thomas Carlyle. Vol. IV. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

This is the last volume of a work which not a few regard as Carlyle's greatest. The author leaves his mark upon an intensely interesting portion of continental history, and henceforth to have mastered his "Friedrich the Second" will be to have exhausted

whatsoever is worth knowing in connection with that name. The peculiarities of Carlyle's style adapt themselves much better than we had expected to the grave details of history. Its verbal conceits, offensive and bothersome a little at first, soon come to have a charm for the reader.

HYMNS FOR PUBLIC WORSHIP, selected by the Committee of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland on Psalmody. A new edition, revised and enlarged. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London, 1864.

We have just received a copy of this little work, which has been recently published at Edinburgh. It is an improvement upon its predecessor, but this is all that can be said in its favour, and it is not much; for it was universally felt that the first edition completely failed of its purpose, and was quite unworthy of the venerable name which it bore upon its title page. About twenty of the old hymns have been discarded, and about fifty new ones added, making now a collection of one hundred and twenty. The same want of discrimination which characterized the former edition is again visible, both in the hymns which have been excluded, and in those which have been admitted.—one or two of the best hymns, with some of second rate character, yet superior to the majority in the book, unaccountably disappearing: while of the new ones, for every hymn that we can welcome, there are two that we must disapprove. It is evident, upon looking over both collections, that very little care has been taken to produce a good collection, that the true nature of a hymn is not very well understood, neither good nor bad hymns being estimated as they ought to be, and that the wide field now open to the compiler has not been traversed. No language can be too strong in condemning the wretched tampering with classic lines whose beauty and finish place them above all interference, and in which it is for the interest of posterity that they should go down unmolested. It is laughable indeed, were it not melancholy, to see the change for the worse which a noble stanza will undergo under the manipulation of an unsympathetic and tasteless compiler. All through these volumes a foolish pencil has been at work with the best hymns they contain.

We are sorry to write in this strain of a work which bears the *imprimatur* of a Committee of the Church of Scotland; but the interests of truth and of the Church require

it. The time has come when a hymn-book will be welcomed by many of our people. nay, will be necessary to their comfort, and a judicious movement we believe would have met with entire success. We cannot regard these two attempts of the Committee as anything else than a befooling of the whole subject; and certainly as to their results, there could be no more effective means taken

of crushing the movement in favour of a hymn-book. Church committees are often hastily and carelessly appointed, and individuals are assigned work to do for which they have neither the inclination nor the fitness. Judging from these two editions, a wrong committee has been drafted; or, if there are good names upon it, the work is not done.

The Churches and their Missions.

NEW BRUNSWICK.—We have received a copy of the printed Minutes of the Synod in connection with the Church of Scotland, held at Chatnam in July, but so late that we have little space to notice the proceedings. The Rev. J. Wells, of New Richmond, C. E., was elected Moderator; but owing to an accident which happened to him on his way to the Synod, he was prevented from being present, and the Rev. J. Kidd was chosen in his stead. An appropriate tribute was inserted in the Minutes to the memory of the late Rev. J. Steven, of Restigouche. Particular measures were taken to secure congregational statistics. The Synod declined to recommend any collection for the Jewish Mission Scheme. The Rev. T. Duncan, of Charlottetown, P. E. I., and the Hon. John Holmes, of Nova Scotia, were present as corresponding members. A Committee was appointed to consider the question of union between the Synods of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Full reports were presented of the Synod Fund, the Bursary, the Home Mission, and Orphanage Schemes.

SCOTLAND.—During the last month, six new parishes *quoad sacra* have been added to the Church of Scotland by decree of the Court of Teinds. The parishes so erected consist of the important charges of Park and Sandysford, in the city of Glasgow; Morningside (Edinburgh); Dalbeattie, in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright; the West Church, Grief; and Tarbert (Argyllshire).

Dr. Hill, ex-Professor of Divinity in Glasgow College, is worthily interesting himself in the formation of a Society to supplement small livings in the Church of Scotland. He offers to manage the Society until a meeting of subscribers takes place to regulate future proceedings.

The chief event of religious interest during the month has been the meeting of the British Conference of the Evangelical Alliance at Edinburgh. It was arranged to have this Edinburgh meeting in July, instead of in September or October, as usual, since it was expected that more strangers would travel northward in summer than later in the season. The result did not prove the advisability of the change. The number of English and continental visitors was very small, and the Alliance, in its extent, was not well represented. The want of numbers was, however made up for

by the excellence of several of the addresses. Those of Dr. McCosh, of Belfast, on "The present tendency of religious thought in Great Britain and Ireland;" Dr. Cairns on Dr. Strauss's new *Leben Jesu*; and Professor St. Hilaire, of Paris, on "Evangelical Work in France," were of special interest.

ENGLAND.—The judgment adopted on the famous "Essays and Reviews" is in the following terms:—"That this Synod, having appointed committees of the Upper and Lower Houses to examine and report upon the volume entitled "Essays and Reviews," and the said committees having severally reported thereon, doth hereby synodically condemn the said volume, as containing teaching contrary to the doctrine received by the United Church of England and Ireland, in common with the whole Catholic Church of Christ."

This decision has since been the cause of a most important debate in the House of Lords. The Lord Chancellor treated it with the utmost contempt, as worthless and incompetent; as exposing the bishops, if they attempted practically to carry it out, in case of the presentation of the writers to livings, to the penalty of *premunire*; as an attempt, in fact, if it meant anything, to impugn the headship of the Queen in matters spiritual, one of the most serious ecclesiastical offences that could be committed. His Lordship, between whom and the Bishop of Oxford there is little friendship, pointing to him as the assumed author of the sentence, described it as "a series of well-lubricated terms, a thing so oily and saponaceous that no one could grasp it. Like an eel, it slips through your fingers. It is simply nothing; and I am glad to tell my noble friend, Lord Houghton, it is simply nothing—it is literally no sentence at all." The Bishop of Oxford expressed his dissent from the opinions of the Lord Chancellor, as well as his surprise at the spirit of his lordship's speech. a speech which he characterized as derogatory to the dignity of the house, and fitted only to lower his own high position, and declared his determination at all hazards to raise legitimately the voice of the Church in the case of men who were tampering with their solemn oaths. The following quotation from the statute still in force (37 Henry VIII. c. 17), seems to bear out the views of the Lord Chancellor. In that Act, it is declared that the King "hath always justly been, by the word of God, supreme head in earth of the

Church of England, and hath full power and authority to correct, punish, and repress all manner of heresies, errors, vices, sins, abuses, idolatries, hypocrisies, superstitions, sprung up and growing with the same, and to exercise all other manner of jurisdictions commonly called ecclesiastical jurisdictions." In the same statute, it is asserted that "the archbishops, bishops, archdeacons, and other ecclesiastical persons have no manner of jurisdiction ecclesiastical, but by, under, and from your Royal Majesty." And, again, it is said:—"But forasmuch as your Majesty is the only and undoubted supreme head of the Church of England, and also of Ireland, to whom, by Holy Scripture, all authority and power is wholly given to hear and determine all manner of causes ecclesiastical whatsoever, and to all such persons as your Majesty shall appoint thereunto, that, in consideration thereof, as well for the instruction of ignorant persons, as also to avoid the occasion of the opinion aforesaid, and the setting forth of your prerogative royal and supremacy," &c.—*Christian Work.*

IRELAND.—The following are statistics of the Presbyterian Church for the year:—

Last year 78,302 families were reported as claiming connection with the Church; this year, 84,112. Last year there were 117,849 communicants on the roll; this year, 121,132. The sittings in the churches had increased from 212,352 to 218,156. The stipend papers had increased from 64,686 to 66,155. Seat rents paid, from 29,141l. 9s. 10d. to 30,464l. 1s. 5d. The amount paid to ministers from seat rents and supplement together was from 28,561l. 4s. 3d. to 29,910l. 0s. 0½d., giving an addition of 1357l. 15s. 9½d. 210 manse were reported this year, instead of 200 last year. The congregational debt had increased from 44,201l. 14s. 2d. to 44,267l. 4s. 9½d.; Sabbath collections increased from 9236l. 8s. 10d. to 9937l. 0s. 0½d. The amount raised for building and debt had fallen from 30,273l. 3s. 6d. to 27,169l. 6s. 8½d.; and missionary collections from 9788l. 14s. 4d. to 9627l. 8s. 6½d. The contributions from Sabbath-schools had risen from 438l. 2s. 1d. to 452l. 13s. 9d. The whole sum raised during the year for all purposes was 81,859l. 15s. 0½d., but was less than last year by 700l. 5s. 1½d.—*Ibid.*

RUSSIA.—A long and very interesting tour was made by two of our helpers of the American Turkish mission last summer, to the north-east, extending some distance into Russia. They visited Kars, so well known in connection with the Crimean war. In several places in Russia, they found the truth had taken root through little or no human agency, and was spreading in spite of bitter persecution from the old churches and the Government. In Alexandropol, there were some fifty enlightened persons. One of these, a priest who had excited the enmity of his bishop, by reproving him for taking bribes, had been seized and imprisoned by Russian soldiers. There, we have lately learned, he afterwards died from exposure and privation. At Rakhvalley, also, and at Tiflis, a very large city, they found a goodly number, who, under great oppression, in the face of persecution, and many other serious

obstacles, were groping their way towards the light.

But it is particularly worthy of mention that they found the largest number of enlightened persons in Echmiadzin which, you are aware, is the residence of the Catholicos, or ecclesiastical head of all the Armenian Church. The present incumbent of that office is one Matteos, formerly bishop in this city, and well known throughout all Turkey as a violent persecutor. In this small city,—within a stone's throw of this powerful and relentless ecclesiastic,—where such tyranny prevails that they dare not sing in their secret meetings, nor be seen conversing together in the streets, with no earthly spiritual guide, no less than seventy-two have shaken off their old superstitions, and are diligently seeking salvation through Christ alone.

This oppressed people hailed our helpers with great joy, and enjoyed from them, though with fear and trembling, a precious season of instruction and spiritual communion. They earnestly begged to know if something could not be done to secure to them religious freedom, and a spiritual guide and teacher. We are anxious to enter these providential openings, but at present do not deem it advisable to attempt active operations within the Russian borders. We hope, however, through the bounty of your society, or the relieved embarrassments of the Board, to be able, at an early day to establish a depot of books, and to support a helper at Kars, from which point much more can be done for this poor people in Russia than we are able to do here.—*Ibid.*

INDIA.—In common with many other elements of Government dealings with the natives of India, Education has been liberalised, its sphere enlarged, and its whole tone improved. It has risen greatly in the character and attainments of the gentlemen who are Professors appointed to the different Government Colleges. While all are expected to be scholars, several are also Christian men of name and weight in the Church of Christ. The range of studies now includes a large amount of History taught from the best authorities of modern days; Mental and Moral Philosophy, as taught by Sir William Hamilton and Dr. Mansel, Dr. Wayland and Dr. Payne; Political Economy, as taught by John Stuart Mill; with Logic and Rhetoric, and other studies, expounded in books of equal weight and worth. Teachers are no longer restrained from giving moral instruction, and even those direct Christian explanations which spring naturally from the day's lesson. Ordained clergymen are no longer ineligible as professors in these institutions. In fact, all the branches of a broad and varied system of Education, intellectual and moral, are ably taught, and only that direct religious instruction is wanting which the Government declines to give. But even that is not altogether absent. All Government Schools and Colleges are surrounded by missionary and Christian influence, and their students are to no small extent influenced by the efforts of missionaries, as well as by the Christian instruction floating through the country at large. A large proportion of these students get hold

of Christian books and portions of the Bible: and they are also in constant communication with Christian converts. These things are more completely true of Calcutta, the headquarters of Government Education in Bengal, than of other parts of the country.

Is it not then very hard, is it not even unjust, to call this system of Education *godless*? Certainly its aims are not so. Its spirit is not so. Its English teachers are not so. The influences which surround it are not so. Can its studies any longer be characterised as godless, either from deficiency of range, from wilful omission, or the unchristian character of the writers, whose works are the authorities recognized?—*Ibid.*

THE NEW HEBRIDES MISSION.—The New Hebrides were first discovered by Quiros in 1606. Quiros had been major pilot to Mendana in his voyages of discovery. He supposed the New Hebrides to be part of the great southern continent—the object that filled the imaginations of all the early adventurers,—and called it *Tierra del Espiritu Santo*. In the large Bay of St. Jago, in the north end of the largest island, he founded a town, which he called *La Nueva Jerusalem*—The New Jerusalem—but which was subsequently abandoned. Nothing more was known of this group for more than a century and a half. In 1768, Bougainville ascertained that the land discovered by Quiros was not a continent, but a group of islands. He sailed through the passage that bears his name, between Mallicolo and *Espiritu Santo*, landed upon the Isle of Lepers, and called the group by the name of the Great Cyclades. In 1773, Captain Cook explored the entire group, and called them the New Hebrides, supposing them to be the most western islands in the Pacific. The New Hebrides group extends to about 400 miles in length, lying N.N.W. and S.S.E. between 21 degrees and 15 degrees S. latitude, and 171 degrees and 166 degrees E. longitude. They lie nearly due north of New Zealand. There are from twenty to thirty islands in the group, ten of which are of considerable extent.

After Cook's exploration, this group attracted no notice for more than sixty years. It is only within the last quarter of a century or so that missions and the sandal-wood trade have brought them somewhat prominently before the public. Erromango, one of the islands of this group, has obtained a world-wide notoriety from the lives of four missionaries being sacrificed in the attempt to introduce the Gospel among its benighted and degraded inhabitants. In 1832, the first effort was made to introduce the Gospel into the New Hebrides by John Williams. He left Samoan teachers on Tanna; but on the following day he and his young friend Harris fell martyrs at Dillon's Bay, Erromango. In 1861, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon fell victims, near the same place, to the blind fury of the superstitious natives.

The next attempt to establish a mission on Tanna was made by the Rev. Messrs. Turner and Nisbett, in 1842. They laboured, with much encouragement, for about seven months; but an epidemic breaking out, war followed, and they were obliged to escape for their lives.

Several of the islands continued to be occupied by teachers, but it was not till 1848 that any part of the group was again occupied by missionaries. That year Mr. Geddie, from the Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia, and Mr. Powell, of the London Missionary Society, from Samoa, settled on Aneityum. At the end of the first year, Mr. Powell returned to his former field of labour in Samoa. For the next three years, Mr. and Mrs. Geddie laboured alone. In 1852, I arrived from New Zealand, where I had been labouring for nearly eight years, partly among the natives, and partly among the Scotch settlers. Our arrival was at a most opportune juncture: various forms of opposition had been removed; a movement in favour of Christianity had just commenced, and we arrived just at the most favourable time for assisting to carry it forward. In less than six years after our arrival, in less than ten years after the settlement of missionaries, the whole population (3500) had abandoned heathenism and placed themselves under Christian instruction. In 1857, Mr. Gordon arrived from Nova Scotia, and was settled on Erromango, where he and Mrs. Gordon laboured for four years with considerable encouragement, and without any apparent danger, till the measles broke out, and the people were dying by hundreds on all sides of them. It is a fixed article of belief throughout all those islands, that neither death, disease, nor any calamity, is occasioned by natural causes: they are all produced by sorcery and witchcraft. Their sacred men are all disease-makers. The missionaries are all sacred men: they administer medicines, and profess to cure diseases; and the natural inference is, that if they can cure, they can also cause disease. Working on this feeling, during this awfully exciting time, an enemy to the mission, it is confidently said, instigated the natives against the missionary and his wife, as causing the epidemic. The melancholy result is already stated.

The following year, 1858, three more missionaries joined us.—Mr. Matheson, from the Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia, and Messrs. Paton and Copeland, from the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Scotland. These three brethren were located on Tanna. In 1853, my wife and I, accompanied by a native of Aneityum, returned home in the "John Williams," that I might superintend the printing of the New Testament in the language of Aneityum. Mr. Copeland took charge of our station during our absence. In 1860, Mr. and Mrs. Johnston arrived from Nova Scotia, and were settled on Tanna. All was encouragement and prosperity in our mission, till 1859. Aneityum was Christianised, Erromango and Tanna were supplied with missionaries; and three other islands, Aniwa, Fotuna, and Faté, were supplied with teachers, and ready for the reception of missionaries. It seemed to be only a question of time, that, humanly speaking, could be almost safely calculated, when these five islands would also be Christian: but the Lord's thoughts are not as man's thoughts.

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

Our first trial was in 1859, on the death of

Mrs. Paton: she died six months after her arrival on the island. 1861-2 were, however, the two great years of trial to this mission: in the end of 1860, the measles were brought from Sydney to these islands by two sandal-wood vessels. It would appear as if no care whatever had been taken by those on board to prevent the infection from spreading: it would seem as if they purposely tried to spread the disease, especially at the stations occupied by missionaries and teachers. The results were fearful; on Aneityum more than a third of the population were consigned to their graves; on Erromango the mortality seems to have been still greater. About the same time a fearful hurricane once and again passed over those islands, destroying or damaging mission buildings to a great extent, and laying waste the houses and food plantations of the natives; these were followed by partial famine, which greatly aggravated the calamity caused by the measles. Mr. Johnston died on Tanna about six months after his arrival; Mr. and Mrs. Gordon were massacred on Erromango, as stated above: a fine new church was burned on Aneityum; this was the work of a superstitious heathen, one of a few stragglers that still clung in heart rather than life to the faith of their fathers. This year was altogether one of unprecedented trial both to the missionaries and the natives. In 1862 another great hurricane passed over the islands, laying waste everything in its progress, but was withal less destructive than those of the preceding year. War broke out on Tanna; and in consequence of this, both the mission stations were broken up, and the missionaries fled to Aneityum to save their lives. Mr. Matheson's health was in a precarious state when he first arrived here, and Mrs. Matheson, though in good health, was not robust. They suffered so much during those trying times, that Mrs. Matheson died six weeks after her return to Aneityum. Mr. Matheson survived six months, but died on Maré, whither he had gone for a change of air. Mr. Paton, being driven from Tanna, with no immediate prospect of resuming his labours there, was appointed by his brethren to visit Australia, and bring the claims of this mission before the Christian public there, especially the Presbyterians. The result of his appeals on behalf of the New Hebrides Mission, — his raising nearly 5000*l.* in the different colonies for the new mission vessel, for the bringing out of new missionaries and for the support of native teachers, — these things are all well known. Our new vessel has been built in Nova Scotia, and is, as we hope, at this time on her way out to those islands with a reinforcement of missionaries. Mr. Paton has returned to Scotland to try and obtain a larger staff of missionaries for the New Hebrides; for truly the harvest here is plenteous, but the labourers are few. Mr. and Mrs. Geddie, after nearly sixteen years of hard, incessant labour on this island, are about to pay a visit to Nova Scotia, with the view of recruiting their health and awakening a deeper interest in behalf of this group.

But some may be disposed to say; What has been accomplished by all this expenditure of men and money, — all this waste of life and

labour? To a superficial observer the results might appear very small; but to those who look deeper, the results, as a whole, are worthy of all the expenditure. On all these six islands a great amount of knowledge and experience has been gained, which will be of great advantage in future operations. On every one of them deep impressions in favour of Christianity have been made. On all of them we have a native agency more or less numerous. On Erromango we have a few church members, and a considerable number who profess Christianity and meet every Sabbath for public worship. Within the last few months there has been a decided reaction there in favour of Christianity. We have two teachers and their wives from this island residing on Erromango. They have written to us lately, requesting us to send the other four. On Faté we have a church formed, containing about thirty members, and about 200 who profess Christianity, and maintain the worship of God. On Faté they have never had a missionary residing among them. The work has all been accomplished by native teachers from Samoa and the Hervey Islands; latterly natives from this island have gone to their assistance. The John Williams visits all these islands once a year, and we co-operate with the agents of the London Missionary Society.

On Aneityum, for years past, the whole population has been under Christian instruction. War, murder, cannibalism, the strangulation of widows, and infanticide: all the cruelties and all the abominations of heathenism have passed away. Peace and quietness are everywhere enjoyed; life and property are as secure as in any part of Christendom. It is little more than thirty years since the first ship was seen on the shores of Aneityum. The natives thought it was a *natmas* or god. A white man was put ashore and left; for what cause is unknown. He was carefully scrutinised, then killed, cooked and eaten. When the first vessel came to anchor, after grave debate on the part of the natives as to what was to be done, a party of the most courageous spirits set off to the vessel in a canoe, bearing as an offering cocoa nuts, bananas, and taro. As they approached the vessel, they saw the men on board smoking tobacco; it was a practice utterly unknown to them, "See, see," they said to one another, "these are the *natmasses* of the sun: they are all eating fire!" Now, however, Christianity and civilisation are advancing as rapidly on this island, in proportion to the length of time they have been introduced, as they are doing in any of the Christianised islands of the Pacific. The Sabbath is a day of unbroken religious rest. Family worship night and morning is universal. We have about sixty schools, taught by native teachers, at which the whole population are learning to read, and a large number to write and cipher. The whole of the New Testament, and several books of the Old, are now printed and in the hands of the natives. We have about 500 church members on the island; each missionary has a session, consisting of a good staff of elders and deacons. At the half-yearly communion at Mr. Geddie's station, five weeks ago, there were present three missionaries, twenty-five elders and deacons,

about 300 communicants, and a congregation of about 800. At the communion at my station, a month before that, I admitted forty-four new members. None, however, had been admitted for a twelvemonth before. On our return, Mr. Copeland had a class of candidates, containing upwards of fifty, meeting weekly for instruction. Of these the session were unanimous in admitting forty-four. The rest were detained for further instruction, and a longer trial of character. The attendance upon both churches and schools is remarkably good; better in proportion to the population than I have ever seen it. The prospects of the mission on this island are altogether very encouraging; the severe trials through which the natives have passed have not shaken their faith in the truth and power of the Gospel. They were never more attentive to the means of grace than they are at present, or living apparently more under the influence of God's Word and Spirit.

In August last we received 2000 copies of the Aneityum New Testament, sent out by the British and Foreign Bible Society. We lost no time in letting the natives have access to the Testaments; upwards of a thousand copies are already in their hands; and they are reading them with great interest. As they are being paid for, not by individuals, each one for himself, but by contributions from the entire community, we have done with the Testaments as we have done with all our other books—we have distributed them by merit: we have given them to the best readers first, and only to those who can read tolerably well; we make them prizes to be contended for, but prizes which every one may obtain.

The natives have as yet no money, but they give willingly of what they have. We have introduced the cultivation of cotton this year; and we at one time thought of making them pay for their Testaments from their first year's cotton crop; but to say nothing of the fact, that it will be nearly a twelvemonth before that can be in the market, I found, on our return to this island in July last, that the natives were collecting and preparing a large quantity of arrowroot, as a contribution to the mission, and there was also a quantity lying over from the previous year. In all the circumstances of the case, we advised the natives to appropriate this as part payment for their Testaments. It has been prepared with great care, under the superintendence of the missionaries, hence we can warrant its being genuine. We are very desirous that the natives should pay for the whole of the Testaments, and that their arrowroot should be sold to the best advantage. We are consigning it to earnest friends of our mission in different parts of Australia, New Zealand, and at home. We are sending off just now about 6000 lbs.

The cotton enterprise promises well; the natives are taking up the cultivation of the plant with much energy. There is not a settlement on this island in which there is not more or less planted. Cotton is indigenous to this island; it grows the whole year round, and yields two crops in the year. We have been supplied with the best foreign seed from Manchester. The seed sown in July and August is not only in blossom, but is fast opening its

snow-white silky fibres to the sun. The season, too, has been very propitious; the earth, with maternal fondness, opened her soft, warm bosom to receive the feeble nursling; the paternal sun smiled most lovingly on the timid, trembling exile; and the genial skies shed copious tears of sympathy on this forlorn but promising stranger. Under these fostering influences, it is fast growing up into loving favour, and is becoming the admiration of the whole island. The fact that it is coming so fast to maturity, and promising such a speedy return is giving very sensible support to the rather weak and faltering faith of the planters.

When fully Christianised, but not till Christianised, the commercial value of these islands will become great. The present island trade is doing little or nothing to benefit the natives or develop the resources of the islands. In most cases it is doing the very opposite; it is carried on at great risks; it may enrich a few individuals; it has done so; but it is doing nothing for the general or permanent interests either of commerce or humanity. These islands are totally unfit for colonising purposes: the climate is unhealthy, and there is no extent of unoccupied land. But as far and as fast as the natives are Christianised, they will cultivate and sell cotton, coffee, arrowroot, cocoa-nut oil, oranges, and other tropical productions, and purchase manufactured goods in return. What has been done on one island may, with the blessing of God, be as soon and as effectually done over the whole group, if the missionary agency and the money power are supplied to the requisite amount. If we take the whole history of the South Sea Missions as the basis of our calculations, we find that on an average every missionary sent forth to these islands gathers in 2000 converts, 200 of whom are church members; and every 100*l.* expended on these missions supplies the money power requisite for bringing 100 heathens to the profession of Christianity, ten of whom will be members of the visible church. In the face of all these facts, we do trust that the Churches of New South Wales and of all Australia will awaken to a full sense of the obligations resting upon them, to extend the knowledge of the Gospel among those benighted and degraded, but hopeful islanders. They and others responded nobly to the first appeal made in behalf of this group; but we hope that this will be simply an earnest of general, sustained, and permanent efforts to bring the multitude of these isles under the dominion of Him who is the Prince of Peace, and the Author of eternal salvation.—*Rev. John Inglis.*

PEACE AND HOLINESS.—We must always take it for granted, if we can dare to sin, or can dare to neglect our duty, under an apprehension of the safety of our state, however obtained, or however proved, that we do not now understand the true grace of God; for that makes all who understand it to know and feel that it teaches them to deny all ungodliness and worldly lusts, etc. The satisfaction which the Gospel affords is such, that a person cannot indulge sin without losing that satisfaction, because, in so doing, his heart says that not Christ, but self, is his hope.

Articles Selected.

DAN, THE BOY BISHOP,*

Was the title of a school-fellow whose premature gravity, uncommon genius, and eccentric acquirements, suggested to his contemporaries their prediction of his brilliant future. The school consecrated him a prelate before he reached his teens. There was a curious mediæval expression in his face, which irresistibly reminded you of the sculptures of old bishops and mitred abbots niched up in ancient minsters and abbey walls. His very limbs seemed prematurely set. His tone of voice tolled precociously deep and solemn, like a knell; and his style of amusement was sombre, quiet, and mechanical. I don't mean to infer all this unseasonable eccentricity was desirable. On the contrary, if it had been assumed it would have been absurd and highly objectionable, but it was as much part and parcel of his nature as the playfulness and thoughtlessness of ordinary boys. His mild, unobtrusive way of conducting himself on all occasions, made his gravity as much a check on anything unseemly among the boys as if he had been a junior master. It was a queer anachronism, the appearance of this tiny competitor in the higher forms standing side by side with boys head and shoulders taller and stones heavier and stronger than himself. He was the son of a widow of a naval captain, who had little else beyond her pension to subsist on. She was a quaint clever little body, like her son. The resemblance between mother and child included the moral as well as physical lineaments. She had begun his education almost in the cradle, and he took to it as kindly as if it was another shape of his mother's milk. He entered school at nine years of age, in the third form, and never lost a step from the day he started on the race for the small but symbolical honours of the academy. He knew he had no dependence except upon himself and the blessing of God. Industry was his sole patrimony. He must make himself, if he was ever to become anything. The young wrestler in the game of life began to play the hero before he knew what heroism meant. He had a distinct, perhaps occasionally a bitter perception of the privations which his mother practised for his sake to meet his school expenses; and as she exhibited her care for him in the form of sacrifice and self-denial, his love for her insensibly partook of the same character. He felt that she and he had a hard campaign to fight through; and he fought it with her side by side, and inch by inch, like a fine little fellow as he was, worthy of such a fine little mother as she was. So he wrought manfully at his studies from his earliest boyhood, and had little of the boy about him, as if that were a luxury beyond his means. Dear lad! when some thoughtless young spendthrifts of their pence made fun of him for investing his scanty pocket-money on second-hand school books to keep the cost of new ones out of the half-year's school-bill, they little

thought what a pleasure the young frugal one was purchasing to himself in that shape, in the way of emulating his mother's sacrifice, and literally "booking" the incident to tell her the next holidays. In his case economy was filial piety. In every case, a school-boy's gratuitous profusion is an unfilial sin. Boys don't sufficiently estimate this point. They can *earn* nothing for their parents during their pupilage, but they can save much; "a penny saved is a penny got." Every shilling a boy fairly economizes, is a personal contribution in that shape to the necessary cost of his education and subsistence. My dear boys, think of this, and act upon it more than most of you do. Don't attach such little importance to the items which "go with the bill." Recollect who has to pay it. You really ought to make the self-denial which so often is compulsory on the limited means of parents to meet their boys' bills, at least as light as may be compatible with the object of your being sent to school. Most of us might have been all the better for a leaf cut out of Danny's book. His education was the cheapest of us all, and the most successful of us all. But I won't anticipate. Dan was devoted to his school work. It was his business, his religion. Learning was the form of his obedience to God's law of labour. His books were not the substitutes for personal piety, but the daily line of duty which developed and applied it. There was not a devotee boy in the school in the more direct impulses and observances of religion; only his religious principle was not an isolation, a moral estrangement from other obligations of life, but the sanctifying element which pervaded, raised and influenced them all. The school-boy who merely says his prayers and merely says his lessons, reduces church and school to similar formalities, and makes no real heart progress nor head progress in one or the other. Danny was at school eight years, and for the last two of them stood *primus*, nay *facile princeps*, of the sixth form. As the head boy of the whole school, we reckoned him a miracle of precocious learning. He obtained an exhibition at Oxford, and removed thither in his eighteenth year. At his college, which he entered as a servitor, he further obtained a college scholarship; so that, by dint of frugal habits and uniform self-denial, he was in a position to meet his expenses. All would have gone on smoothly but that, in the providence of God, during his second year symptoms of phthisis appeared, and he was ordered to winter in a warmer climate. The difficulty was the expense. A young surgeon coolly assured a poor half-starved patient who was rapidly sinking from exhaustion: "Pooh, pooh, a dozen of good port will set you all to rights." "But where can I get the port?" inquired the sufferer.

It was pretty much so with Danny and his mother. A winter in the south of France might save his life, but where was the cost to come from? The widowed lady had straitened, bared, and even anticipated her limited resources, to

* From "Old Friends, and what became of them." London: James Nisbet & Co.

support her darling so many years at school ; had borrowed money from friends to furnish Danny's outfit and start on his University course. Means and measures were alike exhausted. What more could she do ? There was no alternative except the sale of her bits of furniture ; breaking up her home, and embarking her last proceeds on the fond adventure of her boy's prospects. She did not hesitate, though the parting with some of her effects cost her many a retrospective pang ; and the sale of trinkets of her youth and of her early married life, was like a final divorcing her from the memories of happier, sunnier days, before she had come in contact with the sharp exactions of poverty. There was a little auction then in the widow's house. Some of the less kindly disposed among her neighbours whispered she was "sold up for rent." Others insinuated Danny's "extravagance up at Oxford had brought his mother into difficulties." A few indeed heard "the reason why," believed it, so far sympathized with the brave little gentlewoman as to buy at the sale several articles at fifty per cent. below their value. But hold hard that sneer :—the baker she had dealt with above twenty years, bought in the Captain's portrait ; and a learned cordwainer, who was "proud of s'oein' a scholar like little Danny," bought his mother's portrait ; and both the worthy tradesmen begged Mrs. W's. acceptance of "the pictures" next day. The selfishness of their neighbours was more on the surface than in their hearts. Both mother and son had "carried their cup so evenly." Their integrity shone out so brightly in their comparative penury, like stars more brilliant for the clear frost through which they glistened, that none who knew them could choose but admire them. The emigration of the widow, with her pallid sickly son, to the warmer temperature of the back of the Isle of Wight, elicited general sympathy. Lots of little portable articles of use, which they could take away with them, instead of being removed by the purchasers after the auction, were presented, in short, feeling, respectful notes of condolence and good wishes, to the widow lady. In fact, to a considerable extent, her friends availed themselves of the opportunity of the auction to raise an indirect testimonial of their appreciation of her character, in the shape of the purchase-money of articles which were thus returned to her. O thou blessed and compassionate Father of the fatherless and God of the widow, how often and in how many ways dost thou bring it to pass that "*out of the eater should come forth meat, and out of the strong should come forth sweetness.*"

Dan and his mother were cheered by these tokens of affection. They were too poor not to value these neighbourly helps, and not too proud gratefully to accept them. On the morning of their departure from Cosham to the pier at Portsmouth, the old shoemaker, himself a studious, clever man, with an unbounded respect for learning, waited on "Master Danny" with a new pair of boots, and asked if he might have the honour "o'fitten' a farewell pair on to the feet o' the greatest scholar and the littlest man as he ever knew."

Dan thankfully sat down, not a little affected at his old friend's kindness, and putting out

his tiny feet, the good cordwainer heartily and reverently pulled on the boots ; and then, while still on his knees, taking Danny's hand, as if the chair were a throne and Danny a king seated on it, he respectfully kissed it and said, with a homely burst of homage, "that this hand, before it be many years older, will be the hand of a bishop,—or else the more glorious palm of an angel, in heaven ! Good-bye, sir ; good luck to you, and the good lady the mother as bore ye, and loves ye, and is proud on ye : so she out to be, but ain't prouder on ye than the old shoemaker, as begs a pair o' yer old shoes for a keepsake in the room of them boots, which the Lord give ye health and happiness to wear down to the welt, and then send 'em back to me to mend 'em."

The worthy baker had called over-night to say "his covered cart was goin' in town for a load o' biscuits in the morning, and would be glad to give them and their luggage a cart to the steamer." It would save a deal of money, so the arrangement was very acceptable. Accordingly, at the appointed hour, Dan and the baker managed to pack inside, or on the roof all their few remaining goods and chattels ; and cheered by the friendly adieus and good wishes of their old neighbours, the widow and her son were driven the five miles to the shore, and embarked for the Isle of Wight. Ventnor is as warm or warmer than any winter quarter round the coast, but the season was unusually severe, and tried Danny's constitution to its utmost powers of endurance. He grew weaker and worse every month. Constant medical attendance, the cost of furnished lodgings, and expensive diet for the invalid, made sad inroads on their little capital. Dan was ordered to cease all reading, to keep perfectly quiet and unexcited, and to live as much as possible in the same temperature. Twice during that weary winter he was brought into crises of imminent danger by the breaking of a bloodvessel. His state of health grew daily more precarious. The winter passed—spring was far advanced, yet he had not recovered strength enough to resume his studies, much less to return to Oxford. Summer set in, and the air of Ventnor no longer suited the invalid. He needed a more bracing atmosphere. Their nearly exhausted means left them no resource but to return to Cosham, where they were able to procure a very humble lodging, and lived in the deepest privacy and seclusion. The old shoemaker found them out, and begging Danny's pardon, looked at the soles of his boots. He shook his head on observing how little they were worn, indicating the little exercise the poor invalid youth, confined to his apartment, could have taken. "Ah," said the old man, "them soles give more odds for the angel nor the bishop. I doubt the wearer has been 'warin' out instead o' the boots. The Lord lov' ye, poor Master Dan, I wish ye could ha' worn 'em better nor that. They're not the fit they was, I'm afeared."

Summer gently stole into autumn, and autumn dropt noislessly, as one of its own leaves on the greensward, into winter again before Dan was sufficiently renovated to indulge the hope of resuming his college career. He however got back at last, having lost a

year. He was advised to resume his book-work cautiously, take exercise moderately, and avoid excitement. The widow engaged apartments in Oxford, and her son lived with her. They practised the most rigid economy. The hope of academical distinction had faded away with Danny's health, and he dared not recover lost time by extra exertion lest it should precipitate a return of his malady. So he read on steadily, but not hard. Never a day passed without a step onward. He looked above for strength and succour; neither neglected his religious duties nor his studies, and both made progress together. He was often hard put to for books—new and expensive books beyond his means,—but somehow or other, now through the sale of other books, then through the loan of a friend, it generally happened that he procured what he wanted. At length he went in for his Degree, and anxiously, at the close of each day's examination, mother and son conversed together on the amount of answering he had been equal to; and both were satisfied he should pass creditably, if with no great *éclat*. It was the crisis of Danny's after-life, the result of those few days of trial and intense excitement. They were soon over, and after the usual interval the class lists were published, and Danny ran home to his mother, his eyes overflowing with tears of joy all the way, breathless and panting to tell her the glorious news, which, when he reached her, he could not tell—his heart was in his mouth and choked his utterance—he could only look wildly at her moving face for a moment or two, and then getting out—"Hurray, mother!" threw himself on her dear neck, and faintly whispered "First class." Yes, the noble little Danny had scored another name on the escutcheon of the school; had multiplied its honours by the addition of his own; had recompensed his admirable mother for all her trials, privations, and anxieties, and secured under God a provision and a standing for them both in after life. It was a moving as well as exemplary spectacle, which the world saw not, but which the eye of God approved, when mother and son fell instinctively upon their knees and consecrated this happy tidings by an act of devout, heartfelt thanksgiving to the blessed Lord who loved the young son of Zebedee, and vouchsafed him the august title, open still to all who believe in Him and serve Him, "The disciple whom Jesus loved."

When little Danny walked into the theatre on Degree day to be admitted B.A., leaning on the arm of his little mother, both in black gowns, and as near a height as possible, but for the bit of a bonnet both might have been taken for inept bachelors. They were no sooner recognised than the galleries raised a deafening shout for the little lady, "the first-class man's mother," and then a still louder shout for Danny himself. The publicity, the enthusiasm, the honour done her for her son's sake, rather frightened the widow, and the continuance of the applause overcame her; she felt faint, and to avoid a scene sat down, and a gush of exulting tears relieved her. The formalities were soon over, and the widow walked out of the theatre on the arm of the Bachelor of Arts, looking proudly and lovingly on his symboli-

cal hood and bands, as who should say, "My son,—my Danny,—oh, if his poor father had seen this day!—Thy will be done." Thus Danny gained a first! He stood at college where he had stood at school, number one. A first-class man at Oxford is a made man for life; "has all the world before him where to choose." Spite of ill health and of a lost year, the sound scholarship which was in him overcame these obstacles, so fatal to the desultory or imperfect student, who, unpossessed of literary capital to fall back upon, has to condense into the brief collegiate course the energy and application essential to a high position which had been far better spread over several previous years of mental training.

With such a degree he had no difficulty in immediately obtaining pupils at a high scale of remuneration. He removed into the country, and in due time was ordained upon a rural cure in their old neighbourhood, the limited duties of which did not prevent his continuing his pupils. He and his excellent mother were rapidly placed in circumstances of comparative affluence. Their humble benefactors in the time of their need received an ample recompense in having the supply of the very large establishment which the widow and her son conducted. In this field of real usefulness to his pupils, alike in a spiritual and intellectual point of view, Danny laboured for many years. At length a colonial bishopric, involving also the charge of an institution for the training of a native ministry, becoming vacant, Danny was selected alike on the score of character and learning. He accepted the post on condition of his beloved mother accompanying him to the scene of his distant labours. It was so agreed between them, and the prediction of his school-fellows was thus fulfilled; "the Boy Bishop" was consecrated to the see of— . There for a few years, and only a few, he lived and laboured, but fell a victim to the climate at an age so early as scarcely to have lost the soubriquet of "the Boy Bishop," so young was he in years, and so much younger still in figure and personal expression. The Right Rev. Daniel, Lord Bishop of—, lies beneath an aisle of the lowly minster which he had been permitted to add to the accommodation of his Cathedral Church. His pious mother, "a widow indeed," and "a mother in Israel," returned to her own land, not sighing, like Naomi, "Call me Mara, for the Lord hath dealt bitterly with me," but bowing down in meek submission to His will who gave and had taken away, acknowledging in both issues, "Blessed be the name of the Lord."—*Family Treasury*.

ON THE DUTY OF GIVING.

The end of the gospel is to bring about a state of matters which has all along been judged Utopian—that state when the disturbed equilibrium of society shall be perfectly restored, and "all men's good shall become each man's rule." It surely cannot be deemed presumption to assert that that perfect balance which exists in all the arrangements of nature, should also be manifested in all the arrangements of society. Let the atmosphere be ex-

hausted in one quarter of the globe, immediately innumerable currents would meet upon the vacant space, rushing in to supply the want. Poverty and heathenism constitute what may be called a social vacuum, one which is intended to be naturally and immediately supplied by the superfluity of others. For it will not do always to assert that these evils are ordinances of God. If they could not be remedied by the charity and wisdom of man, they would be; but not when they are manifestly the result of man's cruelty and neglect. Then it is not God that ordains, but man that hinders. All the arrangements of nature, which are immediately under the control of God, are in perfect harmony. And so would those of society be, were they not left to the administration of selfish and sinful man. Now the work of Christianity is to remedy these evils—to bring back upon the world that flood of love which influenced the early Church, when "they had all things common,"—a communism very different, be it remarked, from those mad doctrines which in modern times have been inculcated under the name. The gospel is against all sudden and artificial changes which would anticipate natural and far distant results. But that the communism of the early Church in goods and substance is a type and prophecy of what the Church in a higher sense shall yet manifest, no one can doubt who perceives that even now men are beginning more to glory, not in what they can amass, but in what they can bestow.

Charity as a duty cannot be an *easy* thing. No duty, indeed, can be said to be. True, the yoke is easy and the burden light to those who have thoroughly learned, and who can love it; but before any one has learned to love his duty, he must have expended no small amount of care and self-denial. This is eminently true of charity, the proper exercise of which is most difficult, requiring thoughtfulness, habitual energy, anxious and earnest prayer. Without these there is no security that your giving will not harm, and prove a curse instead of a blessing. We must distinguish between charity and the liberality with which it is often confounded. Liberality is blind and unthinking, the result of momentary enthusiasm manifested perhaps at long, and at least most uncertain, intervals. It is purely impulsive, and therefore, more likely to be exercised for the gratification of self than from a sense of duty. It may spring from a variety of motives—from respect to the person who solicits it, from self-respect to rival the gift of a neighbour, or from a dim and undefined idea that it is *generous* to give. Charity can spring from only one—a thorough realisation of our obligation to give, and of our special obligation in the particular case.

The difference is very beautifully illustrated by an episode in the life of St. Paul. Once—either through the national calamities or the persecutions which they had to endure—the Christians in Jerusalem were reduced to the straits of poverty; and St. Paul, in the exercise of his ministry, solicited the charity of his Gentile converts toward their relief. For this purpose he wrote to Corinth, exhorting that "on the first day of the week every one was

to lay by in store as God hath prospered him,"—specifying as his reason for this, "that there be no gatherings when I come." Yet who does not see that, if a liberal collection was all that he desired, his end would have been more effectually gained had he waited till he came. Surely his personal influence among them, his wondrous eloquence, would have secured a contribution far greater. Yet he preferred the charity that was regularly and steadily given in the manner prescribed, to the most abundant fruits of impulsive liberality. And wherefore? Because he was convinced that charity ought not to be a matter of impulse, but of principle: not a thing of fits and starts, but of habit and system. Because, while anxious, indeed, to secure from them a contribution worthy of the occasion, he was far more anxious to cultivate among them the spirit of charity. "Themselves as well as theirs," he sought; the giver as well as the gift. Therefore, though in this instance, by trusting to the liberality of impulse, he might have secured a larger amount, he would neither encourage nor sanction it.

And I do think that in this there is administered a very solemn lesson. There are few things more characteristic of Christian effort, in the present day, than earnestness to achieve great results. Yet in this it is to be feared that we are seldom aware of the mischief we may be entailing on the flock of God committed to our care, or of the harm which we may be inflicting on the several most important Schemes on whose behalf we solicit support. Yet this must assuredly be the result, if all our attention merely be directed to securing a large amount, and not to the cultivation of the proper spirit of charity. Like St. Paul, we have a twofold interest to represent—the interest of the cause on whose behalf we appeal, and also that of the people to whom we appeal. We ought never to allow our anxiety for the first to lead us to overlook the second. God intends that not the receiver only of charity shall be blessed, but the giver also. But blessed the giver never can be, if his contribution is extorted by pressure, or rendered from an unworthy motive. It matters not how large the amount; a means of grace has been spoiled for him, and turned from a blessing to its opposite.

Let me say, that we owe this to the very cause in whose behalf we plead. For though it is undoubtedly true that large and wonderful sums are given every day from unworthy and inferior motives, still who can dare to doubt that more wonderful by far would be the results, if men were really convinced that charity was a matter of sheer duty, and that these particular calls for it had a claim not upon their *generosity*, but upon their *conscience*? To doubt that for one moment would be to assert that there are motives more powerful than the "love of Jesus"—that love which has constrained so many to rejoice not only in the spoiling of their goods, the sacrifice of their earthly all, but even in the loss of life itself, in scaffold tortures, and in fires of martyrdom.

And so the first duty of a Christian minister is, not to secure a large amount, but to see that the people committed to his charge be trained

to charity; that is as truly part of his vocation as is the work of training them to holiness. The great object of the Schemes encouraged by the Church is not that the people should be made useful to them, but that they should be made useful to the people. They are most blessed helps in the momentous work of educating the children of God. And the faithful minister is he who takes advantage of these particular instances to instruct his people in the solemn truth, that charity is not a thing of mere caprice, but a life-long duty—not a luxury to be indulged in now and then, but a work of constant and systematic self-denial—one which comes regularly with the duties of the day—a real part of the business of life. And for that purpose no better plan can be adopted than St. Paul's, on the occasion referred to—the regular storing up for God at fixed and frequently recurring periods.

The limits of our paper forbid our entering upon the advantages of this systematic economising for God. Let us only say, in one sentence, that if we would make the duty of giving easier for the rich, and if we would bring the privilege of giving within the reach of the poor—if we would make our charity more effective, so that we could depend upon it on all occasions—and if we would make it safe, so as to guard against the terrible evils of indiscriminate liberality, then we must have a plan and system in it similar to that recommended on the authority of St. Paul.—*Church of Scotland H. & F. Missionary Record.*

THE LITTLE SUNBEAM.

A tiny sunbeam stole,
On a summer's day,
Through a little crevice,
To where a sick man lay.
It played upon the wall,
And upon his table;
With a smile he watched it
As long as he was able.
Much he loved the sunbeam,
Little dancing light;
It told of sunny hours,
Of skies and meadows bright.
Kind words are like sunbeams,
Stealing into hearts;
Scatter them most freely
Ere light of life departs.—*Anon.*

THE DEAD SEA.

The Dead Sea fills up the southern end of the Jordan valley. It is about fifty miles in length from north to south, by ten in breadth. The mountain chains which shut in the valley become here steeper, wilder, and bleaker. In some places they rise in lofty precipices of naked rock from the bosom of the waters; in others they retire, forming wild nooks and yawning ravines, fitting homes for the wild goats which still inhabit them. The scenery of the lake is bare and desolate, but grand. The water is clear and sparkling, deep and beautiful azure when the sky is cloudless, but reflecting vividly every changing hue of the

firmament. In summer when the heat is intense a thin whitish quivering vapour hangs over the surface of the water, and gives a strange dreamy indistinctness to the mountains. At the northern and southern ends, the flat plains are parched and barren, in part covered with fine sand, and in part with a white nitrous coating like hoar frost. Brackish and sulphur springs occur at intervals around the whole borders of the lake. Some of them are warm, and send up clouds of steam. At one or two places along the western shore, and also at the southern end of the lake are slimy pools and marshes, whose exhalations of sulphuretted hydrogen taint the atmosphere for miles. Strewn along the northern shore, especially near the mouth of the Jordan, lie large quantities of drift wood, brought down by the swollen river, and it is everywhere encrusted with salt crystals. The great depression, the fierce rays of an unclouded sun, the white mountain chains on each side, and the white soil below reflecting the sun's rays, give the whole basin of the Dead Sea a temperature like that of a furnace. Never did I suffer so much from intense suffocating heat as during the days I spent on the shores of the lake. Yet still it cannot be called a "sea of death," in that sense in which travellers in former ages were wont to represent it. It has been stated that no vegetation could exist along its shores, and that no bird could fly over it; that, in fact, its poisonous exhalations are fatal alike to animal and vegetable life. This is altogether untrue. At every little fountain along the shores, the vegetation has a tropical luxuriance. I have seen the oleander dipping its gorgeous flowers into the lake; and I have seen the willow, and the tamarisk, and numerous other shrubs, flourishing where their stems were at certain seasons immersed in the waters. The cane-brakes on the shore abound with wild fowl; and occasionally flocks of ducks may be seen swimming far out on the sea. The water, however, is intolerably salt and bitter, and no fish could live in it. Yet it is not altogether destitute of living creatures, a few inferior organisations having been found in it by recent naturalists. Its specific gravity is so great that the human body will not sink in it. I have tried it myself, and can, therefore, testify to the truth of the fact. This is easily accounted for. The weight of water increases in proportion to the quantity of salt it contains in solution. Ordinary sea water has only about four per cent. of salt, whilst that of the Dead Sea contains more than twenty-six per cent.

The Dead Sea is thus a physical wonder, and, strange to say, it is also a historical wonder. It would appear that, in ancient times, it was much smaller than it is at present, leaving room for a large and fertile plain on which the cities of Sodom, Gomorrah, Admah, and Zeboim once stood (compare Gen. xiii. 10-12). These cities were burned by fire from heaven, and the whole plain, or as it was called, "the vale of Siddim" (xiv. 8), was covered with water (xiv. 3). Recent explorations of the sea and of the surrounding region tend, I believe, to throw some light on one of the most remarkable events of physical geography and of Biblical history. The northern section of the lake, from the mouth of the Jordan to the promou-

tory of Lisân, is immensely deep, varying from forty to two hundred and eighteen fathoms. But the whole southern section is shallow,—only a few feet of water covering an extensive flat, in which bitumen pits and bituminous limestone abound. The latter appears to have been the plain of Sodom, for we learn from Gen. xix. 27, 28, that the plain was visible from a hill-top near Hebron, which could not be true of any part of the Jordan valley north of Engedi. The Bible further informs us that “the vale of Siddim was full of slime-pits,” that is, pits or wells of bitumen (xiv. 10). Now we know that bitumen burns like oil, and bituminous limestone is also inflammable. May not the houses of Sodom and the other cities have been built of the latter, and, like the tower of Babel, cemented with the former? And if so, when once ignited by fire from heaven, they would burn rapidly and fiercely,—nay, the whole plain filled with its bitumen pits, and strewn with inflammable stones, would burn like a coal-field. How strikingly does this seem to illustrate the words of Scripture,—“And Abraham gat up early in the morning (from his tent at Mamre) to the place where he stood before the Lord” (compare xviii. 16, 22), “And he looked toward Sodom and Gomorrah, and toward all the land of the plain, and behold, and lo, the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace.”—(Gen. xix. 27, 28).
—*Professor Porter.*

THE MINIMUM CHRISTIAN.

The minimum Christian! And who is he? The Christian who is going to heaven at the cheapest rate possible. The Christian who intends to get all of the world he can, and not meet the worldling's doom; the Christian who aims to have as little religion as he can, without lacking altogether.

The minimum Christian goes to church in the morning, and in the afternoon also, unless it rains, or is too warm, or too cold, or he is sleepy, or has headache from eating too much at dinner. He listens most respectfully to the preacher, and joins in prayer and praise. He applies the truth very sensibly, sometimes to himself, oftener to his neighbours. He goes to the weekly lecture occasionally, more rarely to the prayer-meeting, as the latter is very apt to be uninteresting. He is always, however at the preparatory lecture, and at all the services of the Communion Sabbath, and is frequently quite regular in his family prayers for a week or two after it.

The minimum Christian is very friendly to all good works. He wishes them well, but it is not in his power to do much for them. The Sabbath schools he looks upon as an admirable institution, especially for the neglected and ignorant. It is not convenient, however for him to take a class. His business engagements are so pressing during the week, that he needs Sabbath as a day of rest; nor does he think himself qualified to act as a teacher. There are so many persons better prepared for this important duty, that he must beg to be excused; still, he will do it if he must. He is in favour of tract distribution, and of visiting the poor; but he has no time to take part in those labours of

love. He thinks it a good thing for laymen to assist at prayer-meetings, and in social religious circles; but he has no gift for public prayer, or for making addresses, and he must leave it to others. He is very friendly to home and foreign missions, and gives his ‘mite.’ He thinks there are ‘too many appeals’ but he gives, if not enough to save his reputation—pretty near it—at all events he aims at it.

The minimum Christian is not clear on a number of points. The opera and dancing, perhaps the theatre and card-playing, and large fashionable parties, give him much trouble. He can't see the harm in this, or that, or the other popular amusement. There is nothing in the Bible against it. He does not see but that a man may be a Christian, and dance, or go to the opera. He knows several excellent people who do. Why should not he?

In short the minimum Christian knows that he cannot serve God and mammon—he would if he could—but he will come just as near doing so as he can. He will give to himself and the world all that he may, and to God as little as he can, and yet not lose his soul. He stands so close to the dividing line between the people of God and the people of the world, that it is hard to say on which side of it he actually is.

Ah, my brother, are you making this attempt? Beware, lest you find at last, that in trying to get to heaven with as little religion as possible, you have missed it altogether—lest, without gaining the whole world, you lose your own soul. The true child of God does not say, ‘How little,’ but, ‘How much may I do for my God?’ They thus judge, that if One died for all, He died that they which live should no more live for themselves, but for Him who died for them. Leaving the things that are behind, they reach forth towards those that are before, ever exclaiming, ‘What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits!’

ENCIRCLING REEFS.

The coral insect is a wonderful little animal. Scarcely discernible, it works away in its ocean bed till its mission is accomplished, and its tiny shell is added to the millions of shells already cemented together to form the coral reef. When ages have progressed, this reef shows itself at the top of the water in the form of a little island; and when ages more have gone, the reef stretches away like a fringe upon the shore, sometimes for more than a thousand miles. There is a peculiar structure seen in some of the smaller reefs. A large circular island is surrounded by a larger ring of coral reef, and between the central island and the ring is left a ring of water sometimes half a mile in width. In the outer ring of coral are two or three straits, connecting the water of the ocean with the water inside the ring, and furnishing ingress and egress for ships.

By the action of the waves and the winds the surface of the reefs is pulverized, and mixed with soil washed up by the waves, and the winds, and the waves, and the birds bring seeds, and vegetation springs up, and the delicious fruit of the tropics is brought forth, and tropical birds, with beautiful plumage, sing sweet songs in the branches of the bread fruit

and the banyan. When a storm sweeps the ocean, and the wild winds lash the leaden waves into fury, the ship that can anchor inside the encircling barrier rides safely, for the surface is agitated by scarce a ripple.

Here is an emblem of God's love. The ocean is the ocean of life. The mariner is the traveller to eternity. The encircling reef, with its quiet harbour, is the love of God. The myriad coral insects are the unnumbered influences given to manifest this safe retreat to men; but the real material of the coral reef is as old as the foundation of the world itself. The coral reef is not the final harbour. So our rejoicings in these present manifestations of love are not our final joys. When the barrier of God's love is around us, the storm may make the ocean terrible, but it cannot harm us as we ride at anchor. Then we listen to the songs of the real birds of paradise, and the breadfruit of heaven is waiting for our taste. Happy he whose anchor drops within the veil.—*Morning Star*.

THE RESURRECTION FLOWER.

We copy the following from the July number of the *Continental Monthly*. The curious botanical object it describes was procured from an Arab in Egypt, in the year 1848, who declared he had taken it from the breast of an Egyptian mummy, a high priestess. One of two specimens hanging on the stall was presented to Baron Humboldt, who "acknowledged it to be the greatest floral wonder he had yet seen." The other is now in possession of Dr. C. J. Eames, New York. It is regarded rather as a pericarp or seed vessel than a flower. The reader may or may not believe the Arab's story as to its connection with the mummy; but what is called the *hygrometric variety* of plants, i. e. those which open and shut under the influence of moisture and dryness, and which preserve the property long after they have been detached from the stem, is well known to botanists and curiosity hunters. It includes the Rose of Jericho, specimens of which are found in cabinets of this country, which retain their elasticity after fourteen years and more, the Ground Star, found in Saratoga county, N.Y., besides other species.

"If a traveller in Egypt were to bow before the Sphinx, and receive a nod in return, he could scarcely be more surprised than I was to-day, upon seeing a little dried-up thing—the remains of what had once bloomed and faded 'mid belearsening sands'—spring into life and beauty before my very eyes. All the Abbott Collection contains nothing more rare or curious. Old, perhaps, as Cheops, and apparently as sound asleep, it is startled at the touch of water, and, stretching forth its tiny petals, wakes into life as brightly as a newborn flower.

"No one could believe, upon looking at this little ball, hanging on its fragile stem, and resembling both in colour and shape a shrunken poppy-head, or some of the acorn tribe, what magical results could arise from merely wetting its surface—yet so it is.

"Sleeping but not dead, the flower is aroused by being for an instant immersed in water, and

then supported in an upright position. Soon the upper fibres begin to stir. Slowly, yet visibly, they unfold, until, with petals thrown back in equidistant order, it assumes the appearance of a beautifully-radiated, starry flower, not unlike some of the Asters in form. Resting a moment, it suddenly, as though inspired by some new impulse, throws its very heart to the daylight, curving back its petals farther still, and disclosing beauties undreamed of even in the loveliness of its first awakening.

"To say that, in general effect, its appearance resembles the passion-flower is to give but a poor description, and yet one searches in vain for a more fitting comparison. Lacking entirely the strong contrasts in colour of the latter, it yet wears a halo of its own, unlike any other in the whole range of floral effects.

"When viewed through a powerful lens, the heart of the flower, which, to the naked eye, lies flooded in a warm colourless light, assumes the most exquisite iridescent hues, far more beautiful than the defined tints of the passion-flower. Melting to the eye in its juiciness and delicacy, yet firm in its pure outline and rounded finish, it bears the same relation to that chosen type of the great suffering, that peace bears to passion, or that promise bears to prayer.

"Soon the aspect of the flower changes. As though over the well-spring of its eternal life hangs some ruthless power forcing it back into darkness, before an hour has passed, we can see that its newly-found vigour is fading away. The pulsing light at its heart grows fainter and fainter—slowly the petals raise themselves, to drop wearily side by side upon its bosom—and finally, its beauty vanished, its strength exhausted, it hangs heavy and brown upon its stem, waiting the touch that alone can waken it again."

TRANSMUTATIONS.

Who lives among us that has not walked o'er
The dust of mankind that have walked before
And held high converse with the life on high,
With ages past, and nature's mystery?

In myriad forms of life it still appears:
It quickens round us with the quickening years.
We breathe it in the flower, and see the breeze
Wave it in waving corn, and grass, and trees.

Unfragrant flower, has some proud beauty's dust
Made of thy scentless leaf a loveless bust?
Low, stunted thorn, hast thou the germ of him
Who filled with self life's chalice to the brim?

Cold petrification, is there part in thee
Of what a miser's form was wont to be?
And art thou now a monumental stone
To spirit-eyes of gold and glory gone?

In the tall cedar, shedding perfume, part
Lives, haply, of a manly generous heart.
And the sweet germ of modest worth may yet
Refresh us in the dewy violet.

Once more the great 'Lux fiat' shall be spoken;
The spell of silence and of death be broken;
And earth's sweet flowers of faith transplanted

he,
To bloom in heaven's bright garden, Lord, by
Thee.—George Paulin.

Sabbath Readings.

THE MISSIONARY'S WARRANT.*

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."—Mark xvi. 15.

Missionary enterprise is a subject dear to every Christian's heart, and one whose dignity cannot be valued too highly. There is no subject so full of romantic interest—none that abounds in incidents of a character so varied and thrilling. If enterprise is to be measured by individual daring and the dignity of the aim in view, then there is none on earth to be compared with that of the missionary, and it ought never to be forgotten, that it is the aim that dignifies the enterprise. We are, however, too apt to be dazzled by the glitter of the moment, and to measure an action, not by its intended result, but by the ostentatious grandeur with which it is surrounded. If we would learn to appreciate the sublime in character, we must learn to view all human achievements stripped of their external trappings. There is, my friends, a sublimity in character as well as in external nature. There are men before whose portraitures we are thrilled with feelings more profound than all that is vast in the material world can produce. You have gazed on the wide ocean, and the lofty mountain; you have turned your eyes upwards at midnight towards the innumerable suns spangling the expanse of heaven, and you have felt the sublime. But a feeling still more profound is produced by the sublime in character. And where shall we go for this species of sublimity? Shall we seek it in the triumphs of the statesman, or the more brilliant exploits of the soldier? No; there may be much here that is grand in action, but little of what is sublime in character. We must look rather upon a Howard stooping into the dark cell of the prisoner, or a Wilberforce knocking off the fetters of the slave. These are names which will stir the feeling of the sublime within man's heart while the word *philanthropy* is understood. And why is it that these names will ever be associated with the sublime in character? They had no dazzling genius—

no supereminent rank—but they had hearts that swelled with sympathies wide as the world itself—sympathies which were not restrained by nation, or colour, or clime—sympathies which comprehended alike the furred Siberian, and the naked African. They lived for their species. They felt they had a work to do, and in doing it they spared neither time, nor energy, nor fortune. All men acknowledge the sublimity of such characters, and yet their aim was merely to get a comfortable cell for the prisoner, and rescue the African from the lash of the slave-driver. Their immediate object was to promote the comfort of men's bodies, not the well-being of their immortal souls, and yet with this inferior aim they reached the sublime in character. And shall we deny sublimity to the character of the man whose sympathies comprehend men's souls as well as their bodies—who looks upon man as born not for time but eternity, and who would provide for him not a comfortable lodging by the way, but a bright home in the eternal world? I say is it right to deny sublimity to the character of the man who has such an aim in view, and who, in order to accomplish it, denies himself to the comforts and refinements of civilized life, and casts his lot with brutalized savages—who in the hope of converting the painted Indian into a believer, adorned with the graces of our holy faith, will steel his heart against the war-whoop and the scalping-knife—the scorching desert and the hunger-belt? But is it the case, that the dignity of such enterprise is universally recognised? Ah! it is to be feared that there is but little sympathy, even in the bosom of the Christian Church, with this species of moral greatness. The missionary is allowed to spend his days under a burning sun, and in the midst of blood-thirsty tribes, with but a feeble sympathy to cheer him, and with the consciousness too that the little that is given him for his support is often given with a grudge. A nation's sympathy follows the man who with chivalrous daring penetrates into a far distant and dangerous land to rescue those over whose fate a cloud of mystery hangs.—but how little sympathy is generally felt for him who goes forth to heathen countries to seek and to save that which is lost—the immortal soul. It is with the object of exciting a deeper sympathy, and calling forth heartier exert-

* By the late Principal Leitch, from the *Scottish Pulpit*, Edinburgh, 1846. The sermon must have been one of the author's earliest discourses. Our attention was recalled to it by the highly eulogistic remarks of the Rev. Mr. Cochrane, of Cupar, in last number.—Ed.

ions in the cause of missions, that I would now present to you a few of the aspects in which the subject may be viewed. The following are the points to which I would briefly direct your attention—the duty—the field—the means—and the results.

I. *The duty.*

In regard to the duty of engaging in missionary enterprise, we have the express command of our Lord himself, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." It is not a duty to be *inferred* merely from the spirit of Christianity. It is a great duty *specifically* enjoined by the Author of our faith. "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," was the command to the first heralds of the cross, and the command is still issued to us with all its primitive authority. It is issued to us as a Church and as individuals. We are bound as a Church to take up this holy cause. It is true that the most important sphere of any particular Church is its own local territory, but it is also bound to maintain a diffusive character. How strongly was this exemplified in the Primitive Church. The disciples did not confine their exertions to their own native land. They did not limit their enterprise to the boundaries of Judea. Fired with the glorious truths with which they were commissioned, they penetrated into every known region of the world. No barrier, however formidable, opposed their progress. They crossed mountains, and deserts, and seas, in their ardour to obey their Master's command—"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." They sought the cities of the learned, and the huts of the barbarian. They encountered alike the refined torture of Rome, and the rude assaults of the savage. While the bodies of some blazed as torches to gratify the taste of an imperial monster, the bones of others whitened in the desert. You see, then, that the Church in primitive times was essentially of a diffusive missionary character. This character however, was soon lost: corruptions crept in, and the momentous responsibilities of a Christian Church were soon forgotten. Missionary enterprise was suspended. Whatever of pure Christianity was left upon the earth, assumed a concentrated rather than a diffusive form. It appeared as slender streaks on the map of the world—in the form of rivers—deep it may be but narrow. It spread not as a sheet of water over the thirsty land—it covered not the earth as the waters cover the sea. It has

been only in comparatively recent times that Protestant Churches have been aroused to their missionary duties. They are now, however, giving heed to the long-forgotten command, "Go ye forth into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." The vitality of every Church is now to be tested by its evangelistic efforts.

While you admit, my friends, that it is our duty, as a Church, to promote the cause of missions, you ought never to lose sight of your individual responsibility. You owe a personal obedience to the command of our text. You may be all missionaries in your way—you may not actually deliver the message to the heathen, but you may see that it be delivered. And in the work of missions your exertions at home are as essential as the labours of the missionary abroad. In a printing establishment there is much machinery and many hands required, although it be only one individual that actually throws off the impression. It is not this individual alone that has the merit of the impression; every hand at work claims a share in it. So in the machinery of missions, it is only the missionary, as the instrument of the Holy Spirit, that stamps the impress of the Gospel upon the heathen mind. Many hands, however, must be at work before this final part of the process can be completed, and you are called upon to aid in the work by contributing your prayers and your money—by cherishing and diffusing a missionary spirit. Can it be that you have experienced the preciousness of the Redeemer, and yet that you have no anxiety that this preciousness should be made known to your fellow-men? If you have been with Jesus, your heart surely burns within you—burns with love to Jesus—burns with a holy desire to tell others of his loveliness. If a physician, by some new discovery, cured you of some deadly disease, would you not feel yourself bound in duty to suffering humanity, and in gratitude to your benefactor, to make the cure universally known? If the great Physician has saved your soul from the deadly wounds of sin, you must necessarily feel anxious that perishing sinners around you in the world should know of this new and living way. You must feel yourself bound in gratitude to the Physician of souls to publish the wonders of his goodness. He saves without money and without price, and he only asks of you, as a mark of your gratitude, to go into the world and declare the good news to every creature. Think too, of the costliness of the cure, if you would feel the full

weight of the command. It cost *you* nothing, but it cost Christ his precious blood. Nothing less would suffice for man's salvation. Were it a world a single word would do, but it was a new heart that was to be created, and nothing else would serve but every drop of Christ's precious blood. How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation—neglect it for ourselves, or neglect to make it known to perishing sinners.

II. *The field.*

The world is the field for missionary enterprise, "Go ye into *all the world*, and preach the Gospel to every creature." The barriers of the old dispensation are broken down, and every nation under heaven is invited to accept of the blessings of salvation. Every creature needs salvation—the salvation is sufficient for every creature, and to every creature salvation is to be offered. It matters not what may be the colour of a sinner's skin, or the grade of his intellect. An imperishable soul resides within the swarthy and degraded Caffre as well as the enlightened European, and if they are to be saved, they must be washed from their sins by the same blood. The field is the world, and how wide is that field! The population of the globe amounts to about nine hundred millions, and of these not more than three hundred millions profess the Christian faith. But of these three hundred millions how few can be said to know Christ savingly? Not more than one third of our race have even heard of the name of Christ. How small, then, must be the number of Christ's true disciples! We may confidently assert, that more than seven hundred millions of immortal beings now living on the face of the earth, are strangers to the peace-speaking blood of Christ. Is not this an appalling state of things for a Christian to contemplate? These millions are fast hastening on to the ocean of eternity, where their doom is forever fixed. Every beat of the clock is the death-knell of an immortal soul summoned to the dread account. Can the man who really knows the value of a soul think of this with apathy? It may be said, how hopeless is the task! Can such feeble efforts as ours convert the world? But why doubt and cavil, when we have the express command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." We are to employ the means and leave the result to God, and we know that He can bring about the most glorious results by means apparently the most inadequate. Did not a stone from a boy's sling slay the champion of the Philistines, and

put to flight their embattled hosts? Talk not of inadequate means, when you think of the fishermen of Galilee. Would it not appear utter folly to the men of that age, that these fishermen should ultimately overturn the religious systems of the civilized world, and erect upon their ruins the standard of the cross? Nothing would appear more incredible, yet we see that the mustard seed sown on the banks of the sea of Galilee has grown into a mighty tree, whose branches spread towards the ends of the earth.

One of the most frequent objections to missionary enterprise is—have we not field enough at home—have we not enough of practical heathenism in our crowded cities, aye and in our rural hamlets and villages? Why then seek a new field, when we have one so wide at our very doors? This objection will not bear for a moment to be looked at. If the Apostles had acted on this principle; if they had confined their efforts within the boundaries of Judea, and had not gone into all the world to preach the Gospel to every creature,—if they had done this, what would have been the state of the world at the present day? What would our own island have been? Peopled with painted savages bowing down to stocks and stones. It is true that our home-field is our chief sphere of labour, but we may hold this to be the case while we neglect not the out-fields of heathenism. The farmer does not concentrate his attention on the richer soils to the exclusion of the poorer. It is true that the more fertile portions of his farm are his main stay, but he still scatters his seed over the least productive. So it is with the field of missions. The bleak regions of heathenism may be very unpromising, and we may long look in vain for a satisfactory return, but we are bound to persevere, to scatter the seed everywhere. And the seed may take root where we least expect it. Have you not seen a tree shooting out vigorously from the crevices of a bare crag, and rearing its luxuriant head proudly aloft, while you looked in vain for one to break the landscape of the rich plain below?

III. *The means.*

We are commanded to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. But how is this to be done? What means are to be employed? When our Lord issued the command to his disciples, they had no preparation to make. They at once took up their staff and travelled to the ends of the earth preaching the Gospel to every

creature. There was no cumbrous machinery necessary; they had miraculous gifts conferred upon them, which at once fitted them for the missionary work. Wherever they went the gift of tongues at once enabled them to come in contact with the minds of the natives. No such gifts are now conferred—the age of miracles is now past—their end has been accomplished, and we can look for them no more—miracles have ceased, but in their very cessation there was a wise object served, and it is this, that the whole body of the Christian community must unite before the end of missions can be accomplished. There must be a people to send, before a missionary can be sent. A tedious course of study is necessary before the work can be entered on with success; and expenditure must be incurred which nothing but the union of Christians at home can meet. In this way the whole body of the Christian community become personally interested. They all become fellow-workers in extending the Redeemer's kingdom. Every individual Christian feels laid upon him some missionary responsibility. Every Church is a centre of missionary exertions—it is the parent tree which sends shoots out in every direction, still retaining its connection with each. It is plain, however, that the conversion of the world will never be brought about by mere foreign agency. Native teachers must be reared to proclaim to their fellow-countrymen the glad tidings of salvation. Our missionaries have to spend a great part of their missionary career in acquiring the language of the natives, and acquainting themselves with their manners and customs. And after all, they can never become so familiar with their modes of feeling as to get into immediate contact with their hearts. When, along with this, we consider the fact, that in most fields of labour, European life is very insecure—that in India the average of missionary life is only about eight years; it is plain that the effective period of a missionary's life must be very short indeed. The great work must then be accomplished by native agency. Native agents must be raised up, and this is the great aim of our missions in the East. Their design is to rear a body of native labourers who will go forth to their benighted countrymen, and with a native's tongue and a native's feelings, preach to them Christ crucified.

The question has been often discussed; how is the final conversion of the world to be effected? Will the ordinary means at

present employed be sufficient? or does the period of Millennial glory presuppose an order of things altogether new. It has been objected by the advocates of a new dispensation, that there is no hope from the present rate of missionary success, that the world will be converted by ordinary means within the time that may reasonably be assigned by the widest interpretation of prophecy. It is, however, quite conceivable, that the latter day glory may be brought about, and that at no very distant period, by the extension of the means at present in use, without the supposition of any miraculous interference. It will be a time before the system of educating native missionaries will tell, but when a sufficient body is raised up, we have reason to expect an amount of success which has never as yet attended our missionary labours. We have reason to expect too, that this success will go on in a rapidly increasing ratio. When the dammed-up waters of a lake overflow and inundate the plain below, you do not measure the rate of inundation by the first issue of the waters. From the first moment an outlet is gained, the widening of the breach increases with prodigious rapidity. The slender stream that trickles down the embankment, swells every moment into an overwhelming deluge. The stream that now trickles from the great fountain of divine grace through the wide wastes of heathenism, is slender indeed, but is it not the harbinger of the swelling flood that will soon cover these wastes as the waters cover the sea? There is nothing improbable in the idea, that this flood of grace and glory may be brought about by the extension of the ordinary means which God is pleased to bless at the present day. We can conceive that Zion's King may ride gloriously in triumph to universal dominion on earth, without the supposition of a personal advent and reign. Surely his sceptre is as powerful at the right hand of the Majesty on high, as it would be were it swayed within the walls of the earthly Jerusalem.

In estimating the future progress of missionary labour, you must take into account the conversion of the Jews. The conversion and restoration of the Jews are clearly foretold in the word of prophecy, and it is plain from the whole course of Providence, that God has not cast away his ancient people, that they are kept in reserve for some great conjuncture in the world's history. Although scattered to the four winds of heaven, they still retain their distinctive national character, and they all cherish the

same longing to return to the land of their fathers. Wherever we find a Jew breathing the spirit of his nation, we are sure to find that Jerusalem is nearest his heart, and that were he to give expression to his feelings, it would be in the language of the captives of old, as they hanged their harps upon the willows, and sat down to weep by the rivers of Babylon,—“If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning; if I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem beyond my chief joy.” Here, then, is a principle of reunion which has been fondly cherished for eighteen centuries. It is at present latent and inoperative, but a sudden revolution of Providence may at once call it into action. Place a magnet in the neighbourhood of minute particles of iron, and there may be no disturbance at first, but let them be shaken and they at once range themselves around the attracting pole. Let the nations be shaken by the hand of God’s providence, and the attractive power of Mount Zion will gather around her from afar her sons and daughters now sifted over the whole earth. They shall as one man return, and come into Mount Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads. The restoration of the Jews is interesting to us chiefly in connection with their conversion. We are assured by Scripture, that the receiving of them back to God’s favour, shall be as life to the dead, to the Gentile world. It may be difficult to say how the conversion of the Jews shall produce such a wondrous change upon the surrounding nations. Perhaps the very suddenness and universality of the conversion—the very fact of a nation being born in one day—may exert a vivifying influence on a torpid world—may act like an electric shock upon a palsied limb. We can, however, more readily conceive of an effect, like that of life from the dead, being produced by the active agency of the Jews. Look upon them in the light of missionaries, and you can easily conceive the power they must wield for the evangelizing of the world. Jews are found in every nation and tribe on the face of the earth—they are familiar with every language spoken among men, and they combine with their own traits of national character, the characteristics of the people among whom they dwell. They consequently can furnish when converted, an unlimited supply of missionaries fitted to engage at once in missionary labours. “In those days it shall come to pass, that ten men shall take hold out of all languages

of the nations, even shall take hold of the skirt of him that is a Jew, saying ‘we will go with you, for we have heard that God is with you.’”

IV. *The Results*

It has often been said ‘shew us the fruits of your missions; shew us that they have effected any good end.’ But this taunt can now be abundantly answered. The results of missions have triumphantly proved that men have not toiled in vain. I refer more particularly to the fruits of missionary zeal in the South Seas. Here we behold men once accustomed to deeds of atrocity, at which humanity shudders, uniting to worship the true God with as much decorum as any congregation in our land. Their savage nature has been tamed. Their thirst for human blood has been rooted out. They now breathe benevolence instead of hatred and revenge. The mother who would not scruple to destroy her infant, now cherishes it with as much fondness as any Christian mother. And how has all this been accomplished—simply by the exertions of the missionary. He long waited for the fruit, and he was often taunted with the want of it. But abundant evidence is now afforded that the missionary wields a power sufficient by the grace of God to subdue the most savage natures. The results have been such as for ever to stop the mouth of the caviller. It is true that considering the wide field, the fruit has been far from abundant. But it has been amply sufficient to shew what can be done by missionary enterprise.

In estimating the results of missions, we must not forget their reflex influence. If our missionary exertions have blessed the heathen, they have conferred a double blessing on ourselves—and this on the principle that it is more blessed to give than to receive. Missions have opened up a new channel for the outgoings of Christian benevolence, and the tide of love that goes out from us to the heathen shores, is reflected back in an accumulated flood of blessings. A higher spirituality, an intenser earnestness, a heavier weight of felt responsibility, a closer union and warmer love among Christians; these are some of the more prominent results of the reflex influence of missions. You see then, that while we are caring for the souls of perishing sinners abroad, we are most effectually promoting the cause of religion at home, and the growth of grace in our own hearts. As the arm of the mechanic has its muscular power developed by exercise, so our religious character

acquires a higher tone and energy from the active benevolence called forth by missionary enterprise.

It is not, however, past results merely, that should animate us in this holy cause. We must bend our gaze forward to the future, and dwell upon the bright hopes that gild the horizon. All the poetic fire of Hebrew bards, and the holy ardour of evangelists, have been put forth to paint, in glowing colours, the glorious prospect. Only a few straggling rays of the Sun of Righteousness now pierce through the mists of sin and ignorance that envelop our world; but a time will come when he will burst forth with all his effulgence. A time will come when the Redeemer's righteousness shall go forth as brightness, and his salvation as a lamp that burneth. Then shall all the kingdoms of this world become the kingdom of our Lord, and of his Christ. Then shall the sword be returned to its sheath, and the triumphing up in the hall. Can ye call yourselves Christians, and yet have no desire to put your hands to the work, and hasten this glorious consummation? The command is gone forth to prepare a highway for our God in the desert, and will ye not bestir yourselves to level a path for the feet of the Redeemer? Can there be an enterprise nobler than this—one more worthy of a candidate for immortality? You admire the misguided enthusiasm which thrilled the heart of Christendom, when the voice of the Hermit called the nations to arms, and bade them go forth to rescue the holy sepulchre from Moslem sway, and plant the cross where the crescent shone. The chivalry of the crusaders has been ever a favourite theme for song and story, and you cannot but admire their enthusiasm, while you pity their aim. But, my friends, the age of high and holy enterprise is not yet over. You are even now called upon to imitate the enthusiasm of the dark ages, but to bend your energies to a nobler object. You are called upon, not to plant the external symbol of our holy faith upon the stormed battlements of the enemy, but to plant that faith itself in the hearts of sinners. This call to arms in the spiritual warfare, each one of you is bound to obey. You may say 'what can my individual exertions avail?' As well might the soldier in the heat of battle, put up his sword and say, 'my single arm can do little to gain the victory, and I may as well be idle.' Never for a moment forget, that each of you has a work to do—that you were sent into the world for the special

object of doing that work, and that work is the advancement of the kingdom of God in your own heart, and in the world around you. Will you then dream on in indolence till the blast of the last trumpet declare that the opportunity of doing your work is gone—gone for ever. But think not that your work is done, and your conscience relieved, when you drop your mite into the missionary box. Your money is necessary, but your heart is more so. You must cherish and diffuse a missionary spirit. You must breathe forth your prayers and your sympathies for the blinded heathen and the devoted missionary. As an admirable means of keeping alive an active missionary spirit, I cannot recommend too strongly to your hearty support, the missionary societies established among you. While you take a general interest in missionary labours, you will find that local societies for special objects will tend greatly to rivet the claims of perishing souls upon your hearts. In what more becoming way could *you* who owe the position you occupy in society to the benign influence of Christianity, express your gratitude, than by seeking to have your fellow-subjects and sisters in India, emancipated from the yoke of an impure and degrading superstition. What task more worthy the character of woman, than to throw the shield of Christianity over the orphan girl abandoned by heathenism, and to provide for her a refuge and a home. I fervently trust too, that the Children's Society may not be unproductive of good. My dear young friends, you cannot begin too early to do something for Jesus, who did and suffered so much for your sakes. You cannot learn too soon that God expects you to do something more than live for yourselves. Oh! may you be convinced, before the alluring pleasures of the world render you deaf to the voice of wisdom, that the greatest pleasure to be enjoyed on earth, is that of doing good. Many of you I am sure, have felt something of this pleasure. When you lately laid down with willing hearts, your little sums to send a missionary ship to the far distant isles of the sea, how pleasant was it to feel that you *could* do good, and that you *were* doing it. And when you now follow in thought that ship, as she wafts the message of peace from isle to isle, do you not feel glad of being fellow-workers in such a noble enterprise. Though it were only a single nail to rivet her planks, or a single thread to weave her sails, you each contributed, still you look upon the ship as yours.

And when fancy pictures to you her stately form as she bends with swelling sails and foaming prow to the southern breeze, your delight is as great as when the merchant hails a richly laden and long looked-for bark. May the felt pleasure of doing good increase with your years, and may you through life experience, that wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and that all her paths are peace.

I have spoken to you, my friends, of our responsibility as individuals, but we are also responsible as a nation. That God treats nations as if burdened with a personal responsibility is evident from the whole of history. When he opens the vials of his wrath, are they not poured on nations as well as individuals—thus clearly showing, that as a nation we may contract guilt which may bring down upon us national calamities? What is the inspired history of ancient nations but a continued illustration of this principle? Why does the Dead Sea, charged with the elements of destruction, now cover the cities of the plain? Why does the fisherman now spread his net on the bare rocks of Tyre? Why does the dragon now dwell in the pleasant palaces of Babylon? Why does the screech of the owl now echo through the halls of Edom's capital? Is it not that they may be monuments of God's wrath—visible proofs of the great principle, that he judges the nations of the earth in their national capacity? Above all is this principle written in the history of Israel. God's vials of concentrated wrath have been poured upon them, and why? Just on account of their superior privileges. And hence the doom of Israel speaks to us of this further principle, that a nation is responsible just in proportion to its privileges. The heaviest woes that have ever fallen upon the nations of the earth have been theirs. The men who cried, "Crucify him, crucify him," "His blood be upon us and our children," have actually left us their children to be a living monument of their righteous doom. Those other nations that have drawn down upon themselves God's wrath, have melted away into the mass of mankind, and have left only the ruins of their proud cities to rise up against them and condemn them. But Israel has erected a living monument to witness against it. The men who thronged the streets of Jerusalem, and hurried the holy one of Israel to the accursed tree, have transmitted to us their living type. In feature and in heart, the very crucifiers of the Lord Jesus are in the midst of us,

bending under the weight of the heavy doom laid upon them by a righteous God. Instinct with a national vitality that baffles death, the Jew wanders from one generation to another on the face of the earth, only to be a proverb, and a curse, and an astonishment, and a hissing, and a reproach, wherever he may go. The doom of Israel speaks a fearful warning to every Christian nation, but it comes home to ourselves with special emphasis. We now occupy the high place in regard to revelation that Israel did in ancient times. Nay, our position in some respects is more prominent. To us, as a nation, are specially committed the oracles of the living God—the safe-keeping of the ark of the Covenant. But in addition to this, we have advantages which Israel never had—and woe to our much favoured land if we fail in the high duty committed to our charge! We stand forth from among the nations as the envy and the admiration of the world. In arts and in arms, in commerce and agriculture, in literature and science, we have no rival. And what are these points of superiority, but talents given us as a nation for which we must yet render a due account. They are gifts lent us for the service of God—for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom. The commerce of the East, which in ancient times raised Palmyra, and Edom, and Tyre, and Egypt, to such a pitch of opulence, is now ours. But this is only one item of our commercial greatness. No wind can blow but wafts to our shores ships laden with the produce of other lands. Our empire has so extended that the sun never sets upon it. When its last rays linger on this hemisphere, it is dawning on our dominions in another. But our responsibility just extends with the extension of our dominions. The solemn command is laid upon us, to unfurl the banner of the cross wherever the flag of our nation floats. Wherever our engines of war carry terror, devastation and conquest, there are we bound to carry on a spiritual warfare with the weapons of peace. Wherever our enterprising countrymen reclaim the waste and the wild, the forest and the mountain, there are we bound to plant trees of righteousness, that the wilderness and the solitary place may be glad, and the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose. Wherever our merchant ships bear away the produce of distant lands, there are we bound to carry on a holier traffic. We boast of the hundred millions that acknowledge our sway, but we should rather tremble at the

responsibility of having so many souls hanging upon us for the bread of life. The rapid strides of science, especially as combined with commerce, lay upon us an additional responsibility. God has given us such a wondrous sway over the material world, just that it may be made subservient to a spiritual sway over men's minds and hearts. We have by the leadings of a wise providence pressed into our service the most subtle elements of nature; and we now see realized before us, what in the last generation would have been regarded as the wild dream of a magician. We see steam wafting a frigate over the deep with as much ease as it spins a gossamer thread. By lines of rapid communication spread over the country as a net-work, our ideas of time and space are completely revolutionized, and a kingdom shrinks into a city with its suburbs. By the subtle and mysterious power of electric agency, mind can communicate with mind quick as thought, at any distance, so that the whole empire, when the lines are complete, may be regarded as a living frame-work, with nerves of sensation that in an instant vibrate intelligence from the remotest extremities. Let this system be but indefinitely extended, (and who will dare, from a review of the past, limit the future,) and you can easily conceive the stupendous power we shall have at our disposal for the spiritual regeneration of the world. And he who looks with curious but chastened gaze into the mysteries of Providence, cannot help thinking that these are so many paths preparing for the Lord in the desert—so many high-ways made straight, and smooth, for the chariot wheels of the Gospel, when in the latter days men shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased. While we then view with wonder and delight the triumphs of mind over matter, let us feel it to be our duty, as a nation, to make these triumphs subservient to the triumphs of truth.

When I speak of a nation's duty to extend the Gospel, it is of course to be understood, that the responsibility, as to direct missionary labour, is committed to the National Church, as the exponent of the nation's creed, and the recognised organ of its evangelizing efficiency. While we would, therefore, gladly hail as auxiliaries, the various religious bodies which have embarked in the good cause, let us never forget that on us in the sight of God, lies the chief burden of cherishing a missionary spirit at home, and of sending the Gospel

abroad. It is matter of deep gratitude, that in the hour of the Church's need, her people shewed that they were not dead to their responsibility as members of a National Church. When we look on her unparalleled exertions in the cause of missions during the last two years, we have much reason to thank God and take courage. To you, who in the hour of affliction, have clung closer than ever to the Church of your fathers—a Church endeared to your hearts by the lives of saints, and the blood of martyrs—to you it must be peculiarly gratifying to see that Church so often laid low, rising once more from a temporary prostration, with all the glow and buoyancy of returning health and vigour. Oh! may it be the earnest prayer of every son and daughter of our beloved Zion, that she may give further proof of her indestructable vitality, by still more strenuous efforts for the evangelization of the world.

In conclusion, my friends, be not disheartened though there may for a time be an apparent want of success attending your missionary exertions. Be not dismayed though all the powers of darkness should seem to be arrayed against the progress of the kingdom of God. The obstacles may appear insurmountable, but how often is it that success is nearest when the obstruction is the greatest. How often has the triumph of the cross been most conspicuous, when Satan's power has been most appalling. Who could have dreamt at the Reformation, that such a flood of light should at once burst upon the world, from the thickest darkness that ever brooded over it? The progress of the kingdom of God is like that of a mighty river, almost imperceptible in its rise, but widening and deepening as it rolls on—and when fullest, most liable to obstruction. When the genial influence of spring relaxes the icy fetters of winter, and breaks up its solid surface, it rushes on with impetuous force, till arrested by the many arched bridge that spans its bosom. Here for a time its onward course is checked, but it is only that it may with its pent-up water, burst through with crashing and resistless energy. So it is in the kingdom of God; when the floods of divine grace are fullest, then are Satan's barriers most formidable. But though there may be a momentary arrest, it is only that the flood may gather strength to burst onwards in it overwhelming and triumphant course till it at last merge as one wide wave in the ocean of Millennial glory on earth, and eternal glory in heaven.