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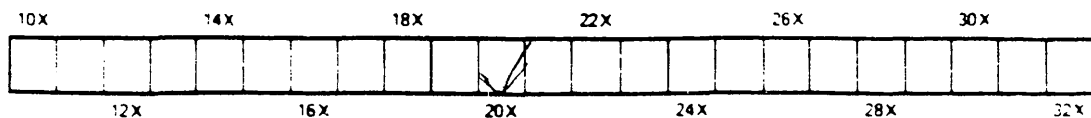
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THE

Canadian Independent.

VOL. XVI.

TORONTO, JANUARY, 1870.

No. 7.

A NEW YEAR'S SALUTATION.

“A Happy New Year!” thus friend salutes friend,
As they chance this glad morning to meet ;
And to you, gentle reader, the greeting we send,
Grace and peace upon all we entreat !

A Happy New Year ! may new favours divine
Your daily thanksgivings employ,
And forbid you to envy the corn and the wine
Of the worlding's unsanctified joy !

A Happy New Year ! your home ever bright,
Your children all guileless and gay ;
With safety and peace for your portion by night,
And comfort and plenty by day !

A Happy New Year ! was the old overcast
With trouble, or sorrow, or pain ?
May the future, all joyous, efface the dark past,
Or turn all its losses to gain !

Happy New Year ! then work while it's day ;
'Tis a blessing no *idler* can know ;
The Master is calling, go point men the Way,
And snatch them from ruin and woe !

A Happy New Year ! even now it grows *old*,
Already it hastens to die ;
Improve then its moments, more precious than gold,
In laying up treasure on high !

ONLY A PRAYER-MEETING.

“It's only a prayer-meeting,” said one young man to another, as they stopped to listen at the door of a church in which a week night service was being held. Their estimate of it is perhaps not an uncommon one ; and yet there are few things more vitally important to the spiritual life and vigour of a church than its devotional meetings. The prayer-meet-

ing may generally be taken as the index of a church's religious life, a kind of spiritual thermometer, by means of which it may be determined whether a people are "cold or hot." Various circumstances, of course, are to be taken into the account in forming a judgment in any particular case, as for example, the season of the year, the nearness or remoteness of the place of meeting, and the pressure of domestic and other duties; but, speaking generally, a lively and earnest church will have a lively and well attended prayer meeting, while one that is cold and sluggish will be sure there to betray its coldness and torpidity, if it has one at all. Attendance upon public worship on the Lord's day is a duty distinctly enjoined upon us, disregard of which would be regarded not only as a shameful neglect, but a sufficient cause for the exercise of discipline. A church is an *assembly* of believers, and believers are warned "not to forsake the assembling of themselves together;" but no such divine injunction can be quoted in relation to the other days of the week. We read, indeed, that "they that feared the Lord," in the time of Malachi, "spake often one to another; and the Lord hearkened and heard it." We read also of the early churches meeting for prayer for special objects, as in the case of the "hundred and twenty" who met in the upper room at Jerusalem, and the all-night prayer-meeting on behalf of Peter, in the house of Mary, the mother of John Mark. But although these furnish us with valuable and stimulating precedents, which a warm and loving heart will not be slow to follow, they cannot be construed into positive injunction; and to make attendance upon class or prayer-meeting *compulsory* seems to us to destroy the very spirit which such a rule aims at promoting.

But with all true christians love ought to have the force of *law* in regard to such exercises. We are accustomed to sing with Cowper,

"Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw,—
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw :
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above ;"

and to avow our belief, with Montgomery, that

"Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,—
The Christian's native air ;"

and if we do honestly believe it, and desire the blessings it is designed to bring down, our faith will prove itself by a regular and punctual employment of it. But how often, alas! is the prayer-meeting thinned by a shower of rain, or a flurry of snow, or a little extra heat or cold, neither of which would diminish the attendance at a concert, or a pano-

rama, or prevent the most delicate man in the community from going to his office or workshop. And how often, too, where public entertainments of the description we have named, come into competition with the devotional meetings of the church, do the latter have to give way to the former! Similarly potent is the attraction of the Masons' or the Odd-fellows' Lodge-room, whose claims seldom fail to take precedence over those of the Lecture-room, if the night of meeting be the same. And then, there is a large class of the membership in every church who stay away, not from any counter-attraction, but from sheer indifference. The prayer-meeting is *not for them*; at least, so they feel about it.

Now it must be confessed that the fault is not always, or wholly with those who neglect it. It often lies to a large extent with those who conduct it, or take part in it. "Our prayer-meeting is as cold as an iceberg," said one. It was the condition of his own heart that suggested the simile! But he wanted to complain of *somebody*, so he cast the blame of it on his minister. Perhaps the reproach was merited; perhaps it was not. But we can easily conceive of the truthfulness of the description, if the meeting was conducted like some we have seen. Only let the few who attend sit as far from the desk, and as widely scattered as possible; let them draw out such hymns as

"Hark! from tombs a doleful sound," or

"My heart, how dreadful hard it is!"

to old "*Walsall*," or plaintive *Martyrs*," (expressive name)! let the prayers be muttered and mumbled so that nobody, not to say the aged and the deaf, can hear them; and let the exhortations be full of complainings of things in general, and of the prayer-meeting in particular, and any church may extemporize an "iceberg" in July! Nothing less than Pentecostal tongues of fire can melt it; and indeed, we doubt if Pentecost would ever have come, had the meeting in the upper room in Jerusalem been conducted in that way!

It is far easier, however, to point out defects than to remedy them, and we would strongly advise any one who thinks his minister is to blame in the matter, to try his hand in conducting one. We vouch for it he shall have the opportunity, if he can do it any better.

But this we may do to improve our devotional meetings. We may make it a rule to be always in attendance, *if possible*, and to carry a devotional spirit with us when we go. We may be more sociable, and sit closer together. We may be shorter, more earnest in manner as well as

in spirit, and more specific in prayer. We may sing hymns and not dirges, made yet more dirge-like by the foolish custom of "lining" them. And finally, we may go to meet Him who has said, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." Going with such an errand we should always find Him; and then, instead of complaining of the coldness of the church and the prayer-meeting, we should oftener have to say, "Did not our hearts burn within us, while He talked with us by the way?"

The winter is again upon us,—the season which, for a variety of reasons, may be called our *harvest time*. Let us improve it. Let the week of prayer be the signal for vigorous, and united, and persevering effort. The Lord is no more willing to hear, or able to save, now than at any other season, but men are more at leisure, and more easily accessible on the subject of religion. Invite them to the house of God. Preach unto them Jesus, and the resurrection. Ye that make mention of the Lord, keep not silence! And surely "your God will come, even God with a recompense; He will come and save you."

THE WEEK OF PRAYER.

The *Evangelical Alliance*, in announcing the ninth annual recurrence of the Week of Prayer—to be held from the 2nd to the 9th of January—recommends the following subjects for concert in prayer on the successive days of meeting:

SUNDAY, JAN. 2ND.—*Sermons*—Person and Work of the Holy Spirit. Gal. v. 22, 23.

MONDAY, JAN. 3RD.—*Personal*—Thanksgiving for individual mercies, confession of sin, and prayer for personal holiness and more entire consecration to God's service.

TUESDAY, JAN. 4TH.—*National*.—Prayer for all in authority in our own and other lands; for universal peace; for removal of political corruption and increase of integrity and righteousness in government; for religious liberty and advances of truth in countries where religious liberty is enjoyed, and where it is sought.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 5TH.—*Domestic and Social*—Prayer for parents and children, and the blessings of the Christian home; for employers and the employed; for all schools and colleges.

THURSDAY, JAN. 6TH.—*Christian Union*.—Thanksgiving for Christian union, and prayer for its increase; special supplication in behalf of the efforts of the *Evangelical Alliance* in this country, and for the Divine blessing on the assembly of Christians from all countries to be held in the autumn of this year in New York.

FRIDAY, JAN. 7th.—*The Christian Church*.—Prayer for all ministers of the Word, and that the Lord would send forth more laborers; for all officers and members of Christian churches; for the removal of false doctrine, and especially for the blessing of God upon all members of the Roman Catholic Church; that He would overrule the Ecumenical Council in Rome, for the dissemination of His Gospel and the overthrow of hierarchal domination.

SATURDAY, JAN. 8TH.—*The World*.—Prayer for the spread of God's Word, and a pure literature in all lands; for men of commerce and science, that our civilization may be Christianized, and its material resources consecrated; for Christians in heathen and idolatrous countries; for the Chinese and all immigrants in America; for missionaries and missionary and religious societies, and for the conversion of the world to Christ.

SUNDAY, JAN. 9TH.—1 Cor. 13.

MORE ABOUT UNION WITH BAPTISTS.

The *Watchman and Reflector*, the able Baptist paper in Boston, says:—

“It will relieve many troubled consciences to learn from so high authority that neither the practice nor the belief of infant baptism is a necessary condition of membership in a Congregational church. It will also tend to relieve the denomination wholly of the unscriptural innovation, and to place it more squarely on the Protestant basis. It will thus hasten the time when the two great Congregational bodies of the United States shall be able to unite in ordinance and organization, as they are now united in doctrine and polity.”

We confess that we are surprised that a paper of the reputation of the *Watchman* should only now learn what has so long been the practice of Congregational Churches in regard to communion. To make both the *practice* and the *belief* of infant baptism essential to membership, would be worse than the usage of Baptists themselves, none of whom, so far as we know, require *belief* in immersion, if the candidate will only submit to the *practice* of it. Our one requirement in order to membership is credible evidence of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and our reason for the adoption of such a term of communion, that the entrance into the visible church should be no wider, and no narrower, than the entrance into the Kingdom of Heaven.

As to the tendency of our practice to unite “the two great Congregational bodies, in ordinance and organization,” we cordially agree with our contemporary, though we beg leave to doubt whether it will be in just the way he seems to anticipate. We think it will “tend to relieve the [Baptist] denomination of the unscriptural innovation” of close communion, and “place it more squarely on the Protestant basis” of every man's right, and specially every Christian man's right, of private judgment. We have no wish to speak uncharitably in regard to the usages of our brethren, but we cannot help thinking that for any denomination, and that, perhaps, not the most learned, to set up its opinion against nearly the whole of Christendom, and *unchurch* it, on the score of an honest difference respecting the mode of baptism, savours too strongly of the claims put forth by a certain old man in the chair of St. Peter, at

Rome. The remark of a writer in the *Christian Union* is applicable, we are sorry to say, in other quarters than those for which he intends it:—

“Infallibility is not the claim of the Pope of Rome exclusively—it is the major premiss of theologians generally that, whatever else in this world may be doubtful, they are exempted from all error in religious dogmas. The young gentleman who cannot construe his Greek Testament, and has been but a few months in ecclesiastical swaddling-clothes, is as infallible when consigning unbaptized infants to perdition *ex cathedra*, or settee, in the high church drawing-room, as was ever the Old Man of the Seven Hills, when promulgating a new article of faith. We recall at this moment only one divine of any prominence who has confessed the dimness of his eyesight in the knowledge of truth, and that was St. Paul, when he said ‘Now I see through a glass darkly. . . . Now I know in part and prophesy in part, but then shall I know even as also I am known.’”

Would that all Christians were possessed of more of Paul's spirit.

MATERIALS FOR OUR CHURCH HISTORY—NO. XI.

THE ANCIENT CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH AT LIVERPOOL, N. S.

BY JAMES WOODROW.

At the time of the removal from New England of a number of people to Acadia or Nova Scotia, Liverpool was selected for one of the settlements. It is stated that in 1760, about twenty five families arrived, and that in a short time a number of others followed. Among the early settlers we find the following names:—Joseph Collins and seven sons, Joseph Barss, Thomas Christopher, John and James Peach, William West, John West, Medad Tupper, Nathan Tupper, B. Freeman, Col. Perkins, Capt. Hopkins, and Messrs. Johnson, Hunt, Darrow, Lewin, Banks, Knowles, Briggs, Parker, Gorham, Gerrish, Nickerson, Roberts, Burbank, Millant, Crowell, Harlow, Boomer, Page, Cobb, Kempton, and Minard. In December, 1760, President Belcher wrote to England, that the settlers at Liverpool were of a very worthy class, and that they were then engaged in building three vessels for the fisheries. In 1762, Liverpool had increased to eighty families. They had their difficulties at first in consequence of their isolated position, and an account states that they were compelled one winter to use wild rabbits to a considerable extent for food. In 1761, Liverpool was first represented in the General Assembly of Nova Scotia by Benjamin Gerrish and Nathan Tupper.

The settlers at Liverpool feeling their need of a religious teacher, sent to their former friends in Massachusetts, and the Rev. Israel Cheevers, a licentiate of Harvard College, visited the place. Attempts have been made to prove that Mr. Cheevers was a Presbyterian, and that he organized a Presbyterian church, but this error has arisen from the fact that in many places in the Lower Provinces, persons of other denominations call Congregationalists by the name Presbyterian, the Congregationalists not having to any extent promulgated their distinctive principles. Reliable accounts prove that Mr. Cheevers was an orthodox Congregationalist, and that the church at Liverpool was a Congregational Church. There may have been some persons having a tendency

to Presbyterianism, but it is evident it was a Congregational Church from the fact that after Mr. Cheevers had ministered to the people a short time, he was invited to settle, an invitation which he accepted, and that then he was sent with letters to Congregational ministers in Massachusetts, who convened a Council at Rochester, Mass., and installed him as Pastor of the Liverpool church in accordance with its request on the 19th September, 1761. Mr. Cheevers returned to Liverpool, and preached in private dwellings, in the school house, or wherever opportunity offered. Several times town meetings were held, in accordance with New England custom, for the purpose of devising ways and means to secure the erection of a meeting house; but not until 1774, was anything definite agreed upon. At a town meeting in that year it was resolved to erect a place of worship to be owned by proprietaries, who should take shares. It was agreed that the dimensions of the building should be 56 x 42, and the work was proceeded with. In 1776, the building, now known as "Old Zion," was opened for Divine worship, as the record of the Town Commissioners further states that a town meeting was convened and held therein November 18, 1777. The cost of the building is stated to have been £804.

At a subsequent period exciting meetings were held by the Rev. Mr. Black, a Methodist minister, and some of the proprietaries of "Old Zion" became Methodists, and claimed an interest as such in the building, which appears to have been recognised. After a time the Congregationalists withdrew on account of some difficulty, and held their services in a separate place, some years since occupied by a daughter of Mr. Nathaniel Smith, one of the early settlers. An arrangement was at length arrived at, and the shares in "Old Zion" were purchased from the Methodists, since which time, till now, "Old Zion" has been held for *bona fide* Congregational purposes.

Mr. Cheevers was not the man, however, to establish firmly a Puritan or Congregational Church, for although sufficiently orthodox in his belief, it is to be feared that he laid more stress on orthodox opinions than orthodox life; and it is stated that he was somewhat lax himself in his course. Under his preaching the church became petrified and cold, and the people got into a frame of mind which would cause many among them to jump to the opposite extreme. There was not the same opportunity then to get news as at present, and the word passed from one to another that a great preacher was at work in the settlements, stirring up the people's hearts. Henry Alline was passing from place to place, and by his fervid appeals created great excitement. He was a good young man, a zealous preacher, but injudicious, and his popularity warped his judgment.

"Oh popular applause, what heart of man
Is proof against thy sweet seducing charms?
The wisest and the best feel urgent need
Of all their caution in thy gentlest gales."

At length Henry Alline arrived in Liverpool. Everybody was in expectation. His fame had preceded him, and the people flocked to see and hear. He preached in "Old Zion" to crowded audiences, and his fiery eloquence produced a marked effect. He stirred up enthusiasm.

Numbers were converted under his preaching, and in the language of the Rev. James Howell, to whom the writer is greatly indebted for information contained in this sketch, "many were led to give themselves to the Lord, and to one another, according to the will of God." In his diary, Mr. Alline says of this visit:—"I travelled through the woods from Port Medway to Liverpool, where I preached in different places, and found some little moorings among the people. Some began to fear their foundation to be wrong who had been professors, and the Lord gave me strength and liberty to declare the truths of the gospel; and I told the elders and members of a church that was gathered there *on a form* my mind of their standing, and the Lord shook many of them." The foregoing extract shows the indiscretion of Henry Alline in dealing with churches. He would arrive in a strange place, and gathering, perhaps, from disaffected ones, such information as he could get, he would in many instances proclaim pastor and members unconverted. Division would be the result, and those who sided with him were, in his view, the only true people of God. Either a new church would be organized, or divisions and jealousies and bickerings follow in the wake of that which the zealous and godly man thought was a glorious work. At the Falls he preached twice every day, caring more for the salvation of souls than he did for his health, for he was weak in body. Houses were crowded, many were awakened, "which was such a new thing to them," his diary says, "they did not know what ailed them; it was new and strange to them, and to the whole town." After preaching daily for a short time, Mr. Alline left Liverpool, and the usual result was realized, some were rejoicing in Christ, some were under the influence of the enthusiasm, and then there was, as in other places, schism, alienation, division. There was now bitterness in the church, and one part remained at "Zion," with Mr. Cheevers, and another part organized separate worship. In the account given by Mr. Alline, it is related that Mr. Cheevers, "whom they had often tried to get removed, was so enraged against his people for their holding up separate meetings, that he desired a dismission, rather expecting that it would be the means of their returning to him, and that when the trial came they would not dismiss him. But the people embraced the opportunity and gave him his dismission." In August of that year (1782), Nathan Tupper, Samuel Hunt, Nathaniel Freeman, Benjamin Parker, and Simeon Perkins, on behalf of the church, invited the Rev. Jonathan Scott, the Pastor of the Congregational Church at Chebogue, to come and assist them by dispensing the ordinances of the gospel, and by labour and advice, for they said Mr. Cheevers, at his own request, has been released from the pastoral care of the church "by a large majority." Mr. Scott could not comply with their desire, and Mr. Alline returned to Liverpool in November of the same year, and was informed of the removal of Mr. Cheevers. "This," he says, "opened the way still more for the work of God, and almost all the town assembled together, and God was there with a truth. I preached every day, and sometimes twice a day." Mr. Alline continued to preach for a time at Liverpool, and the settlements surrounding, having, as his diary relates, great success.

From Mr. Howell's sketch, the writer learns that the people united in giving Henry Alline a unanimous invitation to become their pastor;

and in February, 1783, the church was reorganized, thirty-five members uniting together in fellowship, and adopting a declaration of faith, church order and covenant, which has not since been materially altered, if at all. "It does not appear," wrote Mr. Howell, "that Mr. Alline continued labouring for any great length of time after this in Liverpool." In fact, he could not settle in any one locality. He considered himself an Evangelist, and believed it his duty to travel from place to place, and in that way toil in the service of his Divine Master until his death, which occurred not long after, while on a visit to New Hampshire. It was fortunate for the church that Mr. Cheevers resigned, otherwise it might have met the same fate as other churches where Henry Alline laboured, and separated the members from each other.

After Mr. Alline's departure the people of Liverpool continued to assemble together, and occasionally had visits from the Rev. John Payzant, who at length (in 1801) entered upon his labours as pastor, and for over thirty years broke the bread of life to a prosperous and united church. Rev. Mr. Howell says of his work:—"He was eminently blessed of God, especially in the early part of his ministry, which he was permitted to prosecute, until old age and increasing infirmity made it needful for him to resign his charge. This took place in 1834, and in the same year he was called to his reward, dying eminently the death of the righteous. During his long and peaceful pastorate, it is calculated that from 170 to 200 members were added to the church."

The Rev. Mr. Elder occupied the pulpit for a year after the death of Mr. Payzant, but changing his ecclesiastical views, resigned the pastoral charge. Mr. Elder had ordained Mr. Warren Nickerson, a member of the church, to be an Evangelist, and Mr. Nickerson occasionally ministered to the people.

The Rev. James Melvin, who was supplying the Free Baptist Church at Port Medway, received an invitation to supply the pulpit of the Liverpool Congregational Church, which he accepted. Subsequently he was invited to take the pastoral charge, and entered upon that office in 1836, and for some years the church enjoyed prosperity, and had many added to its fellowship.

At length in 1847, some unpleasant feelings arose between the pastor and some of the people. A second church was formed, and after a time the services of the Rev. Mr. Markland, a missionary from Demerara, were secured, who ministered for three years. I will again quote from Rev. Mr. Howell:—

"The second church then secured the services of the Rev. F. Tompkins, A.M., in connection with his labours in erecting, and afterwards presiding over the Gorham College from November, 1852, till March, 1856, when Mr. Melvin (informally as it afterwards appears), accepted the position of the retired or incapacitated minister of the first church, and the two churches approving the step united as one church, inviting the Rev. Mr. Tompkins to the pastorate, which was accepted by him."

The labours of Mr. Tompkins, in connection with the College, being too great, the Rev. James Porter, previously of Sheffield, N.B., now of Ontario, assisted him in pastoral work for a few months.

"During the above period," says Mr. Howell, "the College Building,

called the Gorham College, (which had been promoted, and in a great measure built and partially endowed by the widow of the late James Gorham, Esq.), was burnt down; and it having been resolved subsequently that the College should be carried on in Halifax, in connexion with the Dalhousie College, Mr. Tomkins had to remove thither. The attempt not succeeding there, after 12 months Mr. Tomkins removed with his family to England, leave of absence having been accorded to him by a meeting of the church, held August 7, 1859. In consequence of his continued absence, at a meeting of the church it was unanimously resolved that he be requested to resign his pastorate."

Subsequent to this, Mr. Melvin resumed his position as senior pastor of the church, which he still retains. For some years there were divisions, difficulties, lawsuits, but with these the writer will not meddle, as he has never had the opportunity of visiting that section of Nova Scotia, and no good would result in reviving those things that have in the past injured the church, and which should be allowed to rest.

The Rev. James Howell, from Guelph, Ontario, became the assistant minister of the church, in 1860, which, with the stations around, would supply work for several men.

The church at Milton, which is flourishing under the pastoral care of the Rev. R. K. Black, was, until 1855, a branch of the Liverpool church, and the church at Pleasant River, at a greater distance, where the Rev. S. Sykes ministers, is another outgrowth.

For the last three years the Rev. C. Duff has laboured at Liverpool, Brooklyn and Beachmeadows, and his labours have been greatly blessed.

Of the present position and prospects of Congregationalism in Liverpool and the surrounding country, the readers of the *Independent* have been furnished with accounts from time to time. In Queen's County, Nova Scotia, there are noble men and women striving for the maintenance and growth of Christian churches, governed according to the principles laid down in the New Testament. It is the hope of the writer that no root of bitterness will be revived, but that all who adhere to the church polity of the Apostolic days will work together heartily for one common cause.

The Home Department.

THE SCULPTOR OF BRUGES.

BY MARIE SIBBEE.

(Continued from page 228).

The tears started to Anka's eyes. "No; I am an orphan, and without a friend in this country. But my parents were Protestants, and I learned to read the Scripture at my mother's knee. I wish she had buried me then."

"It is a sad thing to be motherless, and it is a great trial to be childless. I had five children once; one died in its infancy, and I was

stricken to the earth with grief ; but I lived to thank God for His tenderness to my little girl, when I saw her brothers persecuted and hunted from place to place, till they were violently put to death." Anka felt a shudder pass through her aged companion's frame ; but the wound in her motherly heart was too deep for outward emotion, and she calmly continued, " But they are safe at home ; the children are all there before their old mother. I am just waiting my Lord's time ; sometimes I get impatient, and wonder why I am kept so long on the journey, and fancy that my work must be done, now that my children are gone. You think it hard that your mother should be taken from you, but never doubt the Lord's wisdom, my dear."

The good old woman had taken the surest method of obtaining Anka's confidence, by so frankly alluding to her own sorrows. Her heart felt strangely drawn towards her unhappy fellow-captive ; the childless matron had long since found that in comforting others she received the greatest consolation herself. " Tell me all your story," she said. " If I cannot help you, it will at least relieve your mind, for you say you have no friends."

" Nothing can ever lessen this load ; but I will tell you everything." And Anka simply told her tale, hiding nothing except Cuthbert's name ; ending her narrative with the remark, " You see I had no excuse, I can only compare myself to Judas, who, after knowing the Lord and walking with Him, and being numbered with the disciples, sold his Master. Perhaps I should, after all, have destroyed myself but for the Spanish officers."

" Say rather, but for the mercy of God, who is still seeking His wandering sheep. Do you sincerely believe, my dear, that you were ever a child of God, born again of water and of the Spirit ?"

" Oh, yes ! I never doubted my acceptance through Jesus Christ. I cannot doubt even now but that once my name was written in heaven. My case is worse than if I had always been a heathen."

" I would not for a moment speak lightly of your sin, my dear, but let me say that you dishonour the Lord, by doubting his power and His love."

Paul at this moment looked into the ante-room : " Come, old lady, the commissioners are just ready."

The old woman rose, but as she wished Anka a speedy release, she said, " Remember, my dear, that if Judas himself had asked forgiveness, it would have been as freely accorded to him as to the thief on the cross."

With very little persuasion, Van Hoven gave the commissioners all the information he could about Anka, and the cause of her leaving his house ; but they could elicit nothing that might in any way connect her with the conspiracy. Another cause for detention was, however, soon supplied. It was presumed that Anka was still a Romanist, and in the usual manner she was requested to kiss the cross, and swear by the holy relic that she had no knowledge of Van Hoven's treason, and had had no intercourse with him during the past two years.

Anka refused to take such an oath, she would only make a solemn declaration.

" Are you not a Romanist ?" they asked.

" I am not," she replied.

"You call yourself a Protestant then, I suppose?" sneered the chief enquirer.

"I am not worthy of claiming that honour," answered she, "but I believe in all the doctrines held by the Reformers."

Thus, while the accusation in reference to treasonable connivance seemed to fall through, the religious question was not so easily disposed of; and Anka was remanded to prison, with the sentence, "Take her away; a few weeks' loss of liberty, and she will be ready to swear by all the relics in Christendom."

Anka felt that she deserved the sarcasm, but it was none the less painful to bear.

For six weeks she was kept a close prisoner, on very short allowance of food; but her meditations during that interval were not such as would lead to a second recantation. Though she would not have acknowledged it to herself, she was not so hopeless and utterly miserable since her conversation in the ante-chamber, for she could not help dwelling on the kind old woman's parting words, and impatiently waited another summons for the chance of seeing her again.

To her surprise, however, when Paul again paid her a visit, it was to say that she was free. "But you must be out of the city by sundown, or not even Count Avallo's favour and gold will protect you from punishment."

"Count Avallo! who is he?" asked Anka.

"Why, the Spanish officer. You must have taken his fancy tremendously, for he has spared nothing to get you released. He is waiting now outside, I dare say, to receive your thanks." Paul seemed very much amused; but his intelligence made Anka extremely uncomfortable. She was half inclined to refuse her freedom on such terms; but then, she thought, it might be merely a mistake, or a piece of mischief on Paul's part. As she left the cell she asked if the old woman was still in prison.

"What have you to do with any old women?" said Paul, suddenly turning cross.

"I want to speak to her before I go."

"I dare say. You just take your unexpected good luck, and be gone."

"I would give you this if I might just see her again," said Anka, drawing something from her dress—it was the necklace; poverty had never induced her to part with it; but she felt at that moment, as if more than life depended on her seeing her nameless friend again.

"Where did you get that?" demanded Paul.

"From my mother; it was her last gift," replied Anka, looking at it lovingly, and then offering it to the man.

"Keep the bauble; I don't wear beads. If you are so uncommonly anxious to see the old woman, come this way. Mind, you can only stay half-an-hour, and don't you two be hatching any plots, or it will be worse for her."

"There is no fear of that. I will not abuse your kindness, nor will your aged prisoner, I am sure."

"It is a pity but some one had a notion for getting *her* freedom; she makes me think of my own mother. I never like to take her a crust, and then turn the key upon her."

"Anka was following Paul; she stopped, and touched his sleeve.

"Let her go in my place, *do* please, and let me stay, good Paul."

"Nonsense; I should most likely be in irons, myself, to-morrow; the commissioners are very choice over this criminal—she took so much trouble to capture. And a pretty rage Connt Avallo would be in, when I took him a wrinkled grandmother instead of a handsome young woman; but I won't flatter you. Spaniards know how to do that much better than we plain spoken Belgians. Here we are—you must come the moment I bid you."

The occupant of the cell (which was an exact counterpart of the one Anka had left) was reading from a well-worn manuscript, when the maiden was unceremoniously ushered in, and the door locked upon her. Paul, with his roughness, had been very considerate to the old lady. He knew about the manuscript, but winked at her retention of it against all prison rules. She looked up with her peaceful smile, welcomed her guest as courteously as if she stood under her own roof, and offered her single chair. The chair Anka declined, and seated herself on a foot-stool, an article of luxury that Paul had contrived to introduce without regard to order.

"I have not long to stay, good mother; my release has come, but I had a great desire to see you once more."

"I am glad to hear that you are liberated, my dear; it matters not much to one like me, whose term of life is nearly ended, where its last few days are spent; but for the young, it is an unnatural state of quietude, and often deforms the strongest mind. But, my dear, I hope you are not accepting freedom for your limbs, and still refusing the redemption purchased long ago for your soul?"

Anka looked up quickly. "I would part with every limb for one hour's real peace. If pardon *were* offered to me, indeed I would not refuse it; but I cannot find room for hope."

"And why should there not be hope? you believe in this sacred word." She pointed to the open pages before her.

"Yes; but it is long since I have read a line."

"Then listen now and remember, my dear, that it is God who speaks, and to disbelieve his promises, is to make Him a liar. Return thou backsliding Israel, saith the Lord, and I will not cause my anger to fall upon you; for I am merciful, saith the Lord; and again, 'When the wicked man turneth away from the wickedness he hath committed, doeth that which is lawful and right he shall save his soul alive.' And here, as if the Lord would stretch out His hand to those in the very lowest estate, He says, 'O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself; but *in me* is thine help.' 'I will heal their backsliding; I will love them freely; for mine anger is turned away.' Will you say there is no hope?"

To Anka it still appeared too great a mercy to be true, and she replied, doubtfully, "But those things were addressed to the Jews; I have sinned even worse than they did; for no Christ had as yet died for them—their light was dim. It seems presumptuous, after all my sin, to think God can still love and care for me."

"Do you think you were *ever* more worthy of His notice, my dear? Had you ever a claim upon his mercy? Did it cost the Saviour less to

atone for your first childish fault than it does now to wash away this load of guilt? You but hazard His displeasure, and increase your offence, by refusing His offered pardon. You say you are lost, then you are one of those whom Jesus came on purpose to seek. You have read the story of Peter's denial?" Yes; Anka remembered it well. "Then hear it once more;" and the old woman turned to another portion of her treasure, and read until she came to the words, 'And the Lord turned and looked upon Peter.' My dear, the Lord has been looking at you for a long time; He has never lost sight of you for a moment."

Then Anka's unbelief gave way; she threw herself on her knees beside her faithful friend, "and wept bitterly."

"All your struggles against conscience," continued the old woman, "and all your wretchedness He has seen; and He knew that at last, if nothing else led you back to Him, for very weariness you would be driven to His feet."

"Oh! it seems too much, too much!" sobbed Anka.

"Too much for us to understand, but not too much for Him to do; for in loving and forgiving, in remembering our helplessness, and forgetting our ingratitude, He shows Himself the Son of man and the Son of God. My child, those honour the Saviour most who draw most freely on His bounty.

Paul's half-hour of grace extended to an hour; but it seemed only a few minutes to Anka, as she hung upon the words that fell free from the aged Christian's lips, whether read from the sacred page, or the utterance of her own full heart. Anka trembled for herself in the future, and had the choice been given her she would gladly have shared her comforter's cell.

"We are safest," remarked the latter, "when we distrust our own strength. 'In me is thine help said the Lord.'"

And so the two women parted; they had not even asked each other's names, and never met again on earth.

Before Anka left the prison, her kind benefactor, whom she had mistaken for the bold Carlos Alba, had been suddenly called to leave the city with his regiment, to join the detested Alva, who was mustering all his forces for another encounter with the brave Netherlands. The battles and sieges that followed do not concern us now, although we may be interested in the fate of one or two of the combatants.

We will pass on to the day that succeeded one of the engagements, when, the excitement over, nothing but the ghastliness and cruelty of war remained. On the battle-field, those who had fiercely struggled together were being buried peacefully together in one common grave; and in the little village church, that had been turned into a temporary hospital, friends and foes lay side by side drinking from the same cup, and being ministered to by the same gentle hands.

From one sufferer to another passed a grave woman, whose eyes often overflowed at the sight of pain beyond her power to alleviate; but ah! the tender pity in her looks; the sympathizing words so softly spoken; the womanly attentions so delicately bestowed, were better than the leeches, lancet or drugs for some of those sick and dying men. Few were the comforts, and scanty the food for the little hospital, but that woman's presence stilled all complaints, and the coarsest trooper refrained his customary oaths in her hearing.

"Sister Anka," moaned a feeble voice, while an eager hand caught the dark blue dress of the sister. She was filling one of the sacred cups with fresh water, that had been brought from the village well. "For pity's sake give me some water." The wounded man was lying on the floor of the church, his head resting on the lowest step leading to the altar. Sister Anka stooped down, put the silver cup to his lips, and lifted his head while he drank. The draught revived him, and Anka readjusted the bandages that were loosened by his feverish movements. He watched her with grateful eyes, for the touch of her hands quickened and soothed him. "I wish I could find you a better covering," said she, wrapping part of an old blanket over his shattered limbs; for though the day was bright, the stone church with its dark coloured windows, gave little access to warmth, even light; and Anka's poor patient shivered with cold. "Do you think I am mortally wounded, sister Anka?" She shook her head, "I cannot tell; I am too ignorant of surgery; but I trust we shall get you wounds properly dressed before night."

"It will be too late then, I should only be tortured in vain. Thank you, good sister; you have made my hard couch softer by your compassion," and he reverently drew her hand to his lips.

The cup was filled, and drained many times; fevered temples were bathed, and slighter injuries were attended to with the skill that comes by instinct to every loving, strong-hearted woman. But the greatest diligence and charity could not make it other than a very woful scene.

While Anka was occupied at one end of the building, a priest came in to administer extreme unction to those who were dying. He had been on the battle-field since day-break, doing his best to prepare the departing spirits of his countrymen to meet their last great foe.

"Do you want to confess once more?" whispered the priest, bending over the soldier that lay near the altar, seeing in his countenance sure signs of approaching dissolution.

"No, I have done with your corrupt Church," replied the sufferer. "Yet stay, I have something that I wish to tell you. Lift my hand a little higher, please. I was once a priest myself—yes, and took stricter vows than have ever been imposed upon you, for I belong to the *Holy Inquisition*."

"The *Inquisition*! how did you escape and elude detection and punishment?" asked Cuthbert, for he was the priest, astonished at the revelation.

"Oh, by a thousand schemes. I have no strength to tell you how I got free; but I have been in the army three months, and I am well content to know that I am about to die a soldier's death."

"But why did you forsake the calling you had chosen?"

"Because I found that instead of entering a society to further the kingdom of Jesus, the merciful and tender Saviour, I had been entrapped into the service of Satan, and was expected to inflict such cruelties upon innocent men as were only fit for fiends in the lower world to execute. It makes me shudder now to think of what I saw and heard in those secret chambers. I hope I shall leave all those memories behind me in the grave. It is well ordered that no victim shall return to society that has once descended to those regions. There was one that they tortured without remorse; he had the noblest face I ever saw."

They said he was a sculptor, and that the fame of his genius had spread throughout Europe."

Cuthbert looked earnestly at the ex-priest, who asked, "Did you know Hans, the sculptor?"

"Yes, we were friends for many years, until his heresy raised an impassable barrier between us."

"Heretic, or whatever you may call him, he was the most patient being I ever saw; his gentleness was something more than human. The night he died I went to his cell, to ask a question, and found him as happy as a little child who is falling into sleep on its mother's breast. He told me Christ was everything to him then. I have never forgotten his words; it was as if an angel from heaven had spoken to me. His relentless judges thought to finish their work next day, but he had gone home to rest before the morning. How my heart rejoiced to know that, at last, he was beyond their reach. Now leave me, for my peace has been made long since with God, and my sins confessed to Him. Ask Sister Anka to come and speak to me once more; she talks like the sculptor, and takes away that fear of death."

At the mention of Anka's name Cuthbert's aspect changed. Surely there were other maidens of that name, but to him there was only one Anka in the world, and lifting his head he saw her standing near. Their eyes met, and Anka instantly recognized her former friend and director.

"Cuthbert!" she exclaimed, with a crimson cheek. *He* was speechless; her name died upon his trembling lips. She knelt down, and across the body of the dying man the hands of the ill-fated lovers met. The priest was deeply moved, and all his nature rebelled against the decree that sundered them. "So must we ever meet," thought he, "in this life, with death between us and happiness." Anka's face grew paler than before, as she looked forward to the end of time, and felt that perhaps then they would be parted for ever. The same idea occurred to the priest; he saw she wore no cross, and her dress was not that of any charitable order.

"Anka," said he, in a fearful whisper, "have you been faithful and true?"

"To *you* I have always been," she replied.

"I never doubted that; I knew that to love once, with Anka Gerhardt, was to love for ever. But the Church, Anka, you are still a Catholic."

"I loved the Protestant faith well, once, though I forsook it for a time, and sinned most grievously; but I have come back to my better self, to the truth; and now, by God's help, I will be faithful to it for ever."

"I told you that Sister Anka knew better than to belong to your cruel Church," said the soldier. "She believes in a God of love, not in a terrible judge; in a merciful Father, not a grand inquisitor, delighting to condemn his children to misery and torture. What is that verse you said, this morning, Sister?"

"God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him," replied Anka, softly.

"Yes, 'and this commandment have we from Him, that he who

loveth God love his brother also.' Was it love that invented the rack, and all those diabolical instruments of torment? But I can see that it was His love that sent me to the Inquisition, that I might see how hateful Popery is, stripped of its tinsel and finery."

(*To be continued.*)

THE PAWNED BIBLE.

Just at twilight on a November day a man about thirty-five years old entered a grocery on Federal street, in the city of —, with a junk bottle in one hand, and a Bible in the other. He stepped up to the counter, and said to the owner of the establishment, "Will you let me have a pint on that? I'll pay it in a few days."

The grocer looked at the back of the book, and saw the words HOLY BIBLE, and knew at a glance that it was worth vastly more than a pint of whisky, and said "Yes." He laid the book behind him on a shelf, and drew the liquor, and the customer departed.

A loafer sitting by the stove said, "Duncan is getting rather hard up if he pawns books for drink."

"He is, indeed," said the proprietor. "He knew he could not get trusted, and still he will have his grog. I am almost sorry I let him have it. Has he a family?"

"Yes; a wife and four children."

Here the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of other customers.

The man who brought the Bible in and pawned it was a mechanic. He was very skilful in shoeing horses, and was employed by a firm who owned many teams. He could easily have acquired property, and have been comfortable, if he had abstained from drink. His employers had often threatened to turn him off, but he would promise to do better, and desiring to keep one so skilled in their employment, they had continued him along. Sometimes for days he would not work an hour, and then for weeks he would attend to his work faithfully. Of course he used up all his wages, and his family sometimes suffered for the comforts of life.

The owner of the grocery was a Scotchman by the name of McKey. He left his native place when about twenty-one years of age, and after residing in Canada for a few years, he found his way to —, and commenced the sale of liquor. This was many years ago, when little was said, and less was done on the subject of temperance.

McKey's mind had, however, been led to the consideration of the evils of intemperance. He was a member of a Scotch Presbyterian church, and his pastor frequently alluded to the drinking usages of the day, much to the annoyance of his hearers. Even some of his church session thought he was "wise above what was written."

The evening passed off, and at length he closed his shutters. Before retiring he carelessly took up the Bible and opened it, and on the fly-leaf he read:—

"JENNIE SMART,
from
MARGARET MCKEY."

He was perfectly amazed. Here was a Bible which once belonged to his own mother, and presented by her to Jennie Smart, whom he well remembered as a servant in his father's family at the time he left Scotland. He could not be mistaken with respect to the handwriting of his mother; nor could he keep out of his mind the smiling face of Jennie Smart. The reader can easily imagine that trains of thought and reflection were awakened, which would prevent him from sleeping. Still, there was a mystery about it. How came this Bible in the hands of James Duncan, the drunken blacksmith? This mystery he determined to solve.

The next day he went to the shop where Duncan worked, and approached the anvil where he was fitting a shoe, and said: "You left a Bible with me last night."

"Yes. You don't want me to redeem it so soon, do you?"

"No. I want to know where you got it."

"I came honestly by it."

"I presume so; but I am anxious to know."

"Well, sir, it belongs to my wife. She has had it ever since she was a girl."

"Was her name Jennie Smart?"

"That was her name when I married her. Why?"

"I think I used to know her in Scotland. Do you live near here?"

"Yes. In Liberty street, just round the corner from Elm, up stairs."

"With your leave I will call on her."

"That you can do if you like."

McKey left the shop, and soon found the miserable abode, and ascended the rickety stairs, and rapped at the door, which was opened by a woman who seemed surprised to see a stranger. She invited him to be seated. He knew not how to commence the conversation, but at length said: "This is Mrs. Duncan, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

He asked a few more commonplace questions, and she replied. He then said: "I perceive by your accent that like myself you are Scotch."

"Yes, sir. I was born near Glasgow."

"Did you ever know a lass by the name of Jennie Smart?"

"Yes, sir. That was my own name when I was a lass."

"Did you ever know a lady by name of McKey—Margaret McKey?"

"Yes, sir. I knew her well. I wrought for her as a servant for years."

"Did you ever see this book before?" reaching out the Bible.

"Yes, sir. Mrs. McKey gave me that the day before I took passage for America. But, sir, how came it in your hands?"

"I keep a grocery on Federal street. Your husband pawned it to me for drink."

She began to weep. He saw where the sore spot in her heart was. He told her who he was, and drew from her a history of her trials, and then said, "Jennie (for you will allow me to call you so), I am very sorry I have been the means of giving you any sorrow. I will never sell your husband another drop of liquor. I will do what I can to reform him."

We will not give the conversation in detail. His visit cheered her heart.

On his way back he stopped at the shop where Duncan was at work. He looked up as McKey entered, and said: "Did you find the place?"

"Yes. I find I used to know your wife when she lived at home."

"You never knew any ill of her, I think."

"No; she was always kind and gentle. Now, Duncan, as you have such a good wife and such pretty children, why don't you stop drinking?"

He replied: "A Yankee always answers a question by asking another. As you have no wife nor children, why don't you stop selling?"

"If I will stop selling, will you stop drinking?"

He stood a moment, cast his eye upward, and said "I WILL."

"Give us your hand on that," said McKey.

They shook hands.

"Now," said McKey, "come over to the grocery." They went over, and emptied all the liquor into the street. When the work was completed, McKey added: "When you go home, tell your wife what you have done, and add that if you get into trouble you will always have a friend in the son of that Margaret McKey that gave Jennie Smart the Bible."

Duncan looked surprised, but said nothing.—*Pacific*.

ATTENDANCE AND ATTENTION.

BY REV. WILLIS J. BEECHER.

"We ought to have a minister that will *draw*?"

So you ought, perhaps. And if Providence has placed it within your power, you ought also to have such architecture and music as will attract people to the house of God. But by your own regular attendance, by your punctuality, by your reverent good manners at church, by your candid, earnest attention, by doing what you can to induce others to come, you can help to gather and hold a large congregation. Without such help, few ministers are brilliant enough to succeed.

In general, large congregations are more interested than small ones. Regular attendants are more interested than those who come but occasionally. Tardiness, careless behaviour, inattention, are annoying, and materially impair the enthusiasm of any public gathering.

As to attention, a popular authoress may be correct in asserting that your minister can in courtesy only ask you to put yourself in a *listening posture*, and wait to be carried along by the discourse, if it has power to carry you along. But your own interests will often require much more than this. They will render imperative a studious and even painful effort to follow the thread of the discussion and remember what is said. Much depends on the frame of mind one brings to the sanctuary. Considering the diverse character of people, and their varied states of feeling on any particular Sunday, it is hardly possible for every sermon, however excellent, to attract every listener. But a genuine gospel sermon can hardly be so poor but it may both please and feed some listener, if he tries hard enough.

The requisite changes of terms being made, these statements are as true of social meetings and Sunday Schools as of more public services.

On its attendance and attention the *good name* of a church greatly depends. If strangers find its meetings thin, or marred by listlessness or indecorum,

they are sure to draw unfavourable inferences. The *efficiency* of a church is also much affected by the same thing. A bad reputation hinders effective work. Often it must be overcome before one can even begin to do anything. When the impenitent say, "Christians care too little about religious services to be regular in attending them;" or, "They are listless during worship, and that proves them indifferent;" or, "Their careless postures and outward lack of reverence are shockingly unrefined;" or, "They find their meetings so dull that they are ashamed to ask their friends to go;" then those who have occasion to talk thus, certainly feel church influence less than they otherwise would. And, in like conditions, a similar debilitation of influence marks the efforts of such a church among people of all classes. Thus *growth* is hindered. Men say, "We dislike to go to such and such a church. Its empty seats indicate a luke-warmness that repels us. The inattentiveness of its audience is disagreeable. We prefer to go where there is more enthusiasm." A full room is attractive, even with homely preaching and music. An empty room is repulsive, even with the preaching of an Apollon and the singing of an Asaph. He who has not carefully considered the matter, has no idea how much he can help his church by merely keeping his own pew full at all its public and social services.—*Advance.*

CANNIBALISM.

If I were to take you to my house, and say that I had an exquisitely fat man, and wished you to join me in eating him, your indignation could be restrained by nothing. You would pronounce me to be crazy. There is not a man in New York so mean that he would not put down a man who would propose to have a banquet off from a fellow man, cutting steaks out of him, and eating them. And that is nothing but feasting on the human body: while they all will sit down and take a man's soul and look for the tender-loins, and invite their neighbors to little tit-bits. They will take a man's honor and name, and broil them over the coals of their indignation, and fill the whole room with the aroma thereof, and give their neighbors a piece, and watch him and wink, as he tastes it. You all eat men up, and you are cannibals every one of you—and worse. You will be glad to get off at God's judgment seat with the plea: "I only ate the outside." You eat the souls, the finest elements of men. You are more than glad if you can whisper a word that is derogatory to a neighbor, or his wife, or his daughter. And yet, by an oblique sentence, you make unfavorable impressions on the mind of the person addressed, in respect to the subject of your criticism. "Ah!" he says, "I had not been informed;" and he goes to the next neighbor, and says, "Mr. So-and-so says this and that about So-and-so." And that neighbor says, "Indeed," and runs to his partner and they both run to their wives; and the thing goes all over town. Everybody becomes an unpaid devil's mail carrier, and goes here and there bearing infernal messages. And what is the result? It is damnation to some poor creature that is unconscious, or that is innocent, or that if guilty, ought to be pitied and succored, rather than condemned. But ah! the morsel is too exquisite to be lost. Here is the soul of a person's hope for this world, and you have it on your fork, and you cannot refrain from tasting it, and give it to some one else to taste. You are cannibals, eating men's honor and name and rejoicing in it—and that too, when you do

not always know that the things charged against them are true ; when in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the probabilities are that they are not true.—*Beecher.*

ABRAHAM'S FAITH.

I think Abraham got the start of the devil by getting up early in the morning. If God had called upon me to sacrifice my son, I think that next morning I would have laid abed pretty late to think about it. I don't think I would have intended to disobey God, but next day I should have had a great deal of business to see to, and it would have taken me a long time to do it. Abraham rose up *early*—he didn't stop to talk with his wife about it. If he had she would have had something to say that might have hindered him. I should have wanted to talk with my wife. Very likely we might have desired to pray much over it. And after that was all settled, I don't think I would have gone straight to the mountain. I would have picked the longest route I knew of, and I would have journeyed slowly. My boy and I would have much to say to each other. Very likely we would have been frequently found in prayer, and much time would have been spent in talking it all over. Ah, how slowly I would have approached the place of sacrifice ! And that's the way the devil gets the advantage of us—by getting us to put off a duty. Abraham got up EARLY. There's many a good resolution broken by lying in bed to think about it. Isaac was Abraham's only son, loved as old men love their only sons. On the first night of their journey I imagine that but little sleep came to Abraham. He got up often in the night, perhaps to get a look at the face of his son. As they continued on their way, probably he turned away his head often, that Isaac might not see how sorely he was afflicted, and oftentimes perhaps Isaac wondered that his father brushed away a tear. The second night how little rest he got ! And the third night probably still less. And when on the third day he saw Mount Moriah, how his heart must have sunk within him, and when his boy innocently asked, "Behold the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb for the burnt offering ?"—how that must have pierced to his very heart. We know little of such sacrifices as Abraham was making, for in slaying Isaac he laid himself on the altar. And that is the point we must reach—lay ourselves on the altar.—*Moodly.*

THE LITTLE GIRL AND HER COPY.

A little girl went to a writing-school. When she saw her copy, with every line so perfect, "I can never write like that," she said.

She looked steadfastly at the straight, round lines so slim and graceful. Then she took up her pen and timidly put it on the paper. Her hand trembled ; she drew it back ; she stopped, studied the copy, and began again. "I can but try," said the little girl ; "I will do as well as I can."

She wrote half a page. The letters were crooked. What more could we expect from a first effort ? The next scholar stretched across her desk,

and said, "What scraggy things you make." Tears filled the little girl's eyes. She dreaded to have the teacher see her book. "He will be angry with me and scold," she said to herself.

But when the teacher came and looked, he smiled. "I see you are trying, my little girl," he said kindly, "and that is enough for me."

She took courage. Again and again she studied the beautiful copy. She wanted to know how every line went, how every letter was rounded, and then she took up her pen and began to write. She wrote carefully with the copy always before her. But oh! what slow work it was! Her letters straggled here, they crowded there, and some of them looked every way.

The little girl trembled at the step of the teacher. "I am afraid you will find fault with me," she said, "my letters are not fit to be on the same page with the copy."

"I do not find fault with you," said the teacher, "because I do not look so much at what you do, as at what you aim and have the heart to do. By really trying, you make a little improvement every day; and a little improvement every day will enable you to reach excellence by-and-by."

"Thank you sir," said the little girl; and thus encouraged, she took up her pen with a greater spirit of application than before.

And so it is with the dear children who are trying to become like Jesus. God has given us a heavenly copy. He has given us His dear Son "for an example that we should follow his steps." "He did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth." He is altogether lovely," and "full of grace and truth." And when you study his character, "I can never, never reach that," you say. "I can never be like Jesus."

God does not expect you to become like His dear Son in a minute, or a day, or a year; but what pleases Him is that you should love Him, and try to follow His example. It is that temper which helps you to grow day by day, little by little, into His likeness, which God desires to see. God sees you try. God loves you for trying, and He will give His Holy Spirit to help you.

The younger you try, the easier it becomes. The harder you try, the sweeter you will find it. And what sight is more lovely to those who love you than to mark you growing day by day into the temper and spirit of our Lord Jesus Christ.—*The Children's Friend*:

HOW BOYS GET ON.

If one expects to get on in life, and meet with eminent success, he must be ready to be useful at a pinch, and adapt himself to any emergency. Here is a good illustration:

A few years ago, a large drug firm in this city advertised for a boy. Next day the store was thronged with applicants, among them a queer looking little fellow, accompanied by a woman, who proved to be his aunt, in lieu of faithless parents, by whom he had been abandoned. Looking at this little waif, the merchant in the store promptly said:

"Can't take him; places all full; besides, he is too small."

"I know he is small," said the woman, "but he is willing and faithful."

There was a twinkle in the boy's eyes which made the merchant think again. A partner in the firm volunteered to remark that he "did not see what they wanted of such a boy—he was'n't bigger than a pint of cider."

But after consultation the boy was set to work.

A few days later a call was made on the boys in the store for some one to stay all night. The prompt response of the little fellow contrasted well with the reluctance of others. In the middle of the night the merchant looked in to see if all was right in the store, and presently discovered his youthful *protégé* busy scissoring labels.

"What are you doing?" said he; "I did not tell you to work nights."

"I know you did not tell me to, but I thought I might as well be doing something."

In the morning the cashier got orders to "double that boy's wages, for he is *willing*."

Only a few weeks elapsed before a show of wild beasts passed through the streets, and, very naturally, all hands in the store rushed to witness the spectacle. A thief saw his opportunity, and entered at the rear door to seize something, but in a twinkling found himself firmly clutched by the diminutive clerk aforesaid, and after a struggle was captured. Not only was a robbery prevented, but valuable articles taken from other stores were recovered. When asked by the merchant why he stayed behind to watch when all others quit their work, the reply was, "You told me never to leave the store when others were absent, and I thought I'd stay."

Orders were immediately given once more, "Double that boy's wages; he is *willing and faithful*."

To-day that boy is getting a salary of \$2500, and next January will become a member of the firm.—*Exchange*.

THE THREE CALLS.

O Slumberer! rouse thee, despise not the truth,
But give thy Creator the days of thy youth;
Why standest there idle? the day dawneth, see!
The Lord of the vineyard is waiting for thee.

Holy Spirit, by thy power,
Grant me yet another hour;
Earthly pleasures I would prove,
Earthly joy, and earthly love;
Scarcely yet has dawned the day,
Holy Spirit, wait, I pray.

O Loiterer! speed thee, the morn wears apace,
Then squander no longer the moments of grace;
But, haste while there's time, to thy master agree,
The Lord of the vineyard stands waiting for thee.

Gentle Spirit, stay, O stay!
Brightly beams the early day;
Let me linger in these bowers,

God shall have my noontide hours ;
 Chide me not for my delay,
 Gentle Spirit, wait I pray.

O Sinner ! arouse thee, the morning is past,
 Already the shadows are lengthening fast ;
 Escape for thy life ; from the dark mountains flee,
 The Lord of the vineyard yet waiteth for thee.

Spirit, cease thy mournful lay,
 Leave me to myself, I pray ;
 Earth hath flung her spell around me,
 Pleasure's silken chain hath bound me ;
 When the sun his path hath trod.
 Spirit, then I'll turn to God.

Hark ! borne on the wind is the bell's solemn toll,
 'Tis mournfully pealing the knell of the soul ;
 The Spirit's sweet pleadings and strivings are o'er,
 The Lord of the vineyard stands waiting no more.

British and Foreign Record.

The reconstruction of the Free Episcopal Church in Ireland goes forward satisfactorily. In our judgment, most of the moot points are being decided in the right way. The laity are to be fully represented, and are to have a voice on questions of doctrine and discipline, as well as on the temporalities. It has been decided to allow every adult male who professes himself a member of the Church, to vote for delegates, without requiring him to be a communicant. This, of course, does not square with our ideas of church membership, nor is it the practice in Canada or the United States. But it may be more consistent with the baptism and confirmation theory of church membership.

Whether it be that Congregationalism cannot live on slave territory, or that slavery cannot live alongside of Congregationalism, we cannot say, but facts certainly go to show the existence of the strongest natural antipathy between them. During the reign of that "peculiar institution," which the Confederate Vice-President Stephens declared was to be the "corner-stone" of the new Republic, there was, we believe, not a single Congregational Church south of Mason and Dixon's line, although Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian and Episcopal Churches flourished in abundance, all, of course receiving slaveholders to fellowship. Since the abolition of slavery, however, Congregational Churches have been springing up all over the South with astonishing rapidity. At the recent meeting of the General Association of Missouri at Sedalia, nearly sixty were reported as already organized in that State alone, where four years ago there were but two. Despite the allegations of the old slaveocracy, nothing could show more conclusively than this fact the vast improvement that has taken place in the sentiments and condition of the South.

The fuss about Dr. Temple's nomination to the see of Exeter ended in smoke, as all such things do. We do not believe that he is so far astray as his association with the other writers of the *Essays and Reviews* has led most people to think him. But, however that may be, the protestors have done either too much or too little. If he is too heterodox to be a bishop, he is unfit to be a priest, and the head-master of one of the chief public schools of England. But if he can occupy that position unquestioned, by what right can his "promotion" to a diocese be resisted? The only answer that can be given, is, that the Church, as a spiritual body, is tied hand and foot by the State, and is compelled to submit to what she feels to be dishonouring to her Lord and fatal to herself. No man feels this more acutely than Dr. Pusey, and, like the honest and courageous though erring man that he is, he has hoisted the banner of "Disestablishment." He is well stricken in years, but he may live to see it.

Our Colonial cousins at the Antipodes are learning their lesson as to the evils of subsidising churches by the State. After endowing Catholics and Protestants of every kind, and Jews, the Legislature has been asked to assist the Chinese in maintaining their Pagan worship. And why not, since their taxes went into the common treasury? But this was too much; and the whole thing is to be abandoned by degrees.

Cincinnati has excluded the Bible from her Common Schools. An analysis of the vote shows the opponents of the Bible to be made up, as might have been expected, of Roman Catholics, Jews, Infidels, and certain dough-faced and office-seeking politicians, who are always willing to do any dirty work to secure the support of the other classes aforesaid. We notice also that San Francisco is having trouble from the same priest-ridden denomination, which, although neither wealthy nor otherwise influential, can generally manage by trickery and fraud, to secure its ends.

It is announced that the re-union of the two branches of the Presbyterian Church is accomplished. Both assemblies met at Pittsburgh, on the 10th Nov., and the city was crowded. Of the New School Presbyteries, 113 had voted for reunion unanimously, while the three remaining had each but one vote against it. The Old School vote was 127 in the affirmative (59 unanimous) to 18 in the negative. The assemblies held separate meetings for several days, but on Friday, each marched in procession, and forming a line in front of the First Church, the New and Old School Commissioners locked arms, and a hearty clapping of hands, and waving of handkerchiefs followed from the crowd of spectators. A union meeting followed in the Third Church, when Dr. Fowler made an address, and at its close, clasped the hand of Dr. Jacobus, and announced the re-union of the two bodies complete. This event brings into one body 143 Presbyteries, with 27 Synods, 2,381 ministers and 258,903 members from the Old School body, and 113 Presbyteries with 24 Synods, 1,848 ministers and 172,560 members from the New; making a united total of 256 Presbyteries, with 51 Synods, 4,229 ministers and 431,463 members. It is suggested that the event be commemorated by a thank-offering of five millions of dollars, and the erection of a grand Presbyterian House in the city of New York.

Arrangements are being made for a gathering of Protestants in New York, next September, under the auspices of the Evangelical Alliance, which promises to be much more truly a council than the conclave summoned by the Pope, and fully as Œcumenical; while, in the character of its members, the wisdom of its deliberations, and the effect of its conclusions, it will be far more illustrious, weighty, and important. The return of Rev. Dr. Schaff from the other side is announced, with assurances that, among the distinguished Europeans who may be expected to be present on that occasion, are Profs. Tholuck and Dörner, Pressensé, Dean Alford, Spurgeon, and others of equal fame. The Protestants of America, and indeed of the world, should anticipate this approaching convocation with lively interest, make it the subject of their special prayer, and entertain the hope that it may be blessed of God to the advancement of His truth, the more effectual harmony of His people, and the downfall of error.

Father Hyacinthe, the eloquent and popular preacher of Notre Dame, in Paris, whose fearless and independent course in denouncing the corruptions of the Church of Rome, and resisting the attempt about to be made by the forthcoming Œcumenical Council to lay a new yoke upon the necks of the faithful, have won for him the admiration of the world, has chosen to expatriate himself rather than submit his conscience to human authority, and is now residing in the United States. He still professes himself an adherent of the Catholic Church, although he has become a *Protestant*, without knowing it, by his very *protest* against her claim to infallibility, and to being considered the only Christian communion. One thing is evident from his letters,—this Carmelite monk has read his Bible, and is determined to follow out his convictions wherever they may lead him. He does not propose to confine his influence to his forensic labours; but intends soon to establish a paper, bearing the name of *Le Chretien*, which shall be both religious and political in its character.

Since writing the above, Pere Hyacinthe has returned to Europe, having been summoned to Rome, it is said, by the Pope, who hopes, probably, to coax him into submission to the Church.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher has been the subject of some not very flattering notices recently, in consequence of the part he has played in connection with the McFarland-Richardson tragedy. The particulars of the affair are already too well known, and need not be repeated here further than to explain, that Richardson having been shot and mortally wounded by McFarland for undue intimacy with his wife, and for assisting her in obtaining a divorce from her husband on account of alleged cruelty to her. Mr. Beecher, assisted by several other clergymen, married Richardson to the divorced woman on his dying bed. The complaint against Mr. Beecher is that in doing so he violated both the moral and the civil law, the divorce, which was obtained in an Iowa court, having been granted without sufficient justification, and therefore invalid in New York. Mr. Beecher replies that he has reason for believing that there *was* sufficient ground for divorce, according to the strictest interpretation of Matt. 5, 32, which he regards as presenting

the *only* case in which it is allowable; that Richardson, although perhaps imprudent, had been guilty of no overt immorality; and that he, therefore, felt himself at liberty to gratify the murdered and dying man's wish to leave to Mrs. McFarland his name and property. In regard to the point of law we are, of course, unable to offer an opinion, but our impression is that Mr. Beecher's estimate of the *men* is the correct one; and that, although it may have been inexpedient under the circumstances to solemnize the marriage, much of the virtuous indignation that has been expressed about it has proceeded from the pure-minded Democrats of Tammany Hall! The chance of a fling at Beecher was too good to be lost.

Correspondence.

THE COLLEGE COURSE.

SIR,—I cannot but think the present a most favorable opportunity—the most so that may occur for years—to put the Congregational Divinity College on an improved basis. The College instruction was committed in my time, and after, to a single Chair, from which an impossibility was expected: that was, to teach all the subjects the course required, and to teach them thoroughly.

Since that period the only important modification that has taken place has been to form a sort of staff, with the original Chair as its practical centre, with a couple of wheels acting on the circumference of the original one, so bevelled off as to impart their chief momentum to altogether external machinery, leaving practically the work to the central wheel.

There is, and need be no question raised about the ability and thoroughness of the assistants Dr. Lillie had in the work they undertook, or in any work they might consent to undertake—all this may be admitted without question; but the fact simply is, that the arrangement as it has been, whatever it may be in point of economy, convenience or custom, is not fit for Canada—not up to the times, nor in anywise productive of the advantages of a real theological seminary.

I am not influenced by the condition or efforts of the numerous sectarian communities in the midst of which the Independents live. The question for us to consider is this: How to raise up a suitable ministry for Canada out of the materials that offer themselves; to enlist them, drill them and equip them, *secundum artem*, and thus prepare Canadian spiritual troops for the work they will be required to do.

There is no doubt that a connection with McGill College is an advantage, although an advantage that but few will avail themselves of; for I may venture to say that by the present arrangement few can be brought within the charmed circle of university degrees. The many must be just as heretofore; for is it not entirely clear to the minds of all that the majority of youth who come before the College Board will be *unfit to enter College*?

But the College Board may “enact” that *they shall be fit*. Very well. That rule will take very few by the hand; it would have taken very few by the hand hitherto of those who have passed through the College—many of them good, capable ministers—but it would have passed them by on the other side with *rather derisive emphasis*.

A leaning in the right direction was taken in the increase of the time of study to four years. It should be five for unprepared students, and three

for all who could read the Greek New Testament with some ease at entrance.* A preparatory course, similar to the ordinary grammar school course, for at least two years, would be of far more consequence to candidates for the ministry, to the Independents and to the public, than an affiliation with McGill College, without any disparagement to that affiliation at all.

Were the first two years placed in affiliation with some grammar school (taking bonds, as in the States, from all students, that in case they leave the ministry for which the funds are spent to fit them, they shall refund blank sum for their expenses), this would put a vigorous spring into the machinery where it is wanted; still better, let a teacher who *can* discharge the whole duties of a grammar school master be placed in the faculty, and let him work up the students, including those who are preparing for degrees. A class of ten—and more could, no doubt, be obtained—would give a good day's work to any man. A hard-working man might unite history, geography and chronology with general literature, according to a well-devised programme. Then your two external wheels would be thrown to the centre, and in didactic, polemic and historic divinity, sacred rhetoric—that is, sermons—with Christian economy or church government, the centres, although united, would somewhat separate themselves, and afford a healthy stimulus to all concerned.

This, I dare say, is the nearest approach to a theological seminary that could be made at present, and for the number of students, all-sufficient. I will venture to say that it is what the country needs. It might be made to pay well, and without notorious bungling could not fail. In fact the whole expense of the College Grammar School might be met by receiving pupils whose general tuition would be similar, at least, to the students in the preparatory course.

I beg pardon, Mr. Editor, for the length of my letter, which, I am persuaded, will not be considered too long if those who are deeply concerned will give it candid attention.

Vankleek Hill,
Dec. 15, 1869.

Yours faithfully,
WILLIAM LUMSDEN.

THE COLLEGE MEETING.

(A CIRCULAR.)

DEAR SIR,—You have doubtless observed the advertisement in the *Globe* Newspaper, and also in the "Canadian Independent," calling a meeting of the Subscribers to the CONGREGATIONAL COLLEGE OF B. N. A., for the 4th prox., said Meeting to be held in Zion Church, in this City.

In the course of conversation with some of the past and probable future subscribers to the College, we find a desire exists, on account of the importance of the object for which the meeting is called, that it should be as largely attended as possible by subscribers from various parts of the country, as the friends in Toronto feel the delicacy of the position in which they are placed in consequence of the meeting being held here.

We therefore respectfully request that the Church over which you are Pastor will endeavour to be represented at the coming meeting, by the presence of at least one subscriber, to take part in the consideration of the various matters that may then be submitted to them.

We are, dear Sir, yours very truly,
GEORGE HAGUE,
JOHN TURNER,
DAVID HIGGINS.

Toronto, 17th December, 1869.

*If our correspondent will refer to chapter VI, section I, of the By-laws and Regulations of the College, he will find that the course he recommends was adopted by the Corporation several years ago.—Ed. C. I.

INDIAN MISSIONS.

The Rev. William Clarke sends us another communication in relation to the work of the Canada Indian Missionary Society, from which we make the subjoined extract which, through press of matter, was crowded out last month :—

Our first visit to the Pagan Indians this year was at the Massawauga River, where we found them in large numbers. Our previous visit was not forgotten. The Chief, whom we found, with his wife, both very sick, and, as we thought, lying at the point of death, was restored to health, but his poor squaw had gone to the spirit land. Last year as we were speaking to him of Jesus the Saviour, he said to his attendants, "Raise me up : I want to see as well as hear the preacher ;" and then thanking us for the good word, he said, "If I live I will tell my people what you have now told me." He had done so, and they now desired the instructions of the Gospel.

At the Serpent River we held a "pow-wow" council with the tribe. After listening to the good word, they solicited a teacher and a school, offering as soon as possible to build him a house, as they proposed to found a settlement and for the most part reside there.

Passing by the Spanish River and some others, we came to the Sagamook, where last year the Chief told us he had rejected other missionaries and would not have us. We found him softened ; he received and listened to us with apparent pleasure ; and even the priest, who last year behaved like a demon, dragging away the people from listening to us—even he sat down and heard us—and in the sequel we were besought to give them a teacher and a school. A half-breed, who told us he had six children, was especially earnest in asking this great boon. Two missions have been established in response to these applications, and two missionary teachers sent, one to the Serpent River and the other to the Sagamook.

At Lacleche, where we met with a hospitable reception to house and home, we met with a large number of Indians from White Fish Lake. The religious service here was marked by special interest on the part of these children of the forest. We never had a more attentive congregation, and the Word seemed to come with power to the conscience and the heart, as we discoursed upon the visit of Peter to Cornelius "preaching peace and salvation by Jesus Christ."

We found these White Fish Lake Indians, the most civilized of any of the pagan tribes, and trust the time may soon come when we can supply them with a teacher and a school.

Lacleche, situated at the mouth of the Lacleche river, under the shadow of the huge mountains bearing that name, is a lovely, interesting spot. There are thirteen buildings all whitewashed, and the roofs colored with mineral paint, producing a good effect from the water.

Our friend, R. McKenzie, Esq., in charge of the post, is an intelligent, well-educated business man. The business has assumed gigantic proportions among the Indians and small traders. We were surprised to find that there was an indebtedness to the firm in this solitary spot to the amount of thirty thousand dollars. Here we held a religious service which was attended by the whites, half-breeds and Indians, in fact the inhabitants of the entire settlement.

Will not Christian friends aid us in sending the Gospel to these scattered tribes of men ? and especially when they utter the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us." We must not allow them to cry in vain, and thus let them perish ; but remembering our obligations to the precious Saviour who has redeemed us to God, we must, we will go forth swelling the sacred song,

Salvation ! O, salvation,
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

CONGREGATIONAL MINISTERS NOT IN THE UNION.

DEAR SIR,—My attention having been called to the fact, that in the list of "Congregational ministers in Ontario and Quebec not connected with the Union," printed in the Minutes for 1869, p. 7, there are *not* inserted the names of Revs. T. Pullar and W. H. Allworth, you will allow me a little space to explain the omission.

In the first place, I should say, that the fault lies entirely at the door of the Secretary of the Union, no Committee, officer or individual having had anything to do with the correction of the list in question.

Secondly, on my own part, I have simply to state that the omission was a pure oversight. In revising the lists for publication, the names in question were, of course, erased from that of "ministers associated," and it quite escaped me to transfer them to the other place.

And thirdly, having discovered the error after the publication, I took pains to rectify it in the list subsequently sent to the *Canadian Almanac* for 1870. I had thought of addressing you such an explanation of the above, but as the Minutes go into so few hands, I concluded that it was hardly worth while, until I found that the error exposed other parties and myself to misunderstandings. These, I trust, the present statement will entirely remove.

I am, yours truly, F. H. MARLING,
Secretary Congregational Union, Ontario and Quebec.

Toronto, Nov. 20, 1869.

News of the Churches.

Fergus.—Opening of the new Congregational Church.—The effort to establish a Congregational Church in Fergus has been successful beyond all expectation. Less than a year has elapsed since the Rev. E. Barker went thither, under the direction of the Missionary Committee, and began preaching on Sabbath afternoons in the hall of one of the village hotels. A few friends of the movement gathered around him, and on the 5th May, last, a church was organized, consisting of twenty-one members, many of whom were the fruit of the remarkable religious awakening with which that place was visited early in the spring. Their number was soon augmented by further accessions of a similar character, until now there are forty-two names on the church register. Mr. Barker's congregation also much increased, and it soon became obvious that it was time to "arise and build."

A vigorous effort was accordingly made, a lot was secured, and a building 32 x 48 feet was commenced. "The people had a mind to work," and the contractor, too, for in less than two months from the time of the "raising," the house was completed.

On Sabbath, the 19th December, the new sanctuary was opened and dedicated to the worship of God. No service was held in the morning, that being the hour for service in Mr. Barker's other church in Garafraza; but in the afternoon the writer preached from 1st Cor. 3, 9, "We are labourers together with God: ye are God's husbandry, ye are God's building;" and in the evening the Rev. W. F. Clarke, of Guelph, discoursed from the words of the 24th Psalm, v. 7, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in." The house was filled to overflowing on both occasions by deeply attentive audiences, who showed their hearty good-will, not by their presence only, but by liberal contributions to the building fund, the collections at the two services amounting to about \$35.

On the following afternoon, a bazaar for the sale of useful and fancy articles, many of them contributed by other congregations, and nearly all of them the work of the busy fingers of the ladies, was held in the Drill Shed. About \$75 were realized for the building fund in this way. In the evening a nonster tea-meeting was held in the same place, at which fully 500 persons were present. James Ross, Esq., M.P., occupied the chair, and addresses were delivered by the Rev. Messrs. Brewster, (Wes. Meth.), and Smellie, (C. Presb. Ch.), of Fergus, the latter showing himself particularly kindly and cordial; and also by the Rev. Mr. Gerrie, (Baptist), of Elora; and the preachers of the previous day. The utmost good feeling prevailed, and Mr. Barker was again and again congratulated on the success with which the Lord had crowned his labours, while his reply to all was, "To God be all the praise!"

The edifice thus auspiciously opened is very unpretending, architecturally viewed, being built in "Railroad style," and painted with fire-proof paint. It is well suited, however, to the wants of the congregation, who intend by-and-by to rough-cast it over, and otherwise improve it. The cost of it has been about \$800, of which \$450 was raised by subscription and collections at the opening. Half of the balance of \$350 has been realized from the bazaar and tea-meeting, thus leaving a debt upon it of only \$175, which we trust soon to hear is liquidated. May the Lord greatly bless our dear Brother and his people in their new house, and make it the spiritual birth-place of many!

EDITOR.

MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

WESTERN DISTRICT, No. 1.

The deputation appointed to visit the churches on this route consisted of Messrs. Hay, Allworth, Snider and McColl. Owing to delay in receiving the intimation of the arrangements, Bro. Snider was prevented from affording his old friends in Burford, New Durham, &c., the pleasure of seeing and hearing one whose residence among them in past years had endeared him to the hearts of the people.

Your correspondent was not able to leave Stratford till 2:15 p.m. of Monday, owing to the cancelling of an early train. He arrived at "that parsonage" of Bro. Allworth's about 4 o'clock, and there learned to his dismay that the good brother had waited till 3 o'clock, when, thinking that I had gone round by Brantford, he set off for Burford. However, as the evening was pleasant and the roads in good condition, I started on a moonlight ramble at 6:30, and dropped in on the meeting in *Burford* at half-past 8. The chair was ably occupied by Deacon Daniels. Bro. Allworth had spoken his mind before my arrival. I understood, however, that he had, in that thoroughly wide-awake and strictly confidential style of his, indicated the privilege and the duty of the church in the matter of giving to the support of missionary enterprises, and the various other forms of organized Christian effort.

Your correspondent followed with remarks designed to exhibit the spirit in which Christians should engage in giving or working for Christ. It should not be the "spirit of bondage,"—the consciousness of acting under compulsion—but the spirit of filial love, which, so far from waiting to be commanded, only watches the indications of what would be pleasing to its Father, and then cheerfully does this, impelled by gratitude for the loving kindness and tender mercy experienced at the hand of that Father.

Bro. Hay gave a graphic sketch of the progress of missions in different parts of the world. While conceding to the Episcopalians, Wesleyans, Baptists, &c., the laurels they had so well earned in China, India, Burmah, Africa, and elsewhere, it was right that we should remember with thankful-

ness the glorious work which had been done by the men sent out by the London Missionary Society, the great majority of whom, it was well known, were Congregationalists. He directed their attention to that courageous and devoted Congregationalist, Dr. Livingstone, who, for so long a time cutting himself off from the civilized world, had pushed his way in the face of obstacles which, to most men, would have been insurmountable, to the heart of Africa, in order that he might open the way for the entrance into that benighted land of civilization and Christianity..

The engagements of the evening were diversified, and rendered doubly interesting, by the singing of several anthems by the efficient choir.

Scotland.—On Tuesday evening, a pretty fair attendance was found in the neat little chapel here. This has recently undergone a renovation at the hands of the painter, and presents a wonderfully improved appearance. After devotional exercises led by Bro. Allworth, Bro. Hay read some extracts from the Report.

Here your correspondent was called on to address the meeting. He regarded it as one of the most cheering signs of the times that the different sections of Protestant Christendom were drawing closer together in heart, and were cordially joining forces to push on the battle. Time was when they had engaged in the most bitter controversy with each other, had bent all their energies to undermine each others reputation and influence; but they had at length come to see that they had been to a frightful extent wasting in controversy the time which God had given to them for another purpose, and now they were earnestly seeking to overtake the work which had for so long a time been left undone. In this work, we Congregationalists were trying to do our part.

Bro. Allworth followed with some account of the character of the work in which we were engaged. He referred to the blessed and encouraging results which had been witnessed in Brantford, London and other fields of labour wrought by the body.

Bro. Hay gave a ringing address, in which he exhibited the stand which our Puritan forefathers had taken on behalf of civil and religious liberty. He show how Cromwell and his "Ironsides," though some things might be alleged against them which could not be palliated, fought nobly for liberty. Our history was one of which we might well be proud. We could point to a long roll of noble self-sacrificing missionaries whose labours had, under God, effected such a marvellous change among the inhabitants of Eastern and Southern Asia, Africa and the Islands of the South Sea. It was ours not to rest in the traditions of the past, however illustrious, but to emulate the deeds of those good men and true, and to show to the world that their mantle had fallen on us, and that we were faithfully urging forward the work which had commanded their highest affection and labour.

Rev. Mr. Vinning, (Baptist,) expressed the great pleasure which he felt in being permitted to unite his testimony with that of the brethren who had preceded him, as to the importance of the mission work of the Church. It had been his determination, when he came to Scotland, that he would heartily co-operate in every good work with his ministerial brethren of other denominations; and he was glad to be able to say that their intercourse was of the most pleasing character. He wished his brethren of the Congregational body "God Speed" in their great and good work. Appropriate hymns were sung during the evening.

Simcoe.—I may say that up to this point Bro. Hay had stuck to his post bravely, though labouring under a very severe cold; but when Wednesday came, when we were to direct our course to Simcoe, he was obliged by persistent illness to remain at home. Bro. Allworth and myself started by stage at 2 o'clock, and by 4 o'clock were rattling through the streets of this pretty little town. The fine farms and handsome brick residences lining the road for miles, prepared one to expect in Simcoe a substantial and attractive town. And this inference was amply justified by the fact.

In the centre of a spacious square stands the Court House, Gaol and County Offices, the whole forming an exceedingly imposing and attractive structure. Of hotels we may specify the Mansion House, a building which would do credit to Toronto. In the business portion of the town, there are to be found many handsome and commodious brick stores. The whole place had an air of neatness and thrift.

The Congregational Church here had been, to within some two months past, for many years without a pastor. And, as usually happens in such cases, many of the old attendants had become scattered among the other churches of the town. Still in the midst of many discouragements, there were some whose faith was strong that God would send to them some one to break to them the "bread of life," and under whom the cause would again revive, and sinners be converted to the Lord. About two months ago Bro. Parsons, who came over to us from the Wesleyans, was directed to them, and has since been labouring with acceptance among them.

At the meeting on Wednesday there was quite an encouraging attendance, considering the past circumstances of the church.

Bro. Parsons took the Chair.

After devotional exercises Bro. Allworth read extracts from the Report.

Bro. Parsons, in opening the meeting, said that he felt powerfully affected when he thought that on this very day there had been held the first Session of the Œcumenical Council in Rome—a Council convened for the purpose of rivetting faster the chains by which so many millions were held captive to that false system, the Church of Rome. It appeared to him that Protestants in this country did not protest against the usurpations and corruptions of Rome as much as they ought. He looked forward to the day as not distant when this power, which had been so great an obstacle to the progress of true Christianity, would be completely and for ever overthrown.

The writer then followed. He felt with the last speaker that the assembling of the Œcumenical Council was full of significance to Protestants. It had met to put forth a last great effort to regain for the Papal Church the power which it had lost through the Reformation, and to adopt measures to perpetuate the dominion which it still exercises over so many millions. And though Rome might never again dare to resort to the sword and the faggot, yet doubtless she would avail herself of every mode of influencing men's minds, in order to their rendering to her the complete homage which as the one Catholic and Apostolic Church she claimed. Was there any danger to Protestantism? Yes, and for this reason. That which caused Protestants to separate from Rome; that which gave significance to the name PROTESTANT, was the fact of their *protesting against the authority of man in favour of the authority of God*. The fundamental position of Protestantism was the assertion that, "to his own master," each individual "standeth or falleth;" and that "One is your master even Christ, and all ye are brethren." But now let us ask, have Protestants in all cases acted consistently with this principle? Have we not rather seen many of them arrogating to themselves the *very authority which they indignantly rejected when claimed by Rome*, the authority, namely, of dictating to their fellow Christians what alone they should be permitted to believe? Have we not seen men whose one distinguishing characteristic was the assertion of the right of *private judgment*,—erecting *their own judgment* into a standard of truth to which all other Christians, in the exercise of their private judgment, should be required to conform? What mean the thirty-nine articles of the Church of England, and the Confession of Faith of the Church of Scotland? And even among ourselves, have there been no attempts to elevate the "traditions of the elders" into a standard by which the orthodoxy of men in our body was to be determined? Now, it is this Popish spirit—this assumption on the part of some man or combination of men, by the exercise of their private judgment, to set limits to other men's exercise of it—that constitutes the point in popular Protestant-

ism most vulnerable to the argumentative weapons of the advocates of the infallibility of the Pope or Church of Rome.

As Congregationalists, we occupied the position of Protestants of the Protestants. We set our faces against every attempt on the part of men to usurp an authority which belongs alone to Christ. With Paul we could say: "I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to Him against that day;" and with Paul we could also say, "Who art thou that judgeth another man's servant? To his own master he standeth or falleth." "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

Bro. Allworth next addressed the meeting. He said that the spirit, the genius of Christianity, was missionary. Our blessed Saviour Himself came on a mission of love and mercy to our fallen world. And every true disciple possesses this same spirit. It was an unselfish and liberal spirit. Referring to the question of Romish aggression, he mentioned that it had been publicly boasted on a recent occasion by the Bishop of New Orleans, "that they would, in a few years, have entire control of the United States." At present, every public and municipal office in the city of New York is under their control. There was need, therefore, of united and earnest effort on the part of Protestants to counteract the spread of superstition.

Then again there was our own great North-West Territory which would soon make large demands on us for men to hold forth in their midst the light of life. After alluding to the past and present condition of the Church, he concluded with encouraging them to go forward, putting their trust in God.

Rev. Mr. Mesmer, (Wesleyan,) also made a few remarks.

An impromptu choir of S. S. children sang several appropriate pieces during the evening. The deputation during their stay enjoyed the hospitality of Dr. Clarke, who, though now connected with another denomination, has yet a warm heart towards his first love.

Kelvin.—Here, on Thursday evening, the little chapel was well filled. Mr. Almas, in taking the Chair, said that he had lived to see in that neighbourhood the advantages attending the preaching of the gospel. He was glad therefore to do anything that he could to help forward the mission work.

Addresses were delivered by Messrs. Hay, Allworth, and McColl. Collections all in. Bro. Hay returned to Scotland.

New Durham.—On Friday, Mr. Almas came nobly to the rescue; and though by rights it was somebody else's turn, he cheerfully conveyed the deputation to New Durham—ten miles. Here we had a most interesting meeting. Many of the audience had to stand. Mr. Metcalfe, (Wesleyan,) a teacher in the neighbourhood, kindly took the chair. Addresses similar in substance to those above reported were delivered by Bro. Allworth and myself. A capital choir, with the accompaniment of a Victoria Organ (recently purchased for the Union. S. S. here), discoursed some excellent music. After passing the night, Bro. A. at the house of Mr. Robbins, myself at that of Mr. Henry, we were next morning driven by Mr. Robbins, jr., to Brantford, an eighteen mile test of good will. We soon reached Paris, where, leaving Bro. A., your correspondent in due time found himself at Stratford.

E. C. W. McCOLL.

Granby and Neighbourhood.—MY DEAR BRO.,—Since my last letter to you, we have sought to carry on the work which had begun among us, at the commencement of the year, and also to extend it around us, first at Maw-cook, from five to six miles, and Abbotsford, from eight to nine miles west of us. Since then we have taken up Waterloo, a thriving village twelve miles east, and the present terminus of the Stanstead, Shefford and Chambly R. R. This place under the name of Shefford was once occupied in connection with Granby, by Missionaries of the American Home Missionary Society,

and in Feb., 1830, a Church was organized by the Rev. Dan. Rockwell, under the name of the Shefford and Granby Congregational Church. In January, 1833, the members in Waterloo were dismissed, by mutual consent, to form themselves into a separate church, and so continued, often under one pastorate, up to about the time of the coming of the Rev. B. Fox, in July, 1841, when many of the members there seeing no prospect of securing a minister for themselves, and having no place of worship, sought re-admission into the Church of Granby, and were accordingly received, some of them remaining in fellowship with us up to the present time. These facts becoming known to the present pastor, he visited the place, and finding a number of persons favourably disposed towards us, organized them into a Congregational Church. These facts being brought before the Missionary Committee in Montreal, in June last, they sent thither the Rev. H. Bevis, recently out from England, with a view to the commencement of mission work, there and in the village of Magog. The writer accompanied him to each of these places, but the latter seeming for the present to be closed against us, Mr. Bevis' labours were at first confined to Waterloo, but upon the return of Mr. Radford to college, Mr. B. was requested to take up Abbotsford and Mawcook, in which Mr. R. had been preaching during the vacation, in connection with Waterloo. This field he continued to occupy until he resigned his connection with us, and entered the pale of the Episcopal Church. * *

* * * * * Notwithstanding this untoward event, the opening at Waterloo, (which has since been visited twice by Bro. Colwell of Montreal, and once by the writer), seems to increase in promise, and if a suitable man can be found for it, the prospects appear to be very encouraging.

MISSIONARY MEETINGS.—As the Rev. H. J. Colwell had engaged to make his second visit to Waterloo, on the 12th inst., and Mawcook and Abbotsford on the 19th, Bro. Watson of Cowansville and I agreed to exchange pulpits on the first of those days, and hold our Annual Missionary Meetings the following week. We accordingly met in Waterloo on Monday, the 13th, and had a very good meeting in the evening at the Advent Church. The attendance was very encouraging. The chair was filled by Mr. R. Parmelee, whose wife is a member of the first Church, he himself being a member of the Adventist body. We were favoured with music by an excellent choir, and also with addresses by the Rev. Mr. Armstrong (Wesleyan Methodist), and the Rev. Mr. Kenney, the Minister of the Advent Church, both of whom showed much disinterested sympathy and catholic feeling. It fell to my lot to introduce the subject of Home Missions, and explain our position and intentions, with reference to our occupancy of that field. Bros. Watson and Colwell's addresses were excellent. The best feeling prevailed, and a good deal of interest was manifested throughout. A collection was taken up amounting to \$4.60, a kind of first fruits from that field, which I trust will be followed by harvests of blessings.

As the service at Waterloo is held on the Sabbath afternoon, a morning service has been commenced at the Cross school house about five miles off, near the outlet of Brome Lake, with encouraging results. Our next Missionary Meeting was in our Church here, on the following evening, when, notwithstanding another meeting held at the same time in the Methodist Church, in connection with a Ministerial Association of that body, we had a good attendance and a very interesting service. Deacon Kay occupied the chair. Devotional exercises were conducted by Bro. Colwell, extracts from the Report read by the Pastor, after which several effective addresses were delivered by the brethren composing the deputation. The meeting was enlivened by excellent music by the choir. The subscriptions and collection amounted in all to \$25.50, being an advance upon those of last year, although some subscribers have been removed by death, and others no longer reside here.

On Wednesday, the 15th, we had even a better meeting at South Ridge

(now "Grandboro'"). When we arrived we found the new sheds erected by the people this summer, for the protection of their teams, were over full, and the school house crowded. A good choir was also in attendance, and discoursed sweet music. The chair was filled by Deacon Duncan. Bro. Watson read extracts from the Report, after which the meeting was ably addressed by Bro. Colwell. The Pastor followed in some brief remarks. The behaviour of the young people was most exemplary, and most approvingly noticed by the deputation. The subscriptions and collection from this district amounted to \$19.94½, being again in excess of last year.

The next evening Bro. Colwell and I held a meeting at Mawcook, (Bro. Watson had a donation visit at Brome Corners, and was unable to be with us). Mr. W. Hungerford occupied the chair. After some appropriate remarks by the chairman, the writer read brief extracts from the Report, and Bro. Colwell addressed the meeting. This was our first meeting here, and owing to the shortness of the notice, the attendance was small; but the collection was encouraging, amounting to \$6.15, and the subscription from the district, \$6.60, making a total from the Mawcook and neighbourhood of \$12.75, and a total from Granby of \$58.09½.

DONATION VISIT.—The next day, Friday, my people favoured me with their Annual Donation Visit, when we had a large attendance, upwards of 160 persons being present. They provided handsomely for the tables, and left behind them gifts in cash, or its equivalent to the value of \$112, and in useful articles of the estimated value of \$63: total, \$175. The evening was spent very pleasantly. Bro. Colwell was with us, and addressed a few very suitable remarks to the friends, closing with prayer. The feeling of hearty good-will thus manifested tends to bind pastor and people more closely together; while apart from this we hope we have some intimations that the Lord is with us. Our brethren further east commenced their missionary meetings last week. We hope to hear good report from them soon as well as from all the districts.

I remain, my dear Bro.,

Yours very truly,

JAMES HOWELL.

GRANBY, Q., Dec. 21, 1869.

LANARK.—A number of the members and adherents of the Lanark First Congregational Church, a few days ago, visited the parsonage, and presented Rev. J. and Mrs. Douglas with many useful things, amounting in value to \$60.—*Communicated.*

Official.

Congregational College of British North America.—On behalf of the Treasurer, I have to acknowledge the remittance of the following sums during the current month:—

Zion Church, Montreal, (additional).....	\$48 00
Pine Grove.....	6 00
Listowel.....	6 00
Quebec.....	26 00
Rugby.....	10 00
Cobourg.....	20 00

\$116 00

GEORGE CORNISH,
Secretary.

MONTREAL, December 22nd, 1869.

MISSIONARY MEETINGS—WESTERN DISTRICT.

The meetings in the undermentioned places in this District having been postponed on account of the condition of the roads, and for other reasons, the following is the new programme :—

1870. Jan. 11.	Listowel.....	Deputation —	Revs. Messrs. Snider,
			Smith, McColl, Wood.
12.	“	Installation of	Rev. L. Kribs.
13.	Molesworth.....	Rev. Messrs.	Smith, Kribs.
13.	Howick	“	McColl, Snider, Wood.
14.	Turnberry.....	“	Smith, Kribs, Snider.
Feb. 7.	Fergus.....	“	Pullar, Hindley, Brown, Barker.
8.	Garafraxa.....	“	“ “ “ “ “
9.	Douglas.....	“	“ “ “ “ “
10.	Green’s Settle- ment.....	“	“ “ “ “ “
11.	Eramosa.....	“	“ “ “ “ “

W. H. ALLWORTH, *Sec. W. D. Com.*

Paris, Dec. 16th, 1869.

MIDDLE DISTRICT—MISSIONARY MEETINGS FOR 1870.

1870.

Jan. 9, 10 S'n., Mon.	Toronto.....	Rev. Dr. Wilkes, and others.
18 Tu.	Whitby.....	Revs. J. G. Manly, D. Macallum.
19 Wed.	“	Central Association.
20 Th.	Bowmanville.....	Revs. J. G. Manly, D. Macallum.
Feb. 1 Tu.	Thistleton.....	Revs. D. Macallum, T. M. Reikie.
2 Wed.	Pine Grove.....	“ “ “
3 Th.	Albion.....	“ “ “
1 Tu.	Newmarket.....	Revs. B. W. Day, R. Robinson, and H. Denny.
2 Wed.	Oro.....	“ “ “
3 Th.	Bethesda.....	“ “ “
4 Fr.	Vespra.....	“ “ “
Jan. 25 Tu.	Churchhill.....	Revs. S. T. Gibbs and W. W. Smith.
26 Wed.	Georgetown.....	“ “ “
27 Th.	Alton.....	“ “ “
28 Fr.	South Caledon.....	“ “ “
25 Tu.	Meaford.....	Revs. M. S. Grey, R. Robinson, J. G. Sanderson.
26 Wed	Owen Sound.....	“ “ “
25 Tu.	Kincardine.....	Rev. J. McGregor.
27 Th.	Osprey.....	Rev. D. McGregor.
25 Tu.	Stouffville.....	Revs. F. H. Marling, D. Macallum, B. W. Day.
26 Wed.	Markham.....	“ “ “
27 Th.	Unionville.....	“ “ “
Feb. 8 Wed	Manilla.....	Revs. B. W. Day, J. G. Sanderson.

J. UNSWORTH, *Sec.*

MISSIONARY MEETINGS—ONTARIO EASTERN DISTRICT.

1870.

Jan. 18.	Rosetta and Middleville—Deputation—Revs. E. Ebbs, R. Lewis, and J. Douglas.
19.	Lanark Village..... do do do do.
20.	Brockville.....Revs. E. Ebbs, R. Lewis, A. McGregor.
21.	Kingston.....Revs. E. Ebbs, R. Lewis, K. M. Fenwick.
23. Sab.	Belleville, Rev. R. Lewis; E. Ebbs at Brockville, A. McGregor at Ottawa.
25.	Ottawa.....Revs. E. Ebbs, A. McGregor.
25.	Martintown.....Revs. Jas. Douglas, W. Peacocke.
25.	Belleville.....Revs. K. M. Fenwick, R. Lewis, C. Pedley.
26.	Cobourg..... do do do.
26.	Roxboro & Indian Lands.Revs. J. Douglas, W. Peacocke.
27.	Vankleek Hill..... do do do.
27.	Cold Springs.....Revs. K. M. Fenwick, R. Lewis, C. Pedley.

A. MCGREGOR,
Sec. Ont. E. D. Com.

Brockville, 18th Dec., 1869.

Widows' and Orphans' Fund.—Received from Danville Church \$4.35,
Stouffville Church \$3.00

J. C. BARTON,
Treasurer.

MONTREAL, 22nd December, 1869.

Obituary.

IN MEMORIAM.

JAMES EDGAR.

Who died 11th December, 1869, aged 19 years.

Oh, when the last new year was here,
There mingled in our mirth
The accents of a loving voice
We'll hear no more on earth.

A life that budded like the spring
Hath faded with the fall;
The sunshine of a happy home
Is shadowed with a pall.

For when a weary life has run
Its pilgrimage at last,
It sometimes almost seems a boon
To know the conflict's past.

But when the blight has touched the flower
 Before its sweetest bloom,
 Or shadows covered o'er the sun
 Before the golden noon,

Then it is hard to bow the head,
 And say "Thy will be done;"
 Comfort the weeping parents, Lord,
 He was their first-born son.

Lift up for them the earthly veil,
 That hides the heavenly love;
 Into their wounded, bleeding hearts,
 Rain manna from above.

And bid them think that calm sweet peace,
 That crowned his sleeping brow,
 When resting from the pangs of death,
 Is his forever now!

'Tis not far off, that happy home,
 Where they shall meet their boy,
 The vale of death lies just before,
 The land of living joy.

Nor when, nor how, it matters not,
 If they have reached that shore;
 They are not lost, the friends we loved,
 But only gone before.

KATE PULLAR.

Hamilton, 13th December, 1869.

Gleanings.

A shrewd old gentleman once said to his daughter: "Be sure, my dear, you never marry a poor man, but remember that the poorest man in the world is one that has money—nothing else."

The late Dr. Bethune wrote to his Consistory these ever memorable words: "We can never despair of a church that puts the cause of mercy first, and itself second." Again he says: "I would as soon try to cultivate a farm without rain, as a church without benevolence," and, "I hate to be economical with the Bread of Life." Possessed of such views and spirit, it is not strange that all the churches he served became distinguished for systematic and increasing liberality. And it may be added with propriety, that he impressed his own spirit of large-heartedness upon the church of Christ.

GOD'S PURPOSES SURE.—The wheels in a watch or clock move contrary one to another—some one way, some another—yet all serve the intent of the workman, to show the time, or to make the clock to strike. So in the world, the providence of God may seem to run cross to his promises: one man takes this way, another man runs that way; good men go one way, wicked men another; yet all, in conclusion, accomplish the will, and centre in the purposes of God, the great Creator of all things.—Sibbs.

Rev. Dr. John Hall, whose words are always sensible and timely, speaks as follows to young people :—There are two ways of setting up in life. One is to begin where your parents are ending. “Magnificent mansion, splendid furniture, and an elegant turn-out.” Is not that the pretty dream of many about their start in life? The other is to begin a little nearer the point where father and mother—of blessed memory—began. You see, my dear friend, you can go up so easily and gracefully, if events show it to be safe; but it would be trying and awkward to come down. And it costs much now to live; and business fluctuates; and health is uncertain; and temptations from the side of pride are strong; and many a young man who did not mean to be extravagant has been led along, and, rather than face the position and descend manfully, has tried to keep up by embezzlement, and been called “swindler.”

Many a child is lost forever for the Sunday School, when a single visit, a simple exhortation on the part of the teacher would have kept it for the school, and even often for the church. A good shepherd feeds his sheep, and takes care that none are lost. If the teacher perceives, therefore, that one of those entrusted to him relaxes in zeal, showing an inclination to withdraw from regular attendance, and the danger finally threatening of its remaining away altogether, then he should delay no longer to seek it at home, and exhort it alone, or in the presence of its parents. John B. Gough was saved by Joel Stratton’s tapping him on the shoulder, and directing a friendly word of exhortation to him. Dr. Cuyler said, beautifully, that in the thunder of applause at Gough’s triumph in Exeter Hall or in the Academy of Music, he always heard the echo of that tap upon the shoulder, and those words of loving interest.

THE BIBLE’S ACCURACY.—We read in Daniel v. 30, that when Darius took Babylon, Belshazzar, the king of it, was in the city, and in “that night was Belshazzar, king of the Chaldeans, slain.” Herodotus, the Greek historian, informs us that the King of Babylon, whose name was Labynetus, was absent when the city was taken; that he sought shelter in Barsippa; that Cyrus attacked him there, took him, stripped him of his regal dignity, but allowed him to retire and spend the rest of his life in ease in Caramansa. The two statements appear to be contradictory, and that the credit of historic veracity must be denied either to Daniel or to Herodotus. Thus stood the matter when Sir Henry Rawlinson, the celebrated Oriental scholar, discovered, in his Eastern researches, one of those cylinders on which historic records used to be written in the cuniform character by the ancients. Having deciphered the writing on this relic of antiquity, it was discovered that at the time of the capture of Babylon, referred to by Daniel and Herodotus, there were two kings presiding over the empire, a father and his son; and thus we can understand that Daniel speaks of the son, who was slain. This unsuspected fact not only reconciles the prophet and the historian, but explains an otherwise inexplicable expression in Daniel, where it was promised to the prophet by Belshazzar, that if he could explain the writing on the wall, he would make him the *third* ruler in the kingdom. (Daniel v. 16.) Now, why not the *second* ruler, as Joseph in similar circumstances had been made in Egypt? The cylinder answers the question; there were two kings in Babylon, and therefore the place next to the throne could be only the *third* rulership in the kingdom. A very short time before the discovery which so triumphantly reconciles the seeming contradiction which cast a shade of suspicion on Daniel’s accuracy, Mr. F. W. Newman had written these words in Kitto’s Cyclopædia: “No hypothesis will reconcile this account with the other;” an instructive lesson this, teaching us to give the sacred writers credit for accuracy, even though we may be unable to explain facts which seem to impeach it.—*Church Herald*.