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THE PRESBYTERIAN,

A MISSIONARY AND RELIGIOUS RECORD

OF

The Presbyterian Church of Canada

IN CONNECTION WITH THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND,

AND

Family Journal of Useful Information and Instruction.

CONDUCTED BY A COMMITTEE OF THE LAY ASSOCIATION.

APRIL, 1862.

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SPECIMEN.

No. 7, Mon. D.	To be read.	Psalm.	Paraphrase	Invitations.	Doctrines.
.....	Jacob's Dream and Vow. Gen. xxviii. 10-22.	xxiii. 1-3.	xvi. 1, 2.	Ps. 1. 15.	Disciples commanded to engage in Mission-Work. Matth. xxviii. 19, Mark xvi. 15, 19. Col. iv.
.....	Jacob Wrestling with the Angel. Gen. xxxii. 13-32.	xxiii. 4, 5.	xvi. 3, 4.	Is. lv. 1.	Success of Missions to be prayed for. Eph. vi. 18, 19.
.....	The Little Hebrew Maid, &c. 2 Kings v. 1-14.	xxiii. 1-6.	xxxix. 1, 2.	... xiv. 22.	Success of Missions a cause of joy and praise. Acts xv. 3. Acts xi.
.....	Naaman's cure and Gehazi, &c. 2 Kings v. 15-27.	xxiii. 1-4.	xxxix. 3, 4.	Matth. xi. 28.	Example of Ministers' Mission-Work. Jonah iii. 2. Mark vi.
.....	New Wine and Old Bottles. Luke v. 27-39.	xxiii. 5, 6.	xxix. 5, 6.	Luko xi. 9.	All true Christians are Missionaries. 1 Pet. ii. 12. Eph. iv.
.....	Children in the Temple, &c. Matth. xxi. 1-17.	xxiii. 7-9.	xxxix. 5-7.	Rev. xxii. 17.	Examples. 2 Kings v. 3. Luko ii. REVISAL.

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THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.

For accurate Geographical information in regard to each of the seceded States, with Maps and latest Free and Slave Population Returns from the Census Bureau, Washington, see

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AND VANCOUVER ISLAND.

For Maps and Engravings, with latest accurate letter-press descriptions of these important Colonies, see

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THE PRESBYTERIAN.

APRIL, 1862.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We cannot guarantee the insertion of any article that is received by the *Editor* later than the 18th of each month.

OUR JEWISH AND FOREIGN MISSION.

In our last we gave a brief statement of the unforeseen trials and difficulties encountered by the Committee to whom this most important scheme of the Church is entrusted, believing that the account would stimulate and not discourage future exertions. In May next it is understood that the Monastir Mission to the Jews will be discontinued, and the Rev. Dr. Epstein be authorized to seek out for himself a more promising station, in which he may labour for the spiritual welfare of his brethren after the flesh, and at the same time support himself and his family by the practice of his medical profession. If our first missionary has not succeeded as he himself anticipated, it must be remembered that he set out for his distant field with sanguine hopes of early success, and that unaided he had to face oppositions and difficulties which would have sorely tried the faith of veterans in the contest. It is possible that his ardent temperament was better fitted to follow up success than patiently to labour for years without apparent impression produced on the mass of ignorant superstition and engrossing worldliness around him, and that the persevering endurance of the Anglo-Saxon might have been less easily discouraged by an unpromising commencement. Amid the Christian privileges of our highly favored Canadian home we can little realize the depressing influences by which our missionary has been surrounded, without a single fellow-labourer to share the heat and burden of the day or to join in sweet counsel and communion. In many Eastern stations is this last great want supplied, and at the same time ample opportunity afforded of preaching Christ in a known language to thousands of the Hebrew nation. While our Mission is thus

spared the expense of maintaining one of its labourers, Dr. Epstein's name may retain a place on our records, and his work continue to interest our Canadian Church. For him and for his family let our prayers be offered, and under the Divine blessing we trust that these pages will be enriched and the readers of "The Presbyterian" encouraged by many extracts from the missionary's journal, full of hopeful tidings from the distant field.

It will not now be deemed out of place to offer for the consideration of the Church and of the Committee a few suggestions in reference to the future operations of the Scheme. While fully catering into the views of many who advocate the Jewish Mission as one which possesses peculiar claims upon the Church of God, and which has too long been comparatively neglected in this age of Christian effort, and while not forgetful of the rich promises to those who labour for the in-gathering of Israel, we are impressed with the growing belief that other fields are better adapted for our own exertions. The great Society in Great Britain for the Conversion of the Jews supports a host of missionaries scattered throughout many lands, and, while some of these have met with even less success than Dr. Epstein, there are always encouraging reports from others to interest and stimulate every friend of the cause. A constant stream of interesting intelligence is thus maintained, and the advancement of the Society is not retarded by occasional disappointment at a few of its many stations. The missionaries too are not sent out alone, but at every station care is taken that mutual support be given, while the funds are sufficient to provide for the indispensable aid of teachers and schools. With a young mission, able only to support 1 or 2 labourers, the case is different, and lack of success is apt to damp or discourage the efforts to interest the Church. If we cannot secure such a staff as would place the Scheme on an efficient footing, let us see if another field and co-operation

with our venerable Parent Church do not present fewer difficulties.

India has now strong claims on British Christians. Not far from 200,000,000 of fellow-subjects there own allegiance to our beloved Queen, by far the greater number of them plunged in idolatry of the most debasing kind. Great Britain claims a high place among the Christian nations of the Earth, but it must be remembered that the great majority of those who are dependent upon her are heathen Malommedans, and that therefore her energies are urgently called forth to Christianize the millions within her own territories. For years the East India Company ruled these vast masses for the sole purpose of gain or power, and the Government at Home gave no encouragement to missionary effort in that land. The Indian mutiny was the means under Providence of effecting a change, and now the British rule throughout India affords protection and encouragement to the extension of Christianity. Schools for secular learning have been established in great numbers, and the effect of these is to sap the foundations of Brahminical superstition. The merest elementary instruction in natural science shows the falsehood and absurdity of the Hindoo's religion, and the immediate effect of simple instruction at a Government school is to leave the learner without a religion at all, his own having been utterly demolished. It must be remembered that the Government teacher does not use the Bible, and gives no lessons in its truths. If therefore the secular instruction is not followed up by the missionary, the poor Hindoo is left a prey to atheism, and perhaps as far from the Church of God as he was amid his idolatrous superstition. This is indeed a solemn thought, and one which should stir us up to greater faithfulness towards our Indian fellow-subjects. The number of missionaries in Hindostan is lamentably inadequate. It is but a short time since our "Juvenile Presbyterian" gave a proof of this in a letter from the Rev. Robert Patterson, of Sealkote, in which hundreds of villages around him are spoken of as destitute altogether of Christian teaching.

Can we not do something for this field? Our Juvenile Mission has begun the work, and might be sustained in yet closer connection with the larger Scheme, its orphans and Canadian school interesting both old and young in our Church. Doubtless the India Mission of the Church of Scotland

would welcome co-operation, and allow our missionary to labour in conjunction with some of those already in the field, thus affording that means of sympathy and support, the want of which has retarded our first efforts. It is true that we need ministers at Home, but one in the mission field might stimulate the whole Church and bring a blessing upon those who remain. Our college has 22 in her Divinity Hall besides many others training for the sacred calling. Pecuniary support would not be wanting, and surely the missionary can be found for this great and glorious work. Such is an imperfect suggestion as to what might be our next aim, and which we may follow up, should it meet with encouragement. In humble trust that it may awaken interest and call forth effort, the scheme is submitted to the friends of the Jewish and Foreign Mission.

THE CHURCH IN CANADA.

MINISTERS' WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' FUND.

Congregational Collections :

Feb. 27.—	Wolfe Island, per Rev. Geo. Porteous.....	\$ 6 50
" 28	Williamstown, per Rev. P. Watson, B. A.....	7 00
" "	North East Hope, per Rev. Wm. Bell, M. A.....	4 00
" "	Whitby, per Rev. K. McLennan, B. A.....	20 00
" "	Nelson and Waterdown, per Rev. Jas. Skinner, D. D.....	15 00
March 1.—	Lanark, (additional,) per Rev. Thos. Fraser.....	1 00
" 4	East William, per Rev. Robt. Stevenson.....	3 00
" 6	St. Andrew's, Montreal, per Rev. A. Mathieson, D.D.	120 00
" 8	Osnabrock, per Rev. Rob. Dobie,.....	15 00
" "	Nottawasaga, per Rev. J. Campbell.....	13 00
" "	Toronto, per Rev. John Barclay, D. D.....	33 00
" 9	Milton, per Mr. F. McCallum.....	5 00
" 11	Markham, per Mr. A. Barker, Elder.....	12 00
" 12	Martintown, per Rev. Jas. Mair,.....	15 00
" 20	L'Orignal and Hawkesbury, per Rev. G. D. Ferguson.....	14 00
" 24	Lancaster, per Rev. Thos. McPherson.....	8 00

JOHN GREENSHIELDS,

Treasurer.

Montreal, 24th March, 1862.

JEWISH AND FOREIGN MISSION.

RECEIPTS.

Simcoe, per Rev. M. W. Livingstone,...	\$5 00
A. Thomson, Ross, C. W.....	2 00
	<hr/>
	\$7 00

ALEX. MORRIS, *Treasurer.*

Montreal, March, 1862.

PICKERING.—TRIBUTES OF RESPECT.

We understand that the Back Church of Pickering lately presented an elegant buggy and the Front Church an elegant cutter and robes to their pastor, the Rev. W. R. Ross, as tokens of respect and tributes of gratitude for his able pulpit ministrations and assiduous pastoral labours.

ORMSTOWN.—PRESENTATION.

The members of our congregation in this place, having felt themselves indebted to the Rev. Mr. Paul, of St. Louis de Gonzague, for services rendered by him during their late vacancy, have presented to him a very handsome and useful token of their esteem and regard. The testimonial was presented in name of the congregation by Mr. Simon Fax with a brief address, to which the rev. gentleman replied in an eloquent and feeling manner.

SUBSCRIPTIONS IN AID OF A MANSE ABOUT TO BE ERECTED ON WOLFE ISLAND.

QUEBEC, \$58.

John Cook, D.D., D. McCallum, Mrs. Morrin, J. W. Henry, A. Thomson, \$4 each; John Thomson, \$10; Mrs. D. Gilmour, J. G. Thomson, \$5 each; R. Cassels, A. Fraser, Rev. J. Douglas, A. Robertson, A. Strang, Mrs. Ross, C. F. Smith, J. G. Ross, John Ross, \$2 each.

MONTREAL, \$54.

S. Greenshields, Son, & Co., Alex. Morris, A Friend, \$5 each; Thos. Paton, Robt. Muir, \$4 each; John Rankin, W. C. Menzies, R. Hay, J. M. Ross, G. Stephen, J. Johnston, John Fraser, R. Leckie, Adam Burns, J. W. Esdaile, A Friend, William Dow, \$2 each; W. McFarlane, C. D. Proctor, J. B. McKay, A Friend, W. Ross, Cash, Wm. Maxwell, \$1 each.

AULTSVILLE, \$4.

James Croil, John Croil, \$2 each.

G. PORTEOUS.

TORONTO PRESBYTERY MISSION, SCARBORO'.

The Juvenile Council and Lady Collectors of this Mission met on the evening of the 17th

February when the books were audited and found to be as follow:—

Misses Scott and Green,.....	\$13 00
" Malcom and Purdie,.....	9 50
" Stobo and McOwan,.....	4 30
" Marshall and Tingle,.....	5 70
" Thomson and Brown,.....	7 65
" Walton and Lambie,.....	15 09
" Hood and Glendinning,...	22 44
" Russell and Lawrie,.....	7 97
" Paterson and Elliot,.....	10 00
	<hr/>
	\$95 65

Appropriate and animating addresses were delivered by the Rev. Messrs. Gordon, Campbell (Brock) and Ross (Pickering), and the proceedings closed with Heber's beautiful hymn, "From Greenland's icy mountains, &c."

CONTRIBUTIONS IN AID OF A CHURCH EDIFICE AT ARTHUR.

Formerly acknowledged:—

Waterdown and Nelson, \$39.25; Guelph, \$98; Hamilton, \$20, Vaughan, \$54; Scarborough, \$55.25; Markham, \$110.40; Scott and Uxbridge, \$72.50. = \$449.40

PICKERING = \$25.

Donald McKay, Rev. Walter Ross, \$5 each; George McGillivray, \$4; John Miller, William Miller, Robt. McLaren, \$2 each; Miss Birrell, Daniel McBrady, James Boyes, James Madill, Adam Duff, \$1 each.

KINGSTON = \$58.

Principal William Leitch, \$6; Mrs. Mowat, Professor J. B. Mowat, John Paton, \$5 each; Professor George, E. H. Hardy, Joseph Bruce, Dr. O. S. Strange, \$4 each; Rev. Dr. John Machar, James McPherson, J. M. Creighton, A. S. Murray, Cash, W. McIver, J. S. Livingston, \$2 each; John Kerr, Cash, J. O. Ireland, Cash, Cash, a Friend, \$1 each.

Received payment,

JOHN WHYTE.

Arthur, Oct. 19th, 1861.

A meeting of the Board of Trustees of Queen's College was held in this city on Wednesday, at which certain complaints against Dr. John Stewart, Professor of Anatomy, were taken up. The charges were chiefly in relation to certain attacks on the Professors of Queen's College which have lately appeared in Dr. Stewart's paper, *The Argus*. The Board was attended by several Trustees from a distance, and, though there was not a full quorum, there was a sufficient number present to take executive action. Dr. Stewart's case was fully considered, and the determination arrived at was to suspend the exercise of his functions as Professor until his case be fully disposed of by a full Board. The Medical Faculty of the University had previously enjoined him from taking part in the examinations which are now being held; and in his place they had appointed Dr. Octavius Yates as Examiner in Anatomy. Dr. Yates has accepted this appointment and acted under it.—*Kingston News*.

BELLEVILLE MISSIONARY MEETING.

On the evening of Monday the 3rd March a missionary meeting was held in St. Andrew's Church, Belleville, and notwithstanding the very inclement weather, a large and intelligent audience was assembled at an early hour. The Rev. Mr. Buchan, Stirling, having opened the proceedings with prayer, appropriate addresses were delivered by the Rev. Messrs. Climie, Burwash, McLean and Patterson, and Mr. Burdon of the Grammar School. Their appeals to the Christian liberality of those present were very successful, the collections and subscriptions amounting to above \$100. Towards the close, votes of thanks were passed to James Brown, Esq., Mayor of the Town, for the able manner in which he presided, and to the choir for the excellent music discoursed on the occasion. The Rev. A. Walker, pastor of the congregation, having made a few remarks expressive of gratification at the results of the meeting, the proceedings which had been throughout of an interesting character were concluded by the Rev. Mr. Climie pronouncing the benediction.—*Comm.*

ORDINATION IN CHELSEA, C.E.

In the picturesquely situated, little village of Chelsea, which lies on the Gattineau River, about 8 miles from Ottawa City, the Presbytery of Bathurst met for the ordination of Mr. Hugh J. Borthwick on the 19th day of February. Sederunt: Revs. Alex. Mann, Moderator, John McMorine, Alex. Spence, George Thomson and Peter Lindsey, and John McKinnon, Esq., Elder. After the usual preliminary services the Rev. Alex. Spence preached from Ps. LXXVII. 13. "Thy way, O God, is in the sanctuary; who is so great a God as our God?" Mr. Mann addressed the newly ordained minister in a feeling and appropriate manner: and then Mr. Thomson in an able and eloquent manner addressed the people. The congregation assembled was respectable, the services were solemn, and at the close of them the congregation gave their newly ordained pastor a cordial welcome at the church door.

Chelsea is situated in one of the most picturesquely beautiful spots on the Ottawa. There are many there who still fondly remember the Church of their fathers and long for her ordinances. Mr. Smith, a student from Queen's College has for two summers been employed among this infant congregation as catechist, and their present pastor has winter after winter

preached among them. The lumbering firm of Gilmour and Company, with a munificence worthy of all praise, have built a neat and commodious church for the benefit of the congregation besides subscribing the handsome sum of £50 annually for the support of a minister. Fostered under such happy auspices, may this congregation flourish, and their pastor be blessed in his own soul, and be a blessing to many.

OPENING OF A NEW CHURCH AT
GLENCOE, C. W.

To the Editor of the Presbyterian.

It is but a little over a year and a half since the Presbytery of London in connection with the Church of Scotland sent a Gaelic Catechist to the Township of Ekfrid to labour among the families who still adhere to the church of their fathers in that and adjoining townships. Said field was occupied by other denominations a long time ago, and our cause might seem apparently hopeless. A goodly number however adhered to the Church, and all of them seemed to say regarding the Church of Scotland, "With all thy faults we love thee still."

4 stations or places for exhortation were fixed upon as being most convenient for the people to assemble; and they did assemble with a heart and will to hear the Catechist exhort them out of the Word of God in their mother tongue—the Gaelic.

Feeling the inconvenience of meeting in school-houses in winter and in the open-air in summer, they resolved to erect a church of their own, where they and their children might go up together to worship God, yea even the God of their fathers. With a view to this a Building Committee was appointed, a beautiful site procured near Glencoe, and a contract entered into for erecting a brick church, 50 by 38 ft., capable of seating over 300 persons, at a cost of \$1700. And the Committee have the great pleasure of seeing that church now completed with pulpit and pews to their entire satisfaction. There is still a little debt on the church, but we hope, under the blessing of Providence, that it will soon be clear of all incumbrances. As this congregation is still without an ordained minister, and the cause still weak in the West, could not our friends in the East in the old and wealthy congregations, send us a little support and assistance, which will be gladly and thankfully received by Mr. D. Strachan, Glencoe P. O., C. W.

On Sabbath, the 2nd March, the aforesaid church was opened for Divine service, the Rev. Thomas McPherson, of Lancaster, Glengarry, officiating. The church was crowded, every available space being filled, and many who could not get in for want of room had to go away. The sum of \$33 was taken up by the collection on that day. Besides the services on Sabbath, Mr. McPherson preached in the Town-hall at Appin on Monday night, and on Tuesday at 11 a. m. in Dunwich at the Currie Road, in both languages, in his usual impressive and solemn manner. Mr. McPherson expressed himself highly delighted with all he had seen and heard in our midst.

Should Providence favour us with a good and godly minister, able to preach in both languages, our congregation will be a flourishing and self-supporting one. Such is a brief but imperfect sketch of our doings in the West.

A VOICE FROM THE WEST.

Glencoe, 17th March, 1862.

BAZAAR AND SOIRÉE AT RUSSELTOWN FLATS.

The ladies in connection with the church at Russelton Flats opened a Bazaar for the sale of ladies' work in the village of St. Jean Chrysostome on the 12th day of March. The time, which was necessarily short, had been well employed, as was evidenced in the quantity and quality of the work exhibited; and we doubt much whether in more highly favoured localities more chasteness or elegance of taste could have been displayed. Be this as it may, the Bazaar was a complete success, the spirited promoters thereof realizing the handsome sum of \$121.10, which they presented to the managers of the temporal affairs of the church to aid them in their endeavours to liquidate a small debt still remaining upon the manse and glebe. The ladies seem to have possessed a due sense of the importance of the work in which they were engaged; and to their credit, and as an example to others similarly situated, be it recorded that, although circumstances regulated the extent of individual efforts, one spirit actuated all.

In the evening a *soirée* was held in connection with the above. The hall, which is large for the district, was in a short time crowded to the door, several parties having barely standing room. The chair was occupied by the Rev. Wm. Masson, minister of the church, and on the platform beside

him were the Revds. Dr. Muir of Georgetown, Mr. Patterson of Hemmingsford, Mr. McDonald of Beechridge and Mr. Young of English River. A blessing having been asked by Dr. Muir, refreshments were handed round, for which Mr. McDonald returned thanks. Thereafter appropriate and instructive addresses were delivered by the above named ministers, Mr. McArthur, of Howick, following with a neat and highly amusing speech. The entertainment was varied with music, ably discoursed by Mr. Rogers, at present employed as precentor in the church. Throughout the whole proceedings the greatest harmony and good feeling prevailed, and the result was highly gratifying and encouraging to those who had given their time and attention to the furtherance of the scheme. This movement has been characterized as the most successful that has ever been made in connection with this church, in reference both to the bazaar and the *soirée*, from which was realized the sum of \$178.85, including \$2.50 of expenses, and the spirit displayed by all parties concerned.—*Comm.*

SYNOD'S HOME MISSION.—ADDRESS DELIVERED AT MARKHAM, 5TH FEBRUARY.

It is of the utmost importance that the people at large should clearly understand and fully appreciate their duty in connexion with the Commutation Fund. The gift of the ministers is for the benefit of the church in all time coming, but the extent of the benefit depends much on the liberality with which it is practically followed up. We have no wish to see the clergy independent of those they serve, that is not to be thought of; but amid the fluctuations to which all purely voluntary contributions are liable it is surely desirable that they should have something certain to trust to. Along with higher principles, which should never be wanting, there will still remain sufficient dependence on the liberality of their people to excite them to activity and diligence in the discharge of their duty. Let us always keep in view the leading principles of human nature and the temptations to which it is exposed in this evil world. We desire to see ministers faithful alike under the influence of popular smiles and popular frowns, and we regard such a combination the likeliest means to secure it. Those unused to mental labour have no idea of the injurious influence of anxiety about worldly things. Just imagine the state a man must be in to sit down and write sermons while distracted about the payment of his household bills and in constant dread of a visit from a sheriff's officer. He might in such circumstances labour with his hands, but with his head it is next to impossible. If people would only think it, they are deeply interested in having their minister raised above temporal embarrassment. He cannot, like them, turn his

hand to a variety of things to improve his condition, but is chained to the oar and obliged to stick to it for good or ill. Clearly He who knows our frame had these things in view when He ordained the scheme for maintaining the priesthood of old. Instead of giving them farms to cultivate and flocks and herds to look after, he divided their inheritance among the other tribes, and in lieu thereof appointed a tenth of the increase to be paid for their support, thus keeping them out of the clutches of mammon and allowing them free scope to devote all their energies to the high duties of their office. You may be assured God's way is the best, wisely adapted to our nature and condition and fitted to accomplish the desired end. If it were lawful for ministers to set their hearts on riches, the case might be otherwise, but no one who values the purity and prosperity of the church would like to see this; the utmost we can expect is to be freed from the cares of this life that we may devote ourselves wholly to the interests of another; leaving it to you to acquire property for yourselves and leave it to your children after you.

The wisdom and experience of most churches have led them to view the matter in this, the true light. All the Presbyterian Churches at Home have some provision of this kind in the shape of a Sustentation or a Supplementary Fund. The U. P. Church has one, and makes up all small livings so as to ensure the comfort and respectability of the minister. I need not tell you that the Free Church has one, affording to every incumbent from the beginning £123 stg. a year, and now, I am happy to say, within sight of £150. And the branch of the great Presbyterian body which we most closely resemble in our financial economy, I mean the Irish, receives an annual Parliamentary grant corresponding to the proceeds of the fund we are here to advocate. Nor can I omit to notice the noble efforts of the Parent Church, the Church of Scotland, to endow the 200 chapels of recent erection. That gigantic enterprise is fast approaching completion. The apostolic man who laboured so indefatigably and successfully in the work has been called to his rest; but, though men die, principles live; his spirit has survived him, and now there is the near and certain prospect of all these churches being secured an endowment of at least £80 stg. a year. Now you will observe, with these examples before us, together with the disinterested conduct of the ministers of our own Church, we could not but move in this matter if we were to maintain our character among the churches of Christendom. I should like to hear what any one could say in favour of inaction, what sort of excuse he could frame for us. Only think with what face we could look for assistance from Home if we were to do nothing. Would they not point the finger of scorn to this magnificent and rising country, saying, "These men are unworthy of the liberality of their pastors, unworthy of their descent and of the privileges they enjoy, there is not a drop of Presbyterian blood in their veins, they set no value on their religion, the love of mammon has extinguished the love of God in their hearts, and fulness of bread has made them forget that they have souls." Had we

remained still, this reasoning would have been legitimate and unanswerable. Thank God, a movement began among the merchant princes of Quebec and Montreal, and has proceeded thus far with many tokens of encouragement: yet do I confess that in looking forward to the final result the question still haunts me like a spectre, "*What will they think of us in Scotland?*" But, dear friends, there are far higher considerations to which I hope you are not strangers. *Let the love of Christ constrain you.* Should this Divine principle be in active operation, it will guide you right in all things. It will lead you to set apart a portion of your substance, even as the Lord may prosper you, for the extension of religion and righteousness in the world. It will make you not only givers but cheerful givers, and cause you to esteem it the highest of all honours to be fellow-workers together with God.

Some may think, especially those whose pastors have the commutation allowance, that this is no concern of theirs; but this is a grand mistake. Unwilling as I am to take it out of the category which embraces the interests of the church at large, I beg to tell them that their interest in it is personal as well as relative. When their present ministers die, or should they be removed to other spheres of labour, they will just have to do as others have done before them and are doing from day to day, open their purses a little wider and dip their fingers into them a little deeper if they would maintain religious ordinances in efficiency and conform to the example of other denominations. Mind you this is not, like other schemes, an annual contribution, a species of Christian effort which we value highly, and which it would not be well for the church, the world or yourselves, that you were without—it is a *grand effort* called forth by the circumstances of the times, and not to be repeated for a long time to come. When brought to a close, which it will soon be, the report will be published, and a goodly volume it will be, a lasting record of your attachment to the church of your fathers and the sanctuary of your God. When the next *grand effort* falls to be made, you will have been gathered to the dust whence you came, but your example will survive and animate posterity. I can fancy your grandchildren, mayhap your great-grandchildren taking down the old volume from the shelf to help them to determine how much they should give, and reading aloud from its pages the subscriptions of this very night—J. P. \$30, A. B. \$60, G. M. \$100, and coming to the sound conclusion that, as the world has been advancing, they cannot do less than double your contributions. (Laughter and cheers.)

I am satisfied that, as regards material comforts, the people of this country can say with truth that the lines have fallen to them in pleasant places, they have got a goodly heritage. There is a wide-spread competence among us, unknown to the people of most other lands. Scarcely an individual but has it in his power to benefit the church and do honour to himself by giving something; and let me remind you that it is general, united and hearty co-operation that makes great things practicable and difficult ones easy. You may see

the result of such co-operation any summer day in your garden by the side of the beehive. The true theory of revenue is the collection of cents. Every one should consider himself a unit in the aggregate, and his contribution, however small, an essential element in the desired result. "A man is accepted according to what he has and not according to what he has not." In the Old Country, when going of an evening to a mission-meeting in company with a friend, we came up with an old, frail woman, a widow, wading shoe-deep through the mud. "Dear me, Margaret," quo' I, "what has brought you out in a night like this?" "Weel, sir," said she, "I like to gang to the meetins, and I had a sax-pence to gie to the cause, and thocht I might never have anither opportunity." Two months afterwards she was in her grave. "Let us work while it is day." Had we the spirit of Margaret, were our matrons and sires, our young men and maidens thoroughly baptised with it, there would be no lack of means for any Christian enterprise, and no lack of prayer to sanctify the means.

After the appropriate, eloquent and exhaustive speeches of the deputies from below, I fear I have trespassed too much on your time, but I am anxious that we in the West should do something to maintain our reputation, and that will not make us feel ashamed when we see it in print. We cannot indeed expect to rival the merchants of Tyre; a purely agrarian population can never match the great emporiums of commerce and wealth; but let us do something worthy of our material prosperity and proportionate to the destitution of our brethren in our northern and western frontiers. In the all-wise and over-ruling providence of God your steps have been directed to a goodly land, a land literally flowing with milk and honey. There is no dependency of the empire, no country under heaven, to which the inhabitants of the British Isles can repair and feel so much at home, or where they will find honest industry more liberally rewarded with all the substantial ingredients of individual and social happiness. Not to speak of facilities for intercourse with the friends we have left behind, and to many of us this is no small blessing, or of civil and religious privileges that are second to none, we are blest with a soil of exuberant fertility, and with a climate delightfully varied and salubrious. Travelling through the centre of this great province, hundreds of miles, one is everywhere struck with the wonders achieved by the axe, changing the forest into a fruitful field, and dotting the landscape with commodious and stately mansions, the abodes of peace and plenty. In gratitude to the Author of all our mercies let us endeavour to raise our beloved to a state of spiritual privilege and attainment corresponding to the physical advantages with which He has blessed it. "Then shall the earth yield her increase, and God, even our own God, shall bless us. God shall bless us, and all the ends of the earth shall fear Him."

If the man that trembles at death be a coward, he that trifles with it is a fool.

HOME MISSION TOUR—PRESBYTERY OF TORONTO.

Having acceded to the request of the Temporalities Board to be one of a Deputation to plead the cause of the Home Mission Scheme of the Church in certain Congregations within the bounds of the Presbytery of Toronto, with some faint idea in my mind that my fellow-travellers and co-laborers were to be the Revs. Dr. Mathieson and Muir with Mr. Morris of Montreal or Mr. Neilson of Belleville, I took the Grand Trunk train for the West at 11½ on the evening of Monday 27th January, and reached Port Hope next forenoon, Tuesday, at the same hour. There I looked, but in vain, for the venerable Doctors of Divinity above named, or the eloquent lawyer or energetic elder. When I was musing on what had become of these gentlemen, and reflecting on what would be the disappointment of the Congregations who had been led to anticipate the being honored with their presence and the being delighted with their eloquence, I was introduced by the Rev. J. H. Mackerras (who was there, I afterwards understood, to begin his labors of Pioneer and Chaplain to what may be called the "front deputation,") to the Rev. Jas. Carmichael of West King, whose after-begging, though of an extremely modest kind—for he told the good folk in several places—"not to give too much, not to hurt themselves, not to give their all," &c., would yet have done credit to any Doctor of Divinity.

The words "you will have to go overland" fell upon my ears. What! I replied, is there not a railway to Peterboro? Oh, yes, there is, was answered, but your Grand Trunk train was late, and the train for Peterboro has left some hours ago; there is only one train a day at this season. The news, like evil news generally, was too true. We had before leaving counted the cost; our minds were fully made up for some long drives, as well as for a little "roughing it in the bush," but we had not reckoned on sleighing it to Peterboro. We were soon however seated in a hired sleigh (the members of our Church in Port Hope would doubtless have put a dozen at our disposal, had they known of our situation,) and after a very cold drive of 30 miles over what appeared to us to be a cold, bleak country, and that in face of a biting N. E. wind, espied in the distance the towers of "the City in the Woods," which we reached about half-past 4, and received the kind hospitality of Messrs. Dennistoun and Kempt, which speedily thawed us into good nature. After Divine Service in the evening, commencing at half-past 6, and conducted by Mr. Carmichael, the members of the Deputation addressed the meeting, and were followed by Mr. Dennistoun, who delivered an excellent and spirited address. Next morning we saw placards in every corner of the town, giving the names of no fewer than 7 gentlemen, clergymen and laymen, who had been, it seems, expected to address the meeting of previous evening, besides other distinguished men, whose names were not given. We then understood the better the cause of the blank look of disappointment and the rueful visage of the Minister of Peterboro on finding the

previous afternoon that the great Deputation had dwindled down into 2 comparatively insignificant members. We feel assured however, though Mr. Douglas was disappointed, that the Congregation will neither disappoint the small Deputation who *did* visit them nor the Board of Temporalities who sent them, but that their contributions will be worthy of themselves and evidence unmistakably the love they bear to the Church of our Fathers, and be an expression of their desire that our Canadian Branch of her may spread on every hand, and that under her shade millions yet unborn may find rest and peace to their souls.

At $\frac{1}{2}$ past 2 P.M. on Wednesday, 29th January, we took the cars for Lindsay, distant by rail 35 miles. At Milbrook Junction the Rev. Mr. Campbell of Nottawasaga joined us, whose assistance and company we enjoyed through the whole of our after journey and labors. Lindsay is said to be a very flourishing place, though more than half of it was burned down last summer. Its most prominent building is the Roman Catholic Church. 'Tis a pity that it should be so. Would that Protestants in country and in town would learn a lesson from the children of the Pope, (and they might learn many, and "it is right to be taught even by an enemy,") and erect becoming edifices, not as they, in which to offer material incense or seek the intercession of the "Mother of God," but spiritual worship through the one Mediator, the Lord Jesus Christ! If the great conflagration that destroyed so much valuable property had swept away the mean primeval-looking thing, pointed out to us in the dusk of the evening as 'place in which our people worship, it would not have been matter of regret. The internal arrangements of the place we were not privileged to see, as the meeting was held in the Town Hall. The audience there was not large, but appeared to be deeply interested in the proceedings of the evening. Besides the usual praise and prayer, with the reading of the Scriptures at the opening of the meeting, a Psalm or Paraphrase was also sung betwixt each of the speeches. The Psalmody was exceedingly good, and the Congregation stood while they sang, as all sensible men ought. It is not to be expected that a Congregation struggling for existence, as that of Lindsay at present is, can do much, at least for some time, for the Home Mission Scheme. Their first duty is to build a comely house in which to worship, and we are sure that the Congregations in the Presbytery of Toronto more especially, who know their state, will cheerfully aid them in this.

A resolution was passed at the meeting, pledging themselves to do what they could in behalf of the Home Mission. While they redeem this pledge they will feel that the Mission is one for their own benefit, as without it, or something equivalent to it, they could have no minister. After an early breakfast on Thursday, the 30th, we left the hospitable dwelling of the Rev. Mr. Johnston, bidding adieu to his interesting family, and in charge of the Rev. John Campbell, Minister of Brock, Reach and Mariposa, who met us at Lindsay the evening before, drove to his Church in the best named Township, (20 miles) having pa-

taken by the way of the Highland hospitality of one of his people. Here we were met by the Rev. Jno. McMurchy, whose pleasant company we enjoyed throughout the rest of our wanderings, and who so powerful Gaelic appeals in various places warmed the hearts and opened the purses of many of his hearers in a way that the most eloquent and touching of Saxon addresses would have failed to effect. After the meeting in the Church we drove to the Manse, about 2 miles distant, where we passed the night. The Manse of Brock, recently erected through the strenuous exertions and untiring labors of the minister, assisted by the people, is quite a model one in its way; unpretending, yet neat, commodious and well arranged. Its study with Gothic window might please the antiquarian taste of the most mediaeval loving of Tractarians! Mr. Campbell deserves long to enjoy his Manse. If we are not misinformed, he himself with his own horses and waggon drew the bricks for the chimneys and other material for building all the way from Whitby; what the Congregation were doing the while, we know not, but this we do know, that Congregations who allow or force their ministers to do such work are themselves grievous losers. St. Paul, it is true, was a tent-maker, a builder of (canvass) houses, but St. Paul's preaching was none the worse for that, being, as he was, inspired of God. Let Congregations, who would make of their ministers "hewers of wood and drawers of water," remember this. On the morning of Friday, 31st January, Mr. Campbell conveyed us to the Church of Eldon, (18 miles), upon arriving at which we found a goodly company assembled. Part of the devotional exercises as well as several of the addresses in Eldon, as in the other charges whose ministers and people are *double-tongued*, were in the language of Ossian, a language ancient, some would have us to believe, as Eve's eldest daughters, yet, in spite of all efforts to keep it alive, destined soon to perish from the earth. The minister of Eldon, in introducing the Deputation, heartily commended to his people the cause which they came to plead, making some happy allusions in his address to the building of the Wall of Jerusalem under many difficulties by Nehemiah and those with him, (See Nehemiah 17.) The walls of our Zion will, by God's blessing, ascend if we, like them, though few, be a united, prayerful people, having 'a mind to work.'

After appeals had been made by several of the brethren present, Mr. McFadyen, Elder, spoke at considerable length, putting various important queries to the Deputation for his own satisfaction and that of the Congregation. To these and others of the like kind asked elsewhere we will afterwards allude. Meanwhile we would express regret at not having a copy of Mr. McFadyen's speech. The remarks of this gentleman were made in Gaelic, but from certain ominous words in English which dropped from his lips, (for which we supposed the primitive Gaelic had no equivalents,) such as "John Knox, Barrier Act, Veto Act," &c., we were led to regard him as one well acquainted with the past History of the Church—an Elder indeed, whose opinion on

such matters is worth listening to. Would that we had a few such Elders in every Congregation! what a noble band of spiritual assistants to ministers!

Tired with the labors of the day, we the more enjoyed the hospitalities of the Manse in the evening. In preparing the next morning to leave for Thorah, we chanced to get a sight of the fine double-seated carriage and silver-mounted harness (costing \$280,) presented some time ago by the people of Eldon to their minister, a gift which any bishop might highly prize! A drive of 8 miles brought us to the Manse of Thorah, with which we know not if any Manse in the whole Church can compare. It is a large two-storeyed building (with kitchen, &c., in the basement) built of white brick, looking in the distance like free-stone, and reminding one of some of the *modern* Manses of Scotland's favored ministers in the Fatherland. Right glad were we to find in our travels that one Congregation at least had provided a comfortable, spacious abode for their minister, with a quiet study, where, undisturbed by noise of children or din of domestics, he can make due preparations for the discharge of his sacred duties. The meeting at Thorah was well attended, while it was pleasing to the speakers to have an audience who appeared to take a lively interest in the appeal made to them.

In the afternoon of Saturday Mr. Campbell of Nottawasaga left for Eldon, and Mr. Carmichael in charge of "the other Campbell" retraced his steps all the way to Brock for services of the Sabbath in these places, while I was fortunate enough to be allowed to remain in Thorah. At the English service at Thorah on Sabbath the Church was filled in every part, the greater number remaining to the Gaelic service immediately after, which was conducted by the minister of Eldon.

The Rev. David Watson of Thorah accompanied me on Monday to Georgina—20 miles; on our way to which we were joined by the other members of the Deputation at the house of Mr. Bathgate, whose hospitality we received. The meeting in Georgina was held in the afternoon in a large school-house, and an excellent meeting it was, a goodly sum having been paid into the hands of the collectors before we left; the first-fruits, we trust, of the harvest yet to be reaped there. Thanks to the indefatigable labors of Mr. Watson, who statedly ministers to this people, sometimes on Sabbaths and sometimes on week-days, though so far from his home. A new Congregation is about to be organized. Already has a new church of brick, 50 x 35, been erected in the village of Sutton, while steps are now being taken for the building of another in the district where our meeting was held. The 2 churches will be 4 or 6 miles apart, and will, it is believed, form one good charge. The meeting over, we drove to the house of Mr. Neil MacDonald, the gentleman who has been principally instrumental in getting the Sutton church built, and who, I am sure, will be glad to receive any contributions from the friends of the Church throughout the Province, to aid him in plastering and otherwise finishing the building.

After tea Mr. MacDonald sent us on our

way to Mr. MacMillan's, East Gwillimbury, (13 miles) where we passed the night. In the morning Mr. MacMillan conveyed us to Newmarket, (13 miles) passing on our way thither Davidstown or Sharon, situated in one of the finest districts of the Province, where stands the Temple of David! Davidism is, we are told, a mongrel of Deism, Quakerism and Universalism. David Wilson, now an aged man, is the founder of this strange sect, the prophet, priest and king of his simple-minded, deluded followers. The so-called Temple, which stands near the highway, is a large square-looking building with great uncurtained windows. The edifice is adorned with a number of puny turrets, in which are little windows, the whole being surmounted with a sort of cupola, while from the corners of both, little spiral things, resembling so many small quivers, tipped with zinc or other such metal, rise a foot or two into the air. These, which glisten in the sun, are the pinnacles of the Temple! This Temple is only used once or twice a year, and that on occasion of the celebration of certain festivals or sacred feasts. The meeting-house of the Sect, situated at a little distance from the Temple, is built in same style as the Temple itself, but of smaller size, while immediately adjoining it is David's study-room, together with a neat-looking little house (now untenanted, we believe,) where some time ago dwelt David's Nuns. Whether these have renounced their vows and entered the holy bonds of Matrimony we know not. David Wilson, like the founders of some other heretical sects, must be a knowing man. We are informed that he has in his possession the title-deeds of the farms and other real estate belonging to his adherents, and, having his people thus in his power, taxes them, as pleaseth him, for the support of their synagogue and temple service. How strange that men can be induced to give of their means for the upholding of the childish teachings of such a heresiarch, while professing Christians are everywhere to be found who grudge the smallest contribution towards the maintenance of the preaching of the Truth! Newmarket rejoices in a multiplicity of creeds and sects. Christians and Bible Christians with others of like exclusive names having a footing there. Our meeting in Newmarket was small. Nevertheless a few good subscriptions were made before we left the church, to be followed, we feel assured after due deliberation, by others equally good. Having partaken of the generous hospitality of the Rev. John Brown, we were conveyed by Mr. Dixon, Elder, to the flourishing town of Bradford, (5 miles) where, after enquiry, we found to our regret that the appointment of the Board for a meeting to be held there that evening had been cancelled by the Minister (Rev. W. McKee) for what appeared to him good and sufficient reasons, but which were not satisfactory to the Deputation, and a meeting substituted at what is called the Scotch Settlement, West Gwillimbury, 5 miles out of town. Thither we reluctantly repaired. The meeting was a small one and to all appearance chiefly composed of young people. It almost seemed to us as if the seniors of the district, with few ex-

ceptions, fearful of our appeal melting their hearts and forcing them to lay a portion of their substance on God's Altar for the mission, had come to the conclusion that the surest way for them to keep what they had was to stay at home. Mr. Ferres, with whom we passed the night, conveyed us on Wednesday morning to Innisfil, 13 miles, passing on the way St. John's Church, St. John's Hill, a place celebrated for its tea-meeting, and whose architectural beauty, it may be remembered by the readers of "The Presbyterian," the Rev. Mr. Bain of Scarboro at its opening so highly commended. St. John's is an unpretending-looking frame-building, whose beauties, we all agreed, must be internal. The Deputation regretted the more that they were prevented from holding a meeting in Bradford when they found that no arrangements were made for a meeting in St. John's. The little Church of Innisfil is situated a few miles from St. John's. The meeting at this place was not numerously attended. While the good people of the Scotch Settlement told us that a day-meeting there would have suited better, those of Innisfil seemed to bitterly regret that their meeting had not been held in the evening. After the meeting in Innisfil the Deputation were conveyed by Mr. Johnston to Lefroy, a station on the Northern railway, and there parted with the Rev. Mr. McKee, grateful for the kindness they had received at his hands in traversing the bounds of his long diocese, for it is well known that he is one of those bishops, a few of whom are yet to be met with, who are "noted for the extent of their hospitality." At 7 in the evening we took the cars for Nottawasaga, the last place on our list, where on our arrival we found the minister's sleigh in waiting, ready to convey us to his residence, distant about 5 miles from the station. Next forenoon we drove through snow and sleet to the West Church, where, considering the state of the weather, we had a good meeting. On our way to the East Church in the evening Mr. Campbell married a couple. As the bridal party was large and somewhat noisy, while the house was small, we denied ourselves the pleasure of being present at the marriage, though it was solemnised in Gaelic, and "sat without."

The nuptial knot having been tied we made our way to the Church, having the idea that the large wedding-party, together with the stormy night, would seriously affect the attendance at the meeting. In this however we were agreeably disappointed, the meeting being a large and excellent one. Instead of returning to Mr. Campbell's hospitable home afterwards we drove to a small hotel in the vicinity of the railway station in order to take the early cars in the morning, where we found to our dismay that the wedding-party had been before us, and that, to permit of their dancing, all the stores save the one in the kitchen had been taken down, and that the house was by no means in the best condition for ministering to the comfort of weary travellers. But, when we remembered the scenery upon which we had that day been privileged to look, even though it was through sleet and something very like Highland mist, our drooping spirits

revived; and well they might, for the scenery of Nottawasaga is very fine. We know not where in all Canada there is anything to compare to it. Let the Home-sick man come here, and he must be cured. Let him take his stand, say, at the door of the West Church, and contemplate nature's noble panorama at his feet, the Blue Mountains and Huron's waters in the distance, and methinks he must acknowledge the sight is one as grandly romantic as any in "The Land of the mountain and the flood!" Happy and contented must the Nottawasagians be? But for the long Indian name of their township they have little to remind them that they are not in the land of their fathers; with hills and Gaelic and Highland neighbours, and an able minister speaking their own language, they might well feel at Home! We groped our way to the station before dawn of day on Friday; went on board the cars at a little before 6, and in course of an hour or two our Deputation was dispersed. Mr. McMurphy bade us adieu at Bradford, (where were his horse and sleigh) to drive home, I believe, some 58 miles. Mr. Carmichael dropped out at the station of King, while I was left alone to continue my long journey homewards by rail.

In these notes of a Home Mission tour we have spoken of excellent Manses met with in different places. We wish much that we could speak in terms of praise of the Churches visited. The Church of Peterboro', while neat and becomingly furnished within, is capable of considerable improvements externally to render it such as would not disgrace a young flourishing city. The Churches of Nottawasaga, built through the exertions of Mr. Campbell without any foreign aid, are much more comfortable and better arranged (especially the West one) than some of the others visited. Those of Brock, Thorah and Eldon forcibly remind one of the look of some of the old Gaelic Churches in Scotland in their cold, bare look within. We know not if Gaelic Congregations have any particular scruples against the use of paint on the wood-work of Churches. It almost seems that they have. Yet why of all houses in any given district of country the Lord's House should have windows curtainless and wood unpainted is not easy to see.

It may be gathered from the foregoing that the meetings held in Peterboro', Eldon, Thorah, Georgina and East and West Nottawasaga were good; those in Lindsay, Brock, Newmarket, West Gwillimbury and Innisfil either were less numerously attended or the people in these places seemed to be less interested in the mission than were the other Congregations. Various causes may be assigned for poor attendance. 1. The short notice that was given of the meetings, only 1 Sunday, and that, as unfortunately happened, the most stormy Sunday during the whole winter. 2. The fact of those, who through that day's storm forced their way to Church, having received intimation that a company of "begging Friars" was to visit them. 3. The greatness of the Mission, for which they were to beg, by which the people were led to infer that great things were expected of them.

Resolutions were passed at each meeting,

approving of the object of the mission, agreeing to use every endeavor to promote its success, and appointing collectors to solicit subscriptions. In most of the Congregations subscription books were immediately opened, the 1st instalments payable on the 1st March of present year; in a few the people, having heard the appeal made, craved time for deliberation.

At Brock, Eldon, Thorah and Nottawasaga speeches were made and queries put to the Deputation by members of the congregations or by elders as to the possibility of the Home Mission Fund being alienated from the Church in its present connection in the event of a union taking place with what is called "The Canada Presbyterian Church." The Deputation were plainly informed in each of these places that the congregations would not subscribe anything without a guarantee from the Temporalities Board that the fund, or at least their contributions to it, should never be applied to any other purpose than that for which they are now asked—the aiding to support ministers of the Presbyterian Church of Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland. When ready to make their first payments, they purpose asking the Board for a written acknowledgement, that, in the event of any such an union taking place as has been talked of by some members of Synod, any contributions which they may make will revert to themselves or heirs. Should the Board decline to give them this, they will withhold their subscriptions. It may not be improper to state that the feeling of these people in regard to this matter of union is very strong, in fact the very mention of such an union has caused many of them deep grief. Of this I am sure, that, had those who recently endeavoured to wrest the Church from her present connection been present at the meetings in these places, seen the strong attachment on the part of these several congregations to the Church of our Fathers, heard their firm resolves to stand by it at all hazards, been apprised moreover of their determined opposition to unite with a church (from many of whose ministers and adherents they have, in common with others, in past years suffered so much,) save on expressions of sincere penitence for past conduct, coupled with a manifestation of desire on their part to return to that Church, which they in the heat of passion grievously maligned and laboured hard to destroy, they would bitterly regret what they did.

Apart from every other consideration the attempts on the part of some to force the Church into a nominal union with the party who 18 years ago left our pale for reasons which we are bound to believe they still hold, for they have never repudiated them, are to be deeply deplored, inasmuch as they have greatly injured the cause of our Home Mission. For example, while the contributions of a dozen plain men in the congregation of Eldon, put down in our presence, amounted to \$430, we were told that, had they confidence in the Board and in the ministers of the Church as to this, each of them would have doubled his subscription. They also said that, in the event of that confi-

dence being restored, which had been so much shaken by certain recent speeches and writing, they would be glad to see us back again, no matter how soon, and assured us that they would not send us empty away.

Such facts are worthy of consideration on the part of some, while they fill the hearts of others with joy, being tokens of the bright future that is before our Church in this land, if those ministers who now eat of her bread and are fed by her bounty be faithful to her.

Yours,

ROBERT DOBIE.

THE CHURCH IN THE LOWER PROVINCES.

OPENING OF A NEW CHURCH IN P. E. ISLAND.—On Sunday, the 2nd of February, St. Columba's Church, St. Peter's Road in connection with the Church of Scotland, was opened. The Rev. Mr. Duncan, Charlottetown, preached in the forenoon and the Rev. Mr. Grant in the afternoon and evening, the Church being filled to overflowing on all three occasions. The collection taken amounted to £15 10s. This new Church, which is distant 6½ miles from Charlottetown, is a perfect model of neatness and comfort; it is seated for 220; and, though completely finished from underpinning to the graining of the pulpit, the debt upon it does not amount to £40, and this the congregation intends to wipe off during the ensuing summer. The style is Gothic. The pews are painted a light drab with mahogany tops. So great was the demand for pews that the rents of them would amount to £90 per annum. This is extremely gratifying, especially when we consider that the trustees were thought to have acted rashly some months ago when they guaranteed £75 as the half of Mr. Grant's stipend. The St. Peter's Road people may well be proud of their new Church; and the spirit with which they entered upon and completed the work is deserving of imitation in many other quarters. And so large is the attendance whenever there is service that already is there talk of the necessity of an addition to the new Kirk!—*Pictou Monthly Record*.

THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

ECCLESIASTICAL ITEMS.

At a meeting of the Presbytery of Perth on Friday the Rev. William Liston, of Redgorton, received the sincere and heartfelt congratulations of his co-presbyters on the occasion of his having entered upon his fiftieth year as a minister of the Church of Scotland.

DEATH OF THE REV. SIMON FRASER, KILMORACK.—The death of this clergyman took place on Monday forenoon at the Manse of Kilmorack. He had been ailing for some time past and during the last 6 months was totally unfit for pulpit ministrations. He was the son of the former minister of the parish—the Rev. Simon Fraser, to whom he was chosen as assistant and successor. He was a faithful preacher, practical, sincere, and of a very kind and genial disposition.

The Rev. Peter Young, minister of Wigtown and father of the Church of Scotland and the only surviving minister belonging to her of the last century, attained his 90th year on Monday the 27th ult. This venerable and much esteemed clergyman has lived to witness every one in the Church at the time of his own ordination (63 years ago) removed by death.

KINGALDY PRESBYTERY.—At a meeting on Thursday this Presbytery heard parties in reference to the translation of Mr. M'Laren from Leslie to Monimail. Mr. Wylie, Leslie, laid before the Presbytery a Petition signed by 899 members and adherents of Leslie congregation praying the Presbytery not to translate. Mr. Mitchell, Cudham; Mr. Cairns, Ingise; Mr. James Simpson, Leslie; and the Hon. George Waldegrave, Leslie, were also heard as commissioners from Leslie. Mr. M'Laren then stated that he had resolved to remain in Leslie, being moved to do so by the strong feeling of affection manifested for him by the people of Leslie, as evidenced by the petition upon the table of the Presbytery. Mr. Henderson having been heard as commissioner from the Presbytery of Copar, it was unanimously resolved, on the motion of Dr. Bowie, to sist all further procedure of the matter and to refuse to translate.—*Scotsman.*

MODERATION AT SOUTH LEITH.—The Presbytery of Edinburgh met in South Leith Parish church on Thursday to moderate in a call to the Rev. Ken. M'Leay Phin, of Galashiels, to be first minister of South Leith. Dr. Veitch preached and presided. The call was produced and signed by 65 heritors, elders and adherents of the church. Mr. Robert White, corkcutter, an adherent of the church, produced a document purporting to be signed by 1100 adherents of the church, 400 of whom, it is said, are seat-holders, objecting to the call. As Mr. W. had no mandates to show that he was authorised to act for those whose names appeared in the objection, the reception of the document was objected to by several members of the Presbytery. After a long discussion the Rev. Dr. Robert Lee proposed that the document should be received and that it should be afterwards examined and purged. Dr. Crawford proposed that the document should be received as the objection of Mr. W., who presented it. The two motions were put to the vote, when the latter was carried—6 members voting for Dr. Lee's and 10 for Dr. Crawford's.—*Ibid.*

COMMUNICATIONS.

SKETCH OF THE BEGINNING AND PRESENT STATE OF THE EVANGELICAL MISSIONS AMONG THE FRENCH CANADIANS.

About 30 years ago the Rev. K. Olivier, his lady and two young ministers were sent from Lausanne in Switzerland as missionaries to the North American Indians. They came to Lower Canada in order to obtain some information respecting their future field of labor. Here they found plunged in the superstitions of popery a numerous population speaking their language, who had almost as much need of the Gospel as the heathen to whom they were

going. Mr. and Mrs. Olivier believed it to be their duty to remain with the French Canadians, while Messrs. Gavin and Dentan went to labor among the Sioux Indians.

During Mr. and Mrs. Olivier's sojourn in Montreal two of their Christian friends, the Rev. L. Roussy and Mrs. Feller, came to join them, when a few persons left the Romish Church to embrace the Gospel. But Mr. Olivier, not being able to endure the severity of the Canadian climate, was obliged to return to Europe with his lady. Mr. and Mrs. Feller remained in Canada and finally settled at Grande Ligne. Their labors were blessed by their Heavenly Master, so that at the present time the Baptist Society of Grande Ligne preach the Word of salvation throughout many parishes. There are 6 ministers and several other laborers, they possess 2 educational institutions, and 3 churches have been erected through their instrumentality.

At the sight of the success of the efforts made by Mr. and Mrs. Olivier and the missionaries of Grande Ligne the charity of several of the English-speaking Christians was excited to a godly jealousy, and, though the evangelization of the French Canadian Romanists was still considered by many persons as utopian, they had faith, love and zeal enough to establish in 1839 the French Canadian Missionary Society, whose committee is composed of members of the different evangelical churches of Montreal.

Notwithstanding the numerous obstacles which the missionaries of that Society have encountered their labors have been efficient. By their means many families have left the teachings of men to follow the Word of God, and the Gospel continues to be preached in many places. They have 2 flourishing educational institutions at Pointe-aux-Trembles, from which place pupils are already scattered throughout the country, and a church has been built at Belle Riviere.

In 1840 or 1841 the Presbyterian Church of Canada began also to evangelize their fellow-subjects of French origin. By the exertions of one of their missionaries, the Rev. E. Lapelletrie, a French Presbyterian congregation was organized in Montreal, and money to build a church was collected. But, Mr. Lapelletrie's health obliging him to return to France, where he died, his work was continued by the French Canadian Missionary Society.

Some years after the Episcopal Church put also a hand to that work of love and they too had success. They have built a church and an educational institution at Sabrevois, and have now 4 young men studying for the ministry.

Later the Wesleyan Church entered this important field and have been blessed in it. They occupy 5 missionary stations, preach salvation by Christ in various places and have built a church at Roxton Falls. One of their evangelists, who is preparing for the ministry, is a former pupil of Pointe-aux-Trembles, and another was formerly a French Canadian priest.

The effect of these various efforts is now becoming apparent. There are a good number of families in Lower and Upper Canada who

have left the fables of Rome to follow the truth as it is in Jesus, while many have gone to the United States to avoid persecution. 6 French Canadian ministers of the Gospel are preaching it to their countrymen in the Lower Province. Of others who have the same object in view, 4 are pursuing their studies in Geneva (Switzerland), 4 at Lennoxville College, 2 in Toronto, 2 in Alleghany College, 1 in Quebec, 1 in New England; and there may be others of whom I do not know, besides those who are under the direction of the Rev. Mr. Chiniqui in Illinois.

20 years ago missionaries were looked upon as emissaries of the bad spirit, whom people would have joyfully destroyed, had they not feared the Courts of Justice. Now only a small proportion of them are still afraid to speak with us and those who approve of persecution have considerably diminished.

Even the priests have been somewhat influenced. Formerly their great doctrine was, "Out of the Roman Catholic Church there is no salvation;" they burnt Bibles and gloried in the deed. Now very few of them would dare be openly guilty of such an outrage, and there are some who tell the people that the Bible is the word of God, and that persons who were born and are dying in the Protestant faith are saved if they were sincere in their belief.

Considering these visible results and the effect which the great number of copies of the Sacred Writings already distributed through the country must produce, a great change may be expected among the Roman Catholics of Canada, provided their Christian countrymen be faithful towards them. We now see the premisses, but the harvest will come in due time: for the word of the Lord shall not return unto Him void. The evangelization of the French Canadians was not undertaken in vain; God in His mercy has already blessed the work of faith and the labor of love of His children. To Him be the glory for ever. T.

THE ROMAN CATACOMBS.

INTRODUCTION.

The obscurity which envelops the early history of the Church of Rome is so intense that we cannot but long for clearer light upon a subject of such interest. The details which Church History has transmitted to us are scanty in the extreme. They contain little else than a barren list of the names of bishops, about many of whom nothing more is known than that they existed and occupied for so many years the chair of St. Peter. The few who stand out more conspicuously owe this either to the part they took in doctrinal controversy, or to some glaring inconsistency in character or conduct. But of the manner in which the Christian leaven fermented the promiscuous population of pagan Rome, the ranks from which con-

verts were chiefly drawn; the organisation which held together the vessel of the Church as she laboured through storm after storm of persecution; the foreign influences which tended to form her character; the early development of her doctrinal system; and the growth of Christian art,—of these and a hundred other questions touching the internal character of the Christian body and the religious life of the Church we know almost less.

But this obscurity is being somewhat cleared away by the careful examination and scientific investigation which have been lately made, and are still being vigorously prosecuted, of the early sepulchral remains of the Roman Catacombs.

The custom of burying the dead in rock-hewn tombs dates back to the most remote historical period. The earliest monuments of Egypt—of an antiquity of which till recently no one dreamt, and which now few would be inclined to admit, were the chain of evidence not irrefragable—were erected over sepulchral chambers thus excavated. Ancient rock-tombs are found in Asia Minor, and many exist in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem. On some of the islands of the Grecian Archipelago they are numerous; and, though in Greece itself there are but few, the subterranean necropolises of the Greek colonies, in Sicily especially, are the most splendid yet discovered. In Agrigentum, Palermo, Syracuse and elsewhere their extent decides the vast size of the cities of which they served as burying-places. Those of Syracuse are the most spacious and beautifully laid-out. Broad avenues are intersected by narrower streets, in which not only sepulchral niches are cut, but out of whose solid walls handsome mausoleums are hewn and sculptured, the entrances to which were once secured by bolts and doors. Numerous Greek epitaphs are inscribed on them. But, so soon as Christianity became the dominant religion, they were converted into Christian catacombs and were similarly used long afterwards by the Saracens. There were catacombs likewise at Naples, which, though far inferior to those of Syracuse, much surpass those of Rome in the spaciousness of their galleries and the regularity of their plan. In all other respects however the catacombs of Rome possess an overwhelming interest. They are of greater length, were all their endless ramifications added together, than all others elsewhere known to exist, and the Christian monuments which

have already been exhumed are upwards of 6000 in number.

Their origin is one of the vexed questions of Christian archaeology, and has been as summarily decided as all such disputed points generally are, and with as opposite conclusions. Their first modern explorers in the 17th century unhesitatingly pronounced them to be the *arenariæ* or sand-pits of ancient Rome, of which, when vacated, the Christians took unresisted possession and employed for purposes of sepulture. Others again suppose them to have been commenced by heathens and afterwards used indiscriminately by both; while others again insist that they were excavated by Christians only, and for no other purpose than that to which we see them to have been turned. None of the conclusions are utterly groundless; but none probably correct.

The geological formation of the Campania is most favourable to such excavations. The lowest stratum is the hard volcanic tufa of which Rome was built. Above this lie beds, more recently deposited, of lava and pumice; not too hard to be cut with an axe, nor yet too crumbling to form the roof and walls of excavated passages. Nearer the surface it degenerates into the mixture of sand and ashes known as *pozzolano*. In this upper stratum were sunk the huge sandpits which supplied that imperishable mortar used in Roman buildings; whereas, the middle being best suited for the catacombs, they are almost exclusively confined to it. They cannot therefore have been *arenariæ*, because, in the first place, they are in a lower level than the beds in which those exist; and, secondly, because their narrow and tortuous passages are utterly unfit for the conveyance of sand from their distant parts to the entrance.

The catacombs of St. Agnes and St. Priscilla commence in *arenariæ*, but, this soft material being found unsuitable, they soon descend into the harder beds beneath. Two only are cut in the hard tufa.

It is more than probable that quarries often suggested the idea of catacombs, and that deserted quarries were used for the burial of the dead. We have an instance of this in the catacombs of Paris. They were quarries and quarries only, till, the graveyards within the city becoming too crowded, extramural cemeteries were established, and the contents of the old churchyards were deposited, piled in fantastic heaps, in these vast subter-

anean galleries. But still there is no reason to suppose that the catacombs of Rome were such. Nor is it likely that others besides Christians were buried in them after their occupation by the Roman Church.

It is well known that among the Romans the practice of burning the dead was by no means universal. The poor could not afford it; slaves were excluded from the privilege; those struck by lightning were denied the rite; and the existence of such catacombs as those of Syracuse, not devoted by any means to the ignoble, indicates the prevalence of the custom of burying among the Greeks in the West. There must therefore have been extensive catacombs near Rome long before our era, some of which the Christians may have appropriated, replacing their former occupants by their own dead. The fact of several Christian mural tablets having on the reverse a heathen inscription, and of other Christian inscriptions bearing heathen epitaphs adapted to Christian use, almost establishes the probability. If this be so, it partly removes the difficulty of accounting for the disposal of such enormous quantities of rubbish as must have been accumulated by the Christians, and that in an age of persecution, if the catacombs had been wholly excavated by them. Though even this is hardly an insuperable objection to their having been so; for we can conceive that the authorities offered no resistance, as the work was carried on without the walls; and it is very probable that, as the material was drawn up, it may have been pounded and, being of the same composition as the *pozzolano*, only harder, sold for mortar. Be this however as it may, we cannot believe that, while used as burying-places by the Christians, the heathen laid their dead side by side with them. The antipathy of the two religions would forbid it; and the catacombs would not be the secure retreat in the hour of danger which, there is reason to believe, they were. They may therefore have been excavated in part and occupied previously by heathen, but it is almost certain that subsequently Christians only were buried in them.

It is easy to account for the adoption of this mode of sepulture by the Christians of Rome. Those classes from which the converts were principally drafted had probably always buried and not burned their dead. The Jews had long had a catacomb at Rome, that now known as the

Porta Portise, and Jewish influence was strong in the Roman Church. Besides it would be the mode least exposed to observation and therefore danger, and most in harmony with Christian belief and sentiment, which would shrink from the sudden destruction of that body which, it was believed, must so soon rise again.

DO CHRISTIANS LOVE ONE ANOTHER?

"*Little children, love one another,*" was the greeting which the aged John was wont in his last days to address to his brethren, when, enfeebled by age and infirmity, he was carried about in the arms of his attendants. The injunction, so deeply inwrought into the heart and mind of the loved and loving disciple, so often repeated in his fervid and beautiful epistles, seems to breathe the tones of a greater than John, as it is indeed but an echo of *His* parting exhortation, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." It might seem strange that the followers of One who was Love Incarnate, those who have been bought from destruction by a love boundless, unfathomable, should need to be so solemnly commanded to reflect upon each other a portion of that love which has been bestowed so largely upon them. Love, the best and noblest of all blessings we have received from God, love, whose very exercise affords the highest and purest pleasure to giver and receiver, whose unstinted interchange is absolutely necessary for the full and harmonious development of the highest part of our nature, might seem rather a *privilege to use than a duty to fulfil*. Well might the angels, who sang together above the plains of Bethlehem the song of peace on earth and goodwill to men, wonder that a race on whom such an unspeakable gift of love had descended, who had sinned and suffered together, been saved and loved alike, should require the command, "Love one another." And yet the experience of these 1862 years has showed but too plainly how very necessary that command was. The subtle, corroding poison which has so penetrated and injured our originally noble human nature, turning its purest and sweetest fountains to bitterness, has left its most deadly traces in the springs of love and replaced its pure and sparkling waters with the dark and turbid streams of malevolent passions. And, although the wonder-working power of Divine grace can and will restore lost purity and make the bitter

fountain sweet, yet in by far the majority of cases its influence upon this central power and spring of all seems to be slow indeed and attended with very many hindrances. Even among those who are professedly the followers of a loving Saviour, who have tendered to Him their solemn allegiance, who claim the saving effect of His wondrous love and sacrifice, how few, if judged by their obedience to the command, "Love one another *as I have loved you,*" could be recognised as being Christians at all! Where is the vivid, genial interest, the tender thoughtfulness, the care for one another's spiritual well-being, the grief when a brother is overtaken in a fault, the earnest desire for his restoration, the toleration of infirmities and failings, the charity that "beareth all things, hopeth all things, believeth all things," which, in the early days when the Church of the Apostles was yet rejoicing in the fervid purity of her "first love," made a wondering world exclaim, "Behold, how these Christians love one another!"

We all have *some* whom we love, some whose very lives are, as it were, bound-up with our own. We know how we feel *their* interests to be our own, how we identify ourselves with their honor or dishonor, their joys or sorrows, how any departure of *theirs* from the path of right is a keen personal sorrow. But where is the extension of this feeling to our fellow-Christians as such, for love is the same in working, though it must necessarily have degrees of intensity. The full exercise of this blessed power, strongest of all forces in the moral world, would make every Christian community almost a heaven upon earth! But, when, alas! we see among those who meet to worship within the same walls and gather around the same communion-table there to meet One common Saviour and Friend, we see so continually envies and jealousies, heart-burnings and bitter strife, averted looks and estranged hearts; when we see cold criticism for loving interest, harsh misconstruction for patient charity, scarcely concealed satisfaction instead of sorrow or sympathy with an erring or stricken brother, readiness to take-up a slander and condemn unheard instead of the love that hopeth *all* things, or, if not these, at best a total unconcern about those *called* brethren—can we wonder that an outside world, which professes no allegiance to the "law of love," often fails to see that the religion of Christ does so very much for its followers.

And this individual failure in Christian love has a yet wider influence. Church dissensions and sectarian jealousies, presenting the sad spectacle of Christian bodies, professing the same holy ends, standing up in unhallowed opposition to thwart and neutralize each other's labours, are but the natural development and result of the same feelings in individual life. If the churches were composed of *single* Christians in whom the spirit of love reigned, supreme discord and acrimony could never *begin*. In the great Church of Christ, as in its smaller sections, minor differences would meet with loving toleration and collective bodies, as well as single Christians, would forbear one another in love and strengthen one another's hands in their common cause, even while seeing the same truth in different lights or from differing points of view. What an advantage would this state of things give to the Church in its endeavours to evangelise a darkened world instead of the reproach of its divisions and enmities too often cast upon it! And 'the communion of the saints below' would be but a foretaste of that more perfect fellowship above, when love shall have its fullest development, instead of being, as it too often is, a painful contrast to the eternity of love to which we profess to look forward. Strange that the demeanour of so many Christians should be so far from what might be expected of those who expect eternal blessedness in a heaven of which love is to be the chief bliss and glory, a heaven of which it has been truly sung that

"Love is Heaven and Heaven is Love!"

In a sinning, suffering world, where all have so much to be borne with, where no one is raised aloft on a pedestal above the need of charity and forbearance, it should not be too much to ask that one weak, erring mortal should judge another with gentleness and toleration, not with cold, unfeeling criticism. Yet, alas! is it not rather the exception than the rule to find even a Christian, whose life is ruled by the guiding principle of love, one who embraces the whole world in his comprehensive charity, who, while grieving over the sins and sorrows of his fellows, is willing to "spend and be spent" in winning them to a higher and happier state, whose judgements are never harsh nor hasty, who sees a fault with grief and endeavours to set it right with tender consideration, whose indignation at the offence does not interfere with

his love for the offender, whose "rejoicing in the truth," wherever it may be found, is hearty and unalloyed. Yet such a spirit would simply be the following in the footsteps of Him who is our example in all things, who says of His love to us, "As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you," and who earnestly and lovingly exhorts us even so to 'love one another.'

It is time that we should earnestly consider what manner of spirit we are of in this particular. While earthly clogs and imperfections bar our way and retard our progress, we can scarcely expect that love or any other Christian grace can obtain its *fullest* perfection. But we can be ever approximating to it through that Divine strength which will be granted us more and more as we feel our need of it. And, if our eye could rest more continually on eternal realities and less upon the petty agitations and tumults of a transient existence; if we could realise how soon we may be weeping tears of self-reproach over those towards whom we are cherishing so much bitterness, and how large a portion of the happiness of the Heaven we look for is to be derived from the love and fellowship of those on whom we look so coldly here;—would not the thought stir us up to a more wide and genial exercise of that Christian love concerning our use of which our Lord may say to us when He calls us to enter into His rest, "*Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me.*"

"Make channels for the streams of love
Where they may broadly run;
For love has overflowing streams
To fill them every one.

For we must share, if we would keep
That blessing from above;
Ceasing to give, we cease to have:
Such is the law of love."

SIGMA.

EXTRACTS.

[From "*Good Words.*"]

THE CONCLUDING LAY SERMON TO
WORKING PEOPLE, BY THE AUTHOR OF
"RAB AND HIS FRIENDS."

MY DEAR FRIENDS.—We are going to ring in now and end our course. I will be sorry and glad and you will be the same. We are this about everything; it is the proportion that settles it. I am upon the whole, as they say, sorry, and I dare say on the whole you are not glad. I dislike parting with anything or anybody I like, for it is ten to one if we meet again.

My text is, "That His way may be known upon earth; His saving health to all nations." You will find it in that perfect little psalm, the 67th. But, before taking it up, I will, as my dear father used to say,—you all remember him, his keen eye and voice; his white hair and his grave, earnest, penetrating look; and you should remember and possess his Canon-gate Sermon to you—"The Bible, what it is and what it does,"—well, he used to say, let us recapitulate a little. It is a long and rather kittle word, but it is the only one that we have. He made it longer but not less alive by turning it into "a few recapitulatory remarks." What ground have we then travelled over? *First.* Our duties to and about the Doctor; to call him in time, to trust him, to obey him, to be grateful to and to pay him with our money and our hearts and our good word, if we have all these; if we have not the first, with twice as much of the others. *Second.* The Doctor's duties to us. He should be able and willing to cure us. That is what he is there for. He should be sincere, attentive and tender to us, keeping his time and our secrets. We must tell him all we know about our ailments and their causes, and he must tell us all that is good for us to know, and no more. *Third.* Your duties to your children; to the wee Willie Winkies and the little wifies that come toddling home. It is your duty to *mind* them. It is a capital Scotch use of this word: they are to be in your mind; you are to exercise your understanding about them; to give them simple food; to keep goodies and trash and raw pears and whisky away from their tender mouths and stomachs; to give them that never-ending meal of good air, night and day, which is truly food and fire to them and you; to be good before as well as to them, to speak and require the truth in love—that is a wonderful expression, isn't it?—the truth in love, that, if acted on by us all, would bring the millennium next week; to be plain and homely with them, never *spaining* their minds from you. You are all sorry, you mothers, when you have to spain their mouths; it is a dreadful business that to both parties; but there is a spaining of the affections still more dreadful and that needs never be, no, never, neither in this world nor in that which is to come. Dr. Waugh, of London, used to say to bereaved mothers, Rachels weeping for their children and refusing to be comforted for that simplest of all reasons,—because they were not, after giving them God's words of comfort, clapping them on the shoulders and fixing his mild deep eyes on them (those who remember those eyes, and no one else, will know what they could mean), "My woman, your bairn is where it will have two fathers, but never one mother."

You should also, when the time comes, explain to your children what about their own health and the ways of the world they ought to know and for the want of the timely knowledge of which many a life and character have been lost. Show them moreover the value you put upon health by caring for your own.

Do your best to get your sons well married and soon. By well married I mean that they

should be married old-fashionedly, for love, and marry what deserves to be loved as well as what is lovely. I confess I think falling in love is the best way to begin; but then, the moment you fall, you should get up and look about you and see how the land lies and whether it is as goodly as it looks. I don't like walking into love or being carried into love; or above all being sold or selling yourself into it, which after all is not it. And by soon I mean as soon as they are keeping themselves: for a wife—such a wife as alone I mean—is cheaper to a young man than no wife and is his best companion.

Then for your duties to yourselves. See that you make yourself do what is *immediately* just to your body, feed it when it is really hungry; let it sleep when it, not its master, desires sleep; make it happy, poor hard-working fellow! and give it a gamboi when it wants it and deserves it, and as long as it can execute it. Dancing is just the music of the feet and the gladness of the young legs and is well called the poetry of motion. It is, like all other natural pleasures, given to be used and not to be abused either by yourself or by those who don't like it and don't enjoy your doing it—shabby dogs these, beware of them! And, if this is done, it is a good and a grace as well as a pleasure and satisfies some good end of our being and in its own way glorifies our Maker. Did you ever see anything in this world more beautiful than the lambs running races and dancing round the big stone of the field; and does not your heart get young when you hear,—

"Here we go by jingo ring,
Jingo ring, jingo ring:
Here we go by jingo ring
About the merry ma tanzie."

This is just a dance in honour of old Jingo—measured movements arising from and giving happiness. We have no right to keep ourselves or others from natural pleasures; and we are all too apt to interfere with and judge harshly the pleasures of others; hence we who are stiff and given to other pleasures, and who, now that we are old, know the many wickednesses of the world, are too apt to put the vices of the jaded, empty old heart, like a dark and ghastly fire burnt out, into the feet and the eyes and the heart and the head of the young. I remember a story of a good old Antiburgher minister. It was in the days when dancing was held to be a great sin and to be dealt with by the Session. Jessie, a bonny and good and blithe young woman, a great favourite of the minister's, had been guilty of dancing at a friend's wedding. She was summoned before the Session to be "dealt with,"—the grim old fellows sternly concentrating their eyes upon her as she stood trembling in her striped short-gown and her pretty bare feet. The Doctor, who was one of Divinity and a deep thinker, greatly pitying her and himself, said, "Jessie, my woman, were ye dancin'?"

"Yes," sobbed Jessie.

"Ye maun e'en promise never to dance again, Jessie."

"I wull, sir: I wull promise," with a curtsy.

"Now what were ye thinking o', Jessie, when

ye were dancin' ? tell us truly," said an old elder who had been a poacher in youth.

"Na ill, sir," sobbed out the dear little woman.

"Then, Jessie, my woman, aye dance," cried the delighted Doctor.

And so say I to the extent that, so long as our young girls think "nae ill," they may dance their own and their feet's fills; and so on with all the round of the sunshine and flowers God has thrown on and along the path of His children.

Lastly, your duties to your own bodies: to preserve them; to make or rather let—for they are made so to go—their wheels go sweetly; to keep the *girs* firm round the old barrel; neither to over nor under-work our bodies and to listen to their teachings and their requests, their cries of pain and sorrow; and to keep them as well as your souls unspotted from the world. If you want to know a good book on Physiology, or the Laws of Health and of Life, get Dr. Combe's *Physiology*; and let all you mothers get his delightful *Management of Infancy*. You will love him for his motherly words. You will almost think he might have worn petticoats—for tenderness he might; but in mind, and will and eye he was every inch a man. It is now long since he wrote, but I have seen nothing so good since; he is so intelligent, so revered, so full of the solemnity, the sacredness, the beauty and joy of life, and his work; so full of sympathy for suffering, himself not ignorant of such evil—for the latter half of his life was a daily, hourly struggle with death, fighting the destroyer from within with the weapons of life, his brain and his conscience. It is very little physiology that you require, so that it is physiology and is suitable for your need. I can't say I like our common people, or indeed what we call our ladies and gentlemen, poking curiously into all the ins and outs of our bodies as a general accomplishment, and something to talk of. No, I don't like it. I would rather they chose some other *ology*. But let them get enough to give them awe and love, light and help, guidance and foresight. These with good sense and good senses, humility, and a thought of a hereafter in this world as in the next, will make us able to doctor ourselves,—especially to act in the *preventive service*, which is your main region of power of good—as in this mortal world we have any reason to expect. And let us keep our hearts young, and they will keep our legs and our arms the same. For we know now that hearts are kept going by having strong, pure, lively blood; if bad blood goes into the heart, it gets angry, and shows this by beating at our breasts and frightening us; and sometimes it dies of sheer anger and disgust, if its blood is poor or poisoned, thin and white. "He may dee, but he'll never grow auld," said a canty old wife of her old minister, whose cheek was ruddy as an apple.

Run for the Doctor; don't saunter to him, or go in, by the bye, as an old elder of my father's did when his house was on fire. He was a perfect Nathaniel, and lived more in the next world than in this, as you will soon see. One winter night he slipt gently into his neighbor's

cottage and found James Somerville reading aloud by the blaze of the light coal; he leant over the chair and waited till James closed the book, when he said, "By the bye I am thinkin' ma hoose is on fire!" and out he and they all ran in time to see the auld biggin fall in with a glorious blaze. So it is too often when that earthly house of ours—our cottage, our tabernacle—is going on fire. One moment your finger would put out what in an hour all the waters of Clyde would be too late for. If the Doctor is needed, the sooner the better. If he is not, he can tell you so, and you can rejoice that he had a needless journey and pay him all the more thankfully. So run early and at once. How many deaths—how many lives of suffering and incapacity—may be spared by being in time? being a day or two sooner. With children this is especially the case, and with working-men in the full prime of life. A mustard-plaster, a leech, a pill, 15 drops of Ipecacuanha wine, a bran poultice, a lint or a stitch in time, may do all and at once; when a red-hot iron, a basinful of blood, all the wisdom of our art, and all the energy of the Doctor, all your tenderness and care are in vain. Many a child's life is saved by an emetic at night, who would be lost in 12 hours. So send in time; it is just to your child or the patient and to yourself; it is just to your Doctor; for I assure you we Doctors are often sorry and angry enough when we find we are too late. It affronts us and our powers besides affronting life and all its meanings and Him who gives it. And we really *enjoy* curing; it is like running and winning a race—like hunting and finding and killing our game. And then remember to go to the Doctor early in the day as well as in the disease. I always like my patients to send and say that they would like the Doctor "to call before he goes out!" This is like an Irish message, you will say, but there is "sinse" in it. Fancy a Doctor being sent for, just as he is in bed, to see some one, and on going he finds they had been thinking of sending in the morning, and that he has to run neck and neck with death with the odds all against him.

I now wind up with some other odds and ends. I give you them as an old wife would empty her pockets—such wallets as they used to be!—in no regular order; here a bit of string, now a bit of gingerbread, now an "aiple," now a bunch of keys, now an old almanac, now 3 *baubees* and a bad shilling, a "when" buttons, all marrowless, a thimble, and maybe at the very bottom a "goold guinea."

Shoes.—It is amazing the misery the people of civilization endure in and from their shoes. Nobody is ever, as they should be, comfortable at once in them; they hope in the long-run and after much agony, and when they are nearly done, to make them fit, especially if they can get them once well wet, so that the mighty knob of the big toe may adjust himself and be at ease. For my part, if I were rich, I would advertize for a clean, wholesome man, whose foot was exactly my size, and I would make him wear my shoes till I could put them on and not know I was in them. Why is all

this? Why do you see every man's and woman's feet so out of all shape? Why are there corns with their miseries and maledictions? Why the virulence and unreachableness of those that are "soft?" Why do our nails grow in and have sometimes to be torn violently off? Why are shoes so dear?

All because the makers and users of shoes have not common sense and common reverence for God and His works enough to study the shape and motions of that wonderful pivot on which we turn and progress. Because FASHION— that demon which I wish I saw dressed in her own crinoline, in bad shoes, a man's old hat and trailing petticoats, and with her (for it must be a *her*) waist well nipt by a circlet of nails with the points inmost, and any other of the small torments, mischiefs and absurdities she destroys and makes fools of us with,— whom, I say, I wish I saw drummed and hissed, blazing and shrieking, out of the world; because this contemptible slave, that domineers over her makers, says the shoe must be elegant, must be so and so, and the beautiful living foot must be crushed into it, and human nature must limp along Princes Street and through life natty and wretched.

It makes me angry when I think of all this. Now do you want to know how to put your feet into new shoes and yourself into a new world? go and buy from Edmonston and Douglas sixpence worth of sense in *Why the Shoe pinches*; you will, if you get your shoe-maker to do as it bids you, go on your way rejoicing; no more knobby, half-dislocated big toes; no more secret parings and slashings desperate in order to get on that pair of exquisite boots or shoes.

I had a word about *Teeth*. Don't get young children's teeth drawn. At least let this be the rule. Bad teeth come of bad health and bad food and much sugar. I can't say I am a great advocate for the common people going in for tooth-brushes. No, they are not necessary in full health. The healthy man's teeth clean themselves, and so does his skin. A good dose of Gregory often puts away the toothache. It is a great thing, however, to get them early stuffed, if they need it; that really keeps them and your temper whole. For appearance' sake merely I hate false teeth, as I hate a wig. But this is not a matter to dogmatize about. I never was, I think, deceived by either false hair or false teeth or false eyes or false cheeks, for there are in the high—I don't call it the great—world plumpers for making the cheeks round, as well as a certain dust for making them bloom. But you and I don't enjoy such advantages.

Rheumatism is peculiarly a disease of the working man. One old physician said its only cure was patience and flannel. Another said 6 weeks. But I think good flannel and no drunkenness (observe I don't say no drinking, though very nearly so) are its best preventives. It is a curious thing the way in which cold gives rheumatism. Suppose a man is heated and gets cooled, not being very well at any rate, and is sitting or sleeping in a draught; the exposed part is chilled; the pores of its skin, which are always exuding and exhaling

waste from the body, contract and shut in this bad stuff; it—this is my theory—not getting out is taken up by a blunder of the deluded absorbents, that are always prowling about for something, and it is returned back to the centre, and finds its way into the blood, and poisons it, affecting the heart, and carrying bad money, bad change, bad fat, bad capital all over the body, making nerves, lungs, everything unhappy and angry. This vitiated blood arrives by and bye at the origin of its mischief, the chilled shoulder, and here it wreaks its vengeance, and in doing so does some general good at local expense. It gives pain; it produces a certain inflammation of its own, and, if it is not got rid of by the skin and other ways, it may possibly kill by the rage the body gets in and the heat, or it may inflame the ill-used heart itself, and then either kill or give the patient a life of suffering or peril. The medicines we give act not only by detecting this poison of blood, which, like yeast, leavens all in its neighbourhood, but by sending it out of the body like a culprit.

Vaccination.—One word for this. Never neglect it; get it done within 2 months after birth, and see that it is well done; and get all your neighbours to do it.

Infectious diseases.—Keep out of their way; kill them by fresh air and cleanliness; defy them by cheerfulness, good food, (*better* food than usual, in such epidemics as cholera) good sleep and a good conscience.

When in the midst of and waiting on those who are under the scourge of an epidemic, be as little very close to the patient as you can, and don't inhale his or her breath or exhalations when you can help it; be rather in the current to than from him. Be very cleanly in putting away all excretions at once and quite away; go frequently into the fresh air; and don't sleep in your day clothes. Do what the Doctor bids you; don't crowd round your dying friend; you are stealing his life in taking his air, and you are quietly killing yourself. This is one of the worst and most unmanageable of our Scottish habits, and many a time have I cleared the room of all but one and dared them to enter it.

Then you should in such things as small-pox, as indeed in everything, carry out the Divine injunction, "*Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them.*" Don't send for the minister to pray with and over the body of a patient in fever or delirium, or a child dying of small-pox, or malignant scarlet fever; tell him by all means and let him pray with you and for your child. Prayers, you know, are like gravitation or the light of heaven; they will go from whatever place they are uttered; and, if they are real prayers, they go straight and home to the centre, the focus of all things; and you know that poor fellow with the crust of typhus on his lips and its nonsense on his tongue—that child tossing in misery, not knowing even its own mother—what can they know, what heed can they give to the prayer of the minister? He may do all the good he can, the most good maybe, when, like Moses on the hill-side in the battle with Amalek, he uplifts his hands apart.

No! a word spoken by your minister to himself and his God, a single sigh for mercy to Him who is Mercy, a cry of hope, of despair of self, opening into trust in Him, may save that child's life, when an angel may pour forth in vain his burning, imploring words into the dull or wild ears of the sufferer in the vain hope of getting *him* to pray. I never would aid my father to go to typhus cases; and I don't think they lost anything by it. I have seen him rising in the dark of his room from his knees, and I knew whose case he had been laying at the footstool.

And now, my dear friends, I find I have exhausted our time, and never yet got to the sermon—and its text—“*That the way of God*”—what is it? it is His design in setting you here; it is the road He wishes you to walk in; it is His providence in your minutest as in the world's mightiest things; it is His will expressed in His works and Word, and in your own soul it is His salvation. *That it “may be known”* that the understandings of His intelligent, responsible, mental and immortal creatures should be directed to it, to study and (as far as we ever can or need) to understand that which in its fulness passes all understanding: that it may be known “*on the earth,*” here, in this very room, this very minute; not as too many preachers and performers do, to be known only in the next world, men who, looking at the stars, stumble at their own door and, it may be, *smoor their own child, besides despising, upsetting and extinguishing their own lantern.* No! the next world is only to be reached through *his*, and our road through this our wilderness is not safe unless on the far beyond there is shining the lighthouse on the other side of the dark river that has no bridge. Then “*His saving health;*” His health—whose? God's—His soundness, the wholeness, the perfectness that is alone in and from Him—health of body, of heart and brain, health to the finger-ends, health for eternity as well as time. “*Saving;*” we need to be saved, and we are salvage, this is much; and God's health can save us, that is more. When a man or woman is fainting from loss of blood, we sometimes try to save them, when all but gone, by transferring the warm rich blood of another into their veins. Now this is what God, through His Son, desires to do; to transfuse His blood, Himself, through His Son, who is Himself, into us, diseased and weak. “*And*” refers to His health being “*known,*” recognized, accepted, used, “*among all nations;*” not among the U. P.s, or the Frees, or the Residuaries, or the Baptists, or the New Jerusalem people—nor to us in the Canongate, or in Edinburgh, or even in old Scotland, but “*among all nations;*” then, and only then, will the people praise Thee, O God; will all the people praise Thee. Then, and then only, will the earth yield her increase, and God, even our own God, will bless us. God will bless us, and all the ends of the earth shall fear Him.

And now, my dear and patient friends, we must say good-night. You have been very attentive, and it has been a great pleasure to me, as we went on, to preach to you. We came to

understand one another. You saw through my jokes, and that they were not always nothing but jokes. You bore with my solemnities, because I am not altogether solemn; and so good-night, and God bless you, and may you, as Don Quixote on his death-bed says to Sancho, *May you have your eyes closed by the soft fingers of your great-grandchildren.* But no, I must shake hands with you, and kiss the bairns—why should'n't I? if their mouths are clean and their breath sweet? As for you, *Lilie,* you are wearying for the child; and he is tumbling and fretting in his cradle, and fretting for you; good-bye, and away you go on your milky way. I wish I could (unseen) see you two enjoying each other. And good-night, my honnie *wee wife;* you are sleepy, and you must be up to make your father's porridge; and, *Master William Winkie,* will you be still for one moment while I address you? Well, *Master William,* *wamble* not off your mother's lap, neither rattle in your excruciating way in an airn joug wi' an airn spoon; no more crowing like a cock or skirlin' like a ken-na-what. I had much more to say to you, sir; but you will not bide still; off with you, and a blessing with you.

Good-night, *Hugh Cleland,* the best smith of any smiddy; with your bowly back, your huge arms, your big heavy brows and eyebrows, your clear eye and warm unforgetting heart. And you, *John Noble,* let me grip your horny hand, and count the queer knobs made by the perpetual mell. I used, when I was a Willie Winkie and wee, to think that you were born with them. Never mind, you were born for them, and of old you handled the trowel well and built to the plumb. *James Bertram,* your loom is at a discount, but many's the happy day I have watched you and your shuttle, and the interweaving treddles, and all the mysteries of setting the “*wab.*” You are looking well, and, though not the least of an ass, you might play Bottom most substantially yet.

Rob Rough, you smell of rosin, and your look is stern, nevertheless or all the rather give me your hand. What a grip! You have been the most sceptical of all my hearers; you like to try everything, and you hold fast only what you consider good; and then on your *crepida* or stool you have your own think about everything human and Divine, as you smite down errors on the lapstane, and “*yerk*” your arguments with a well-rosined lingle; throw your window open for yourself as well as for your blackbird; and make your shoes not to pinch. I present you, sir, with a copy of the book of the wise Switzer.

And, nimble *Pillans,* the clothier of the race, and quick as your needle, strong as your corduroys, I bid you good-night. May you and the cooper be like him of Fogo, each a better man than his father; and you, *Mungo* the mole-catcher, and *Tod Laurie,* and *Sir William* the cadger, and all the other odd people, I shake your fists twice, for I like your line. I often wish I had been a mole-catcher with a brown velvetten or (fine touch of tailor's fancy) a moleskin coat,—not that I dislike me'tes, I once ate the fore-quarter of one, having stewed it in a Florence flask, some 40 years ago, and

liked it ; but I like the killing of them, and the country bye-ways, and the regularly irregular life, and the importance of my trade.

And good-night to you all, you women folks. *Marion Graham*, the milkwoman ; *Tibbie Meek*, the single servant ; *Jenny Muir*, the sempstress ; *Mother Johnston*, the howdie, thou consequential Mrs. Gamp, presiding at the gates of life ; and you in the corner there, *Nancy Cairns*, gray-haired, meek and old, with your crimped mutch as white as snow ; the shepherd's widow, the now childless mother, you are stepping home to your bein and lonely room, where your cat is now ravelling a' her thrums, wondering where " she " is.

Good-night to you all, big and little, young and old ; and go home to your bedside, there is Some One waiting for you, and His Son is here ready to take you to Him. Yes, He is waiting for every one of you, and you have only to say Father, I have sinned—make me—and He sees you a great way off. But to reverse the parable. It is the first-born, your elder brother, who is at your side, ar' leads you to your Father, and says, " I have paid his debt ; " that Son who is ever with Him, whose is all that He hath.

I need not say more. You know what I mean. You know who is waiting, and you know who it is who stands beside you having the likeness of the Son of Man. Good-night ! The night cometh in which neither you nor I can work—may we work while it is day ; *whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might*, for there is no work or device in the grave, whither we are all of us hastening ; and, when the night is spent, may we all enter on a healthful, a happy and everlasting tomorrow.

JOHN BROWN.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

(From " *The Sunday at Home.* ")

There is one poet on whom the Christian can reflect with a pleasing though saddened feeling—Henry Kirke White, a true genius and a humble believer. He was the son of a butcher of Nottingham, and for some time was employed as a butcher's errand-boy. He was soon relieved from this occupation ; and at the age of 14 he was taught the trade of stocking-weaving with a view of becoming a hosier ; but, this not suiting his taste, he was placed in the office of a respectable attorney and had hopes of one day making his way to the bar till a deafness to which he had been subject appeared to get worse, and precluded all hopes of his advancement. From his earliest years he had manifested a strong desire for knowledge and a high sense of the importance of instruction ; it was with difficulty he could be persuaded to relax from the severest application ; and he often stole into the kitchen to instruct the servants in reading and writing. While in the attorney's office, his ardour in acquiring Greek and Latin was so intense that he frequently limited his time of rest to 2 hours and would often study the whole night long. In this respect, and in this only, was he unmindful of the commands, tears and entreaties of his friends. One of his

employers, Mr. Enfield, paid a very generous tribute to his memory and said : " His mind was perpetually employed either in the business of his profession or in private study. With his fondness for literature we were well acquainted, but had no reason to offer any check to it for he never permitted the indulgence of his literary pursuits to interfere with the engagements of business." His love of learning and his desire for the clerical office induced Wilberforce, Simeon and other friends to send him to Cambridge, where he continued the same ardour in the pursuit of knowledge as he had ever shown, but with the same unwise excess, causing at a very early period of his life the extinction of his earthly existence. He made great exertions to undergo the college examination, which lasts 6 days ; strong medicines were given him to enable him to support the fatigue of it, and he was pronounced the first man of his year.

Henry Kirke White's father and family were members of the Independent church at Nottingham under the ministry of Mr. Alliot. While his religious views were dubious and unformed, a friend put into his hands Scott's " Force of Truth," which afforded great consolation to his mind, and which, he said, was founded on eternal truth and convinced him of his errors. He resided during a year in the family of the Rev. Mr. Granger, of Winteringham in Lincolnshire, and according to Mr. Granger's account his conduct was highly becoming and suitable to a Christian profession. " He was mild and inoffensive, modest, unassuming and affectionate. He attended with great cheerfulness a Sunday school which I was endeavouring to establish in the village, and was at considerable pains in the instruction of the children."

We insert a few of his hymns.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

" When, marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye :
Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks
From every host, from every gem :
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark ;
Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck I ceased the tide to stem.
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease ;
And 'through the storm and danger's thrall
It led me to the port of peace.
Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore
The star, the star of Bethlehem."

AN EVENING HYMN FOR FAMILY WORSHIP.

" O Lord, another day is flown,
And we, a lonely band,

Are met once more before Thy throne
To bless Thy fostering hand.

And wilt Thou lend a listening ear
To praises low as ours?

Thou wilt: for Thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.

And, Jesus, Thou Thy smiles wilt deign
As we before Thee pray,
For Thou didst bless the infant train,
And we are weak as they.

O let Thy grace perform its part,
And let contention cease;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting peace.

Thus chastened, cleansed, entirely Thine,
A flock by Jesus led,
The Sun of Holiness shall shine
In glory on our head.

And Thou wilt turn our wandering feet,
And Thou wilt bless our way,
Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
The dawn of lasting day."

Some of the best of Kirke White's hymns were first published in the hymn-book of Dr. Collyer, of Peckham, in 1812, into whose hands the original manuscripts came.

On page 798 of Dr. Collyer's collection the following appears with the accompanying footnote appended:—

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER ENCOURAGED.—1 Tim. vi. 12.

"Much in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go,
Fight the fight and, worn with strife,
Steep with tears the bread of life.

Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war and face the foe:
Faint not—much doth yet remain,
Dreary is the long campaign.

Shrink not, Christians. Will ye yield?
Will ye quit the painful field?
• Fight till all the conflict's o'er,
Nor your foemen rally more.

But, when loud the trumpet blown
Speaks their forces overthrown,
Christ, your Captain, shall bestow
Crowns to grace the conqueror's brow."

This hymn is found in many forms, sometimes with unwarrantable alterations as well as additions. Of the other pieces, first published by Dr. Collyer, these are the first lines:—

"The Lord our God is full of might,"
"The Lord our God is Lord of all."
"Through sorrow's night and danger's gloom."
"Christian brethren, ere we part."

One more we quote in which the writer's strong faith in the atonement and fervent love of the Saviour appear.

BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD, WHO TAKETH AWAY
THE SIN OF THE WORLD.—John i. 29.

"Awake, sweet harp of Judah, wake:
Retune thy strings for Jesus' sake:
We sing the Saviour of our race,
The Lamb, our shield and hiding-place.

When God's right arm is bared for war
And thunders clothe His dreadful car,
Where, where, O where shall man retire
To shun the horrors of His ire?

'Tis He, the Lamb! to Him we fly,
While the fierce tempest passes-by;
God sees His Well-Beloved's face
And spares us in our hiding-place.

Thus, while we dwell in this low scene,
The Lamb is our unfailing screen;
To Him, though guilty, still we run,
And God still spares us for His Son.

While yet we sojourn here below,
Pollutions still our hearts o'erflow;
Fallen, abject, mean, a sentenced race,
We deeply need a hiding-place.

Yet, courage! days and years will glide,
And we shall lay these clods aside,
Shall be baptized in Jordan's flood,
And washed in Jesus' cleansing blood."

These hymns and other works which might be produced show that his genius and acquisitions were sanctified to his Saviour's glory. It is only to be regretted that he taxed his feeble frame by so unwearied a course of study. He was again pronounced the first man at the Great College examination, and all the honours of the University seemed within his grasp; but his further exertions only tended to hasten the catastrophe, and he sunk on Sunday, the 19th of October, 1806. After his death Southey with great kindness and generosity superintended the publication of his works. They yet show at Cambridge the room where he died; and in All Saints' Church, Cambridge, there is a monumental tablet with a medallion by Chantrey, erected at the expense of Francis Boott, Esq., of Boston, U. S., under which are the following lines by William Smyth, Esq., Professor of Modern History, Cambridge:—

"Warm with fond hope and learning's sacred flame,

To Granta's bowers the youthful poet came:
Unconquered powers and immortal mind displayed,

But, worn with anxious thought, the frame decayed.

Pale o'er his lamp and in his cell retired,
The martyr-student faded and expired.

O Genius, Taste and Piety sincere,
Too early lost midst duties too severe!
Foremost to mourn was generous Southey seen,

He told the tale and showed what White had been;

Nor told in vain—for o'er the Atlantic wave
A wanderer came and sought the poet's grave;

On yon low stone he saw his lonely name
And raised this fond memorial to his fame.
1819. W. S."

* "The mutilated state of this hymn, which was written on the back of one of the mathematical papers of this excellent young man, and which came into my hands a mere fragment, rendered it necessary for something to be added—and I am answerable for the last 6 lines."

"TEN MINUTES' WARNING."

(From the *Family Treasury*. By *Thos. Guthrie, D.D.*)

WE were all surprised and shocked on going into church on Sabbath morning to be told that a house had fallen between John Knox's house and the North Bridge on the north side of the High-street; and that a number of people were killed—buried in the ruins. I could not go then, but I went at the close of the service in the afternoon; and here was that spacious, lofty, noble street crowded with people thick as swarming bees. Knowing some of the officers of police, I got through the dense throng on to the pavement opposite where this house had been, and there saw a most frightful and shocking spectacle. The whole front-wall had fallen, leaving the east and west gables standing, and the north wall. The workmen had already dug out some 12 or 14 dead bodies, and it was not considered safe for them to work any longer. They had begun at 2 o'clock in the morning, and now it was 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and they were afraid to work longer; first, because darkness was coming on; and second, because the storm was rising. The wind was soon blowing "great guns," as they say; and many expected every moment that the enormous pile of building, 80 feet high, would topple over and bury in death those who were attempting to rescue any who might still be living; and there was little hope of life now, since all were found dead who had been dug out after 6 o'clock in the morning, and it was now past 4 o'clock in the afternoon. How touching and impressive was the scene before me! It was an awful thing to see in the fading light of day, and on the walls, 4, 5, 6 stories high, the dresses hanging which had been thrown off by the inhabitants before they retired to rest; and the building sunk, that carried men, women and children—sleeping, waking, sinning, praying, however they were engaged—down into the grave in an instant of time. In consequence of the floors giving way and carrying the doors with them, the wardrobes stood exposed on the walls; and it was a horrid thing to look up there and see 3 or 4 gowns shaking and moving and waving ghastly-like in the wind of night, and think that right down below those that had put them off some few hours before in perfect health were now lying begrimed and mangled and blackened corpses. I was struck with a staff that was hanging high up on the rent wall and which its owner had hung there, little thinking that that staff was never to be in his hands again! It appeared to me to say that life's journey was ended and that the pilgrim had laid by his staff. Would to God we knew that that man's pilgrimage had ended in the rest that remaineth for the people of God. Looking-glasses, where woman had admired her beauty and adorned herself, hung here and there on the shattered walls, flickering in the evening twilight. Two dumb clocks, still fixed on the ruins about 60 feet high, told the hour the catastrophe had happened. They seemed emblems of their owners, who lay below and in whom death had stopped life's pendulum. The finger

of one pointed to half-past and of the other to 25 minutes past 1—the fatal moment when the crash came and the mighty mass, 7 stories high, sunk to the ground as if it had been rocked by an earthquake. Next day, as early as possible, I returned to the scene of the calamity. It was a hideous spectacle. The three walls, though rent and shaken to their foundations, and severely tried by the storm that roared and raved all Sunday night, were still standing. The clothes of the dead still hung on them; bright tinned vessels were glancing in the light; children's playthings were there; cupboards with the crockery-ware, neatly arranged, stood gaping open; kettles sat on cold grates, where the fires continued to burn for hours after the hands that kindled them were cold and stiff in death; and besides these there were many other indications showing that the people—as shall be at the Lord's coming, and like those before the flood—never dreamed of the calamity and had made all the arrangements for "to-morrow." Having seen the building, I was asked to go and see the bodies; and went, not to gratify a vulgar curiosity, but for the sake of its salutary impressions. I have seen many dead—I have seen no fewer than 40 dead bodies laid out in a dissecting room, and a very shocking sight it was—but then they had each died a "fair stroke death;" with forms wasted, their faces pale and their features pinched they bore the usual marks of death upon them. But, of all the sights I ever saw, the most ghastly and most affecting was those 20 corpses in the police-office, laid out on the floor in their night-dresses: 2 children in each other's arms: husband and wife laid side by side; the dead babe resting on a dead mother's bosom; old age and infancy; youth and manhood in its prime; all stiff and cold. These, dug out of the ruins of their homes—some of them 10, 12 or 14 feet below that mass of rubbish—bore evidence that death in not a few instances was the work of a moment. Some, with a few moments for prayer, had been suffocated. There was one woman whose face bore all the evidence of a slow and very painful death; but the sight, although horrible to behold, was accompanied by this consolation, that that poor sufferer in her dying moments may have prayed for the mercy she needed; and He, who denied it not to the dying thief, may have heard her cry. Another, ere she was swallowed up, had foreseen what was to happen. I have seen countenances of the damned in paintings intended to represent the horrors of hell; but her face, in its expression more terrible than these, I shall never forget. She seemed to have waked from sleep to see the gulf on which she stood, and that in another moment she would be in eternity. The eyes, the mouth, the whole face had assumed an expression of unutterable horror: and, when that horror was on her, death instantaneous fixed the features, forming a ghastly spectacle! There was a wife lying beside her husband—a powerfully built man, in full flesh and form, a perfect athlete in appearance. There he lay as if he slumbered, and might have sat up to ask what all this was about. He had no mark of pain or any suffering on his face: and stretched beside him—as they

had lain living and lain loving in one couch together—was his poor, cold, dead wife; and so sudden had been her death that she yet lay with her arm bent and her hand resting on her cheek. She had died without time to utter a cry, stir a limb or move a finger. Happy for her, I thought, if these poor limbs had bent that night at the throne of grace, if these mute lips had poured forth earnest prayers for mercy! It was an affecting and likewise a very instructive sight. I have heard many a sermon on death, but never one so solemn as that which came from the dumb and livid lips of the corpses round me. It seemed as if the very voice of God was saying, "Be ye also ready!" "Make your calling and election sure!" "Now is the accepted time, and now is the day of salvation!" You think, no doubt, you will rise to-morrow. There are those I now address who have their work planned for another day—they have this place to go to and that person to see. They are calculating on the morrow. Nevertheless I would betray my trust and be false to your souls if I were to leave the place in which I am standing without reminding you that you may never rise to-morrow. * * Having left the cell of the dead, I went next to that of the living—of those who had been dug up alive from the ruins. There I saw a poor child, that seemed to have been ill nursed and cared for. She had been taken out of 7 feet of rubbish after lying 3 hours below it. She lay on a bed asleep, looking almost like the dead that I had left; and I did not disturb her. On the floor of the same cell, well covered with blankets, snug and very comfortable-like, lay two pretty little girls, sharp and intelligent. I asked one of them—"Had you any warning?" "Oh yes, sir," she replied, "my mother heard a noise like a great crack, and she rose and said the house was falling." "And what happened then?" "Oh, you see, sir, she heard no more of it, and she came to bed beside me." I then asked, "How long did you lie in bed before the roof and the building fell?" She said, "Perhaps, sir, I was 10 minutes in my bed when the roof came in and fell upon us, and I went down . . . down . . . down . . . till I remembered no more about it." There she was, as it were, one brought up from the grave—plucked from the jaws of death by brave, bold men, on whom every moment of that fearful night the tottering ruins threatened to fall and bury them in the grave with those they sought to save. By torch-light and gas-light did these rough, kind and stout-hearted men dig through the hours of night among that rubbish till they reached this child and her little sister. They found them like two corpses. No sign of life there! They were begrimed and black; the mouth and nostrils filled with lime and dust. Still, if means were used, they might live! As you have seen a man shake his watch when it stops and set it agoing again, they shook these children—these corpse-like bodies—the doctor having his finger on the wrist. The pulse begins to beat—there is life there yet—and so, using all the appliances of skill and kindness, they cleared the dust and the lime out of their mouths and nostrils, and, administering stimulants, recalled them to life; and there I saw these two little creatures thus, in God's good providence, plucked from the jaws of death. That infant was right about the length of time which elapsed between the warning and the catastrophe. I see in the newspapers that other parties also speak of 10 minutes given to flee. How much turned on these 10 minutes! Some, taking the warning, fled, and are still living—10 minutes saved them. Some, neglecting it, went to bed—and are dead. 10 minutes ruined them. 10 minutes may do the same with you. The lives of those in that building turned on the use of 10 minutes—and so may your salvation. 10 minutes' prayer may save a man—the thief did not pray so long; but 10 minutes' neglect of prayer may damn a man for ever. There was one family, of the name of Baxter, living on the 4th storey, none of the members of which perished. The head of this house was a flesher—and many of these men in our large towns are hard put to it to get through with their work on Saturday night and get home by Sunday morning. It was the Sabbath when he reached his home. His wife and children were gone to bed. She rose and made him some supper and after that returned to bed; but, just as she was falling asleep, she heard a tremendous crack and rumble as of stones, and from a superstitious feeling cried out, "There's a warning." He laughed at her fears; but, ere the laughter was ended, from the next room, where a grown-up daughter slept with other 3, there came a piercing cry—"Oh! father, father! mother, mother!" He sprang to the door, burst it open; and fancy his astonishment and horror when he saw the bed on which his 4 daughters lay split in two. The sinking of the room had already begun. With energy and promptness he pulled the inmates out of the apartment, and, rousing the whole of his family, hurried them to the door—wife and 9 children. She, with a woman's modesty, wanted to dress before rushing out; but, with the decision of one who knew how precious was every instant, he pushed her before him. Away ran the children, the wife and her husband, fleeing for their lives. It happened that the stair belonging to the falling tenement communicated with a landing in a house that stood; they made for that. The family reached it and stood there in safety; but, ere the father, who brought-up the rear, had himself stepped on the landing, the house was bending to its fall. There lay a gulph between him and them—a horrid chasm that was yawning wider and wider. Summoning up all his energy, a bold, prompt man, he made one bound and cleared it—and by that leap saved his life. He lives. And, so soon as he had got across, what was the first thing he did?—what we shall do in the day of judgement. And what is that? When you and I rise from our graves, if we are God's people, we will begin to count and see if our children are all there—this son, that daughter—if all are there—that we may go up to our blessed Saviour and say, "Here am I, and the children that Thou hast given me." Baxter had 9 children and but 1 stood there. 1 was missing. God forbid that on the great day and by the right hand of the throne, alas!

here should be one of our children missing. If one of you has an unconverted son or daughter who is going to ruin and to the bad, oh, pray for them now—that, before the chasm grow wider, they may leap, get across it and be saved. He began, as I have said, to count, and there was one awaiting—and, just as a Christian father or mother will think more and pray more and plead more with and be more anxious about an ill-doing than about a well-doing child, so this father and mother forgot almost everything else in their anxiety about the missing lamb. Had it been overlooked, lost in the wild confusion—left to perish? No, thank God. Jane was found awaiting, yet, by God's mercy, saved. The young creature, suddenly wakened out of sleep amid the tremendous excitement of the midnight danger, the roar of the falling building, the air dark and choking with a cloud of dust, the confusion, the cries, the screams, the groans of the perishing, had rushed to the bottom of the stairs, where a benevolent gentleman found her weeping and took her to his own home. The lost was found. Next morning she was restored to her parents' happy arms. Ours be the deeper joy of one day saying over every now careless and ungodly child, "This my son, my daughter, that was dead, is alive again; that was lost is found." Pray for that.—*Liverpool Albion.*

THE SATISFYING PORTION.

A *SWEEP*, golden-haired child was playing in a garden, where was a fountain. It approached the margin of the basin; it looked up at the bright drops, and tried to catch them as they fell, expecting that they would prove handfuls of jewels to twine into a crown; but, as each sparkling drop touched its hand, it found that the radiant forms were solid only in appearance, and it turned away in disappointment.

The child espied a rainbow. It saw its manifold hues and graceful forms; it wished to reach the nearer end of the bow. It ran: vain hope! The bow vanished, and the child looked round in wonder, and realized a momentary blank.

It gathered flowers. It carried them home. It looked; the heat of its hand had withered them; and its heart grieved for their loss.

It entered its home; it took up its favourite dove; it caressed it; it fed it—superabundantly, in its love; it said, 'This, at least, I have left; it cannot leave me; it will live to love me.' But its eager caresses killed it; and the boy was left to wonder if there were any joy which would be lasting.

Bed-time came; it knelt to pray. It rose; it was the first time since morning that it had felt peace.

The child grew; he became a man; he sought the sparkling jewels of learning, wit, and talent to make him a diadem. The jewels flashed, but they disappointed him; what he desired they brought not, and he sought yet again.

The many-hued bow of pleasure he saw; he culled the flowers of human delights; but, as

he held them, they withered, and again besought for happiness.

He now sought, in the love of human hearts what he had never found in the world, in love, in wealth, and power, and pleasure: he cherished the tender dove of affection, and now felt sure of happiness; but death robbed him as he cherished it, and—*he was alone!*

He knelt to pray: he turned to God; he confessed his wanderings, his sin in turning to broken cisterns, that could hold no water, that could give no satisfaction. God showed him his own unfathomable love in Christ, and the mourner felt that it was just what he wanted to make him happy; so he drank of that river of God's goodness, and his soul revived within him. *He lived; he slept in peace; but, ere he slept he thought, 'How much sorrow, how many pangs of disappointment, should I have been spared, had I learnt of those lessons which were taught me in childhood, that earth cannot satisfy, that nought below can yield real peace, and that nothing short of God Himself is the spirit's true portion!'* A. C.

WORTH REMEMBRANCE.—What can I do? is an oft-repeated question, especially among those who fancy they are so low in the social scale or so poor in ability that their example can have no effect. Mr. Dawson, the well-known Wesleyan preacher, was once preaching on 'Influence,' and at the close of his discourse a farmer said to him, 'Your remarks are very good, Mr. Dawson, but they scarcely seem to apply to me. I have no more influence than a farthing rushlight.'—'A farthing rushlight!' said the preacher; 'why, a farthing rushlight may set fire to a haystack or afford a poor woman the light to read a chapter in her Bible; or, placed in the window of a cottage on a desolate moor, may guide the weary, footsore and lost traveller to a place of rest and safety.' And so it is with the moral world. A kindly action, a word in season, may effect a great change in the character of a man.

Saul, the first king of Israel, may be given as an example of indecision of character. He acknowledged the Lord and professed to obey Him, yet he practically forsook the Lord and God forsook him. He stood not firmly in the ways of the Lord, but yielded to temptation. The latter part of his life was wretched in the extreme. The results of his indecision were seen in his sufferings. *Agrippa*, who having heard the apostle Paul preach, said he was "almost persuaded to be a Christian," displayed that indecision which arises from the convictions of conscience struggling against the feelings and the considerations of human policy opposing the decisions of the judgement. *Felix* heard the word and trembled, but he said to the inspired preacher, "Go thy way for this time, and, when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee." Here the emotions, called into action by the power of Truth, were very intense and awakened the hope that by the blessing of the Holy Spirit they would lead to decision; but we have no record that that hope was ever realized. And *Felix* is viewed as a monument of the fatal effects of indecision, warning others against its dangers.

SABBATH SHOES.—Strange that all kinds of leather are too poor to go to church on a wet Sabbath! What is the matter with all our tanners that shoes cannot be made which are proof against Sabbath mud and wet? Multitudes of people run around all the week in ordinary leather, and no harm comes to them. But, if the pavement be the least wet of a Sabbath morning, they are certain that they shall get their feet soaking wet, and they might as well order their coffins at once as to go out in such shoes as they have. What is the mystery that makes leather, which is so impenetrable all the other days of the week, not much better than brown paper on Sabbath morning? Who will make his fortune by providing the vast army of stay-at-homes with a patent improved church-going shoe, warranted waterproof on Sabbaths?

STUDY YOUR BIBLES.—A writer complains that Christians, as a general thing, read the Bible so scantily, instancing a church-officer, who for years together limited himself to a chapter a-day. He is right. This is a small measure for one who wants to thrive in the divine life. Paul says, 'Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly;' and surely this means something more than a mere fragmentary portion. He who would be a lively, growing Christian, must accustom himself to read and enjoy large portions of the Scripture; for this purpose redeeming time from business, recreation and sleep. On the Lord's day especially should he give holy time without stint to the Holy Bible. The more a pious soul reads intelligently, the more it wants to read, and the deeper it sees into what it reads.

HOW TO DISARM AN ENEMY.—It is said that bees and wasps will not sting a person whose skin is imbued with honey. Hence those who are much exposed to the venom of these little creatures, when they have occasion to hive bees or to take a nest of wasps, smear their face and hands with honey, which is found to be the best preservative. When we are annoyed with insult, persecution and opposition from perverse and malignant men, the defence against their venom is to have our spirit bathed in honey. Let every part be saturated with meekness, gentleness, forbearance and patience; and the most spiteful enemy will be disappointed in his endeavours to inflict a sting. We shall remain uninjured, while his venom returns to corrode his own malignant bosom; or, what is far better, the honey with which he comes into contact will neutralize his gall; the coals of forgiving love will dissolve his hatred and the good returned for evil will overcome evil with good.—*Golden Rule.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

John Mure, Esq., LL.D., has made over to the University of Edinburgh the sum of 40,000 rupees for the endowment of a Sanscrit chair.

The death of the Rev. Robert Harris, B.D., who for upwards of 64 years has been the officiating minister of St. George's Church, Preston, is announced. He was 98 years of age.

THE CATHOLIC PEERAGE, BARONETAGE AND HIERARCHY.—The *Catholic Directory* states that

there are 22 Catholic peers, 9 being peers of England and 4 peers of the United Kingdom; 13 Catholic peers sit in the House of Lords. There are 43 Catholic baronets, 23 being English, 3 Scotch and 17 Irish. Of the members of Parliament 31 are Catholics. In Great Britain there are 1388 Catholic Bishops and priests, 1019 churches, chapels and stations, 50 communities of men, 162 convents and 12 colleges.

ORGANS IN WORSHIP.—The Independent congregation meeting in George Square, Greenock, having recently introduced an organ in to their place of worship, a monthly prayer-meeting was held there on Wednesday evening, when 3 U. P. ministers, who were to take part in leading the services, on learning that the organ was to be used, declined to do so and shortly afterwards left the house.

GLASGOW.—INTRODUCTION OF THE ORGAN INTO PUBLIC WORSHIP.—For some time past special services have been held in the Queen's Rooms in behalf of the re-building of St. Mark's Church, and on Sunday the Rev. Mr. Burns of Houston, the Rev. Dr. Caird of Park Church, and the Rev. Mr. McGregor of High Church, Paisley, preached. It has been usual to have the organ accompanying the evening diet of worship, but on Sunday for the first time the organ was used in the forenoon and afternoon services. The attendance was numerous at all the diets.—*N. B. Mail.*

OPENING OF A NEW SCHOOL AT POINT ST. CHARLES.—On Monday, the 3rd March, the new school which has been erected by the workmen of the Grand Trunk at Point St. Charles was opened. There was a large attendance of parents and children. The Rev. Wm. Darrach of St. Matthew's Church, having addressed the children, opened the school with prayer. Mr. Darrach, having introduced Mr. McCuaig to the parents and children, said that he had great pleasure in thinking that the Directors had been so successful in securing the services of such a teacher. Mr. McCuaig came amongst the people with the highest testimonials from Queen's College, of which he was a student for some time. The Rev. Mr. Porteous, of Wolfe Island, on giving notice on Sabbath of the opening of the school, stated that he had great pleasure in bearing his testimony to the character and abilities of Mr. McCuaig; they were at College together; he was led to form a very high opinion of him, and he had no doubt as to the results of his teaching. The people deserve all praise for the way in which they have come forward to build the school. The population having increased so much of late, and there being every prospect of it increasing still more, it was thought absolutely necessary that there should be another school in that district. This is but a step in the right direction, and we hope that God's blessing will attend the good work now begun.—*Witness.*

DEATH OF THE REV. DR. SYMINGTON.—The Rev. Dr. W. Symington, of Great Hamilton Street Reformed Presbyterian Church, Glasgow died on Tuesday from fever of the typhoid form. Dr. S. was Professor of Theology in the Reformed Presbyterian Church, and during several years discharged his arduous professional duties with equal zeal and success. Of

the 43 years of his ministry 20 were spent in Stranraer and the remaining 23 in Glasgow.

CHRISTIANITY AND THE CHINESE REBELS.—A few days ago we (*Shanghai Weekly Times*) had the pleasure of beholding the whole of the books of the New Testament printed in Chinese and bearing the chop of the Taeping chief, showing that they were published by his authority. We at the same time observed the books of the Old Testament from Genesis to Deuteronomy published and bound in separate volumes under the same authority. The translation is by the missionary Gutzlaf.

SPIRITUAL DESTITUTION IN LONDON.—The annual meeting of the Islington Church Extension Society was held on Monday week. The Bishop of London presided. It appeared from the Report that the Association had provided 4 new churches with accommodation for between 4000 and 5000 persons. The chairman stated that, during the 5 years he had been in the diocese, 10 churches on an average had been built every year, costing about £10,000 a piece, thus making half a million spent in the 5 years. This might seem a large sum, but after all it did no more than meet the constantly increasing population, leaving the original destitution untouched.

GASPÉ.—The *Gleaner* has the following information from Philip Vibert, Esq., High Sheriff of Gaspé, relative to the opening of a place of Protestant worship at Percé. "An important event took place here on Monday, the 6th, being Epiphany—the opening of a new Protestant Church, St. Paul's. An impressive discourse was delivered on the occasion by the Rev. Silas Crosse, the incumbent of the Mission. There being only 13 Protestant families in this vicinity, that is, reckoning Messrs. Chas. Robin & Co's establishment as one—the building is proportionately small and contains only 15 pews, each holding 6 persons. These are roomy and comfortable, not the narrow boxes we meet with in many of our Colonial churches. The site has been admirably chosen, being on an eminence at the foot of and to the south-west of Percé Mountain, commanding one of those grand romantic views which abound in this vicinity. The building consists of a strong wood-frame on a brick foundation, with Gothic windows, porch, &c. The pulpit and reading-desks are of oak; the altar and front railings of birch, all manufactured in Jersey. The whole is in keeping and forms one of the prettiest little churches we have yet seen. We, the Protestant community of Percé, are deeply indebted to Messrs. Chas. Robin & Co., they having not only given the site—one acre of ground—but also contributed liberally towards the erection of the building. In fact but for their liberality the church could not have been built."

DEATH OF AN ENGLISH MINISTER.—Death has just taken away one of our most amiable, popular and successful of English Congregational ministers in the person of the Rev. James Sherman, the successor of the celebrated Rowland Hill as pastor of Surrey Chapel. Mr. S. was in his 65th year, and the pastor of a church at Blackheath, his failing health having compelled him to retire from the charge of Surrey chapel

—one of the largest churches in the metropolis—a few years ago. From the commencement of his ministry, 45 years ago, till his decease, Mr. S. was an acceptable and proper preacher. The largest churches were filled whenever he preached; yet he was not an intellectual preacher, nor remarkable for eloquence. The characteristics of his preaching were simplicity and earnestness. Few men have been so much blessed to the Church. He seldom preached a sermon which was not the means of leading one or more souls to Christ. As many as 84 individuals, on uniting with the church, attributed their conversion to one sermon preached in 1837. Mr. S. published but few works, and only 2 of these have been re-printed on this continent; but these are adapted for great usefulness. "The Pastor's Wife," a memoir of the second Mrs. S., a most devoted and spiritually minded woman, is worthy of a perusal by every minister's wife. The other work is his "Guide to acquaintance with God."

CHINA—DEATH OF THE REV. DR. BRIDGMAN.—(From a private letter, dated Shanghai, Nov. 1, 1861.)—"My last contained the sad news of 2 missionaries having been murdered by the rebels. I am sorry to say that since then we have to regret deeply the loss of another of our missionary brethren, the Rev. Dr. Bridgman, who has been labouring in the mission-field for the long space of 32 years. He was upwards of 60 years of age. On the 27th October Dr. B. preached in the London Mission Chapel; he was not well then, but little did we, who were permitted to listen to his voice, expect it was to be his last sermon, and that, before another week had passed, he would have departed hence. It seems that about the middle of the week previously he had an attack of dysentery, which, owing to his very weak state, he was unable to overcome; and on the Saturday following about 12 o'clock he breathed his last. We buried him on Monday. He was greatly beloved by those who knew him, and respected by all the foreign community, a very large number of whom followed him to the grave. Our mission circle here has been greatly reduced during the last 12 months. Then I think we might have numbered 70 missionaries in Shanghai, but now we have only from 29 to 25. Mr. and Mrs. Dawson left us about 10 days since in the Solent for England, Mr. Dawson not being able to stand the climate. He has been very ill all the summer. Out of the large party who landed here from the Heroes of the Alma, only 2, Mr. and Mrs. Macgowan, remain in Shanghai.

THE SABBATH.

"And so you think I did wrong in taking that pleasant ride on Sabbath evening?"

The speaker was a member of the senior class in one of our female seminaries. Her gaily variegated dress with its showy trimmings formed quite a just representation of a character in which self-reliance, love of novelty and impatience of restraint were blended with kindness of heart and the first dawnings of piety; and, while not lacking appreciation of literary excellence, the shelf at her right, containing her term's reading, showed her too ready to dwarf her religious life by breathing

the noxious atmosphere of a scoffing scepticism. The inquiry at our commencement was prompted by the grave look with which her roommate, at once teacher and friend, listened to her account of a pleasure excursion on a previous Sabbath. The reply came kindly from lips less used to censure than to commend.

'You must decide for yourself, Jennie, what is right; but such an observance of the day would in my case defeat all the ends for which it is designed.'

'But isn't it, Alice, designed for our rest and enjoyment? "Thou shalt not do any work." Now, if I rise early, attend the three services and Sabbath-school, and fill up the intervals with religious reading, I am at night more tired than on any other day.'

'If people would but devote the hours at home to preparation for worship and meditation on what they have heard, the number of public services might be somewhat diminished, I think, with advantage both to rest and concentration of thought.'

'But such an arrangement only varies the employments of the day; you give no time for rest and recreation.'

'The rest, Jennie dear, follows from keeping the Sabbath holy; from the entire change in the prevailing themes of thought, the cessation from the cares and perplexities of the week.'

'If, then, it is to be observed strictly as holy time, why not leave the dishes unwashed, the rooms unswept? If my memory serves me, that is not your practice at home.'

'Because such mechanical operations as those afford the bodily exercise necessary to prevent lassitude, while they leave the thoughts free. Moreover you know the dust and dishes would be very annoying to such a house-keeper as I.'

'Perhaps some farmer would be equally annoyed by seeing his grain exposed to a shower. Would you extend your principles in his favour?'

'Other considerations would operate in that case; such labour demands attention as well as time and the assistance of others.'

'How carefully you have weighed the subject, Alice! You should write a sermon on it, or help your friend Edward to write one—school-teaching so develops your talent for preaching. But, seriously, I think you make too much of set forms and days; religion should be lived, should appear in the government of our temper and our conduct towards others.'

'You remember what Dr. P— said last night, that we cannot judge of a man's treatment of God from his conduct towards us; that many are upright and amiable from no higher motive than a desire for esteem or a love of the beautiful in character. Besides I do not reckon the observance of the Sabbath a mere form. I examined the Bible with special reference to it a while ago, and was surprised to find how often commands in relation to it are reiterated; how severe the threatenings connected with its profanation; and, even supposing it a mere form, if God has commanded it, are we not certain it is conducive to our highest advantage?'

Yes, if we are certain God has commanded

it; but is it expected that every variety of temperament and mode of feeling will move in precisely the same routine? I like to walk, or read, or talk, as suits my fancies.'

'The preached word being God's appointed means to save and sanctify us, I don't think we ought to neglect that, however imperfectly delivered; but I often vary the style and amount of my reading to suit my feelings. Most of all, I generally enjoy following out trains of thought suggested by the services.'

'I have noticed that habit of yours. But after all, Alice, what will be the harm of my ride, if, the next time I go, I make the conversation as serious and improving as possible?'

'The fact is, that such will not be the character of the conversation in the majority of cases where your example will be followed. If your Sabbath-school class, as they left church a fortnight ago, had joined their merry companions for a walk or ride, do you believe their serious thoughts would have blossomed into purposes? We were saying yesterday, you know, how much the effect of a sermon is often dissipated by our conversation as we came out of church, or even by a closing prayer or hymn having a different key-note.'

'You half convince me, Alice, your views are right, but, when I was at Uncle Leonard's, they used to make themselves so busy on Sabbath morning by pressing into it the entire preparation for the Bible-class, and preserve such a stubborn silence after church, lest they should say something wrong, that I've swung to the other extreme; in my opinion the whole arrangement was merely to keep up appearances.'

'O, don't judge them too harshly. The manner in which the day was spent at home always made it to me, when a little child, the pleasantest day of the week. Father was always at home from business, and seemed happier than on any other day, and led the conversation naturally and easily to topics in unison with its spirit. Our favourite cake, too, our nicest jellies, were always reserved for tea, so that our associations might be pleasant.'

'I remember your father said, when I was visiting you, that amid the anxieties of that summer nothing had restored elasticity to his mind and spirits like the quiet of the Sabbath and the considerations which the day suggests.'

THE FRENCH MISSION FUND.

March 8.—Per Rev. Dr. Urquhart, being a collection from the Missionary Association, Cornwall	\$20 00
" " Per Rev. D. Ross, Vaughan, Congregational Collection for 1861	5 00
" 25 Per Rev. Joseph Evans, Litchfield, do., do.....	10 00
	\$35 00

ARCH. FERGUSON, Treasurer.

Montreal, 25th March, 1862.

P. S.—Several communications from esteemed correspondents have come to hand, but are too late for this number.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED SINCE LAST ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

W. Edmonstone, Montreal, \$1; F. Huston, Ashgrove, \$1; Lachlan Bell, Paisley, 75c.; A. Petrie, Cumberland, \$1; W. Wilson, Cumberland, \$1; J. Baikie, Cumberland, \$1; D. McEachern, Lochaber, \$1; H. McElroy, Richmond, \$1; J. Henry, Buckingham, \$1; R. Lusk, Buckingham, \$1; Rev. P. Lindsay, Buckingham, \$1; John McKenzie, London, \$1; Mrs. Allan, Salem, \$1; W. Milne, Salem, \$1; Rev. R. Dobie, Aultsville, \$1; Isaiah Ault, do., \$1; Samuel Ault, do., \$1; J. Croil, do., \$1; J. Hume, do., \$1; D. Graham, do., \$1; G. Shaver, do., \$1.50; A. MacIennan, Tossoronto, \$1; Mrs. Fulton, Aultsville, \$1; R. H. Miller, Montreal, \$1; J. Stewart, Litchfield, \$1; J. Dougall & Co., Montreal, \$6; J. Armour, Windsor \$1 50c.; Don. Ross, Montreal, \$1 50c.; Gilbert Cook, St. Louis de Gonzague, \$1; Mr. McNown, Lachine, \$1; D. McDonald, St. Laurent, \$1; Donald Reid, Walkerton, \$1; A. Turnbull, Galt, 62c.; Finlay McCallum, Mil'on, \$1; R. Ruxton, do., \$1; T. Chisholm, do., \$1; A. Sproat, do., \$1; J. Sproat, do., \$1; Rev. P. Ferguson, Esquesing, \$1; M. Colquhoun, Mansfield, \$1; D. J. McDonald, Montreal, 50c.; R. Morris, do., \$1; J. Fraser, do., \$1; W. R. Clark, do., \$1; A. McGibbon, do., \$1; J. Smith, do., \$1; J. Goudie, do., \$1; A. Ogilvie, River St. Pierre, \$1; J. McMurphy, Collingwood, \$1; J. Dunbar, London, 50c.; J. Cowan, London, 50c.; W. Kerr, Goderich, \$1; W. McPherson, Whitby, 50c.; C. Roberts, do., \$1; A. Pringle, do., \$1; L. Fairbanks, do., 88c.; W. Till, do., \$1; W. Laing, do., \$1; T. Dow, do., \$1; J. Hamilton, do., \$1; J. Shier, do., \$1; G. McGill, do., \$1; G. Higginbotham, Ashburn, \$1; J. Laing, Oshawa, \$1; Mrs. Cuthbert, New Richmond, \$1; A. Park, Watson's Corners, \$1; J. Lumsden, Eblana, \$1; A. Thomson, Quebec, \$1; J. Hall, Buckingham, \$1; J. Paisley, Buckingham, \$1; A. Cameron, South Hinchinbrooke, \$1; Alex. Scott, Martintown, \$1; Alex. Robertson, do., \$1; Finlay Ross, do., \$1; J. Urquhart, do., \$1; K. Urquhart, do., \$1; D. McMartin, do., \$1; M. Miller, Almonte, \$1; Mr. Watt, Montreal, \$1; T. Peck, Montreal, \$1; Peter McGregor, Sarnia, \$1; P. Lambe, Sarnia, \$1; H. Forbes, do., 50c.; W. Creighton, Middleville, 50c.; W. Wright, jun., Artemesia, 50c.; R. McLeod, Tabusintac, \$2; Rev. J. Murray, do, \$2; A. Loudoun, Chatham, \$1; R. Nicholson, Chatham, \$1; Rev. W. Henderson, Newcastle, \$1; W. Henderson, do., 50c.; Mrs. McKendrick, do., 50c.; J. McDougall, Chatham, 50c.; F. Elliott, Chatham, 50c.; A. Thomson, Ross, 50c.; Rev. A. Spence, Ottawa, 50c.; Mrs. Coanell, Ottawa, 50c.; G. Dickson, Ristigouche, \$3; D. Strachan, Glencoe, \$1; D. McIntyre, Alvinston, \$1; Dr. Campbell, Montreal, \$1.50; J. Wilkie, New Carlisle, 50c.; A. Ballantyne, Lachute, \$1.50; W. Tinline, Loskey, 50c.; J. McCallum, do., 50c.; D. McCallum, do., 50c.; James Burns, do., 50c.; A. McMurphy, do., 50c.; W. Rutherford, do., 50c.; T. McMurphy, do., 50c.; A. McMillan, do., 25c.; A. McCallum, do., 75c.; A. L. Gillies, do., 75c.; R. Ross, do., 75c.; A. McKinnan, do., 75c.; Mrs. McMurphy, do., 75c.; D. McCallum, do., 75c.; A. Kelly, do., 75c.; L. Bowie, do., 75c.; J. McTaggart, do., 75c.; J. Cairns, Nobleton, 75c.; A. Wilkie, do., 75c.; J. Wilkie, do., 75c.; J. Chamberlain, do., 75c.; H. Wilson, Lloydtown, 75c.; Rev. J. Carmichael, King, 50c.; W. Spier, Montreal, \$1.50; A. Simpson, Montreal, \$1; J. M. Creighton, Kingston, \$1; W. Coverdale, jun., Kingston, \$1; Rev. T. McPherson, Lancaster, \$1; L. Glass, Brockville, \$1; Jardine & Co., St. John, \$1; A. W. Ogilvie, Montreal, \$1; M. McPherson, Kincardine, \$1.

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JOHN DOUGALL.

Montreal, 1st March, 1862.

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