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THE

Canadian Independent Magazine.

VOL. V.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1858.

No. 3.

THE SABBATH.

The present aspect of Sabbath observance in Canada is such as to demand some notice. The question in itself is of first importance. The growth and prosperity of religion bears a correspondence with the keeping of the Lord's day. The quickening of religious sentiment which has been experienced in Britain during the last few years drew a more enlarged attention to the claims of the day. Hence its expression in the Sabbath essays. It was felt that a dark cloud was settling over the prospects of the religious world by the prevalence of Sabbath excursions and pleasure seeking. Resistance was called forth to the opening of the Crystal Palace, and the grievous desecration by Sunday Bands performing in the most public resorts. An enlightened Christian sentiment prevailed to overturn the counsels of the ungodly. Thus, when the enemy comes in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him. In this land the approach of the foe is not in the same guise. There is, however, that which calls for activity in contending for the truth regarding the Sabbath. During the recent session of the Legislature, two separate bills affecting Sunday labour by government officials, one in each house, have been thrown out. A document from a high authority, to which a wide publicity has been given, has appeared with the date of the sacred day of rest affixed. The newspapers give evidence of pleasure excursions on that day, not only in Lower Canada, but in our Western and Protestant region. The public sentiment is thus affected. Fruits are brought forth, doubtless, ripened and matured, from example in high places. Speak we without book, understanding neither what we say nor whereof we affirm. Why then this voice from the Eastern Townships? "In no part of the British dominions, that are purely agricultural, have I seen so much Sabbath breaking as here during the present summer. A fine day is almost sure to bring out a number of farmers with all hands and teams, for they cannot trust the God of Providence with a few loads of hay for one single day. Nay, some even seem to glory in their sin. A few Sabbaths ago, a temperance meeting was called in a certain school-house in Farnham—why then, I know not, unless they did not wish Christians and Christian ministers to take part with them, for such would be at other duties; and at that meeting one speaker publicly boasted that he had drawn in a quantity of hay in the earlier part of the day. He did not regret the necessity,

but rather made a boast of his doings; so, at least, I am credibly informed." A bold stand must be taken on this vital question by Christian men. The pulpit and the press must do their duty. In view therefore of recent and transpiring events, we are disposed to glance at *the position now occupied by the Sabbath on the authority of its Lord.*

The Sabbath is the institution of one day in seven, to be kept holy to the Lord. It is of permanent and universal obligation. It was made for MAN. Not of one age, class or country; but from all the light we can gather in the Divine oracles, it appears to be of perpetual and general obligation. If it was made for man, then it contemplated his highest good in the succeeding generations of the human family. It belongs to all the forms of religion which have met the Divine sanction. It has force in every dispensation, Patriarchal, Jewish, and Christian. Looking at Patriarchal times, we behold the solemn inauguration of that holy day by the Almighty himself. The Lord rested from his creating work on the seventh day. The fair works of his hand drew forth the shoutings of the Sons of God, and the morning stars sang together. The Lord crowned his work by the appointment of a sacred time in memory of his Almighty power and goodness. God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it. Amid the verdant bowers of Eden there was a holy Sabbath calm, when earth had come forth from the womb of an all-creating energy. There is probably an allusion to the Sabbath as observed in the ark, when Noah waited repeatedly seven days between the times of sending forth the dove. We have traces too of patriarchal observance among the nations of antiquity. The division of time into weeks cannot be satisfactorily accounted for otherwise than by traditional remembrance of the Sabbath. There is nothing in nature to suggest it to the mind. For days, we have the evening and the morning. For months, we have the phases of the moon. For years, we have the annual revolution of our earth. But there is nothing for weeks; and yet the week existed as a division of time among different nations. There is evidence of this in our own week-days, which have all names of heathen origin. The Sabbath also was known and observed by the children of Israel before the giving of the Law. When God fed them miraculously in the wilderness there was no gathering of manna on that day, and the previous day a double supply was sent. As to the Jewish dispensation the evidence is clear, so much so that some are disposed to represent the Sabbath as altogether Jewish. There is indeed an additional reason given in the deliverance from the house of bondage; but it is clear that the Sabbath stands apart from the types and ceremonies which were intended to last till Christ should come. For it stands recorded in the solemn code of man's duty, contained in the decalogue. It may as well be supposed to be merely Jewish to honour our father and our mother—to abstain from murder or other crimes which are forbidden by the law of God. Whose hand can dare to put a pen through any of these ten commandments. Railway companies may have the hardihood to drive a tunnel through Sinai itself. Human governments may infringe on the sacred commandments of the king of heaven. But there inscribed in the justice hall of the Eternal are those ten commandments. These are apples of gold set in pictures of silver. The avaricious hand of man attempts to pluck that fruit to appropriate it for the altar of Mammon. Strange reasons. The western trade will find another channel. The short seasons we have will thereby be shortened. Can it enrich to steal a jewel from the crown of God?

The season is short for navigation, then it is equally short for other lawful pursuits; but do our lawgivers say let the brickyards all be open on Sundays in fine summer weather, for bricks cannot be made when it freezes. The law of the Sabbath stands in the midst of those solemn requirements which cannot be repealed. Heaven and earth shall sooner pass away than the dominion of God. The Lord reigneth. From that holy code of duty to God and duty to man in which all righteousness is written, the law of the Sabbath is not blotted out. Christ abolished the ceremonial law, but not the moral. He himself has said, "Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets. I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil. For verily I say unto you, till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled." We have the sanction of the Saviour's example in the observance of the Sabbath. He is the Lord of the Sabbath, and must not be supposed capable of dishonoring his own day. There is indeed a change as to the time, together with the addition of a reason. This was no novelty, as the Israelites celebrated their deliverance from the oppression of Egypt, we celebrate our deliverance from the galling tyranny of sin; as the rest of creation was an event worthy of celebration, much more the rest from the finished work of redeeming love is celebrated on the day that brings to view the resurrection of the Son of God. The great event of the Christian Sabbath is the remembrance of the resurrection of Christ. In this change the spirit of the law is preserved, which is the consecration to God of the seventh part of our time, more directly to worship and serve him. The change of time is not a change of the spirit. It is manifest, from natural laws, that the exact moment could never have been specially regarded by the God of truth; for in different parts of the world the day and the night succeed by a perpetual process. The Sabbath is consequently over in Palestine while many of its hours are yet to come in Britain, and still more in America. The literal time could not therefore be essential. The amount of time in each place must be so; but it never could be at the same moment in all places. The dedication to God of the seventh part of our time is the requirement. The additional reason, having salvation to rejoice in, shall not lead us to heedlessness and forgetfulness of the day which the Lord hath made, we will rejoice and be glad in it. We gather from the New Testament the practice of the disciples. They were doubtless directed by him who is the Lord of the Sabbath, and also the Lord of the Church. The Church is indeed one in every age. Therefore what has been connected with spiritual worship in one age cannot be abolished; it may be changed, but it is to beautify and perfect the privilege, to confirm and enlarge the blessing. There remaineth therefore a Sabbath-keeping to the people of God.

We are disposed further to enquire concerning *the engagements belonging to the day*. The word Sabbath means rest. On this day there is to be a cessation from toil. In this respect the Sabbath is a blessing of no ordinary magnitude. Religion stands between the encroaching spirit of Mammon-worship and the worker. The sanctity of the day as Heaven-ordained alone protects from the aggressive spirit of this money-making and work-exacting age. Sweep away its holy sanctions, and you do away with the weekly rest of the sons of labour. No affront should be put on that day by those for whom it secures so large a blessing. And in this jealousy the government of a country should share. The glory of our land consists not in vast resources of a physical and secular nature, but in the

principles of integrity, and truth and righteousness, which govern the people. The patriotic fire that burns in the Christian's bosom must glory in marks of righteousness which exalteth a nation. The true patriot will sigh and cry for the abominations that are done in a land. *This feeling has scope for action among ourselves.* The arrangements of the Post Office Department demand reform. We know of a godly postmaster required by government to open on Sabbath, but compelled by conscience to resign his situation, whose successor has since been set aside as a defaulter. We know of another case, in which the post office was allowed to remain closed because it was the wish of the respectable portion of the community, but which has recently been opened by the command of government, on the complaint of some party unknown. Man's physical constitution requires what the Lord has provided—a rest day. The infidel decree of the first French revolution, or such a general order as that issued to the troops of the United States in their recent march towards Utah—"Every *eighth* day shall be a day of rest"—may evince enmity to Christian truth and practice, but fail to establish an argument in opposition to the Sabbath. He who reared the temple of our bodies knew its wants and met its requirements. The Sabbath was made *for man.*

In a recent work by the distinguished Professor of Surgery in the University of Edinburgh, the following paragraphs on Sabbath occupation occur :

"Rest assured that the more the physiologist advances in the exact knowledge of his science, the more will he be convinced that the physiology of the Sabbath, as contained by manifest implication in God's revealed word, is not only true, but imbedded there, and embodied in corresponding enactments, alike in wisdom and in mercy. And the more faithfully man observes the Sabbath according to God's law, the purer pleasure and the higher happiness will be his. Let him *walk* on the Sabbath; but let it be, Enoch like, with God—walking to or in the sanctuary, whether that be roofed by mortal hand or canopied by the spacious firmament. Let him *read* on the Sabbath; but let it be of God and godliness—not concerning the things of time which are seen, but touching the great things which are not seen, and are eternal. Let him *talk* on the Sabbath; but let his conversation be as "*becometh the gospel of Christ.*" Let him *meditate*; but let it be on the law of God, "*day and night,*" that he may observe to do according to all that is written therein; for then he shall make his way prosperous, and then he shall have good success. Let him *eat* on the Sabbath; but while the sustenance of the body is not neglected, let his soul's feeding be upon the "*bread of life.*" Let him *drink* on the Sabbath; but let it be of the "*water of life,*" and that freely.

"Let him *sing.* Aye, let him sing. For the Sabbath is no day of sadness; the sanctuary is no place of gloom; religion is no creed of melancholy. There are times for saddened thought, and true "*affliction*" of soul on that day, for who has not many sins and shortcomings over which to mourn? But the dark cloud has a very bright and silver lining; the very sorrow of sin brings to mind the great and glorious gospel, the good news of pardon and of peace, of which the Sabbath is as it were the perpetual token and pledge. And that day has ever been associated with *singing and gladness.*"

The engagements which are more peculiarly to be viewed as belonging to the day are spiritual in their nature. With its observance the prosperity of the soul

is associated. It is said, "If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable; and shalt honour him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: *Then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord.*" Amid the glowing descriptions of the glories of the latter day, when the nations shall be blessed with the gospel, there is reference to the Sabbath as kept by those who take hold of God's covenant. The Lord of the Sabbath said also, the Sabbath is made for man. Man is possessed of a body and a soul. The highest part of his nature must be put first. The demands of the body are secondary to those of the soul. What is a man profited if he should gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Eternity opens to man. A crown of immortality beams before his sight. Man is not only of this earth, but claims an alliance with the skies. Hence the engagements of the sacred day are for the advancement of those powers which shall have their highest development in heaven, which rise to God and rest on God. The Lord of the Sabbath has appointed that which must ever correspond with his own character, ways and works. His own special work was the salvation of souls. What is consistent with that glorious object shall be advanced, and recognized with his approval. Not what shall hurt souls or sink them deeper in the abyss of sin and misery shall have his sanction. He who seeks to bring many sons to glory shall follow them with such displays of his love and call them to the pursuit of such ennobling objects as shall prepare them for the services of the temple of heaven. *The Sabbath day is the soul's market day.* May our readers have such an appreciation of the Sabbath as shall lead to the enjoyment of its sacred hours. Say not what a weariness is it. When will the Sabbath be gone? But may they so discover the glories of the Sabbath's Lord as *then* to wait the visits of his love. Then their Sabbaths will be their best days. In them much of the peace and joy and love of heaven will be found, and each as they wing their solemn flight to eternity will bring them a Sabbath day's journey nearer heaven.

Trans-Atlantic Retrospect.

ENGLAND.—There is little of interest to record this month; the papers being mostly full of the Cherbourg *fetes*; which we may just state have been given in celebration of the completion of the docks and fortifications at that place, and of the unveiling the statue of Napoleon the First. The Queen accepted the invitation of the Emperor to be present on the occasion, and was accompanied by a large number of her subjects. There were the ordinary compliments and professions of friendship between the two sovereigns; an extraordinary amount of gunpowder blown away; banquets, illuminations, fireworks, rejoicings, and a strengthening of the bonds of friendship between the two nations! Let us hope so; but it is impossible not to see that Cherbourg is regarded with grave doubts by a large body of Englishmen—that it is looked upon as a menace, and as the possible starting point of some future expedition against their island home. When will the nations learn that mutual trust is a greater safeguard than mutual suspicion, and that this race of armaments is not only financially ruinous, but most egregiously foolish. "Peace on earth." The realization may appear remote, but it will come nevertheless, and a generation will yet arise who will look with surprise and grief upon the relics of the practical infidelity of the age in which we live.

THE MARRIAGE LAW AMENDMENT BILL (for legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister) has been rejected by the House of Lords. The only spiritual Peer who had the courage to support it was the Bishop of Ripon. The Bishop of Exeter entertained the House with a little exhibition of his temper, denouncing in violent terms the advocates of the measure, and concluding with dashing on the floor the copy of the bill which he held in his hand; conduct for which he was justly reproved by a lay Peer, Lord Overstone. There appears but small chance of the law being changed at present.

The intelligence of the successful laying of the Atlantic telegraph cable has been received at home with hearty, but with less noisy demonstrations of delight, than on this continent. It was looked upon as a happy augury that the news reached the Queen in the midst of the smoke and noise of Cherbourg; a triumph of peace eclipsing far the event then being celebrated. England may well be proud of it; for the telegraph will, we verily believe, do more to promote peace and unity among the nations than all the Cherbourgs and Sebastopols, with the jealousies which they sow broadcast, will be able to undo. There is a talk of a day being set apart for thanksgiving, to be observed alike in England and America, but nothing definite appears to be settled.

The war between the Boers of the Orange Free State and the Basuta Nation in South Africa, the breaking out of which we commented upon not long ago, is, we trust, by this time at an end. The Boers, apparently alarmed at the strength developed by their opponents, have asked the mediation of Governor Grey. He has acceded to the request; and Moshesh, the Basuta Chief, has also consented. The more the facts of this unhappy affair come to light the stronger are we impressed with the conviction that the Boers are a tyrannical race, who would not stop short, had they the power, of the extermination of their less civilized but really more practically Christian opponents.

THE REV. THOMAS BINNEY IN AUSTRALIA.—The lecture of the Rev. Thomas Binney, on "St. Paul," claims more than an ordinary paragraph. The auditory, the orator, the lecture, were such as in colonies are really seen and heard. There is an institution in this city, one among many, which adorn it, called the Young Men's Christian Association. It is intended to guard, elevate, and assist young men at that critical period of life when character receives its permanent form and texture, and men commonly become what they will be for all the time. This "Young Men's Association" does not belong to the Church as such, but is composed of members of all Protestant communions, and patronised by the clergy; its plans are therefore as comprehensive as its basis, and it leaves the "systematic theology" to its proper teachers—the clergy themselves. The audience of Mr. Binney consisted of a large proportion of the citizens who take an interest in the movement of the popular thought—pity they do not oftener meet. Of Mr. Binney, as a lecturer, it would be almost impertinence to speak. For half the age of man he has been rising in reputation, and his fame has long ranged from the palace to the cottage; it is spread over all lands where our mother tongue is spoken. No lecturer in London has obtained a greater mastery over the young intellect of his time; his terse, vigorous, idiomatic language—his energy of manner, sometimes quaint, always telling—his look of almost fascinating power—his voice, full, strong, clear, and impressive, are characteristics of the lecturer, familiar with most Englishmen. We owe Mr. Binney's presence here to the failure of his health. A voyage was the recommendation of his physicians—we hope it may renew his strength, exhausted by the wear and tear of some forty years' public toil. His Excellency the Governor General took the chair, and on the platform were several ministers of the various denominations, together with gentlemen of position and influence in the city. The church was literally crammed. Admission was given by tickets, of which 1,500 were presented at the doors. The body of the church was chiefly occupied by ladies. The Rev. J. Eggleston offered up a short prayer, and his Excellency briefly introduced the lecturer. The rev. gentleman after some prefatory remarks upon the desirability

of maintaining neutral ground for the association, so that no sectarian bias might seem to attach to it, said he regretted the want of a public hall in Sydney, of sufficient size to accommodate such a meeting as the present. Speaking to his subject, he had, he said, no other aim in view than to offer a stimulus to Christian young men to pursue Scriptural research. The lecture occupied two hours and a quarter in the delivery, and being listened to with intense interest and marked attention, though frequently interrupted by considerable and prolonged applause. His Excellency the Chairman offered a grateful tribute of thanks to the lecturer, who returned thanks. It was announced that his Excellency had consented to deliver a lecture before the Young Men's Christian Association at an early opportunity.—*Sydney Morning Herald*.

Official.

NOTICE.

The Western Congregational Association will meet (D.V.) at Stratford, on Tuesday, 5th October, at 7½ P.M. Sermon by Rev. James Boyd of London; Rev. Wm. Hay, Alternate.

NORTH WESTERN CONGREGATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MINISTERS AND CHURCHES.

The first Annual Meeting of this Association will be held, (D.V.) at George Town, on Tuesday, the 21st, and Wednesday, the 22nd of September next. The Members and Delegates to meet at the house of the Rev. J. Unsworth, at 4 P.M., on the 21st. Sermon on Tuesday Evening by Rev. F. H. Marling, primary; or Rev. G. A. Noble, secondary.—Wednesday morning—Ministerial Session. Plans of Sermon by Revs. E. A. Noble and E. Barker. Exegesis by Rev. F. H. Marling.—Delegates' Session—Devotional exercises and Discussion.—Wednesday afternoon—Open Session, Discussion on Revivals, the best means of promoting and conducting them. Opening Essay by the Rev. J. Howell.—Wednesday evening—Public Meeting in the Congregational Church

JAMES HOWELL,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Guelph, August 9th, 1858.

THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE NOTICES.

THE SECOND SABBATH IN OCTOBER.—SPECIAL PRAYER.

At the late Annual Meeting of Subscribers to the Theological Institute, it was unanimously *Resolved*.—"That the various Churches be recommended to make the *Second Sabbath in October* a day of special prayer for the Institute." The attention of the several churches is thus early invited to this request, in order that they may make arrangements, at their next meetings, for the fitting observance of the day. It is suggested that a special prayer meeting be held for the object after one of the services, (where there are two,) in addition to the remembrance of it by the preacher in each congregation. At this season then, let every heart be lifted up to "the Lord of the harvest, that He would send forth labourers into the harvest." "Pastors and teachers" are among the "gifts for men," which Christ has "received" from the Father, and stands ready to bestow. Let prayer be offered for young men who are seeking light as to the duty in relation to the ministry, for candidates for admission, for students already received, for the Alumni, for the Tutors, and for the managers of the Institute. Each and all of these will need the wisdom that cometh from above. Of the manner in which a similar request was responded to at the opening of the last Session, the Committee reported to the Annual Meeting.—"From many quarters throughout the Province, we received intelligence of hearty compliance with this request. Nothing could be more encouraging to us in our responsible labours, than this. Those prayers have been answered. We trust that the proposal will be received year by year." This year let our desires be more ardent, and our faith more bold. "According to your faith be it unto you."

OPENING OF THE SESSION OF 1858-9.

The next session of the Theological Institute, will commence (D.V.), on Wednesday October 13th. The opening service will be held in the second Congregational Church. The Committee will meet the day previous for examination of the candidates for admission.

FALL COLLECTIONS.

At the late Annual meeting it was *Resolved*,—"That the churches be further recommended to take up subscriptions and collections in behalf of the institute as nearly as possible to the second Sabbath in October; and that ministers be requested at the same time to bring its claims specially before their congregations." Pastors are earnestly requested to comply with the above desire, by "declaring the counsel of God" on this subject. It is very gratifying to be able to announce that the balance against the Institute has been reduced during the past year from £144 to £88, in spite of the pressure of the times. But this has been effected only by the shortening of the session, and Dr. Lillie's making a collecting tour,—expedients which cannot be resorted to this year. Will not the churches, then, with their Bishops and Deacons, see to it that the annual collections and subscriptions are taken up and forwarded, without a visit from a collector? And in accordance with the above-quoted resolution, those which did not collect in the spring of the present year, will best serve the cause by collecting on or near the second Sabbath in October. In this class we may include Hamilton, Inverness Lanark, and Montreal, which collected in the fall of last year; also, Albion, Caledon, Danville, Durham, Oro, Owen Sound, Port Sarnia, Stanstead, Listowel, and Russeltown, from which no contributions were received during the year; and perhaps some of those which, though formerly accustomed to collect at this season, deferred doing so last year on account of the scarcity of money, though they have collected since such as Brantford, Quebec, Stratford, Paris, Burford, Scotland, Kelvin, Southwold, and Warwick, C.W., &c.—Subscription lists should be made out in the *Decimal Currency*, and forwarded with the amounts, to the undersigned, not to the Treasurer.

RECEIVED SINCE LAST ACKNOWLEDGMENT, FOR 1857-S.

Toronto, 1st Church on account.....	£10 5 0
" 2nd Church, additional	1 17 6
Brantford, "	4 10 0
Cobourg, "	0 5 0

F. H. MARLING,

Co-Secretary.

Toronto, Sept. 6th, 1858.

SPECIAL PRAYER FOR THE SPIRIT'S INFLUENCES.

At the Annual Meeting of the Congregational Union in June, it was *Resolved*—"That in view of the necessity of Divine influence, to accompany the Word, and render effectual the efforts of God's people to maintain and spread the Truth, the Union affectionately recommends the Churches to set apart the 3rd Sabbath in October, as a day of special prayer for the outpouring of the Spirit of God on all our Churches."

It is very desirable that the above recommendation should be brought before the Churches severally, either at a monthly or a special meeting some time previous to the day proposed. And as prayer should always imply the diligent and earnest use of legitimate means, it might be expected that were the Churches deliberately agreeing to join in a concert of special prayer for the outpouring of the Divine blessing, they would by that very resolve be stirred up to greater earnestness and directness of effort in the use of the appointed means. Will not the officers of the Churches with one simultaneous movement arouse themselves and the Churches, that with awakened zeal and strong desire the cry may go up from the entire body, as with one heart and one voice "O Lord, revive thy work!" The Canadian field has been very parched throughout the recent season of refreshing in the neighbouring Republic. Let us the Lords remembrancers seek a deep sense of our necessities, an intenser desire for the blessing that we may take hold upon our covenant God in earnest wrestling, and not let Him go without the bestowment of it. When we seek Him He will be found of us, if we seek Him with our whole heart.

EDWARD EBBS,

Secy.-Treasurer of Union.

Paris, Sept., 1858.

WIDOW AND FAMILY OF THE LATE MR SNELL.

Mr. John Field, Cobourg, has much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the following sums for the benefit of the widow and family of the late Mr. Snell.

Caledon, £1 5s.; Toronto, 1st Church, £7 11s. 4½d.; Toronto, 2nd do., £4 6s.; Lanark, 1st do., £2 5s. 6d.; Cobourg, £4 7s. 6d.; Cold Springs, £1 7s. 6d.; Barton £1; Sheffield, New Brunswick, £3 10s.

Correspondence.

AGGRESSIVE CHRISTIANITY.

To the Editor of the Canadian Independent Magazine.

During the last few weeks this Province has been favoured with visits from gentlemen from the two greatest cities of the old and the new world,—each having in view the communication of information as to what was doing by Christian brethren in their respective localities for the spread of the gospel among the masses of the people. The visits, though nearly simultaneous, were not so in consequence of a pre-arranged plan, but the objects of both were so nearly the same, that we cannot but think their steps were directed by an over-ruling hand, and that they were intended to stir up the disciples of the Lord in Canada to more active efforts for the salvation of the multitudes who are out of the sphere of our ordinary operations. So at least many thought who heard them, and we should I think, be greatly wanting in duty were the occasion to pass by unimproved.

The first visit was by two brethren from New York. They came to tell us, (and they did it with such a true Christian modesty that all who heard them were charmed) of a great work of systematic visitation which has been carried into effect by the united and co-operating labours of evangelical churches in Brooklyn and New York. Years ago, members of churches in Brooklyn had established Mission schools in some of the more destitute parts of the city, and they had proved remarkably successful in gathering in poor little outcasts from the dens and lanes where they were accustomed to congregate. Some labourers in this field had thoroughly visited portions of the city, and brought in many wanderers both of old and young; and last year it was proposed by some of them to extend this visitation until it embraced every house and every family. A committee was appointed to manage the business. The promise of the co-operation of every evangelical church was sought and obtained. One of the two that visited Toronto, (the Rev. H. Newcomb) was appointed to divide the city into districts, of which each church or congregation should take one; and this was done so wisely and so well, that with a very few alterations, every church took the share of work allotted to it. Each church or congregation then having been assigned a district, divided it into portions, called for visitors from amongst its members, nearly all adults being expected to take part in the work) and gave to each from ten to twenty families to call upon. *Every house, whether of rich or poor, was visited.* and inquiries were made in a friendly manner whether the family attended church and the children Sabbath school. If this were found to be the case, the family was dropped from the list, so that after two or three visits, the number would diminish to five or ten. It was remarked however, that a far larger proportion than had ever been thought of, from amongst respectable families, were living in total negligence of religion. These five or ten families would remain permanently under the charge of the visitor, who would see them once a month and endeavour to induce them to attend public worship and to send their children to the Sabbath school. This visitor might as opportunity arose, converse on religious topics, indeed, in using persuasion, such would naturally arise; or he might take tracts, or read the word of God. In some cases much perseverance would require to be shown, much kindness also, and some judgment. In several cases repeated visits might be paid to a family before they showed any disposition to listen to the invitation, but experience had proved that with kindness, perseverance and tact, few were so obstinate as ultimately to refuse. The visitation was carefully kept free from sectarian bias. The people were generally invited to attend to the church most convenient, or the one they had been accustomed to in former days, perhaps in New England or the old country; and it was well understood that the whole aim and object of the work was not to build up this or that denomination, but to bring in outcasts to the fold of Christ. The work was strictly evangelistic and missionary.

These brethren came, not to tell us of an attempt, but of a work in actual operation, and one which had already borne fruit. Nearly all the congregations had been increased, Sabbath schools had received large accessions to their numbers, and some of the mission schools had been more than doubled. The work thus commenced in Brooklyn had been extended to New York city. Many churches there had taken up the idea, and were now vigorously carrying it into operation. The plan was so simple, that it required scarcely anything more than a judicious laying out of the field at the commencement; after this, where there was a 'mind to work' on the part of the people, little difficulty would be experienced.

An essential feature of the plan is that the visitors regularly report to the church. Interest is thus kept up,—a spirit of prayerful sympathy is awakened, and there is realized that provoking one another to love and good works to which Christians are exhorted by the apostle. A congregation in laying out a field was cautioned against attempting too much. Better have a small district thoroughly visited, than a large one only half attended to; for it had been found that if visitors had too much work given them, the affair would be dropped altogether. From five to ten families would generally be sufficient as a permanent charge for one visitor.

Such in brief was the plan, and these good brethren,—one of them a minister, the other a merchant, are now travelling through the States and Canada for the purpose of calling the attention of Christians to it and inducing them to enter on the work. They go in an apostolic spirit asking for nothing; their only desire is that others should follow their good example, and realize the same blessing. They have visited only four cities, and therefore comparatively few have had the opportunity of listening to them. And though attention has been already called to the matter through several papers, (the *Montreal Witness* for example) the matter is so deeply interesting that I may perhaps be pardoned for alluding to it here.

The other visitor was Mr. McGregor, a London barrister, who is actively engaged in labours of Christian benevolence in the British metropolis, and who travels through this country much on the same principle as the brethren before named. Large numbers were gathered in this city to listen to his statements, which were beyond anything to which I ever listened for interest, vivacity, variety, and simplicity. I have heard many of the preachers and orators of Great Britain, and have attended the mighty meetings of Exeter Hall; but this simple and straight forward narrative of the work of the Lord now going on in London, had something about it that touched me far more deeply than any of them. The narrative was truly extraordinary. It recalled the days when Apostles rehearsed to churches the great deeds which God had wrought by their hands among the Gentiles. It disclosed the commencement of a new order of things. This, One instinctively exclaimed, is the Christianity of the age—the Christianity of the nineteenth century—of the days of cheap literature, rapid intercommunication, and ocean telegraphs. It is Christianity, no longer sitting down at ease, but gathering up her strength; no longer content to defend the citadel, but invading the dominions of the enemy; no longer abiding in the church, but going forth, like her Lord and his apostles, into the streets and the highway and the market place, preaching and teaching and disputing; gathering up with the hand the outcast and the forlorn, and confounding with the lip the sophist and the gainsayer.

The operations brought under our notice were those of the Young Men's Association, of the Open Air Mission, of the Protestant Alliance, of the Ragged School and Shoe Black Society, of the Pure Literature Society, and of Unions for Prayer. I may perhaps trespass a little on your space to give a rapid *resumé* of such portions as are of special interest to ourselves.

First, as to the Young Men's Associations. These are somewhat familiar on this continent; but what is noteworthy about the London Society is the manner in which the principal members have been laying themselves out for *usefulness*. Some have thoroughly studied the Romish controversy, some the objections of sceptics and infidels; and thus disciplined have gone forth to aid the operations

of the Open Air Mission. There are now in London regular stations, where discussion with Sceptics and Roman Catholics is carried on in the open air; and this, be it observed, not by well-meaning brethren, whose zeal outstrips their ability, but by educated and accomplished men—men of University education and logical skill, specially selected for the work. So successful have been these efforts that the five great Infidel halls of London, which used to be regularly crowded with young men, have been closed during the whole summer, and their lecturers drawn out to the meetings in the open air. In these discussions the young men had rendered admirable service. Others were banded as tract distributors, and regularly visited the great railway stations, the races (which draw such multitudes) and the fairs, distributing tracts by hundreds of thousands. Their central Bible class, on Sunday afternoons, was attended by about five hundred, and they had many smaller ones of one hundred, eighty, fifty, and so on.

The Open Air Mission was carried on by ministers and gentlemen of nearly all denominations. Many of the most efficient of the clergy of the English Church were active in it. One, who had a parish of some forty thousand souls, had open air stations for himself and his six curates, which were as regularly attended to as his church. The method of the operations of the mission were very various. "Most people," said Mr. McGregor, "have wrong ideas altogether about open air preaching. It is generally made too much like the service in a church. This is not what is wanted. You do not want to gather christians to worship, but to speak to ungodly and wicked men; and these men take alarm at the very appearance of worship. Better begin without any ceremony, talking on in a quiet, natural way, about any topic they can sympathise with, and which you can bring round to the main point—the catching them in the gospel net. Yonder company of idle vicious loungers wo'n't come if you commence a formal service. Yet these are the very men you want to get at. So talk to them, rather than attempt to preach; and when you have got them round, don't begin to abuse them. Don't upbraid them as wicked, vile wretches, who ought to be ashamed of themselves, but rather express sorrow. Offer to help them. Tell them of a happier way of spending Sunday. Try to look at things from their point of view; and when you have got their heart, pour in the glorious truth of the gospel.

Sometimes, however, the open air services are of a more formal character. Some of the best preachers in London have been engaged in them, and are so now; and only lately a commencement was made of a service from the steps of the Royal Exchange, which was attended by the Lord Mayor and a congregation of hundreds. These are quite distinct from the meetings for discussion, before spoken of. Lately, he had gone with a band of zealous men down to the Jew quarter, perhaps the darkest spot in London, and in the midst of their weekly old clothes fair (held from eleven to one on Sunday morning!) had distributed little cards and tracts specially selected for the occasion, and held conversations with groups that gathered round. This work also goes on still. When the Exeter Hall services were being held, they had determined on having audiences, and for this purpose several (himself included) stationed themselves in the Strand, at the door, and *stopt every passer by, no matter who, and gave the invitation to attend.* Some pushed on at once; some listened for a moment; and they then would urge entreaties, answer excuses, and "compel them" to come in. Some would pass on, but by and by would turn back, and then enter. He had known *several hundreds* to be persuaded in one night by such means. Imaginesome of our lawyers doing a work like this!

His remarks respecting the Pure Literature Society, the Protestant Alliance, and the Shoe Black Society, I must pass by. Their operations are characterized by the same remarkable union of tact, energy, ingenuity and piety, which gives life to those before mentioned. I must not however pass by the Unions for Private Prayer. These are established in the army, the navy, the universities, and in Mr. McGregor's own profession, the law. Their union, he said, embraced about 150 members of various branches of the profession, residing in London and the country, who had agreed to set apart a certain hour, monthly, for prayer on each other's behalf and for objects kindred to their profession. There was little

machinery about it and no trouble; the members were pledged to nothing but this simultaneous supplication, monthly; but the benefits derived had been very great indeed. In connection with this, he incidentally mentioned that in the University of Cambridge there are now *thirty-four* little classes for reading the scriptures and prayer. One may well say, in view of this, What hath God wrought!

Such were some of the statements of this most remarkable address; and having thus given them, I will conclude by one or two very brief practical suggestions.

And first. Should we not all earnestly pray that we may awake from our sleep of comfortable christianity, and be baptized with this blessed spirit of aggression.

Second. May we not everywhere do something in the way of systematic visitation? Even in our smaller towns and villages, aye, and in our townships too, are there not numbers who are yet quite out of the sound of the gospel?

Third. Can we not imitate our London brethren in united and systematic open air work? We have crowds of loafers, drinkers, idlers, and profane people every where, not in cities only, but in the country.

Fourth. Why should we not at once establish one or more unions for prayer. Say we commence with the mercantile profession?

Let each Christian endeavour to do what he can. Much will depend on our pastors, as the people look to them to lead; but the *work* is the work not of one but of the many. Above all, let us commence with prayer. In the spirit of prayer let the work begin, in the spirit of prayer let it be carried on, and the issue must be for the divine glory and the salvation of multitudes of men.

Yours in the bonds of the gospel,

A CHRISTIAN LAYMAN.

Toronto, August 23, 1858.

Literary Review.

PATRIARCHY, OR THE FAMILY, ITS CONSTITUTION AND PROBATION: by John Harris, D.D.—Gould & Lincoln, Boston, \$1.25.

This is the last of that series of treatises, which Dr. Harris purposed to write, that he was spared to finish before his lamented death. The whole series would comprise eight volumes; of those he wrote only three, and while we regret that he was not permitted to fulfil his purpose, we are thankful to God for having enabled him to accomplish so much. The subject of this volume is one of vast importance, not secondary even to the church itself. On this account and from the style in which it is written, we are disposed to think it will live longer than either of the preceding volumes, and be found of more practical benefit. In the first part of the volume the reader will find a great amount of light thrown on the first chapter of Genesis, and as he proceeds to read Dr. Harris' discussions of the family constitution and probation, he will find it surrounded by a sacredness and importance which but few realize. We quote the following for the importance of the sentiments contained in it, as well as to let the author speak for himself:

"The law which we are now illustrating comprises the Divine affirmation that 'a child trained in the way he should go shall not depart from it when he is old.' This is not to be viewed as the language of promise so much as the statement of a grand principle of the domestic constitution. Some indeed, may be ready to object that they know many a painful exception to its truth in the circle of their own acquaintance. Now, when failure ensues in any other department of duty, we do not rashly conclude that the connection between means and ends has at length come to an end; we infer rather that there has been something faulty in the employment of the means. The failure of parental training, indeed in certain instances, may not furnish a looker-on with any ground for concluding that but little has been done for the child's welfare. Comparatively much may have been done; more than in many an instance attended with success. No human eye can be keen enough to detect a fault in it; no human being be justified in pronounz-

ing censure. Still we must believe that the training was not commenced early enough; or that it was not continued long enough; or that it suffered interruptions; that there was too much reliance on other means, to the neglect of prayer; or that prayer was not combined with the adequate employment of other means; that certain parts of the training were not pursued in the right spirit—appeal being made to fears, vanity, or the opposites, or that prevented example did not in some particulars enforce parental precept; that the influence of the one point neutralized that of the other, or that the example of some other party did: that some spurious or prolific evil was winked at or undetected, that indulgence and severity so alternated as to destroy parental authority; or that there was a want of adaptation in the training to the peculiar character of the child; or else a want of holy earnestness pervading the whole. Something must be wanting, or we impeach the faithfulness and grace of God. When nothing is wanting in the means employed, nothing is even wanting, on the part of God, in the end obtained."

We do not commend the book to those who will read only for amusement. It will require close attention to peruse it profitably, but it will amply repay the time and care bestowed on the study of it.

D. M.

News of the Churches.

NEWMARKET.

The Rev. Joseph Hooper, whose arrival from England we noticed in our last, has accepted of a unanimous and cordial invitation to the pastorate of the church in Newmarket.

FOREIGN MISSIONS, AMERICAN BOARD.

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, will hold its Forty-ninth Annual Meeting in the First Presbyterian Church at Detroit, Michigan, commencing on Tuesday, Sept. 7th, at 1 o'clock P. M. Rev. George Sheppard, D. D., of Bangor, Maine, is expected to preach the sermon.

The circumstances under which this meeting will be held are in some respects peculiar, in many respects interesting, and calculated to enlist the sympathies and call forth the prayers of the numerous friends and patrons of the Board. The condition of the Treasury is such as to render it exceedingly desirable that a strong impulse should now be given to the benevolence of the churches. That condition is indeed better than was expected, much better than was feared, a few months since. Still the Board is in debt. There is a deficiency of about \$40,000. This deficiency seems, in some aspects of the case, peculiarly unfortunate. The voice of Providence, as indicated by the openings set before us, by the "necessity" which seems "laid upon" us, and by the feelings and appeals of missionaries, is still—"Go forward" From Turkey the calls are no less distinct than they were when, last year, a committee on that field reported, that "God had brought the work there to a point of surpassing interest and most solemn responsibility;" that "the work involves and demands progressive activity, enlarged outlays and increased forces;" that "not to go up at once and take possession of the land, is recreancy to the divine Master and the great interests of his kingdom;" and the Board resolved, "that the unforeseen and surprising changes which the great Head of the Church is effecting in that land, call for an immediate enlargement of the missionary work."

The state of things in India and in China is by no means such as seems to warrant diminished effort now, in either of those lands. In both, several of the missions urgently require immediate reinforcement; and the prospect that there will be, ere long in both, far wider and more inviting openings, is such as should move the whole Christian church to be in readiness to respond to calls for increasing effort. And fuller access to, and more extended openings in the interior of Africa, as the result of Niger expeditions, Livingston explorations, and the tours of many missionaries, call us to be ready also for larger operations there; for, "through the foolishness of preaching," even "Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God."—*Journal of Missions.*

REVIVAL IN SWEDEN.

The Rev. Dr. Steane, of the Commission appointed by the Evangelical Alliance to visit the Baptists in Sweden, in their persecutions and afflictions writes that he and his colleague had met with a most gracious reception, and says:

The Lord is marvelously working among them and by them. The reports of their progress and increase in almost all parts of the country, revive the remembrance of apostolic days, when "the Word of the Lord mightily grew and prevailed." There are at this time 500 to 600 waiting to be baptized. Their baptisms have to be stealthily administered on some lone seashore, or in a hidden nook of some inland lake, where no hostile eye may see them, and no lurking policeman spring upon them. Some have been baptized since we have been here; but the blessed deed, as though it had been the perpetration of a great crime, was done at midnight, and so secretly, that even we heard nothing of it till afterwards. Their examination was very close and strict, and in some parts almost inquisitorial, so as to occasion embarrassment, and to discourage the timid. It would be wrong, however, to represent the Baptists as the only sufferers for Christ's sake, or speak of the spirit and power of Christ as resting only on them. A gracious rain from the Lord is falling over the country. I am assured that there is not a parish in Sweden where the religious awakening is not taking place, and persons of every grade of life are coming under its influence. Instances of sudden conversion, as sudden and remarkable as some of those in the New Testament, have been related to me, and attended by circumstances of which we have no experience in our country. And there is a freshness and simplicity in the new religious life here, which contrasts strangely with the old fixed and conventional forms in which we are accustomed to see it. It charms and wins upon your affections like the smile of an infant. By the authorities, we have been received with marked courtesy, and they have lent a respectful, I may say a willing ear, to our complaints. They have all concurred in assuring us that the Baptists shall have relief by laws being passed in their favor at the next meeting of the Diet. They are acknowledged, even by their adversaries, to be a quiet, upright people, with whom no fault can be found, but they will be Baptists. The civil rulers would not prosecute them; and they assured me that the State clergy were the instigators of all the intolerant measures taken against them."

NEW YORK.

In reference to the state of religion in the city of New York the *Christian Intelligencer* says:—"This work moves on with steadily increasing power. This appears from the great numbers who attend the Fulton Street prayer meetings in the lecture rooms of the old north Dutch Church. It is a matter of unfeigned gratitude and thanksgiving to God that He pours down the copious showers of His grace at this season of the summer. We are now at the end of the eleventh month of our daily mid-day prayer meeting, with the close of the current week. Very soon a year will have rolled away. What a year of historic interest to the churches of this city—to this land—to this world! How many thousands converted! How many minds among our young men turned to the holy ministry, and to the missionary field. What changes, and what signs of the times betokening greater changes still, changes which are at the very doors. God is turning and overturning among the nations—preparing the way for the abundant entrance of the Gospel. He will need an army of ministers and missionaries to carry on the great work of Christian civilization and evangelization. Hence we see revivals in nearly all our Colleges and seminaries of learning. Hundreds of our young men have been converted. The fountains have been healed. The streams that will issue from them will make glad the city of our God. Thousands of our business young men have been converted, whose property will be consecrated to God, and whose time and influence will be given to building up his kingdom. This world is to be converted. God is preparing the means, Christ will take the kingdom to himself.

"This revival advances with a silent, steady power. It is in this respect unlike any other revival. It must be felt to be known. Like the mighty river, the waters are deepest where they flow stillest, and the more irresistible the

deeper they become. Who will be wise in such a day as this? Who will eta himself to say what shall be from what has been? Standing where we now do, who shall say what another year shall bring forth? Not in New York, not in our great cities alone, but all over the land, there is a looking forward to coming wants—under the wide-spread impression that we are only at the beginning now. The great revival has but began. We have a solemn duty to do. It is to understand the indications of God's redeeming providence to read a-right the signs of the times.

JEWIS IN AMERICA.

The *Maine Evangelist* mentions that there is said to be a great change in the attitude of the Jewish mind towards their rejected Messiah. An unprecedented number of conversions have recently taken place among them in this country. Many of the most interesting incidents of the revival of 1858, have been connected with the religious experience of converted Jews. Twenty-three of these cases in the city of New York alone, have been numerated by the New York correspondent of the *Baltimore True Union*. A similar state of things is reported among the Jews of Philadelphia, some of whom have been converted, and numbers have called on their missionary, Rev. Mr. Bonhomme, for Christian instruction.

FAMILY GROUPS PROFESSING CHRIST.

Through the kindness of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, we have received his sermon, "*God's Seal and Testimony.*" It was preached in connection with the admission of about four hundred persons to his Church, on the first Sabbath day of the months of May, June, and July last. The pamphlet contains a list of these new members; and it also gives some interesting incidental statistics drawn from that list. Among these are the following groups of families that were admitted.

In 4 instances there were 2 cousins admitted, in another 3; and in another 4—in all, 15 cousins. In one instance, an uncle and nephew were admitted; in another, an aunt and a niece. In 5 instances there were 2 brothers admitted—10 individuals; in 9, there were 2 sisters—18 individuals; and in 1 instance, 3 sisters. In 6 instances there were a brother and sister—12 individuals; in 1, a brother and 2 sisters; and in 1 there were three sisters. In 2 instances, a father and child; in 1 father and child and niece; in 7, a mother and child and 2 nieces—14; in, 2, a mother and 3 children; and in 1, a mother and 4 children. In 38 instances, a husband and wife—76; in 4, a husband and wife and child—12; in 3, a husband and wife and sister—9; and in 1, a husband and wife and brother. In these 19 groups of families, that publicly professed their faith in Christ, their were 199 individuals. What interesting scenes they must have been; and what mutual joy and rejoicing there must have been among these relatives—cousins, brothers and sisters, parents and children, husbands and wives—as they made known to each other what the Lord had done for their souls.—*The Well Spring.*

Rills from the Fountains of Israel.

TESTIMONY AGAINST THE SIN OF SLAVERY BY REV. GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D.D.

The Missionary Enterprise, and the revival of religion, must, if it be God's work, reprobate, cast out, and destroy this abomination. The revival of religion now enjoyed must, if it be God's work, make itself known by its instrumentality in the redemption of the children of the oppressed and needy from that system of deceit and violence, under which and by which they have been sacrificed to Moloch. A revival of religion is but the quickening of sin, if it be not the conquest of sin.

Know ye not, that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are, to whom ye obey; whether of sin unto death, or of obedience to righteousness? If the revival makes better men, if it changes men from selfishness to love, from avarice to benevolence, from sin to holiness, if it makes them carry religion.

into their business and life, the Sabbath and the Word of God into the week,—then is it true, and such conversions are genuine. If a man has been a liar, now he puts away lying, and speaks the truth with his neighbour; if he has stolen, he steals no more; if he was covetous, or an extortioner, now he knows that no such person hath any inheritance in the kingdom of Christ and of God. In the 12th chapter of the prophecy of Hosea, you find God drawing the character of an unprincipled, ungodly merchant, thus: "A merchant, the balances of his deceit are in his hand, he loveth to oppress." Now, if such a merchant's conversion makes him hate oppression, and leads him to do justly, that product of the revival shows it to be God's work; but if he still holds to deceit and oppression, and throws his whole influence and wealth in commerce, in politics, and in the church, to strengthen the arm of the oppressor, and to shield and sanction the sin of slaveholding, such products of the revival show it to be Satan's work, a selfish, sympathetic delusion.

And at this point we confess with shame the sin of the Church, the pulpit, and the ministry in this country, in that while, during a whole winter's session of our national Congress, the project of forcing on a free State of the iniquity perpetual slavery as a constitutional obligation has been under discussion, and all moral as well as political influences have been required in array against it, the churches and the ministry have still been silent, the Word of God has been restrained, its power has not been brought to bear upon this nefarious scheme at all. The Word of God has been kept almost as silent as if God himself had sent an angel with a commission to seal up its thunders under an interdict from heaven. On the most momentous and comprehensive question, of right and wrong before God, of equity and iniquity, of justice and injustice, that ever came before a nation; on the question of defiance against God, and disregard to his authority, or of obedience to Him, and of righteousness and mercy to mankind, on a question of the claims of humanity, and of the oppressed from generation to generation, and for future ages, the pulpit has been nearly dumb, and God's word, which sets the seal of God's reprobation and wrath on this iniquity, and commands us to open our mouth for those drawn to a living death beneath it, has been bound and not gloified.

There is no possible excuse for such a silence. In the constitution so proposed to be enforced upon a Christian people, there has stood out continually, to the outrage of humanity, the shame of Christianity, and the defiance or all the sentiments and laws of freedom and of charity, the central declaration, which is the object and end of the whole scheme, that property in man is the most sacred and unsailable of all property, and that the right to such slave, *and its increase*, is to be secured forever, as such property, to the possession of the master and owner. The Word of God ought to have been made to lighten and burn against such an enormity. The pulpit, as the Shekinah of God's holiness, the enshrinement of the divine reprobation against such infinite sin, ought to have been clothed with robes of judgment and of supplication, and God invoked as of old for the salvation of His people, to march through the land in indignation, and to thresh such heathenism in His anger, consuming it with the Spirit of His mouth and the brightness of His coming. It was a time when burning coals from His altar should have been thrown upon the nation.

And it is not yet too late. God is pouring down His spirit, so as to render the scattering of such coals doubly effective. God, in pouring down his spirit, is trying as with the last argument of mercy he ever uses, and is throwing in the mightiest of all elements for the conquest of this tremendous evil, this terrific sin. It is a falsified, corrupted, rotten Christianity, that has taken down, this iniquity of slavery from the gallows where it was hanging as the scorn of all mankind, and has galvanized its bleaching bones, and set it up as the keeper of the Bethesda of the Gospel, the benevolent missionary agency of heaven. The false Christianity, is reviving even the slave trade, and striking down the barriers against it, and raising up a noxious, frightful public sentiment, in admission, tolerance, and justification of it. Now then, it is a revived and true Christianity, fresh from the word, and spirit of God, that must resuscitate the early fire and power of abhorrence against this infinite abomination. It is a reviving Christianity that through the word and

spirit must cut up and abolish this horrible traffic at the roots, by abhorring, denouncing, and casting out slavery itself as forbidden and accursed of the Almighty.

It is God's judicial curse on such infatuation, that they who will put evil for good and good for evil, shall at length be left to worse than idiotic blindness; shall not be able to discern between the two, being given to strong delusion to believe a lie, as part of the penalty for holding the truth in unrighteousness. But the church comes under such infatuation, then indeed a nation is ready to perish; for the church is the conscience of the nation, and if the light that is therein be darkness, how great is that darkness! If the blind lead the blind, both fall into the ditch. If the conscience of the church is corrupted and darkened, the nation has no means of knowing its own evils, and may be far advanced towards irremediable ruin. We become, as a man whose nervous system is incurably diseased or paralyzed, even to the sense of pain. We well know the instrumentality of the sense of pain for our protection from unperceived injuries. In the absence of that sense, or if it were greatly deficient if the nerves appointed to convey the notice of injuries betrayed their trust, being paralyzed, or lulled into insensibility, or bribed into silence, then might a fatal violence be committed, a fatal hurt inflicted, and no warning given, no alarm to save the victim no bell rung to rouse the sleeper, till the flames have cut off his retreat, and the house is consumed, and he in it.

The case is presented for illustration of a man who lay down to doze on the top of a lime-kiln, and during his slumbers, by some inexplicable but fatal paralyzing power, though one of his feet was burnt almost to ashes, he was not aware of it until he arose and attempted to stand on the disabled limb, when it was crushed by the weight, as if it might have been a roasted apple. Now our sins may thus roast us alive beneath the devil's annodynes, and we not know it, until at length, the power of stupefaction being exhausted or withdrawn, our reason is restored only to discover, too late, that Satan and our own madness have reduced us to cinders. A man sometimes drinks till his system is so imbued with the fumes and spirit of the liquid fire that his very breath will take fire at a lighted candle, and he first comes to the knowledge how far his intemperance has carried him, by spontaneous combustion. A whole nation may thus indulge its sins, may proudly and daringly rush onward in a career of oppression, and maintain that such wickedness is the indefeasible right of popular sovereignty, till all the veins, arteries, and vital organs of the social system and the State are filled and poisoned with the mischief; and then spontaneous combustion ensues, and the repulsive, smoking, worm-eaten carcass of an empire is cast forth into God's providential Gehenna, an offence and a warning to the nations. What is to prevent such ruin, if conscience, under timely admonition, does not give the alarm, does not make the people sensible that devil's work upon itself is going forward in the heart of the community.

Now the church and the ministry are the only living conscience of the State; and they are the spiritual nervous system of the nation. It is their business and duty to stand sentinel, to know the approach of sin, to feel the pain, to keep up a keen sensibility against it, to detect the presence of the stealthy invader, to report the violence, to warn the people against the danger and the injury. If they do not do this, if they desert their post, if they keep silence, if they suffer themselves to be drugged and bribed, the nation may be sunk in such profound insensibility, chloroform of selfish sophistry and expediency, so given up to strong delusion to believe a lie, that the whole system, within and without may be debauched, poisoned, gangrened, ready to drop into the grave, and incapable of resistance, whatever outrages of burning or maiming are inflicted on it. Suppose that while you are asleep, a shovel full of coals should be thrown upon your bare arm by some reckless villain, and your nervous tissue should refuse to advertise you, by the sense of pain, letting you sleep on, instead of instantly awakening you, and causing you with a convulsive start, to throw the fire from you, you would be fatally maimed, your limb destroyed, without remedy. And just so, if the church with the Word of God, by God's authority do not faithfully and in season perform the

office of conscience to the nation, while wicked men with wicked laws, are piling iniquity after iniquity, as coals of burning fire, upon the people, the awakening will come too late for resistance, too late for salvation.

And thus it has been with the progress of this sin, left almost unimpeded in its career by the silence of the pulpit, the ministry, the church, and the tract bargaining, mutilation and deceitful handling of the Word of God. The conscience of the nation not being set on fire, and made a living sensibility to sin, with capacity and power of vivid and intense repulsion, has given way, being hoodwinked and anodyned, possessed and drugged by the basest expediency, the direst political sophistry; but at the same time expediency on so grand a scale, and with such benevolent pretences, that men have been made to believe that the largeness of the interests at stake absolutely converts wrong into righteousness, and the duty of speech in behalf of the oppressed into an obligation of compassionate silence.

If there had been an early teaching and catechising of the conscience, and out-speaking of the Word in accordance with the opinions and professions of the patriots and Christians of the Revolution, and the examples of Washington, Jefferson, Dane, Pickering, Randolph and others, and of the early, undiluted, and unmutated expressions of opinion and of truth in the very Book of Discipline in the Presbyterian Church, that the iniquity of slavery would from that time have diminished, and died out, before this flame of justice and benevolence, this fire of conscience and of true patriotism.

But every unused and slumbering faculty only grows weaker, and it was conscience that almost died out while slavery grew on in gigantic insolence and pride. Every compliance of the North with the slavery of the South has been made against conscience, every compromise with sin has been accompanied indeed with a faint protest and outcry of nature and grace, and yet the iniquity has been received and submitted to in silence and self-contempt; and the wounded conscience has shrunk away beneath some covert of expediency, till the wound could be cicatrized and seared, and the moral sense prepared to endure, without revolution and resistance, another and a further outrage. So from step to step, from post to post, from citadel to citadel, the stupendous and remorseless iniquity has strided on, securing every advance by a new bribery and covenant with conscience, and allowing only time enough to intervene between the great encroachments, to ensure the pacification or stupefaction of the protesting elements. The new made graves of principle have been hardly matted with the sods of a single season, when over them the squadrons of invaders have galloped for the perpetration of fresh crimes, which again have been sanctioned by some complying silence and submission.

It seems an instance of judicial blindness, when Christian men, in their senses can conspire to shield the iniquity of slavery from the reprobation of the Word of God, by refusing to denounce it as sin, and declaring that such treatment of it is ultra and inexpedient. The whole history of the corruptions of Christianity can show nothing worse than the sanction and defence of this iniquity by the church and the ministry. The custom of praying for the dead, the invocation of saints, the worship of images, the installing of lying as a Christian virtue, on the principle of doing evil that good may come, abuses and abominations that we look upon now as hideous, were not half so strange and abominable in the Christian church under its Pagan shadows, as the protection of the iniquity of slavery under the clearest light of the Gospel, and with the conscience of the whole world against it. The refusal of the church and the ministry to turn the condemning light of God's Word upon it, the fear and trembling on the part of good men to speak out against it, and to call it sin, the compromise with it, and the very generally implied and sometimes express sanction of it, by men of age, experience, and professed piety, cannot do otherwise than call in question the religion of such men, and the genuineness of such religion. No iniquity that blots the name, the memory, the Christianity, of any Father of the Church in its corruptest patristic period is to be compared with the iniquity of shielding, sanctioning, and sustaining this sin.

In proportion as the advance and aggression of the sin have been daring, the cowardice and silence in regard to it on the part of the church and ministry have been increasing. Forty years ago, the Presbyterian church in this country inserted in their confession of faith the explicit testimony of the Word of God against it, declaring that according to God the holding and selling of human beings was the guilt of manstealing, and that slavery is that sin, and that nothing otherwise; that very crime of which the Almighty has said, "He that stealeth a man and selleth him, or if he be found in his hand, he shall surely be put to death." But now, when this iniquity has taken possession of every branch of our government, and usurpation, and State swindling, and despotism, in the name of popular sovereignty, have set up this image, and proclaimed the edict of its universal worship as the condition of a legitimate State, and the test of Christian patriotism; now, when enormous piles have been driven down for the support of this iniquity, in pretended Constitutional statutes, and on this made-land of the devil a new basis of common law has been grounded, against God and man, and the common heart and conscience of humanity; now when this iniquity has been publicly and solemnly enshrined in the Supreme Tribunal of Justice, the place of the national conscience, and the professed Shekinah of equity and righteousness under responsibility to God, in an edict of oppression against the stranger, caught up, reverberated, and applied, from the highest and most dignified to the lowest and basest of our tribunals and officials, from the Secretary of State, to the conductors of our street cars and the superintendents of lamp-posts, with the damning infamy of the declaration that black men have no rights that white men are bound to respect; now, when, like the Star Wormwood, this iniquity has fallen upon all rivers and fountains of waters both in Church and State, so that men drink thereof, and as to integrity of moral sense forthwith and die; now, when the enemy thus cometh in like a flood, and the most sacred defences against this sin are torn away—this standard, once lifted, under the guidance of the Divine Word and Spirit, is trailed in the dust—this testimony out of God's word against this gigantic and devouring iniquity is withdrawn! Why is this? Have the authors of the Confession of God examined their creed anew, and found themselves mistaken? Have they received new light? Have they a new revelation, or a more celestial exposition of the revelation, teaching them that their fear towards God must be taught by the precepts of men? Then, it was a fearful and horrible thing to declare that it is iniquity. Then, the prevalence of the sin, its existence at all, was mourned over; now, the *ultraism* and fanaticism that dare call it sin! Then, when Pagans over night and in the darkness, set the Ark of God in this Temple of Dagon, the idol fell, and broken before it. Now, Christians themselves have taken pity on this Dagon, and set him in his place again, and Southside ministers and churches have carried him into God's sanctuary, and baptized him as God's missionary. Now, it is a terrible thing to say that sin is sin. Now, the possessors of men slay them, and hold themselves not guilty, and they that sell them say, Blessed be the Lord, for I am rich; and their own shepherd's pity them not. And the merchant loveth to oppress, and they speak wickedly and loftily concerning oppression, and Ephraim saith, I am become rich, I have found me out substance, and so in all my labors they shall find none iniquity in me that were sin. The buying and selling of men may be iniquity in the abstract, but not sin *per se*, and so long as you consent not to call it sin, the law makes it right, and I snap my fingers at the iniquity in the abstract.

So the prophets that divine lies, build up the wall, and others daub it with untempered mortar, making the heart of the righteous sad with lies, defending that which is sin against God, and with lies strengthening the hands of the wicked, that he should not return from his wicked way, by promising him peace in his wickedness.

"With long-suffering, forbearing one another in love." Bearing patiently with the foibles, faults, and infirmities of others. The virtue here required is that which is to be manifested in our manner of receiving the provocations which we meet with from our brethren. No virtue, perhaps, is more frequently demanded in our

intercourse with others. We do not go far with any fellow-traveller on the journey of life, before we find there is great occasion for its exercise. He has a temperament different from our own. He may be sanguine, or choleric, or melancholy: while we may be just the reverse. He has peculiarities of taste, and habits, and disposition, which differ from ours. He has his own plans and purposes of life, and his own way and time of doing things. He may be naturally irritable, or he may have been so trained that his modes of speech and conduct differ much from ours. Neighbours have occasion to remark this in their neighbours: friends in their friends: kindred in their kindred; one church member in another. A husband and wife—such is the imperfection of human nature—can find enough in each other to embitter life, if they choose to magnify imperfections, and to become irritated at trifles; and there is no friendship that may not be marred in this way, if we will allow it. Hence, if we would have life move on smoothly, we must learn to bear and forbear. We must indulge the friend that we love in the little peculiarities of saying and doing things which may be important to him, but which may be of little moment to us. Like children, we must suffer each one to build his playhouse in his own way, and not quarrel with him because he does not think our way the best. All usefulness, and all comfort, may be prevented by an unkind, a sour, a crabbed temper of mind—a mind that can bear with no difference of opinion or temperament. A spirit of fault-finding; unsatisfied temper; a constant irritability; little inequalities in the look, the temper, or the manner; a brow cloudy and dissatisfied—your husband or your wife cannot tell why—will more than neutralize all the good you can do, and render life anything but a blessing. It is in such gentle and quiet virtues as meekness and forbearance that the happiness and usefulness of life consist, far more than in brilliant eloquence, in splendid talent, or illustrious deeds that shall send the name to future times. It is the bubbling spring which flows gently; the little rivulet which glides through the meadow, and which runs along day and night by the farm-house, that is useful, rather than the swollen flood or the roaring cataract. Niagara excites our wonder; and we stand amazed at the power and greatness of God there, as he “pours it from his hollow hand.” But one Niagara is enough for a continent or a world; while that same world needs thousands and tens of thousands of silver fountains, and gently flowing rivulets, that shall water every farm, and every meadow, and every garden, and that shall flow on, every day and night, with their gentle and quiet beauty. So with the acts of our lives. It is not by great deeds only, like those of Howard—not by great sufferings only, like those of the martyrs—that good is to be done; it is by the daily and quiet virtues of life—the christian temper, the meek forbearance, the spirit of forgiveness in the husband, the wife, the father, the mother, the brother, the sister, the friend, the neighbour—that good is to be done; and in this all may be useful.”—*Albert Barnes.*

The Fragment Basket.

THE DAYS OF METHUSELAH.

“How many are there who have ever taken into their minds the full meaning of those nine hundred sixty and nine years which measured the life of the ‘oldest inhabitant?’ Figures of arithmetic are empty symbols; we measure time by deeds. One summer’s life in busy, fruitful lands, seems longer to man’s heart than centuries at the frozen pole. Yet though history records nothing of the labours of Methuselah, we know that his hours did not “slumber nor sleep.” They were the same winged messengers that out-run cashless debtors and cut short lovers’ dreams. The time that waited so long on Methuselah was the same striding skeleton that swings a pitiless scythe in the pages of the New England Primer. His fields were mowed less frequently than now, but they yielded heavier crops. “For there were giants in those days.” We have measured the age of Methuselah only by the sun-dial. Let us take the coil of life, the nine hundred sixty and nine years of his pilgrimage, and roll it out from the present over a past which history has lighted. It stretches back beyond the landing of the pilgrims; beyond the brightness of the Reformation, into the dim twilight of the

middle ages; back beyond the new birth of a continent; beyond Agincourt, and Cressy, and Hastings, and over the graves of twenty five generations, to the very childhood of the English people? William the Conqueror, if he should rise at this day to confound the ambitious names which claim to have "come over" with him, would be younger, by 100 years, than Methuselah was when he died! So long was the life of the Eldest Man; nine blank and voiceless centuries! At the same cup of life which the hot haste of this generation drains to its dregs in threescore years, he sipped away calmly for centuries. He was a slow river. These nine hundred and sixty-nine years were not spent in a brief paradise of youth, and a dreary waste of dotage. They made up one symmetrical life equally divided between the seven ages of man. Stand back "Yong America," whose embryo sinews ache to mingle in the great world's strife, and consider for a moment the childhood of Methuselah. That venerable man must have been subject to maternal restraints for no less than ninety years! He could not have sought the bonds of wedlock in unseemly haste, for Lamech, his eldest son, and his heir, was born in the one hundredth and eighty-seventh year of his father's pilgrimage. Mr. Methuselah lived, loved, and—waited. He could well afford to wait ten times as long as Jacob for the Rachel of his hopes, for the rose-tints in her cheek were fast colours, and among antediluvian ladies there were no old maids of less than three centuries. In the enjoyment of simple and tireless pleasures, the youth and manhood of Methuselah must have glided away like a dream. At length the summit of his life was reached, and he trod down slowly to the tomb. Nine times the century plant had blossomed since his birth, and a new bud was crimsoning with the blood of summers, whose bursting he should not behold. Yet, to that dark and silent river he went down slowly and calmly as the setting sun, gazing with golden smiles far up to the zenith of his noon, and back to the gates of his morning. "And all the days of Methuselah were nine hundred sixty and nine years, and he died."

THE WORSHIP OF "RESPECTABILITY."

It seems to me that the greatest of all crimes in this country—perhaps in most other countries, too—is poverty. Society can overlook and forgive many things; but poverty is the unpardonable sin. "Money answereth all things," says the wise man, and verily it does. . . . Not long ago, there appeared a regular report, week by week, of the number of the aristocracy who attended the ministry of a popular preacher in the metropolis; and it was announced once, by way of attracting extraordinary attention, that Lord Palmerston intended to be present on the following Sunday. Even Christian philanthropy is often exceedingly offensive, exceedingly snobbish, in its expressions. It, too, talks of "the masses" and "the lower orders," and talks of them as though they were peculiarly and specially depraved, and it is greatly delighted when it can parade a large number of titled and fashionable folk as presidents and vice-presidents of its societies, and when it can put a live lord in the chair. Now, I really think that the masses would be justified in getting up a society for the conversion of the upper class—for the conversion of such persons as the directors of the British Bank, and such a person as John Dean Paul, and the manufacturers of accommodation bills. House-to-house visitation is an excellent thing; but let us have fair play; why should the poor alone have the benefit of the agency? Why not have town missionaries whose special object it should be to inculcate the principles of integrity amongst the commercial classes? Tract distribution, by all means; but let us have not only tracts entitled "The Drunkard's Grave," "The Honest Waterman," "The Dairyman's Daughter," but tracts with some such titles as "The Bubble Blower," "Kite-Flying," "The Honest Bank Director," "Don't Salt Your Invoices," "The Sin of Using False Weights and Measures," "Eighteen-pence in the Pound; or Consideration Addressed to a Bankrupt," "William Palmer; or, the Sporting World Unmasked," "The Christian Duty of Paying Tradesmen's Bills with Punctuality," "The Remarkable History of a Gentleman of Fortune who made a Correct Return of his Income to the Income-tax Commissioner," "The Awful Death of an Old Miser," "Physician, Heal Thyself; or, a Word of Advice from the Lower Orders to the Higher," "Six of One, and Half-a-Dozen of the Other; or, the Moral Balance of the Rich and Poor," "Honesty is the Best Policy; or, Serious Advice Addressed to a Member of Parliament," "Thou Shalt not Steal: dedicated to a Clergyman who Prigs all the Sermons he Preaches." Such publications would, I know, be deemed excessively impertinent; but they are quite as much required as the tract that abounds in advice, expostulation, and warning to the working classes.—*Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown.*

OUR FATHER.

O! the unspeakable privilege to have him for our Father, who is *the Father of all mercies and the God of all comfort*. Do not think he can shut out a bleeding soul that comes to him, and refuse to take, and to bind up, and heal, a broken heart that offers itself to him, puts itself into his hand, and entreats his help. Doth he require pity of us, and doth he give it to us, and is it not infinitely more in himself? All that is in angels and men is but an insensible drop to that ocean.—*Leighton*.

The twenty-third Psalm is the nightingale of the Psalms. It is small, of a homely feather singing shyly out of obscurity; but, O, it has filled the air of the whole world with melodious joy, greater than the heart can conceive. Blessed be the day on which that Psalm was born.—*H. W. Beecher*.

“There are only two kinds of persons who can properly be styled reasonable—those serve God with their heart because they know Him; and those who seek Him with who all their heart, because they know him not.”—*Pascal*.

“I often feel consoled under my light afflictions, with the confidence I have that could our faith penetrate our Father’s design in our bitterest trials, we should welcome all, and dread as much the loss of one of his intended strokes as we now do their approach.”—*Mrs. Sherman*.

THE SCULPTURE OF HABIT.—Did you ever watch a sculptor slowly fashioning a human countenance? It is not moulded at once. It is not struck out at a single beat. It is painfully and laboriously wrought. A thousand blows rough cast it. Ten thousand chisel-points polish and perfect it—put in the fine touches, and bring out the features and expression. It is a work of time; but at last the full likeness comes out; and stands fixed for ever and unchanging in the solid marble. Well! so does a man under the leadings of the Spirit, or the teachings of Satan, carve out his own moral likeness. Every day he adds something to the work. A thousand acts of thought, and will, and deed, shape the features and expression of the soul—habits of love, and parity, and truth—habits of falsehood, malice, and uncleanness, silently mould and fashion it, till at length it wears the likeness of God, or the image and superscription of the Evil One.—*Plain Parochial Sermons*.

THE LAST ONE REMEMBERED.—It is a mark of grace, that the believer, in his progress heavenward, grows more and more alive to the claims of Jesus. If you “know the love of Christ,” his is the latest name you will desire to utter; his is the latest thought you will desire to form; upon Him you will fix your last look on earth; upon Him your first in heaven. When memory is oblivious of all other objects—when all that attracted the natural eye is wrapped in the mists of death—when the tongue is cleaving to the roof of our mouth, and speech is gone, and sight is gone, and hearing gone, and the right hand lying powerless by our side, has lost its cunning, Jesus! then may we remember Thee! If the shadows of death are to be thrown in deepest darkness on the valley, when we are passing along it to glory, may it be ours to die like that saint, beside whose bed wife and children once stood, weeping over the wreck of faded faculties, and a blank, departed memory. One had asked him, “Father, do you remember me?” and received no answer; and another and another, but still no answer. And then, all making way for the venerable companion of a long and loving pilgrimage the tender partner of many a past joy and sorrow—his wife, draws near. She bends over him, and as her tears fall thick upon his face, she cries, “Do you not remember me? A stare—but it is vacant. There is no soul in that filmy eye; and the seal of death upon those lips. The sun is down, and life’s brief twilight is darkening fast into a starless night. At this moment one, calm enough to remember how the love of Christ’s spouse is “strong as death”—a love that many “waters cannot quench”—stooped to his ear, and said, “Do you remember Jesus Christ?” The word was no sooner uttered than it seemed to recall the spirit, hovering for a moment, ere it took wing to heaven. Touched as by an electric influence, the heart beats once more to the name of Jesus; the features, fixed in death, relax; the countenance, dark in death, flashes up like the last gleam of day; and with a smile in which the soul passed away to glory, he replied, “Remember Jesus Christ! dear Jesus Christ? He is all my salvation, and all my desire.”—*Guthrie*.

Poetry.

LOVE OF GOD.

“O! never, never canst thou know,
 What thou for thee the Saviour bore;
 The pangs of that mysterious love,
 That wrung his frame at every pore;
 The weight that pressed upon his brow,
 The fever of his bosom’s care.
 Yes, man for man perchance may brave,
 The horrors of the yawning grave;
 And friend for friend, or child for sire,
 Undaunted and unmoved expire,
 ’Tween love, or piety, or pride!

“A sweet, but solitary beam,
 An emanation from on High—
 Glimmers o’er life’s uncertain dream,
 We hail that beam and call it Love!
 But fainter than the pale star’s ray,
 Before the noontide blaze of day;
 And lighter than the viewless sand
 Beneath the wave that sweeps the strand,
 Is all of love that man can know—
 All that in angel breast can glow—
 Compared, O Lord of Hosts! with thine
 Eternal,—fathomless,—divine.
 That love, whose praise, with quenchless fire
 Inflames the blest seraphic choir,
 Where perfect rapture reigns above,
 And love is all—for thou art Love.”

THE SECRET OF CONTENT.

Be thou content; be still before
 His face, at whose right hand doth reign
 Fullness of joy for evermore,
 Without Him all thy toil is vain.
 He is thy living Spring, thy Sun, whose rays
 Make glad with life and light thy dreary days.
 Be thou content.

Art thou all friendless and alone,
 Hast none in whom thou canst confide?
 God careth for thee, lonely one,
 Comfort and health will he provide.
 He sees thy sorrows and thy hidden grief,
 He knoweth when to send thee quick relief.
 Be thou content.

Thy heart’s unspoken pain He knows,
 Thy secret sighs He hears full well;
 What to none else thou dar’st disclose,
 To him thou mayst with boldness tell.
 He is not far away, but ever nigh,
 And answereth willingly the poor man’s cry.
 Be thou content.

Sayst thou I know not how or where,
 No help I see where’er I turn;

When of all else we most despair,
The riches of God's love we learn ;
When thou and I His hand no longer trace,
He leads us forth into a pleasant place.
Be thou content.

Though long his promised aid delay,
At last it will be surely sent ;
Though thy heart sink in sore dismay,
The trial for thy good is meant,
What we have won with pains we hold more fast,
What tarrieth long is sweeter at the last.
Be thou content.

Lay not to heart whate'er of ill
Thy foes may falsely speak of thee ;
Let man defame thee as he will,
God hears and judges righteously.
Why shouldst thou fear, if God be on thy side,
Man's cruel anger, or malicious pride ?
Be thou content.

We know for us a rest remains,
When God will give us sweet release
From earth and all our mortal chains,
And turn our sufferings into peace.
Sooner or later death will surely come
To end our sorrows, and to take us home.
Be thou content.

Home to the chosen ones, who here
Served their Lord faithfully and well,
Who died in peace, without a fear,
And there in peace forever dwell.
The Everlasting is their joy and stay,
The Eternal Word Himself to them doth say,
Be thou content.

PAUL GERHARDT, 1670.

Family Reading.

THE HIGHLAND MAID, OR PRAYER OF FOUR WORDS.

"In May, 18—, Rev. Hector McPhail, the pastor of Resolis, was on his way to the Scottish General Assembly. Travelling thirty to forty miles a day, it would take him a full week, and oblige him frequently to pass the night in the then by no means comfortable inns upon the Highland road. It was his invariable practice to hold family worship in these houses, and to insist upon the attendance of every inmate.

Resting one night at a little inn amid the wild hills of Inverness-shire, he summoned as usual the family together for devotional purposes. When all had been seated, the Bible produced, and the group waiting the commencement of the devotions, Mr. McPhail looked around, and asked whether every inmate of the house was present. The landlord replied in the affirmative.

"All?" again inquired the minister. "Yes," answered the host, "we are all here; there is a little lassie in the kitchen, but we never think of asking her in, for she is so dirty she is not fit to be seen." "Then call in the lassie," said Mr. McPhail, laying down the Bible which he had opened, "we will wait till she comes." The landlord apologised. The minister was peremptory. "The scullery maid had a soul, and a very precious one," he said; if she was not in the habit of being summoned to family worship, all the greater was the need of joining them now." Not one word would be uttered until she came. Let her then be called in. The host at length consented; the kitchen-girl was taken in to join the circle, and the evening worship proceeded.

After the devotions, Mr. McPhail called the little girl to him, and began to question her about her soul and its eternal interests. He found her in a state of most deplor-

able ignorance. "Who made you?" he asked as introductory. The girl did not know. "Do you know that you have a soul?" "No; I never heard that I had one. What is a soul?" "Do you ever pray?" "I don't know what you mean." "Well, I am going to Edinburgh, and I will buy a little neckerchief if you promise to say a prayer that I will teach you; there are *only four words* in it—*Lord, show me MYSELF*. If you will repeat this night and morning, I will not forget to bring you what I have promised." The little kitchen-maid was delighted; a *new* piece of dress was a phenomena she had rarely witnessed. The idea was enchanting, the condition was easy; the promise was given with all the energy of young expectancy, and Mr. McPhail, after explaining, no doubt, the meaning and force of the prayer, retired to rest, and next morning resumed his journey.

The visit of a Ross-shire minister to the metropolis is a sort of triennial era. A call for this one, a commission for that one, have to be executed, and if one be obliging in his character, he has his hands full. But Mr. McPhail did not forget the Highland inn and its little maid.

On an evening in June, on his return, the minister of the wild mountains of Badenoch, on his little white pony, is safely housed in the lonely Highland Inn, and before he permits supper to touch his lips, summons the household to worship God. Again the little kitchen-maid is absent. He asks the cause. But now it is a different reason. "Indeed, sir," replied the hostess to Mr. McPhail's inquiry, "she has been of little use since you were here; she has done nothing but cry night and day, and now she is so weak and exhausted that she cannot rise from her bed." "O my good woman, let me see the girl immediately," exclaimed the minister, instantly divining the reason of her grief. He was conducted to a hole beneath the stairs where the little creature lay upon a bed of straw, a picture of mental agony and spiritual distress.

"Well, my child," said the amiable man, affectionately addressing her, "here is the neckerchief I have brought you from Edinburgh; I hope you have done what you promised, and said the prayer that I taught you?"

"O no, sir, no, I can never take your present; a dear gift it has been to me; you taught me a prayer that God has answered in an awful way; *he HAS shown me myself*, and O, what a sight that is! Minister, Minister, what shall I do?"

It is not necessary to say that the faithful man of God heard her Gaelic accents with joy. The Spirit of God, dealing with this young soul while yet in bondage, was producing a true, though partial and imperfect faith. What but the *special* agency of the Holy Ghost, (John xvi. 8,) in conversion, could have communicated this influence to this heart? In a little more than a fortnight, through the use of this prayer, this little maid had acquired an experimental acquaintance with her heart, deeper and more correct than Thales, the author of the precept, "Know thyself," ever attained. She could not read the Bible; she had no sympathy in the household; whence then the mysterious ray which all at once illumined the dark chamber of her soul, and exposed the barrenness and deformity of *self*!

It was the Spirit of God that wrought, coming into "warm contact" with her living soul in a manner altogether *special*, and hitherto unknown by herself or the world.—It was "the Spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him; but she knew him, for he dwelt with her and was in her."—On no other principle can we account for the fact, that one but a few weeks ago so totally ignorant that she had asked, "What is a soul?" should have been able to pursue that most difficult and severe of all mental processes, the inspection of self.

After some further conversation, Mr. McPhail opened to the distressed girl the great gospel method of salvation, and closed the interview by recommending the use of another equally short and comprehensive prayer, "*Lord show me THYSELF*". Next morning the minister was on his way home.

Many years past. The vigorous and wiry minister who could ride forty miles a day for a week without intermission, had now become an old and feeble man, and worn out in his Master's service. One day his servant intimated that a stranger was desirous to speak to him. Permission being given, a respectable, matronly woman was ushered into the study, carrying a large parcel in her hand. "You will scarcely know me Mr. McPhail," said the woman. He replied that he did not recognize her. "Do you remember a little scullery-maid at ——— inn, in whose soul you one took a deep interest on your journey to Edinburgh? Mr. McPhail had a perfect recollection of the events. "I was that little girl. You taught me two short but most expressive prayers. By the first I was brought to feel my need of a Saviour; by the second, I was

led to behold that Saviour himself, and to view Jehovah in the character of a reconciled God and Father in Christ. I am now respectably married, and comfortably settled in life; and although the mother of a numerous family, have travelled far to see your face, and to cheer you by telling you with my own lips the glorious things which, by your means, the Lord has been pleased to do for my soul."

Before parting with him, she entreated his acceptance of the parcel she carried, which contained a large web of linen of her own spinning, made long before for the purpose of being presented to the blessed and beloved old man, should she ever be permitted to see his face in the flesh.

She lived for many years, not only a consistent, but an eminently holy christian.—Many reflections strike me, but I am only writing a simple story. Yet one short question:

Friend, hast thou ever seen THYSELF? Has the hideous pollution of thy *inner SELF* ever been disclosed to thee in but a tithe of its real intensity and guilt? If not, thou hast never felt thy need of a Saviour from sin, and needest to begin at the very starting-point of experience, with the prayer, "*Lord show me MYSELF.*"

THE SKEPTIC CONVINCED.—A TRUE STATEMENT FROM REAL LIFE.

"What a splendid bouquet!" said my friend, Professor B., as I held up a choice sample of green-house flowers for his admiring inspection. "These camellias and carnations are absolutely perfect," he added, "and that is what we can seldom say of anything here. Grandmother," said he, suddenly turning to the aged invalid for whom the flowers had been sent, "what was that I heard you saying the other day to young Dean about the teachings of nature?—Dean is a little skeptical, I suspect," said the Professor, in a whisper too low for his aged relative to hear, "and our good grandmother, I believe, was trying to convert him."

The old lady answered the question with more solemnity than it had been asked: "I told Henry Dean that such flowers were enough to convince the strongest atheist of the existence of a God: and that if he rejected the Bible, the teachings of nature were a perpetual rebuke to his unbelief.

"Grandmother," said the Professor, "neither *nature* nor the *Bible* ever convinced me of the reality of religion. I could tell you of an argument far more potent."

The startled faces of his two auditors showed the Professor that he was misunderstood: we had taken his frank declaration as an avowal of infidelity. He hastened to correct our mistake.

"No, no, I did not mean that: I am not a doubter. I fully believe; but I did not reach my present convictions by the path which has been usually prescribed. You look as if you would like to ask me about it," he said.

"I am hoping, Professor, that you will tell us without the asking," I said, with my usual frankness. He smiled; and after a little hesitation, gave us the desired explanation.

"I had, as you well know, strict religious training in my childhood. My excellent parents exemplified the religion which they inculcated, and although I did not yield my heart to its claims, it never occurred to me while under the paternal roof to doubt its divine reality. I know not why I did not become a Christian in my boyhood. Perhaps it was the strong influence which my cousin James had acquired over me. My mother died when he was twenty, and I was fifteen, leaving us both to mourn her loss, though not to follow her example. I soon left home for a distant school, where my cousin was engaged in teaching. Here, for the first time, he insinuated his doubts of the correctness of the system of religious truth in which I had been educated. I was at first considerably shocked. But a willingness to silence the voice of my own conscience led me to listen to him, at length, with some satisfaction. And ere my four years course of study under his instruction had expired, my mind had so far surrendered itself to his guidance, that I persuaded myself that the Bible was a fable, and that those who professed to believe it were dupes or hypocrites. At this period I went abroad to acquire my profession at a foreign university. My early habits kept me free from vice myself; and I still loathed it in others.

"While I tried to divest myself of all ideas of accountability to God, I strove not to forfeit my own self-respect by any conduct unworthy of a man. I wonder I was not left to prove the sandy foundation of my morality by some grievous lapse from virtue. I certainly deserved such a lesson. Perhaps my sainted mother's prayers were laid up

before the throne of a justly incensed, but long suffering God, and her pleadings stood between me and vengeance. I had kept my father in ignorance of my doubts and unbelief until my return from the Continent. I could not bear to pain him with the knowledge that his only son had become a skeptic—almost an atheist. But shortly after I reached home, still accompanied by my cousin, a careless sneer of the latter at some pious remark opened the eyes of my parent, and his inquires were direct and pressing. The truth could no longer be concealed by either of us. I expected a torrent of reproaches, but my father uttered no word of rebuke or condemnation. His pale, sad face, as he took up his lamp, and bade me the usual affectionate good night, reproached me more deeply than the bitterest words could have done. And when I heard the weary, heavy tread of his feet, as for hours he paced his solitary chamber, I felt how deeply the iron had entered his soul.

“The next morning he sent for me to come to his room. I joined him there with a face as sorrowful as his own. He looked at me for a moment in silence, and then addressed me calmly and tenderly :

“My son, I see that you are grieved at having given me pain, and I think that you will not refuse a request which is all the consolation that, under present circumstances, you can offer me.”

“I replied with sincerity that I would do anything in my power to give him comfort and prove my affectionate regard for him. I was about to add that I trusted he would not ask me to change my opinions, as with my present convictions that would be impossible, when he interrupted me :

“No, no, I ask you not to believe as I do: I only beg that you will immediately examine the whole subject candidly and impartially, and promise me that if you find, upon a thorough examination, sufficient evidence of the truth of the Bible, and the reality of religion, you will at once give your heart to their Divine Author, and make his service the business of your life.”

“I could not refuse assent to a request so reasonable, and of course promised immediate compliance. Telling my father that I had already made myself familiar with the writings of those who doubted or denied what he believed, I asked him to point me to such authors as he wanted me to examine upon his side of the question, and I would at once commence their perusal. His reply was as unexpected as it was calm :

“No, my son, it is a different source of evidence which I wish you to look at. Take this little book: (it was my mother’s well worn Bible :) compare it what you remember of her life, what you have seen and known of the lives of others whom you believe sincere in their profession of its truth: contrast with this testimony the lives and conversation of its opposers—and the God of the Bible, your mother’s God, will surely open your eyes.”

“This was a course for which I was not prepared. Doubts, sneers, subtle sophistry could not enter into my researches. Facts, not arguments, were to be my teachers. I felt awe-struck, and forbode a defeat. Hardly knowing how or where to begin, I opened the little book which my father had so solemnly placed in my hand. A pencilled passage met my eye, and thrilled my heart. It was this: ‘Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them.’ What a beacon torch thus flashed forth from above, held by a divine hand, at the very starting point of my promised search!

“Vividly its light glanced over the past, and my mother’s saintly life shone brightly before me. How her daily walk and conversation became the doctrines she professed! She had her imperfections, indeed but how heartily she mourned over them! She had her besetting sins, but how earnestly she strove against them! She had severe trials: how meekly she submitted to them! She had self-denying duties: how faithful in her attempts to perform them! Nor was she the only witness for Christ. My father, and a host of others, of whom the world was not worthy, afforded similar testimony. Notwithstanding all their imperfections and inconsistencies, a silver thread had run through the whole warp and woof of their lives—the prevailing purpose and desire to love and serve God.

“And now the contrast of which my father had spoken: ah! I needed not to look far or closely for that. It stood out boldly and darkly before me. How hollow and false their motives—how selfish their purposes—how corrupt their lives! God did indeed open my eyes, and a divine voice spake from his blessed word, ‘This is the way, walk ye in it.’ For my present hope in Christ, and assured faith of eternal blessedness, I am indebted to the testimony afforded by the lives of Christians.”—*New York Independent.*

MAXIMS FOR HOME.

V.—Another maxim may be this; NEVER BE IDLE. True we must have relaxation. The young especially demand it; and no wise parent will withhold what the religion of love so beautifully inculcates. But while home is made a place of buoyant joy, that end will be best promoted by wisely alternating activity and repose. And the highest model of all good, is peculiarly our model in regard to activity. Follow the Saviour through all his wanderings, in the desert place or in the crowded city, on the mountain side or by the margin of the lakes which His presence has consecrated, by day or by night in the garden, or on the very cross, and he was even working his Father's work; he rested just to be more fit for exertion he slept but when he awoke it was to hush a tempest; and the believer in Jesus will try to imitate his example.

Or do we seek rather a merely human model. Then we are told of one who "seemed born under a decree to do," that "doing, never doing, he seemed to abhor idleness, more than the nature of the old philosophy abhorred a vacuum." It was irksome to that man to spend an idle hour. He accordingly did the work of several men, and his home guided by such a father appears to have been one of the most happy of all the homes of England, a busy family is most likely to be a happy one for idleness proverbially leaves us at the mercy of the tempter.

VI.—Another maxim for Home is, BE HAPPY AND MAKE HAPPY. Now happiness does not depend on some great or striking event, but rather upon things which seem small and insignificant, as rain drops from the shower, and at length the flood. A kind deed kindly done, a kind word kindly spoken. Nay a smile or a look may be all that is needed, and a thing so trivial may spread a radiant sunshine through a home. All the year may be made a summer, by such simple means. And how countless the sources of home happiness if the Word of God be the guide! Are there poor at hand? A single loaf would make both them and us happy. Are there the ignorant to teach? A Bible or a book would shed light. Are the sorrowing near? Then point them to the Man of Sorrows, or tell of the Spirit, the Comforter. Like seed corn our happiness is increased, by being thus diffused. Like the light it should spread, like heat it should radiate; and amid many sorrows, that abode is a happy one where the members aim at such results.

But the world deems such things the cause of sorrow or of bondage, not of happiness, how falsely the believer need not be told. It was the resolution of President Edwards never to say aught upon the Sabbath that would provoke a laugh and the world would deem that a Sabbatarian fanaticism. Yet the home of Edwards was one of the most blessed ever seen on earth; there went forth from it soul after soul prepared through grace to work the work of God; and it is thus that the happiness of home will spread, when it is the happiness of the children of God.

VII.—ATTEND TO "MINOR MORALS."—By their *Petite Morale* the French mean politeness, and that has its place in a Christian home. The cordial desire to please a sensitive shrinking from whatever would hurt or offend, and similar things, tend to sweeten all the intercourse of life. Parents should attend to them with care as the inlets of much home happiness, and where they are neglected the Saviour's truth has not free course in a household. If politeness be morality in little things, "and if life be commonly made of such things, no more is needed to show how much our happiness depends upon them, the kindest purest nature will cultivate this habit with greatest care and the Word of God contains the principle which should guide us here as in all besides, it teaches each to esteem others better than himself.

VIII.—One maxim more must suffice. NEVER SAY WE MUST DO AS OTHERS DO. That maxim has brought myriads to misery; and parents should dare to be singular if they would be Christians or have Christian homes. The dead soul is swept down by the world's current, but the living stems it and rejoices. Doing as others do in dress, in entertainments, in expenditure, or in pleasure, just perpetuates the reign of folly; and parents who would flee from ruin and make home truly happy, must resolutely turn such things from their door. Perhaps more of the moral health of home depends upon this one maxim. Dare to be singular if to be singular means to be Christian than any other that could be named, Paul knew it, and practised it. The tongue of slander might revile, and those who had neglected their own character, might be busy with his; but to him or to any like minded man, that is a light matter. He appealed from man to God, and there left all over to the judgment day.

Whatever it may cost, then God and not man must give law in our abodes, if we wish them to be blessed. If we evade His Word under any pretext, or if we be scared by the

unscriptural opinion of others we are not following the Lord fully. What is it to any man who fears God, how much he may be censured, if the *c* are be unchristian? To his faith the believer should add courage to meet all sue *s*; and thus ruling his home in the fear of God and not of man, the peace of Go *u*ld circulate there. That man's home would become his castle indeed.

WAITING FOR THE HOLY SPIRIT.

We were not seated in the parlor, before a servant entered, and said, a lady in the hall wished to see me. I immediately stepped into the hall, and a very genteel lady, about forty years of age, addressed me, with evident agitation :

"I beg your pardon for troubling you to-night, sir, but I could not help it. I have longed to see you ever since you preached here in August. I have often felt that I would give *anything* to see you, for even five minutes. I have prayed for that privilege. And when I saw you in the Town Hall to-night I was so rejoiced that I could hardly remain in my seat: and I determined to follow you when you went out, till I got a chance to speak with you."

"I am very glad to see you Madam; but I suspect you have taken all this trouble in vain."

"Why sir cannot you talk with me one minute? cannot you answer me one question?" said she, her eyes overflowing with tears.

"Certainly, certainly, Madam; I can talk with you as long as you please to favor me with your company, and will answer any questions you choose to ask, as well as I can; but I suspect you need an aid which I cannot give you."

"Sir, I want only one thing of you. I want you to tell me how I shall procure the Holy Spirit. I have wanted to ask you this question for months. If you will only tell me, I will not intrude myself upon you any longer."

(Entirely overcome with her emotions, she wept like a child.)

"*Intrude!* my dear lady? This is no intrusion. I am glad to see you. I thank you with all my heart, for coming to me. I beg you to do me the justice to believe it, and feel yourself perfectly at ease. Ask me anything, or tell me anything you will, with entire freedom. I will not abuse your confidence."

She stood before me trembling and weeping, as if her heart would break. And as she aimed to repress her emotions, and removed her handkerchief from her eyes, the light of the hall lamp shone full upon her face, and I was surprised at the deep solemnity and determination, which appeared in one of the most intelligent and beautiful countenances that I ever beheld.

At this instant the lady of the house, perceiving the nature of our conversation invited us into a private room. My new acquaintance told me who she was, and repeated the cause of her calling upon me. I asked her some questions, and conversed with her for some minutes, for the purpose of ascertaining more exactly the state of her mind, and adapting my words accordingly. Her intelligence and the elegance of her language surprised me. She was in middle life, a married woman, having a husband still living, and two small children. Her husband was not a pious man; and her thoughts about her own salvation had lead her to think much of his, and of the duty she owed to her children. Her first serious impressions arose from the thought, that, not being a member of the church, she could not dedicate her children to God in the ordinance of baptism; and this led her to think, that in her unbelief she could not fitly train them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

"O! sir," said she, (the tears streaming from her eyes, and her sensations almost choking her utterance,) "I would give all the world to be a Christian! I know I am a sinner, an undone sinner! I have a vile and wicked heart. I have sinned all my life! I wonder God has spared me so long."

"But he has spared you, madam; when you did not deserve it. And what has he spared you for, but that you should repent of sin and flee to Christ for pardon."

"I would repent if I could. I want to be a Christian. But my hard, wicked heart is stronger than I! For years I have read my Bible, and struggled and prayed; and it has done me no good! I am afraid I shall be cast off for ever! God has not given me His Spirit!"

"I too am afraid you will be cast off for ever! Probably your danger is greater than you think! But there is mercy in Christ for the chief of sinners. His blood cleanseth from—"

"I know it, sir; I know all that from my Bible. I have read it a thousand times. But I cannot come to Christ without the Holy Spirit."

"Madam, the text is plain, if ye being evil know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the holy Spirit to—"

"But I am *not* one of his children, sir."

"The text does not say, *to his children*, my dear madam; it says '*to them that ask him.*' 'Ask and ye shall receive.'"

"O! I *have* prayed—I *do* pray."

"Allow me to ask you, madam, how long you have been in this state of mind?"

"About three years. I was first brought to think of my salvation, soon after the birth of my first child; when my duty to my family led me to feel the need of religion. I could not have it baptized, for I was not a member of the church; and what troubled, me more, I could not do my duty to it, for I was not a child of God."

"And have you been accustomed, for so long a time, to read your Bible carefully?"

"O! I have read it all, again and again! I read it daily. I have prayed and wept over this subject, for long *years!* and have waited for the Holy Spirit to renew my heart."

"And have you been waiting for the Holy Spirit for three years, in this state of mind?"

"Indeed, sir, I have."

"Then, for *three years* you have been waiting for what God *gave* you *three years ago*. It was the Holy Spirit, which first led you to feel you were a sinner and needed Christ. The Holy Spirit has been striving with you all along, and you did not know it. He led you to the Bible. He led you to prayer. He sent you here to-night. He strives with you to bring you to Christ for forgiveness."

"Do you think *so!*" said she with astonishment.

"I *know so*," said I. "God has been better to you, than you have thought. He has done what you have never given him credit for. He has called and you have refused. He has invited, and you have held back. The Holy Spirit has not left you yet. I wonder that he has not; but you have another call to-night. And now, madam; accept his invitation; repent; take Christ as your Savior. Go home and give your heart to God, just as it is. You cannot make it better. The Holy Spirit is with you. Do not resist him any longer. You have stayed away from Christ, because you supposed you must. You wanted the Holy Spirit *first*; and thought you must not come to Christ till your heart was better. The dispensation of the Spirit was in his hand. Go to the fountain. The Bible no where tells you to *wait* for the Holy Spirit; but, fleeing to Christ, to depend on his aid *now*."

"Pardon me, sir; I must ask you again, if you really think the Holy Spirit is striving with me?"

"Yes, my dear friend, I *know* he is. He has been for years. He offered you his aid. He calls you to Christ now. Go to Christ. Repent to-night. Accept and rest on Christ now. The Holy Ghost saith, '*To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your heart.*'"

"And is that all you have to say to me about the Holy Spirit?"

"Yes, that is *all*. The Holy Spirit this moment strives with you. God is willing to save you. Nothing but your own unbelief and impenitence can ruin you."

"Has the Spirit been striving with me? and I did not know it?" (said she, in the manner of meditation, the tears streaming from her eyes.) She left me and returned to her home.

Early the next morning, before the sun rose, as I looked from my window, I beheld her coming through the thick dew which lay upon the grass, with hasty steps ascending the hill, on which the house where I lodged was situated. She asked for me at the door, and I immediately met her in the parlor.

"I thank you, my dear friend, I thank you a thousand times for telling me that;" (said she, the moment she saw me; her eyes streaming with tears, and her countenance beaming with joy.) "It was all true. I have found it true. I can rejoice in Christ now. I am happy, sir, O, I am happy. I thought I *must* come and thank you. I am afraid you will think me rude in calling upon you at such an hour. But I was afraid you would be gone if I delayed; and I could not let you leave town without telling you how happy I am, and how much I thank you. After I heard you preach, three months since, I thought you could tell me something about obtaining the gift of the Holy Spirit, and when I asked you about it last night, I was very much disappointed by what you said. I was amazed and confounded. You did not say what I expected. But I *believed* you. I spent the night over this subject. Happy night for

me. And now I *know* you told me the truth. You read my heart rightly. I bless God for what I have found. Pardon me, sir; I *must* ask you to *tell other sinners that Christ is waiting for them.* They do not know it, I am sure, any more than I did, or they would go to him. The Holy Spirit calls us to do so. With all my glad heart I yield to him. I do not wait any longer. I bless you, for telling me, I need not wait."

Weeping for joy, she continued to talk to me in this manner for some minutes.

I have not seen her since. But I have learned that she has publicly professed her faith, and has lived for years as a reputable and happy believer.

Probably the influences of the Holy Spirit are more common with impenitent sinners than they suppose. Such persons greatly err, when, instead of fleeing at once to Christ, they wait, and think they *must* wait for attainment first. Their waiting for it is but a deceptive excuse; and if they suppose they have gained any attainment, and on that ground Christ has accepted them, their religion is self-righteousness and delusion. A broken heart is invited to the balm of Gilead. "Tell other sinners that Christ is waiting for them."

The subtlety of the adversary is wonderful. The want of the Holy Spirit was the woman's obstacle. The devil had led her to believe that she was forsaken by the Spirit; and if she was, she knew from the Bible that there was no other help for her. Instead of going to Christ therefore in faith, she miserably supposed that she *must* wait. She did not know that the very urgency and influence of the Holy Spirit consists in bringing sinners to embrace Jesus Christ as he is offered to us in the gospel. The very thing that God wished her to do, was the very thing that she supposed she *must* not do; and thus she was compelled to wait in darkness and fear by a subtle device of the adversary. It is important for convicted sinners to know that the cause of their irreligion is *not* that Christ is not willing to receive them, but that they are not willing to trust in him.—*Spencer's Sketches.*

Obituary.

THE RIGHTEOUS SHALL BE HELD IN EVERLASTING REMEMBRANCE.

Last Sabbath it was our privilege to hear a sermon from, John XII. 26, by the Rev. D. McGregor, of the Congregational Church Brock.

We mean not to refer to the merits of the discourse, which, in every respect, was a truly excellent one, but to a most touching allusion made in it, to the demise of Mr. Allan MacLean, who had fallen asleep in Jesus the previous Tuesday. It was stated, that thirty years ago, the departed had been brought to the knowledge of the truth, in the Island of Tyree, Scotland, under the preaching of one of the first missionaries of the Congregational Body to that island.

Against much opposition, he, and a few others, continued steadfast in the faith of the Gospel, till, Mr. Farquharson, yet, the devoted and eminently useful pastor of that church, was sent by the Lord to them. It is interesting to notice, that one and the same day witnessed the setting apart of the *one* to be pastor, and the other deacon. Bearing in mind, that the pastor alluded to, and his people, have long been represented as holding light views on the work of the Holy Spirit, in the conversion of souls, we were not at all sorry to hear Mr. McGregor say, that proof conclusive enough of their views of the necessity of the work of the Holy Spirit was to be had, in the indisputed fact—that, for years a prayer-meeting was held in the pastor house, before daylight in winter. One of Mr. Farquharson's daughters, then a child, who slept in an adjoining apartment, used in after years to relate, that at the close of this meeting, she could distinguish Mr. MacLean's voice, addressing the Brethren, in his own peculiarly emphatic way, in these words "ONWARD—PERSEVERE—Except the Lord build the house, the builders

lose their pain—The Lord and *He* alone must do the work.” Such, the preacher said were the men, such, the beloved brother whose pew is now empty ; who during his pilgrimage in this country, was the same useful man. He laid down his armour, at his Master’s bidding, with character unsullied—guilty of no act inconsistent with the Christian Soldier. He exchanged the conflict, for the Crown of Life, which fadeth not away. Surely the memory of such men should be honoured,

“Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day :
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in Heaven’s own light.

In winding up, the preacher made a very affecting appeal to an individual or two, over whom the departed groaned in spirit, till Christ would be formed in them. The remaining members of the family, seven in number—one a deacon, the rest walking in the footsteps of their father, with their mother, an aged Christian were comforted and admonished to be followers of those, who through faith and patience inherit the promises.—*Communicated.*

Mariposa, 12th August, 1858.

THE LATE MRS. M’KILLICAN,

The late Mrs. M’Killican, who died on the 10th ult., at Breadalbane, near Vankleek Hill, was a native of Perthshire, Scotland—and relict of the late Rev. Wm. M’Killican, who departed this life about ten years ago, having for many years been a useful Minister of the Gospel in this neighbourhood.

Mrs. M’Killican, who was well known in this place and vicinity, and who was valued most by those who knew her best, was not only endeared to her family and to the Congregational Church in this Township, of which church she was a member, and to a large circle of Christian friends of different denominations, but held in high estimation by all who knew her.

Her acquaintance with the Word of God was accurate and extensive ; her intelligence of a high order ; her general knowledge varied, interesting, and practical ; and when to this we add that she was characterized by an original cast of thought and expression, by great promptness and fidelity, and above all by Christian love, it will easily be imagined that her society must have been interesting, enlivening, and in a high degree of a salutary tendency.

We fancy that very few, if any, young persons ever received from our departed friend the impression that they must give up the idea of genial feeling and a cheerful spirit in this world if they would prepare for a better country ; and by not a few of that class many of her words of vivacity, faithfulness, and love, will doubtless be cherished in their warm recollections as precious and useful mementos of that “ Mother in Israel.”

As the evening shades of her life here below thickened around her, her serene and divinely illumined spirit seemed all the more beautiful with Salvation ; and, as she approached the great change, her freedom from every painful apprehension, and the deep calm of her soul distinctly told of the faithfulness and love of her Lord and Master, who says “ Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you : not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.”

Her Pastor, the Rev. J. Elliot, of Vankleek Hill, the Rev. Mr. Cameron, Baptist Minister of Breadalbane and the Rev. A. Lillie, D.D. of Toronto, took part in the religious services at her funeral.—*Vankleek-Hill Economist of 12th August.*