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THE GOSPEL TRIBUNE, AND CHRISTIAN COMMUNIONIST,

A

Monthly Interdenominational Journal.

VOLUME III.]

NOVEMBER, 1856.

[NUMBER 7.

"ONE IS YOUR MASTER, even CHRIST: AND ALL YE ARE BRETHERN."

Moral and Religious Miscellany.

THE PRESS AND VOLUNTARIYISM.

On the 26th of August, in the year of our Lord, 1856—we chronicle carefully a date of such great importance—a humble begging letter appeared in *The Times*. A poor curate begged the charity of the public for a yet poorer curate—a suffering, indeed a disabled one to boot. For twenty-five years he had laboured in a parish of 1,300 people (how many Dissenters we are never told in such estimates), his vicar owning, and residing on a large estate in Ireland, and receiving £390 per annum, yet allowing his substitute, who did all the work, but £80 a-year, with residence in a damp ill-furnished house. Unable to rise from his bed, suffering acutely with vertebral disease in the neck, without a relative or friend, paying a clergyman for "doing his duty," and, unaided by the landlord vicar with £390 a-year from the living, he presented a fair case indeed for charity. It was not withheld, £400 was quickly raised to supply his wants. But the matter did not stop there; Parliament is not sitting, the daily papers have room for correspondence, and the clerics of the incumbent and curate classes have been in session ever since in the columns of *The Times*.

Very amusing the debate has been to us outsiders. Had we a Gathercole among us, it would not take much ingenuity to concoct an autobiography of a poor curate, or a fleeced incumbent, which might be considerably more truthful than that of a Dissenting minister. "An incumbent" soon replied that unless the incumbent had been instituted before the 20th of July, 1813, he must by law pay his curate £150 a-year. The kind curate, on the 1st of September, promises to look into the legal part of the business, thanks contributors, but announces the startling fact that five thousand curates live (?) on £80 a-year, and six thousand incumbents on less than £200 a-year. The writer himself is but a poor curate "passing rich with £60 a-year, rent and taxes clear," is a married man with five children, and trusts to some one's writing for him, should his health also fail. His neighbour, the Dissenting minister, has £400 a-year. Our readers will ask, and who is the Dissenting neighbour to this Essex curate? We cannot enlighten them. We believe it was Robinson, of Cambridge, who remarked on the inappropriateness of the invocation in the Church prayer for the clergy and people; but surely only He "who alone worketh great marvels" could inspire such curates with "a healthful spirit of grace."

Possibly the curate controversy might soon have dropped, but on the tenth of this month *The Times* itself entered the field, and can it be credited? with the solemn announcement that the service of the Church is not in a pecuniary sense worth a man's

while, and that her servants are idlers; that so poor is the current pay that a worthy bishop who tried to allure Dissenters into the fold by ordination without a degree, soon found his game shy of the net, so unattractive was the bait; and that the clergyman is generally the idlest man in the parish. Indeed, we are told that the argument is a circle, that "the clerical profession is the idlest among us because it is the worst rewarded, and the worst rewarded because it is the idlest." *The Times* knows of but one remedy—to make clergymen like other public servants (which) give an account of their time. They must keep a parish clerical log book.

As might be expected, our contemporary brought on himself a perfect storm of letters—clergymen idlers needing to make written proof of their ministry!—numerous incumbents now rushed into print, but specially, to prove their poverty. Their £1,000 a-year left but £600 nett, and their £600 but £140. Moreover, absenteeism was now the exception, and the curate was but a deduction from the incumbent's income for doing the excess of work assigned him by his holy but exacting Mother. After the lapse of a week the oracle speaks again. The ground is shifted. Before, curates were ill paid because they were idlers, now because they are extras, and no one likes the extras; we do not in a school bill, we do not when the waiter comes to us after an hotel dinner, or the boots expects to be remembered. The Establishment knows nothing of curates (the Prayer-book notwithstanding), bishops, archdeacons, &c., down to rectors it knows; but who are curates? Extras, plaguy extras. The people give them nothing because the Establishment provides them with a clergyman; the Establishment gives them nothing, for they have no part or lot in it. State endowment and voluntarism send them backward and forward to each other, and between the two they would literally starve but for the charity of rectors and vicars. Poor curates—successors of the apostles too—each of them entitled to look down with pity and contempt on the Dissenting teacher, each of them despising the slaves of voluntary support, yet each liable to be cashiered from the diocese at the whim of "his diocesan," and to have his little stipend stopped if he displease his employer.

The important circumstance, however, is that all the papers which have given their attention to the subject are beginning to see that in some form there will have to be at least a partial appeal to voluntarism. *The Times* itself only requires that first the revenues of the Church shall be made the most of, and that contributors shall be asked only for a proved necessity. *The Spectator* considers the matter in its own way, in detail, and comes to the conclusion that "if the Church of England is to stand, sooner or later we must come to a general voluntary contribution for its partial support, and sooner is better than later; indeed, postponement may be irre-

mediable." *The Saturday Review*, again, a journal well informed on clerical matters, says that, "as the end of the whole affair we are landed in the very sensible conclusion that some adaptation of the voluntary system is the only remedy for the great curate grievance." It openly charges Churchmen with "doing less for the support of their professed belief than any other body of religionists in the land." "People build churches and starve the clergy," and the consequence is stated to be that the quality of clergymen is rapidly deteriorating. Other journals are following in the same strain, and the Puseyites are reminding the people that "the offertory" is the legitimate means of supporting the ministry. And we are bound to acknowledge that owing to their earnest longings for Church independence, no class of Churchmen are either so liberal already, or so likely to become Episcopalian voluntaries as earnest Puseyites.

The whole discussion must tend to open the eyes of Churchmen, and to dissipate their prejudices against the voluntary system. When the most earnest of them have arrived so far as to avow that the future support of the additional ministry, as well as the erection of additional churches, ought to be conducted on a plan more voluntary than yet exists among Dissenters, we shall probably be safe from the taunts of Lord John Russell and his followers on the subserviency of those who "preach to live." They have profited by the results of their own practice in regard to church building, and will never again forget the contrast between the first thirty years of this century and the subsequent twenty years, during which two thousand churches were built and £5,000,000 contributed by private liberality. The results of pew-rents and the offertory have yet to teach their lesson, and they will do it. It will in due time be seen that those maintained by these methods are as a class the most efficient and faithful ministers, equally independent with rectors and vicars, and supported cheerfully on the part of their flocks. Indeed we have no doubt that the next census might reveal something startling in this respect, notwithstanding the interference of the partial endowment required by the bishops for new churches. Voluntaryism in England has now for ever passed the stage of contempt; it has fairly entered on that of respectful discussion and—What next?

From the Children's Paper.

DIAMONDS AND SCORPIONS.

"Close the window, and come away from it, dear Rose", said Nancy Smith to her sister. "Those men are swearing dreadfully; it is a sin even to listen to them."

"They forget that God hears them," replied Rose, quitting the window, "and that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment."—Matt. xii. 36.

"I remember, not very long ago," said Nancy, "having read a story of two girls, one kind and good, the other rude and naughty. To the first it was granted as a reward, that whenever she spoke, pearls and diamonds should drop from her mouth; the other girl was punished for her faults by scorpions and other reptiles following her words. I have often thought since, that there was much meaning in that tale; that the conversation of the wise is indeed precious as jewels, while the speech of the wicked is as scorpions."

"Yes," said Rose, "the words of those bad men will sting them like scorpions at the last day."

"Oh! Rose, let us not judge them, but rather judge

ourselves. Not one of us but has sinned daily, again and again, with our lips."

"I do not see that, Nancy," answered Rose. "I am quite sure that I never swear."

"No, you would tremble to do that when you know the command, 'Above all things, my brethren, swear not.'—James v. 12.

"And I never tell a lie."

"No, for you have been taught that heaven is closed to those whose lips speak falsehood, 'And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie.'—Rev. xxi. 27. And yet, dear Rose, were an angel to mark down every day all the words that you utter, you would find there was sin in the page."

"I doubt that," said Rose, "not if I were on my guard. Let us try now; will you to-morrow, only to-morrow, mark down every wrong word which I say? I shall not take up much of your time, I promise you."

"Well, Rose, I am willing to make the trial."

"Here, then, is a pencil and a piece of paper."

"It is a very small piece, Rose," said Nancy, smiling.

"Quite large enough, I am sure, for *one* day. Besides, you will see so little of me to-morrow; if the day is fine, uncle has promised to call in his open cart, and take me to see the school-fête in the town. There is to be a band, and such fine doings! I do so hope that the weather will be bright. Do you think there will be no rain to-morrow, Nancy?"

"I cannot tell. The sun set in a bank of cloud; but I hope the day may be fair."

The first thought of Rose, as she opened her eyes on the following morning, was, "I hope the weather is fine!" But even before she reached the window, hope was changed into disappointment, as she heard the sound of the pattering rain. She looked out; the whole sky appeared leaden and dull, while the heavy shower fell as though it never would cease.

"How provoking—how very provoking!" cried Rose. "It is always so; whenever one wishes the day to be fine, down comes the tiresome rain!"

Impatient, foolish, unjust words: They were noted down.

Nancy and Rose dressed in silence, the younger sister repeatedly glancing at the window, and always with a look of vexation. In their little parlor they met their brother David.

"What glorious rain!" cried the boy. "It will make all my seeds spring up twice as fast."

"Who cares for your seeds? It will spoil the fête," said Rose, impatiently.

Ungenerous, selfish words: They were noted down. "Poor Rose," laughed David, "she has lost an opportunity of sporting her fine new ribbon."

"You are a saucy, provoking boy!" cried Rose, turning to the window; "I do not care a straw for all the ribbons in the world."

Exaggerated words: They were noted down.

"Oh! there's no use watching the sky," said David; "you had better take to mending my stockings. There's rain enough in that cloud to last till this time to-morrow. You may say good-bye to the fête at once."

"Be silent with your nonsense, will you?" exclaimed the irritated Rose; but David chose to talk on.

"The school children will wish to change their garlands for umbrellas, as they march to church with their dripping banners. I wish I were at the town just to see them!"

"I wish that you were anywhere but here, selfish, tormenting boy," cried Rose, leaving the room hastily, and slamming the door behind her.

Angry words: They were noted down.

In a short time Rose returned; David had left the house. It was the custom of Rose to read aloud from the Bible to her sister every morning, and afterwards to sing a hymn. She now seated herself opposite to the window, carelessly opened her book, and after every hurried verse her eye glanced out into the fields, to see if the rain were beginning to abate. So, when she sang her hymn, while the name of her Lord was on her lips, and she sang of His cross and sufferings, her eye was ever wandering, and her manner showed but too plainly that her heart was far otherwise engaged. Was not such mere *lip-service* a mocking of religion? It was noted down.

A few minutes afterwards there was a tap at the door, and Bell Marks appeared, shook the wet from her shining umbrella, rubbed her shoes on the mat, shook hands with the sisters, and sat down.

"Why, Bell, what brings you through such pelting rain?" inquired Nancy.

"I thought I'd stop here a few minutes for shelter. I'm on my way to Farmer Green's to know if his true that Sally's turned off."

"I dare say that it's true enough," said Rose. "I only wonder that they've let her stay so long. I cannot bear that girl."

"Nor I," replied Bell, "she's so proud."

"And so selfish," exclaimed Rose.

"I wonder what they have turned her off for though," said Nancy, "that's what I want to know."

"I dare say," answered Rose, "that she has helped herself in the dairy, Mrs. Green found her cream running short; or——. Why, Nancy! what are you doing?" added she, suddenly turning round towards her sister.

"There is no more room on my paper," said Nancy, quietly laying down the pencil.

As soon as Bell had departed, Rose took up the paper with a blushing check, and read the record of her "*idle words*."

"Oh, Nancy!" she cried, "it is not yet ten o'clock, and all this is written down against me. If I must give account for every *idle word* spoken in all the years that I have lived and may yet live, where, where shall I be on the day of judgment? Is there punishment for every sinful speech do you think, Nancy?"

"The Lord Jesus has said so. 'By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned.'—Matt. xii. 37."

"Then what will become of me?" cried poor Rose. "I shall never be able to stand before God."

"No poor sinful mortal ever could," replied Nancy. "If thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquity, O Lord, who shall stand! But there is forgiveness with Thee. . . . —Psalm cxxx. 2, 3. This is your only hope—*forgiveness*. And you know through whom to seek it."

"Through the Lord Jesus Christ."

"Yes, for Him hath God exalted . . . to give repentance unto Israel, and forgiveness of sins."

"Then, need I not fear?" inquired Rose.

"Not, if you are resting your hopes upon Him, and striving in His strength to overcome sin. But, Rose, if you are one of Christ's children, you will strive, you will keep a watch over your lips. You will say, like King David, in the 39th Psalm, 'I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue: I will keep my mouth with a bridle.'"

"Ah! Nancy, I feel now how difficult it is to do so, the *scorpions* seem to come so much more readily than the *diamonds*!"

"Pray and persevere," replied Nancy. Reader! let that be our motto, *pray and persevere!*"

From the News of the Churches.

RELIGION IN THE COLONY OF VICTORIA.

The population of this colony may be estimated at present at about 300,000—this allows for the increase since the census was taken in 1854. It may be interesting to exhibit the numerical proportions of the various denominations, as reported by the registrar in November 22, 1855. The numbers were as follows:—

Church of England, 108,002	Baptists, 4,724.
Roman Catholic, 45,111	Lutherans, 3,014.
Presbyterians, 42,317	Unitarians, 180.
Wesleyan Methodists, 15,284	Irvingites, 75.
Jews, 1,547	Mormons, 132.
Mahometans & Pagans, 3,000	No religion, 805.
Independents, 7,000	

In regard to ministers or persons discharging ministerial duties, the following table will exhibit the condition of the churches named, at the close of the year:

		In all.
Church of England, 48 min's, 8 lay preachers		56.
Roman Catholic, 35 priests		35.
Presbyterians—		
Synod of Victoria	14 ministers,	} 46.
Free Church Synod	18 "	
U. P. Synod	14 "	
Methodists—		
Wesleyans	20 "	} 169 " 194.
Primitive Methodists	2 "	
Wesleyan M. Assoc'n	2 "	
Bible Christians	1 "	
Independents	16	1 " 17.
Baptists	5	" 5.
Evangelical Lutherans,	3	" 3.
Unitarians	1	" 1.

One pleasing feature in the ecclesiastical state of the colony is the absence, I may say the entire absence, of sectarian strife and jealousy, and the evidence displayed on all occasions of brotherly goodwill, and a desire to co-operate in the work of the Lord. The tone of the preachings, with certain exceptions, are decidedly evangelical; nor is there the slightest encouragement for the moral-essay style of pulpit address. The most energetic and aggressive body are the Wesleyans; and, looking at their numbers on the census roll, I am really astonished at the great things they have done; their system of lay-agency has many advantages in a country like this. It enables them to provide in some measure for the spiritual wants of a district so soon as the necessity presents itself. Scotch Presbyterians will be satisfied with no services but those of an ordained minister or a regularly trained licentiate—which argues, perhaps, a higher intellectual taste. But, in the circumstances, such an attainment is often a decided evil; for between the demand for ministers, that is the need of them, and the ability to supply, there is a lamentable disproportion. Few Scotchmen will tolerate lay-preaching—they must have an able minister or none; and the consequence is, that thousands of them are rapidly forgetting the habits of better times, and settling down in a state of absolute ungodliness. The Church of England is seen here in the fairest aspect. The bishop is not only esteemed but beloved by all; and most deserving he is of the popularity he enjoys. He is in his own person an earnest, unassuming, servant of Christ. His great anxiety is to secure for his people a zealous clergy and a pure Gospel. No one better understands the peculiarities of Victoria. He employs all his influence at home to obtain evangelical preachers for his

diocese, and takes care that a suitable income be warranted to them for so many years. Pursuing this plan he is building up an evangelical Church of England in the colony with a celerity which puts us to shame, and with a wisdom which other churches would do well to imitate. I rejoice that the doctrines of grace are fully and faithfully proclaimed from the pulpits of the Church of England to so very large a proportion of our population. There is no taint of Tractarianism, I believe, either in the preaching or in the ceremonial of the Episcopal Church; and the continued working of this good leaven will soon produce a degree of knowledge and a state of feeling, which would revolt from Tractarianism, should it at any future time invade the land.

Popery is here, as elsewhere, true to her genius and her antecedents. Wise as the serpent, she preaches liberality, and, could you believe her, is afraid of nothing so much as the shadow of intolerance. Appreciating the place and season, she is all smiles, sweetness and candour, meek and gentle as a lamb—a perfect paragon of all Christian virtue. And yet she conceals nothing; she maintains her absolutism; she grasps at universal power. Her object has been to conciliate the press, to fill the public offices with her minions or her friends, to turn education to her own purposes, to get hold of the public institutions, and to wield a quiet but commanding influence over the government and legislature. And her success has been formidably great. But I must reserve what I wish to say on this and several other topics for another opportunity.

THUS SAITH THE LORD.

Would that I might pause here! But these schoolmen barb another arrow against truth. They know that God's Word stands a heaven-high barrier before them. This must be neutralized, or reason's fancies must be mute. But can they rashly rush to this assault? Yes. They insinuate, that inspiration, in its higher sense, falters before rigid scrutiny. They hint that allowances must be made for unavoidable indefiniteness of expression; that channels of language cannot but dilute, discolor, taint. Behind these thickets an undermining shaft is worked. And we must counteract. Weapons are ready. There is an armory of arguments which wisely prove that the first transcript of the Bible is from God's own mind. Make these your own, and firmly use them.

Firmly use them; for weakness here makes all our reasoning as a broken reed. No ground is firm between inspiration which protects each original word from possibility of fault, and inspiration which is nothing worth. General suggestion—placing the Bible as the first of books—still leaves it practically man's work; and if so, altogether a tottering edifice. For who then can decide what parts are God's authoritative voice, and what our fallible surmise? When final reference thus fails, we lose all vantage-ground. Our noblest victory, then, can only win the palm of greater probability. If texts be disputable proof, our ministry, at best, is but a doubtful argument. The nerves and sinews of our teaching are dried up. We have no assurance for the inquirer, can these glad tidings be?

Brethren, unless, then, we are content to totter, we must take our stand on an inspired Bible. We really have such a treasure. We should know—we should maintain its value. Here prayerful students may drink pure truth from God's own lips, even as Israel's leader on the Mount. There is no wisdom in the sneer that there may be idolatry in the love and study of these pages. The speaker is more than man: we

should draw near with awe. The innate power is more than man's. We should devoutly court its action on our hearts. He is the wisest among earth's sons who is best taught in it. He is the happiest who draws most deeply from its spring. He is the heavenliest who is framed most strictly by its model. He is the ablest minister who uses these materials most skilfully. He reaps the largest harvest who scatters this seed most widely. That flock is the most favored whose constant teaching flows in the grand channel, "Thus saith the Lord."—*Charge by Arch-deacon Law, April, 1856.*

THE WORD TRIBULATION.

The word *Tribulation* is derived from the Latin "tribulum," which was the threshing instrument, or roller, whereby the Roman husbandman separated the corn from the husks; and "tribulatio," in its primary significance, was the act of this separation. But some Latin writer of the Christian Church appropriated the word and image for the setting forth of a higher truth; and sorrow, distress, and adversity being the means for the separating in men of whatever in them was light, trivial, and poor, from the solid and the true, their chaff from their wheat, therefore he called these sorrows and trials "tribulations," threshings, that is, of the inner spiritual man, without which there could be no fitting him for the heavenly garner. Now, in proof of my assertion that a single word is often a concentrated poem, a little grain of gold capable of being beaten into a broad extent of gold leaf, I will quote in reference to this very word "tribulation," a graceful composition by George Wither, an early English poet, which you will at once perceive is all wrapped up in this word, being from the first to the last only expanding of the image and thought which this word has implicitly given: these are his lines:—

Till from the straw, the flail the corn doth beat,
 Un the chaff be purged from the wheat,
 Yea, till the mill the grains in pieces tear,
 The richness of the flour will scarce appear.
 So, till men's persons great afflictions touch,
 It worth be found, then worth is not so much,
 Because, like what in straw, they have not yet
 That value which in threshing they may get.
 For till the bruising flails of God's corrections
 Have crushed out of us our vain affections:
 Till those corruptions which do misbecome us
 Are by Thy sacred Spirit winnowed from us;
 Until from us the straw of worldly treasures,
 Till all the dusty chaff of empty pleasures,
 Yea, till His flail upon us be doth lay,
 To thresh the husk of this our flesh away;
 And leave the soul uncovered; nay, yet more,
 Till God shall make our very spirit poor,
 We shall not up to the highest wealth aspire;
 But then we shall; and that is my desire.

—*Trench on the Study of Words.*

STRAIGHTFORWARDNESS.

A quality much to be admired, but sometimes persons think they are "straightforward" when they are only rude. Truth may be told, and adhered to inflexibly, without bluntness or pertinacity, or it may be told so as to give just cause of offence. Some "straightforward" men would subvert the cause of truth much better if they would be more careful in the choice of terms, more studious of manner, and of the fitness of occasions. There is ground for modesty in any particular man, in the fact, that truth may not be always identic with his conceptions of things. Or, suppose a man to be absolutely sure that the truth is with him; nevertheless, in prosecuting it, it is not due to its claims to ride roughly over others. There is a line in morals which answers to what artists call the "line" of beauty, not the shortest geometrically

between two points, but with gentle curvatures which do not vary the general direction, while they add much to its grace, fullness, and strength. So truth should proceed toward its object, not with a tone and demeanor which implies resistance on the one side, and force on the other, but rather like the gentle river, which moves only where it can move with grace, which yields to every obstacle, but which still pursues its course, deriving from impediments themselves, at once its extended utility and its characteristic beauty. But while this stream is most compliant as to the particular channels which particular obstacles may make expedient, there is nothing which can divert it from its purpose of reaching the sea.—*Paris Visitor*.

LIFE'S VICISSITUDES.

"What numbers once in Fortune's lap high fed,
Solicit the cold hand of charity!
To shock us more, solicit it in vain!"

The above lines recur to me with peculiar force, as I recall an incident of the past winter. It was a gloriously cold, bracing morning. The snow cleared from the side walks was heaped outside the curbs, while the crossings were almost impassable even to stout peacetrans. The centre of the street was alive with gay equipages; the air was filled with the music of bells, and with the greetings of merry parties, as they passed and repassed in their graceful sleighs, in the gayest avenue of our country's most brilliant metropolis.

Men in their pride, and women in their beauty, promenaded the side-walks, "as if tears were not, and aching hearts had not a place below," while I, "distract," with a mind not in unison with the gay scene, paused at the intersection of Broadway and Anthony streets, where the tide of travel for a time presented an insuperable obstacle to a transit.

While impatiently waiting, a little child came to the opposite side of the crossing, looking up and down to see if there was no break in the living tide. Before I thought it prudent to venture, she started, while with fear and trembling I watched her progress. She came plunging through the snow, sinking at every step, till she neared the pavement, when she reeled and tottered, and then fell heavily forward, her head striking the curb at my feet. Instinctively I stooped to raise her, but found she was utterly insensible. A crowd gathered around, and one gentlemanly-looking man, bending over my shoulder, said, "Don't trouble yourself, madam, the child's evidently drunk," and passed on; others saying, "It's another beggar—a regular nuisance," proffered no helping hand; but a good Samaritan came that way, and, taking her in his arms, carried her to a drug-store near, where restoratives being applied, she soon revived, and, murmuring "Mama," opened her eyes.

Looking inquiringly around, she asked, "Where am I?" "Where is my mama?" Then directly added, "Oh, I know now, I was going to the dispensary for a doctor, for mama is ill, and I lost my way, and the bells made such a noise, and the sun was so bright on the snow, and I felt sick and haven't got the doctor yet, and she will die and leave me all alone." And she cried as if her heart would break. "Who is your mama, and where does she live?" I inquired. "Her name is Mrs. Copley, and she lives in Houston street, and my name is Bessie." "Well, Bessie," said I, "you shall go with me first, and then we will go together to see your mother; she shall have a doctor, and every thing else to make her comfortable." Truly did the blessed Redeemer say, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." The mute gratitude

of Bessie, as expressed by her tearful eye and her fervent pressure of my hand, was more precious than rubies.

Stopping an omnibus, I got in with my protegee. A velvet cloak and costly shawls were gathered more closely around a stylish looking woman as we entered the vehicle, and the black eyes flashed indignantly, as she audibly uttered her disgust at the "baggage" which followed me in the person of little Bessie. Interposing my person between the fashionable and the innocently offending child, we pursued our way in silence till we reached the street in which my good friend, Dr. W., lived, in whose family I was for a time domesticated. Bessie drew near to me as we ascended the marble steps and entered the cheerful apartment, where before a bright fire sat my friend, whose countenance as he turned to greet me was radiant with the sunshine of his benevolent heart. "Who have you there, Mary?" he asked. In a few words Bessie's story was told. "She's frozen and half starved to death, I'll be bound," was his characteristic comment. Then turning to the child, "Have you had anything to eat this morning?"

"No, sir," was the blushing reply, "and I think that is why mama is sick, because we didn't have anything yesterday, either." The bell was rung, and a plentiful supply was placed before her, while Mrs. W., help-meet indeed for her noble husband, filled a basket with necessaries for the immediate use of Mrs. Copley.

One of Lizzie W.'s warm dresses was found to fit Bessie nicely; a blanket shawl was wrapped around her; a warm hood supplied the place of the calico sun-bonnet; and taking my seat in the carriage with the doctor, and Bessie between us, we started for Houston street. We stopped before a three-story tenement, in the back room of the third story of which Mrs. Copley lived. On the second landing a tidy Irishwoman accosted our guide, with, "Och, Bessie's darlint, the mother is makin' a great moan, 'cause you're so long gone;" and as the child tripped up the stairs the woman continued, "Indade an' the mother of her is a born lady entirely, and glad I am the quality has found her out."

Following Bessie, we found her in the arms of a delicate young woman, whose tones indicated refinement. "Here is the doctor and kiná lady, mama," was our introduction to a countenance almost angelic in its delicate loveliness; essentially English, yet without the rich English bloom, of which grief and destitution had robbed her. We spent an hour in conversation, while we listened to the old story of an unequal match, a stolen marriage, a voyage to the new world—the Eldorado of the young and the hopeful—blasted hopes—all ending in death.

Mrs. Copley was the daughter of a wealthy English gentleman; her husband, the son of the curate of the parish. She had never known privation in any form, and her husband's pencil, it was supposed, would supply all their need. In this they were disappointed; his health failed; one after another, the luxuries, and then the necessary articles they had brought with them, were disposed of, till poverty had come upon them like a strong man armed; and, to add to all other sorrows, one month before my encounter with little Bessie, the loved husband and father was laid in the grave.

In continuing her narration Mrs. Copley said, "I immediately wrote to his father and to mine, telling them that at 25 years of age I was left a widow in a strange land, and that my loved child and myself were steeped to the lips in such poverty as I had never dreamed of in my own fair home. I told them how my Edward had triumphed over death; how the pre-

sence of his Saviour made 'c'en the gloomy vale of death a smile of glory wear; and with what a con-fiding trust he commended his Bessie (as he always called me) and his child to the God of the widow and the fatherless. This morning I received replies to both letters. The perusal of the first caused the faintness which alarmed my child, and sent her forth in search of medical aid. This letter," and she held up one sealed with black, "tells me my father is no more; he never alluded to me, and in his will my name is not mentioned. The other is from the father of my Edward; he writes kirdly, enclosing ten pounds. He tells me it is all he can do for me; that he retains his curacy with the express condition that he does not countenance me in my disobedience."

This narration was interrupted with tears; there was no deception, the whole recital bore the impress of truth. In reply to the inquiry of Dr. W., she said, "I have no plans for the future; my education qualifies me for a teacher or governess, but who would seek one here?" glancing around her wretched apartment. "Take no thought for the future till you see me," said Dr. W., as we bade her "good-by." From the expression of his countenance, I knew there was something in his breast he would not at present reveal to me. The next day Mrs. Copley was installed governess of Lizzie and Jessie W., while little Bessie shared in all their advantages.

Two days after, I left New York, but not until I had learned to admire the gentle Mrs. Copley, and to love her sweet child. Frequent tidings of their welfare have reached me, and yesterday's mail brought me the intelligence that the loved teacher and friend is no more. "You will be pained to know," Mrs. W. writes, "that our precious Bessie, as we loved to call her, has left us. She fell asleep in Jesus, yesterday as the Sabbath dawned, to awaken, as I firmly trust and believe, to an eternal Sabbath in the paradise above. From our first acquaintance, it was manifest consumption was making slow but sure inroads upon her feeble frame; yet the gentleness of her decline, her uniform cheerfulness, her truly lovely and Christian deportment, had so endeared her to us, as to lead us to shut our eyes to the fact that she was passing away. The great sorrow of her life—her disobedience to her father—since his death, has become to her as a painful dream. Her hopes of heaven were firm and bright; one only burden her spirit knew, this was, the future destiny of little Bessie. A full and free conversation with my husband two weeks since, relieved her mind on that subject, and now the dear child is all our own. May God give us grace faithfully to fulfil our duty to her."

And so ends another page of life's history. Dear reader, is there not in this great city many a Mrs. Copley? Delicate women, nurtured in affluence, who have declined step by step to bitterest poverty, through failings not their own? Wives, mothers, sisters; these are they who suffer more, if possible, than the abject, degraded poor, who through all of life have known nothing but destitution. Many a lowly dwelling, many a humble roof, many a wretched cabin, shelters those who were once your equals, perhaps your superiors in social position; women of refinement of manner and appearance not only, but of that true culture, which is the result of converse with the skies; women who in the struggle with the stern realities of life, are ready to sink in the conflict. You whom Heaven has blessed with wealth and influence, exert it, I pray you, in behalf of those

"Afflicted ones who lie
Steeped to the lips in misery—
Longing, and yet afraid to die,
Patient, though sorely tried."

Will you not, as the winter approaches, visit the "lowly dwellings of the poor?" It may be, communion with angels will be your reward. You certainly will have the blest consciousness of having done what you could.

CHURCH MUSIC.

Congregational singing will never become general and permanent until the Churches employ tunes which have melodies that cling to the memory, and touch the feelings or the imagination.

Music is not simply a vehicle for carrying a hymn. It is something in itself. No tune is fit to be sung to a hymn which would not be pleasant in itself without any words. Any other view of the function of music, if it shall prevail will in the end bring music to such a tame and tasteless state that a reaction will be inevitable, and the public mind will go to the opposite extreme. Thus, those who are conscientiously anxious to make music a means of religious feeling, will, by an injudicious method, produce by and by the very mischief which they sought to cure.

A corruption of hymns will not be more fatal to public worship than will be a corruption of music. And any theory that denies to Church music, a power upon the imaginations and the feelings, as music, and makes it a mere servile attendant upon words, will carry certain mischief upon its path, and put back, indefinitely, the cause of Church music.

The tunes which burden our modern books in hundreds and thousands, utterly devoid of character, without meaning or substance, may be sung a hundred times, and not a person in the congregation will remember them. There is nothing to remember. They are the very emptiness of fluent noise. But let a true tune be sung, and every person of sensibility, every person of feeling, every child even, is aroused and touched. The melody clings to them. On the way home snatches of it may be heard on this side and on that: and when, the next Sabbath, the same song is heard, one and another of the people fall in, and the volume grows with each verse, until at length the song, breaking forth as a many-rilled stream from the hills, grows deeper, and flows on broad as a mighty river! Such tunes are never forgotten. They cling to us through our whole life. We sing them in the forest. The workman follows the plough with sacred songs. Children catch them, and singing only for the joy it gives them now, are yet laying up for all their life, food of the sweetest joy. Such tunes give new harmony and sweetness even to the hymns which float upon their current.

In selecting music we would not allow any fastidiousness of taste to set aside the lessons of experience. A tune which has always interested a congregation, which inspires the young, and lends to enthusiasm a fit expression, ought not to be set aside because it does not follow the reigning fashion, or conform to the whims of technical science. There is such a thing as Pharisaism in music. Tunes may be very faulty in structure, and yet convey a full-hearted current that will sweep out of the way the worthless, heartless trash which has no merit except a literal correctness. And when, upon trial, a tune is found to do good work, it should be used for what it does and can do.

We do not think that congregational singing will ever prevail with power until pastors of churches appreciate its importance, and universally labor to secure it. If ministers regard singing as but a decorous kind of amusement, pleasantly relieving or separating the more solemn acts of worship, it will always be degraded. The pastor, in many cases, in

small rural churches, may be him of the leader. In large Societies, where a musical director is employed, the pastor should still be the animating centre of the music, encouraging the people to take part in it, keeping always before them their duty, and their benefit in participation in this most delightful part of public worship.—*H. Ward Beecher.*

PROGRESS OF CHRISTIANITY.

Since the publication of the new law in Turkey, 106 Christian churches have been repaired or constructed. The Sultan alone contributed 25,000 francs to one building in the island of Candia. In fact, so far as the Sultan, Ali Pacha, and the Government generally, are concerned, everything is being done to conciliate the Christian subjects of the Porte and improve the condition of the empire.

The Protestant missions in British India are said by late returns to contain about 22,000 communicant members, with probably about 130,000 professed Christians. "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

In Burmah, where the holy Judson and his heroic wife laboured, and prayed, and suffered, there are now 12,000 communicants, and nearly 100,000 nominal Christians. "Let us not be weary in well-doing; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

There are now in China one hundred missionaries and their families, belonging to eighteen different societies; several printing presses; chapels at each port; schools for boys and girls; numerous native agents; the entire Bible translated, and a large stock of tracts; and Christian churches formed.

Sir G. Gray, Governor of New-Zealand, has stated his belief that out of 100,000 natives there were not more than 1,000 who did not profess Christianity; of these 50,000 are estimated to be in connection with the Church Missionary Society. Civilization is following Christianity, and the island is becoming the garden of the Southern Ocean.—*Exchange.*

From the Children's Paper.

CONTENTMENT.

In a time of famine, when bread was very dear, a rich man kindly allowed twenty of the poorest children in the town where he lived, to come daily for bread to his house. The bread was always put in a large basket, and the children, as they came in, were allowed to help themselves each to one loaf. They were rude and selfish children, and as they came nearly at the same time, they rushed all at once to the baskets to try to secure the largest loaf. They quarrelled and fought over it, and after each seizing what they could get, they went off without even thanking their kind benefactor.

One little girl remained behind the others. She was too modest to rush forward to seize on the bread; too timid, as well as too right-minded, to quarrel for it with the other rude rough children. She waited patiently till they were all gone, and then came gently forward and took the loaf which was left, the smallest in the basket, expressing her thanks as she did so, more by her grateful looks than by her words.

The next day the children behaved in the same rude way, and there was a still smaller loaf left for little Susan. There was one in the basket so very small that it was quite sure to fall to her share. She took it not the less gratefully; she felt that small as it was it would be thankfully received by her sick mother, and she courteously thanked the kind giver. After Susan returned home, her mother cut a slice off the loaf, and to her great astonishment several pieces

of money fell out of it; she cut off another slice, and more money appeared. Surprised by the unaccustomed sight, she sent Susan immediately back to the house where she had received the loaf, with the money carefully put up in paper, as she thought it had come there by mistake.

"It is no mistake, my little honest girl," said the gentleman, as Susan offered him the money; "I had the money put into the smallest loaf on purpose for you. I saw your modesty, your contented and grateful spirit, and I wished to reward you. Take the money to your mother. I am sure she is a good mother who has taught you to be patient, courteous, grateful, and contented."

"Be courteous," I Pet. iii. 8.

"Godliness with contentment is great gain," I Tim. vi. 6.

With humble love and sweet content,
Accept the blessings God has sent.

HEAVEN A PLACE OF ACTIVITY.

The following remarks were made by Dr. Lyman Beecher to his Theological Class in Lane Seminary. Closing the book from which he had been reading, and jerking off his spectacles, he rose and exclaimed:—"Except freedom from sin, intense, vigorous, untiring action, is the mind's highest pleasure. I would not wish to go to heaven, did I believe that its inhabitants were to sit inactive by purling streams, to be fanned into indolent slumbers by balmy breezes. Heaven, to be a place of happiness, must be a place of activity. Has the far-reaching mind of Newton rested from his profound investigations? Have David and Isaiah hung up their harps, useless as the dusty arms in Westminster Abbey? Has Paul, glowing with godlike enthusiasm, ceased itinerating the universe of God? Are Peter, and Cyprian, and Luther, and Edwards, idling away eternity in mere psalm-singing? Heaven is a place of activity, and never-tiring thought. David and Isaiah will sweep noble and lofty strains in eternity, and the minds of saints unclogged by cumbrous clay, for ever feast on a banquet of thought—rich, glorious thought. Young gentlemen, press on, you will never get through. An eternity of untiring thought is before you, and the universe of thought your field."

ANECDOTE OF MR. WESLEY.

A lady once asked him, "Mr. Wesley, supposing that you knew you were to die at 12 o'clock to-morrow night, how would you spend the intervening time?" "How, madam?" he replied; "why, just as I intend to spend it now. I should preach this evening at Gloucester, and again at five to-morrow morning. After that, I should ride to Tewkesbury, preach in the afternoon, and meet the societies in the evening. I should then repair to friend Martin's house, who expects to entertain me, converse and pray with the family as usual, retire to my room at 10 o'clock, commend myself to my heavenly Father, lie down to rest, and wake up in glory."

"Blessed is that servant whom his Lord, when he cometh, shall find so doing."—Luke xii, 43.

STAR IN A LITTLE DAUGHTER'S CROWN.

The Reverend Daniel Baker, of Texas, relates the following:—

During a revival in —, a sweet little girl named Sarah, went home full of what she had seen and heard; sitting at the table with the family, she asked her father, who had been to church, but was a very wicked man, whether he ever prayed. He did not

like the question, and in a very angry manner replied: "It is your mother or Aunt Sally, that put you up to that, my little girl." "No, papa," said the little creature, "the preacher said, all good people pray; and those who don't pray ain't going to heaven. Pa, do you pray?" This was more than her father could stand, and in a rough voice he said, "Well, you and your mother and your aunt Sally may go your way and I will go mine." "Pa," said the little creature with simplicity, "which way are you going?" This question pierced his heart. It flashed upon him that he was in the way of death. He started from his chair and burst into tears. Within a few days he was a happy convert, and I believe will appear in heaven as a star in the little daughter's crown of rejoicing.—*Fugitive.*

From the New York Observer.

STATE OF RELIGION IN NORWAY.

Glance at the early history of this country—Its religious condition at the beginning of our century—Piety and missionary zeal of Hans Nielsen Hauge—His success and persecution—Hauge's disciples—Religious liberty—Controversies upon the Catechism—Mr. G. A. Lammer's conversion—Recent arrival of English preachers among the Norwegians.

Norway is one of the most interesting countries of Scandinavia. It was the cradle of the Normans, who, in the ninth century, conquered several provinces of France, and invaded England some time afterwards. The Norwegians are a strong and vigorous race; they are of a middle size, with blue eyes and light hair. They are remarkably intellectual, frank, sound in judgment, and fond of exercising their minds. The state of public instruction is flourishing. In Christiania is a library of 126,000 volumes, and a university frequented by 700 to 800 students. Other towns have good academies, and in each parish is a primary school, so that almost all the inhabitants know how to read and write.

The Christian religion was introduced into Norway by Hakon I., then by St. Olaf, about the year of our Lord 1000. The Scandinavians were not easy to be converted; violence was employed in this work as well as persuasion. And Popery was never fully adopted by the people. The priests were poor, the worship simple, and the doctrine comparatively pure. Rome was too far off to exert much influence in these northern regions, and when Lutheranism was preached (it was in 1535), it was eagerly adopted by the Norwegians.

They had enjoyed, for ages, perfect political freedom, and were proud to be an independent nation. Then, from 1380 to 1814, they were united to Denmark. After the great Napoleon's fall in 1814, Norway was taken from Denmark, and given to Sweden, in payment for the services which King Bernadotte had rendered to the allied powers of Europe. The inhabitants were much dissatisfied, and protested, in a general congress, against the decision of the Congress of Vienna. They even took up arms to maintain their cause. But they were evidently unable to resist Bernadotte, and they submitted to the crown of Sweden, on the express condition that they should have their own democratic constitution, a distinct council of state, a separate legislative body, and that their only immediate head should be the king's son, presumptive heir to the throne. From that moment things have gone on peaceably.

In a religious point of view, Norway degenerated much during the last years of the eighteenth century and beginning of the nineteenth. English deism and French infidelity rolled like a wave over the territory of Scandinavia. Christianity seemed abandoned

by enlightened minds. Even the Lutheran pastors themselves, more or less, yielded to the pernicious influence. Many of the old ministers, indeed, continued to preach orthodox doctrines; but they did it coldly: they lacked fervour, earnestness, and zeal. The younger clergy, with few exceptions, were avowed Rationalists; their sermons consisted exclusively in recommending to their people probity and virtue, and insisting that by such works they would best succeed in entering heaven; and that, if there should be any defect in these moral acts, Jesus Christ would supply it by his love. The good news of salvation was no more heard.

Then appeared a man of the humblest condition, Hans Nielsen Hauge, who was to exert upon his fellow-citizens a salutary and extensive influence. He was born near Frederickstadt, the 3rd April, 1771. His father and his mother, plain farmers, were yet intellectually cultivated, and tried to give their son a Christian education. They turned his attention to the Bible, so that this child had read it through before he was eleven years old. He then felt a strong desire that his friends should partake of the benefits which he derived from the study of the Scriptures. Still his convictions were indistinct and confused. It was not till 1795, when he was twenty-four years old, that a deep change was effected in his soul. He toiled at his ordinary trade, singing a Lutheran hymn, "*O Jesus, how precious to taste thy communion!*" All at once he felt in himself new thoughts, a new love, a new life! Hauge said that what passed in his mind was indescribable; but that the Christian faith acquired in his eyes such inestimable value, that he would not exchange it for all the treasures of earth. The same night he spoke to his sister of the happiness of belonging to Christ, and the next day openly taught in the village the doctrine of free salvation in Christ crucified. Some, on hearing his words, wept, and desired to hear him again. Thus began his mission among the people.

He soon met with violent opposition, both from worldly men, and from the pastors, who looked upon this movement with distrust and anger. Hauge was treated as a visionary and a fanatic. His intentions were misrepresented. What was prompted by honest zeal was attributed to ambition and pride. We must add, to be just, that some of Hauge's disciples, instead of observing his moderation and sound principles, adopted extravagant or absurd notions. Some fancied they had received direct inspiration from heaven, others, assuming to be prophets, announced that the last judgment was at hand; many condemned intemperately the teachings and life of their adversaries. This was not prudent nor equitable, and Hauge, though himself exempt from them, was made responsible for these faults. His whole life proved that he was not an impostor nor a fanatic. He was not a thorough-bred theologian, and perhaps had adopted some questionable views on minor points; but his doctrine on the whole was good and scriptural. His mind was upright, his heart generous, his zeal free from all selfishness or ambition, and every one, even the most worldly, admits now that he has effected a good work. An inclination for religious things has increased since his preaching, both among the people and the clergy of Norway. His faults take but little from the favourable estimation of the public. His veneration for the Holy Scriptures was sincere and unqualified. He pointed his hearers to the inspired books, and only recommended Luther's, Spenser's, and Arndt's writings, so far as they harmonised with the Bible. Without having received a liberal education, he published Christian tracts and books to the number of twenty-two, on various sub-

jects of experimental religion, practical piety, ecclesiastical history. In these productions are not to be sought original ideas, nor high-wrought elocution; but every line from his pen, including his "Legacy to his Friends," published in Christiania in 1824, breathes communion with God, devotedness to evangelical truth, and a desire to advance the kingdom of Christ. "From the days of Peter Waldo," says Professor Stenerson, "the church of the Lord has hardly reckoned a layman who has displayed more earnestness in the propagation of the pure Word of God." Wherever Hauge directed his steps (and it is said that in the single years, 1803 and 1804, he traversed on foot more than 4000 miles), he found ears open to receive his instructions. Small congregations were formed, which, without separating formally from the National Church, and while continuing to partake of its sacraments, held private religious meetings, which were conducted by teachers appointed like the early Methodists in England.

Still Hauge was persecuted, as I said, and his faith was exposed to severe trials. At Drontheim he was thrown into prison as a vagrant, though he had a passport, and he remained there a month. At another time he was threatened with being stoned or beaten to death by the populace, instigated by the magistrates. At the close of 1804, when occupied in a paper-mill at Egers, giving his disciples the example of industry, and inducing them to labour at their callings, in order to acquire means of promoting more effectually the interests of the gospel, he was arrested by police agents, and brought to Christiania in irons like a criminal. A committee was appointed to try him; but because the members of this committee were oftener changed, and because the witnesses were numerous, *ten years* were consumed in the trial! It was only in 1814 that Hauge heard the sentence, which condemned him to pay 1000 dollars fine, for having held religious meetings without being authorised. His health was entirely ruined by this long imprisonment. His property was gone. He had no strength to renew his worldly business, nor his missionary work. Some friends furnished him means to buy a small farm near Christiania. There he lived from 1813 to 1824, in the bosom of his family, enjoying universal respect, visited by faithful friends from all parts of Norway; and he died peacefully on the 24th of March of that year.

Such was the life, such were the pious labours of Hans Nielsen Hauge. I will be brief in what remains. After his death, many of his disciples gave up their distinct position, and some relapsed into worldliness. But if the number of Haugeians was diminished, the public mind in Norway was benefitted, and other religious movements have occurred in that country within thirty years. A proof of the increased Christian feeling prevalent is, that since 1845 religious liberty, so sadly oppressed in Sweden, has been established in Norway, by the almost unanimous vote of the representatives of the nation.

The power of *Haugeism*, or *pietism*, appears also in the controversy arising from the revision of the old catechism and its result. A committee was appointed to revise the catechism used since the seventeenth century. This work was finished in 1843, and the churches received orders to adopt the new catechism in 1848. But remonstrances having been made against some changes which seemed to indicate latitudinarian tendencies, the government allowed each congregation to employ the catechism which it preferred, and two-thirds of the country parishes retained the old.

A pastor of great learning and talents,—the Rector G. A. Lammers, in the commune of Skien,—having

embraced the fundamental doctrines of the faith, has attracted crowds of hearers. An increasing number of them has been led to a saving knowledge of the truth. Meetings for edification and prayer have been established, and Mr. Lammers has found excellent helpers among the laity. It is said that he has resigned his seat, because certain parts of the service do not suit his views, and now he will be at the head of a religious revival. May he be divinely sustained and blessed!

But the Popish journals bring lately less agreeable news: the arrival of six priests or missionaries from Rome, who, under pretence of converting the Laplanders, have fixed their residence in Norway. They write that the children of St. Olaf are quite disposed to Popery. It is probably one of those visionary schemes so common with the Jesuits, but it will be well to watch carefully their intrigues.

THE ROMISH CHURCH AND ITS PROSPECTS.

Roman Catholicism continues intolerant of all forms of religion; and this anti-Christian system still prevails in Italy, Naples, Austria, Spain, Portugal, Bavaria, France, Belgium, and South America. Many of its professors are found even in Protestant countries, especially in Prussia, Holland, Ireland, Great Britain, and North America.

The advocates of Romanism profess that its principles are unchangeable. This, however, is not true, for it was by degrees that it arose from Apostolic simplicity, to its present character of priestly usurpation; and its doctrines have been various at different times, never having been defined and settled until the sixteenth century, by the decisions of the Council of Trent. That famous council was called for the express purpose of determining the Roman Catholic principles of faith, after the Protestant Reformation.

Popery, however, may truly be regarded as unchangeable in its spiritual assumption, its priestly intolerance, and in the determined hostility of its hierarchy to the popular reading of the oracles of God and the free circulation of the Holy Scriptures. The priesthood generally cherish and manifest an inveterate enmity against the liberal education of the people, especially in Rome, under the immediate inspection of the Papal court, because general knowledge has ever been fatal to their unrighteous claims, and to their anti-Christian impositions. In those fine countries, therefore, where Popery is dominant, the people, with some exceptions, in connexion with the profession of Protestantism, remain in debasing ignorance, involved in degrading superstition, as they are not possessed of the Holy Scriptures, nor permitted to hear the preaching of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Many of our readers will feel intense interest in the following, compiled from the best authorities:—

ESTIMATE OF ROMAN CATHOLICS IN 1855.

Rome and the Papal States.....	3,000,000
Italian States—Tuscany, Modena, Parma.....	2,750,000
Naples and Sicily.....	8,750,000
Sardinia.....	5,000,000
Austrian Empire—German States.....	11,000,000
Hungary.....	10,000,000
Italy.....	5,000,000
Poland.....	4,000,000
Spain.....	14,000,000
Portugal.....	3,500,000
France.....	33,000,000
Belgium and Holland.....	4,500,000
Prussia.....	6,000,000
Switzerland.....	1,000,000

Russian Empire.....	2,000,000
Great Britain and Ireland.....	5,000,000
Turkish Empire.....	3,000,000
South American States.....	29,000,000
North America and Canada.....	2,500,000
India and China.....	3,000,000
West Indies and Hayti.....	2,500,000

Total Roman Catholics in the World 159,000,000

Popery in Rome.—Rome, as the city of "His Holiness," with the whole "States of the Church," might be expected to exhibit Popery in its own entire perfection. This is the case, for no other form of religion is tolerated, except recently for a small congregation of American Protestants and another of English. But in that beautiful country the people are the most ignorant, degraded, and immoral, of any in Europe. All this is the consequence of the domination of the priests, of whom there are reckoned about 3,500, besides monks and nuns, in the city of Rome.

As to the Pope himself, that once terrible Pontiff, is looked upon as a temporal prince, with absolute contempt by all the sovereigns of Europe, while many of them acknowledge his spiritual authority, chiefly from reasons of state policy, to secure the influence of the priesthood in support of their Governments.

Popery in Naples.—Romanism, in many of its most disgusting forms of superstition, priestcraft, and impurity, prevails in this kingdom; while it has twenty archbishops, 128 bishops, and a vast army of priests. It is a proverb regarding the capital, that "Naples is a paradise inhabited by devils." It is said, "The number of priests, monks, fiddlers, lawyers, nobility, footmen, and lazzaroni or vagabonds, is immense; the ecclesiastics alone amounting to more than 12,000, and the lazzaroni to above 30,000 in the city. Bigotry and intolerance reign in the kingdom of Naples; but some of the Neapolitans are eagerly desiring the Holy Scriptures, and to learn the true nature of Christianity.

Popery in Spain.—Romanism reigns in its perfect spirit of bigotry and intolerance in Spain. In its branch of the hierarchy there are reckoned to be 16 archbishops, including eight in the colonies, 46 bishops and 36,500 inferior priests, 2,795 inquisitors, 61,617 monks, 32,500 nuns, besides numerous other ecclesiastical officials. But the clergy are reported to be remarkably unlearned, and dissolute in their lives; inveterately hostile to the Scriptures, which are not to be circulated in the country, while the people are sunk in ignorance and superstition. Still, some gleams of heavenly light are breaking upon the Spaniards, and in their recent revolutions there have been public cries for liberty in religion, and for the circulation of the Bible.

Popery in Portugal.—Popish policy reigns also in this country, where it is almost as intolerant as in Spain. Here the priesthood consists of two archbishops and 22 bishops, including those in the colonies, with 22,000 secular clergy, 14,000 monks, and 10,000 nuns. The Bible is strictly prohibited by the ruling priests in Portugal, and the Portuguese people are debased by superstition, and by ignorance of the true doctrines of Christianity.

Popery in England.—Efforts the most determined and energetic, aided by the whole hierarchy of the Papacy, especially by the Jesuits, have been made for a series of years to increase the number of Roman Catholics in England. These have, in a small degree, succeeded, especially by crowds of immigrant laborers from Ireland, and by an extraordinary expenditure, furnished largely by wealthy Catholics on

the Continent, in the erection of some new churches and chapels in different parts of the country. The Pope even dared to map out a scheme of dioceses in England, for his priests to officiate as local archbishops and bishops, but this was put down by an Act of Parliament. Still there has been some progress, but it is small, considering the great increase of our population, and the recent secession of above one hundred of the more superstitious of the clergy of the Church of England. These had been trained in high Popish notions, to regard themselves as priests, authorized to administer sacraments and to forgive sins, according to the anti-Protestant notions popularly taught at Oxford, directed chiefly by Dr. Pusey, a Professor of Divinity in the University.

Popery in France.—Though France is regarded as the principal Roman Catholic country, it has appeared inclined to throw off the Papal yoke, even though it is held by a mighty hierarchy. So grossly had the French nation been deluded with the Popish ceremonies and superstitions, that the more intelligent portion of the people became infidels, as is the case generally in Roman Catholic nations, even in Italy, and in the metropolis of the Pope. The progress of infidelity occasioned the dreadful revolution at the close of the last century in France. The resentment of the people was then poured forth with terrible effect on the monarch, and especially on the priests, thousands of whom were sacrificed to the fury of the ruling powers. The monarchy, with the legitimate dynasty, was restored after a quarter of a century; but, the Romish priesthood having been found to give their support to an arbitrary form of government, neglecting the instruction of the people, the Bourbon dynasty was again overthrown in 1830, when the Romish church was cut off from being the religion of the State, and free toleration established for other forms of religion in France. Still, as the Roman Catholic was the professed religion of a majority of the French people, the usual salaries were continued to the priests.

The Romish hierarchy in France consists of 40,429 priests, among whom are 1 metropolitan archbishop, 6 cardinals, 13 other archbishops, and 64 bishops; their salaries from the Government amount to about 42,114,052 francs annually, besides a much larger sum for the repair and enlargement of their sacred edifices, and an amount probably equal from surplus fees. Besides this regular army of 40,429 clergymen, the country is again covered by 565 monasteries, and other immense religious establishments.

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Notwithstanding the vast resources of the priesthood in France, and the vigorous efforts made by the hierarchy, aided by the Jesuits, for the support of their system, many things betoken its entire subversion. It is well known that very serious differences in doctrine exist among the Catholic priests; they are opposed to the progress of the age, and learning is not liberally encouraged by them, even in that department which is Biblical and theological. Still, learning is advancing in France, to the injury of priestism; and spiritual knowledge increases among the people, even among the Catholics, through the active zeal of Protestants in the circulation of several

millions of copies of the Bible, furnished by the liberality of the British and Foreign Bible Society—*Christian Witness.*

PAUL ROBERTS.

"What can poor people have to do with flowers?"

The lady was very beautiful, who, clad in a graceful morning robe, bent over that bunch of roses; but the words betrayed a heartlessness which said too plainly that the outward brilliance was but a glittering casket which, long since, had been rifled of its jewels. Before her stood a pale, thin woman, clad in dress of humblest texture, with a brow furrowed deep with care, her bent form telling of a long acquaintance with the

"Stitch, stitch, stitch,
From weary chime to chime,"

of which the poet sings so mournfully.

There were other two listeners; one close at hand—a stately lady resting on a couch, and the other a gentleman, in the recess of one of the windows.

The roses were very beautiful, and they were evidently the property of the needlewoman; how she became possessed of them is at present a mystery.

"You refuse then to sell these flowers?" continued the younger lady, still holding the treasure in her hand, and addressing the poor workwoman as "Martha Roberts."

"I could not, ma'am, indeed I could not, they are for my sick brother."

"Is he very ill?"

"Oh yes, ma'am," returned Martha, her eyes filling with tears, for she believed that the question was prompted by some sudden feeling of sympathy.

"Then if he is very ill I am sure he cannot care for flowers; can he, mamma?"

"Well, no, my dear Ada, unless he should be deranged, and then you know—" A new idea occurred to Ada. "Is your brother ill of fever?" she asked abruptly, laying down the flowers as she spoke.

"Oh no, ma'am, he is con—"

"Never mind what he is, so long as it is not fever," cried the beauty, as she again took up the bunch of flowers. "Now, Roberts, do you still refuse to sell me these?"

"I must, ma'am, indeed I must; the lady who gave them to me for Paul is coming to see him to-morrow, and she will look for them."

"Say that you sold them," interposed the elder lady; "I am sure you must want money more than flowers."

"I do, indeed, want money," said the woman, her eyes filling again; but I cannot sell these flowers."

"Go then," said Ada Maxwell haughtily; "why I have talked with you so long I cannot tell."

"I can," said a voice from the window as the seamstress was retiring, "you wanted her flowers, that is why!"

"Of course," retorted the lady; "but why must you interfere, Mr. Philip?"

"For reasons of my own," said Philip, gaily.—Here, my good woman," he added, as Martha, already at the door, stood hesitating if it were not her duty to apologise for having dared to keep anything which her "betters" might desire to take from her, "come here, Mrs. Roberts; don't believe that every lady who wears an elegant morning wrapper—"

"Philip!"

"An elegant morning wrapper!" pursued Philip with a merry twinkle in his eye, "and boasts an almost unrivalled beauty," continued the brother, repeating the words with a peculiar emphasis, "is as hard-hearted as my sister Ada."

Here Mrs. Maxwell would have interposed, but Philip motioned silence so authoritatively that, doating on him as she did, she was fain to hold her peace.

"Come nearer, Mrs. Roberts," the young man went on, "you must not think that *all* the rich imagine that the poor have nought to do with flowers; or that they would *all* rob you of your sweet and God-sent joys. I have but little heart myself, but I am thankful that I cannot hear what I have heard this morning—first, about the quantity of fine-work you will do for half a crown, and then about the flowers—without a feeling of *deep* indignation." And he glauced at Ada, who, toying with her golden curls, looked perfectly indifferent. She was, as she said afterwards, "quiet used to him."

As for poor Martha, she knew not what to do or say; the end of it, she felt quite sure, would be that Mrs. Maxwell's fine work would be done by other hands in future; yet she could not but rejoice to hear the words which passed her champion's lips.

"Look here, said Philip, in the same rough, hearty tone in which he had chosen first to speak, "this geranium is the handsomest we have in our dominions, and if you will take it to Paul with my kind love, I shall be much obliged."

"Well, really Philip," broke in the lady-mother, "this is *beyond everything!* You refused your sister that flower last evening, declaring that it was too good for her."

"And so it was!" said Philip, smiling; "but then there is a mighty difference between a haughty beauty, and a boy who lying patiently upon a bed of pain, longs for the sight and touch of flowers, 'sweet flowers!'"

Miss Maxwell laughed, but her heightened colour shewed that Philip's words came home. And the beautiful flower was added to Martha's nosegay, without another word on either side, if we except the earnest "Thank you, sir!" which the poor woman uttered as her new friend placed it carefully among the roses.

"Well, if ever anybody was absurd and ridiculous, Philip has been so this morning," exclaimed Miss Maxwell, as the seamstress left the room. "Never in all my life have I known him talk such perfect nonsense as he has poured into the ear of that poor woman."

"Come now," said Philip, bending over her, "was all that about 'beauty and elegance' nonsense, my sweet sister?"

She tossed her head in answer, but was evidently conciliated.

"If I did not know that you had reached the very highest pinnacle of pride of beauty, Ada, I should not talk to you like this; but you have taken so much poison in times past, that *my* infinitesimal doses are nothing to you!"

Both mother and daughter laughed. Philip sighed first and then laughed with them.

"I wish I could *admire* as much as I love you!" he said, as, embracing them both with a fondness which could not be mistaken, he resumed the book he had thrown down.

Meanwhile, poor Martha Roberts hurried through the crowded streets, happy in the anticipated joy of little Paul. Orphans they were, all the closer knit together for that orphanhood; poor too they were, and all the closer knit together for that poverty; rich in high faith they were, and surely all the closer knit together for that wondrous wealth.

"O Martha," said the boy, as she came in, "you have been long away!"

"Yes," said the sister, smiling, "but guess what Miss Jane Brenton gave me for you!"

The boy guessed many things, and at last said eagerly, "She didn't give you a flower!"

"She gave me many flowers!" cried Martha, who until now had held her prize so that he could not see it. Here it is, Paul! Is it not beautiful?"

O Ada Maxwell! Had you seen that child's bright look, you would not need to ask, "What can poor people have to do with flowers?"

That evening as Paul Roberts lay upon his little bed, with his sweet flowers in sight,—the roses in a broken jug and the geranium, in its solitary state, resting its petals on the edge of a tall glass which had been given to the sick boy by some kind friend.—a step was heard without, and in answer to the gentle "Please come in," of Martha, who was stitching on a piece of work which must be taken home that evening, the door was slowly opened and the voice of Philip Maxwell asked if "little Paul" lived here.

The sick boy turned inquiringly to Martha, who in amusing perturbation, placed a chair beside his couch. "It is the gentleman who sent you this," and she laid her hand on the geranium. Before the boy could speak, Philip was by his side. "So you love flowers?" he said.

Oh yes, Paul loved them very much.

"Why do you like them?"

"Because they are so beautiful."

"And why do you love things that are beautiful?"

The boy was silent.

"Suppose Martha could paint, and she drew you a beautiful picture, and coloured it as nicely as ever she could, would you love it?"

"Yes, very much," said Paul.

"Why would you love it?"

"Because it was pretty, and, most of all, because my sister made it."

"And why do you love flowers, 'most of all'?"

"Because God made them."

Mr. Philip smiled,—his lips were shaped just like his sister's, Martha thought, but when he smiled, oh, what a difference! He was quite at home with Paul, so Martha resumed her work and listened to them.

"What do these roses teach you, Paul?"

Paul smiled, he could tell if he only knew how!

"What would Martha's picture tell you every time you looked at it?"

"That Martha loved me," said the child with a bright smile, "and stop, Mr.—Mr.—?"

"Philip," said the visitor, promptly.

"Mr. Philip, I think I can tell you now; the flowers teach me that God loves even little Paul, and likes to give him pleasure."

They were a happy pair, the sick boy and his friend that evening, and Martha—poor pale Martha—as she took home her work, and thought how Paul would scarcely miss her now, since Mr. Philip had insisted upon staying there till her return, felt very, very happy.

"We have been making a bargain, Martha," said the self-constituted nurse when she came back, "and to-morrow morning, at nine, I am to take this little Paul of yours for a nice ride in the country."

Martha's eyes glistened. "Will he be able to bear it?" she asked with grateful look which made her benefactor turn away; "he is so very weak."

"I shall have a little mattress for him," returned Mr. Maxwell; "and do you go out to-morrow, and buy him a good broad-brimmed hat, so that if I carry him about a bit in the lanes he may not be scorched!" And before the half-sovereign which he had laid on the table had been espied by Martha and her invalid, their visitor was gone.

Philip Maxwell was eccentric, very eccentric; so

said everybody, from Mrs. Close, the banker's wife, to whose washerman he allowed a shilling a week, to Mrs. Sims, the haberdasher, whose errand-lad he apprenticed to a draper, with a handsome premium. Eccentric, very! Would there were more such eccentricity!

"What nonsense is Philip planning now?" said Ada, as she saw him step into a hired brougham the next morning; "I am sure he throws away more money in idle whims than would find me in gloves and shoes for a twelvemonth."

"Very true, my dear, but it was your uncle spoilt him. These visitings of the poor and so on, are all very well in the country, but in a large town like this most absurd."

"When is Philip going away?" asked Ada, abruptly.

"He said in a few weeks, if you remember," returned her mother; "but whether the house will be ready for him by that time, I cannot tell."

"Well, I wish him every enjoyment of his rural life," said the beauty, hastily, "but of all things will I avoid being the wife of a country gentleman."

The uncle of whom Mrs. Maxwell spoke was a strange old bachelor, who had adopted and trained the boy in his own "eccentric" way. And thus it was that Philip found a home at Berriton, his uncle's beautiful estate. But some few months before our tale begins, the death of this loved uncle, who, in life's prime, was called from earth to heaven, brought the young man possession of the house and lands which had so long been dear to him. At first his deep regret over the absence of him who had been sunshine there, made Philip fly the spot; but when time brought more healthful feelings, he resolved, as we heard, to live at Berriton once more.

Paul had enjoyed his ride, and strawberries from a cottage garden, and an excursion to a wayside meadow,—where Mr. Philip carried him in his strong arms, and sat down with him beneath a grand old tree,—and now returning with a bunch of flowers and a basket of strawberries for Martha, his little face beamed with a pleasure such as few sick children know.

"O sister!" said the child—he frequently called Martha "sister," because, as he said, she was "such a woman, compared to him!" They were the eldest and the youngest of a large but sickly family; all, all were dead besides! Deep was the grave they called their own, and many were the dear forms buried there,—"O sister! I have had such a splendid ride, and we have brought you—" he stopped, for Martha had a visitor.

It was a lady, with "such sweet blue eyes and light-brown curls," as Paul said afterwards; who, seeing Martha's awkward hesitation as she looked from one friend to another, said with a pleasant smile, "Never mind introduction, Martha! this gentleman and I can set aside formality when we come here," and she bowed to Philip with a grace which showed she was "somebody," as Mrs. Maxwell would have said.

Formality was set aside, so much so, that Miss Brenton and "this gentleman" had a long conversation at the window ere they left the house, and that, evidently understanding each other thoroughly, they shook hands at parting.

How did all those nice things get there? Jellies, a pudding, some biscuits, a pound of sugar, a nice little loaf—whence did all these things spring? Let Miss Jane Brenton answer. Yet she had only known them since last Thursday, when she came to see if Martha would sew for her, and learning of Paul's love for flowers, promised, in an aside to Martha, that when she fetched the work, he should have a bunch

of roses; "for," said she, "there are no roses like any father's in all the country round." And, as you know, my friends, the roses—beautiful indeed they were! came safely home.

It soon appeared that Miss Brenton and Mr. Philip had not "put their heads together" for nothing, for very soon Mrs. Jenkins over opposite had to remark, that "Martha Roberts was a-moving all her goods; and that she *did* believe she was a-going to live out in the country somewhere!"

And it was true, Two rooms in a neat cottage had been taken by their friends, and Martha and her brother Paul were going there to live. How happy were the highborn sons of wealth did they more frequently care thus for the poor and needy of the land. Paul's life prolonged by the pure air and wholesome food, which were now his daily portion; Martha's pale face lit up with smiles, and, at last, even with the hues of health; two grateful hearts filled with a higher trust in God who rules o'er all; snrely it was a work worth doing, Adal

And was it strange that as he carried out his plans, and gladdened the sick room with his loved presence, and as he met full often there the sunny glance of those blue eyes, and heard the murmur of that pleasant voice, Philip should linger still, and long delay his journey to his country home?

No, for the chamber of sickness admits of no false glitter around the brow of beauty, and veils not the selfishness of vanity with the misty politeness that is unreal. Philip Maxwell had gone, in days of folly now past for ever, to the ballroom, in search of a soul that should respire with his own, but he found it never there. By the side of the sick and the dying, in the haunts of poverty and suffering, he met with the gem he sought. And more, for he found as he listened to her tearings by the bed of the death-stricken child, a guide to the Christ-bought pardon, a messenger from heaven.

And in the presence of the sufferer whose way he strewn with roses, Philip, in humble faith, gave himself up to God.

PROFANATION OF THE LORD'S DAY (SUNDAY).

8 VICTORIA, CAP. XLV.

An Act to prevent the Profanation of the Lord's Day, commonly called Sunday, in Upper Canada.

[29th March, 1845.]

WHEREAS it is expedient to enact a Law against the profanation of the Lord's Day, commonly called Sunday, which day ought to be duly observed and kept holy, Be it therefore enacted by the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Legislative Council and of the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Canada, constituted and assembled by virtue of and under the authority of an Act passed in the Parliament of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, intituled, *An Act to Re-unite the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, and for the Government of Canada*, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same. That from and after the passing of this Act, it shall not be lawful for any Merchant, Tradesman, Artificer, Mechanic, Workman, Labourer, or other person whatsoever, within that part of this Province which formerly constituted the Province of Upper Canada, to sell or to publicly shew forth, or expose, or offer for sale, or to purchase any wares, merchandizes, goods, chattels, or personal property, or any real estate whatsoever, on that day, nor to do or exercise any worldly labour, business, or work of their res-

pective callings, upon the Lord's Day, (conveying Travellers or Her Majesty's Mail, by land or water, selling Drugs and Medicines, and such other works of necessity, and also works of charity, only excepted,) nor shall it be lawful for any person or persons to tittle, or to allow or permit tittle in any Inn, Tavern, Grocery, or House of Public Entertainment, or to revel, or publicly exhibit himself or herself in a state of intoxication, or to brawl or use profane language in the public streets or open air, so as to create any riot or disturbance, or annoyance to Her Majesty's peaceable subjects on that day, or to hold, convene or attend any public political meeting on that day; nor shall it be lawful for any person or persons to play at skittles, ball, foot-ball, racket, or any other noisy game, or to gamble, with dice or otherwise, or to run races on foot, or on horseback, or in carriages, or in vehicles of any sort, on that day; nor shall it be lawful for any person or persons to go out fishing, or hunting or shooting, or in quest of, or to take, kill or destroy, any deer, or other game, or any wild fowl or bird, or fish, except as next hereinafter mentioned, or to use any dog, gun, rifle or other engine, or any fishing rod, net or trap, for the above mentioned purpose, on the Lord's Day, except in defence of his, her or their property, from any wolf or other ravenous beast or bird of prey; nor shall it be lawful for any person or persons to bathe in any exposed situation in any water within the limits of any incorporated City or Town, nor within view of any place of Public Worship, or private residence, on the Lord's Day.

II. And be it enacted, That all sales and purchases, and all contracts and agreements for sale or purchase of any real or personal property whatsoever, hereafter made by any person or persons on the Lord's Day, shall be, and the same are hereby declared to be utterly null and void; any law, custom or usage to the contrary notwithstanding.

III. And be it enacted, That if any such Merchant, Tradesman, Artificer, Mechanic, Workman, Labourer, or other person whatsoever, shall, from and after the passing of this Act, sell, or publicly shew forth, or expose, or offer for sale, or shall purchase any wares, merchandizes, goods, chattels, or personal property, or any real estate whatsoever, on the Lord's Day, commonly called Sunday, as aforesaid, or shall do, or exercise any worldly labour, business, or work of their respective ordinary callings, (except as hereinbefore excepted,)—or if any person or persons shall tittle, or allow or permit tittle in any Inn, Tavern, Grocery, or House of Public Entertainment, or shall revel, or publicly exhibit himself or herself in a state of intoxication, or shall brawl, or use profane language in the public streets, or open air, thereby creating any disturbance or annoyance to Her Majesty's peaceable subjects on that day,—or shall hold, convene, or attend any public political meeting on that day,—or shall play at skittles, ball, foot-ball, racket, or any other noisy game, or shall gamble with dice or otherwise, or shall run races on foot, or on horseback, or in carriages, or vehicles of any sort on that day,—or if any person or persons shall go out fishing, or hunting or shooting, or in quest of, or shall take, kill, or destroy any deer or other game, or any wild animal, bird, or wild fowl, or fish, except as next hereinafter mentioned, or shall use any dog, fishing rod, gun, rifle, or other machine, or shall set any net or trap for the above mentioned purposes on that day, except in defence of his, her or their property from any wolf, or other ravenous beast or bird of prey, or shall bathe in any exposed situation in any water within the limits of any incorporated City or Town, or within view of any place of Public

Worship, or private residence, on the Lord's Day; such person or persons being convicted of any or either of the offences hereinbefore mentioned, before a Justice of the Peace, upon the oath or affirmation of one or more credible witness or witnesses, (which oath or affirmation the Justice is hereby authorized to administer,) or upon view had of the offence by the said Justice himself, shall pay a fine or penalty not exceeding ten pounds, nor less than five shillings, current money of this Province, for each offence, together with the costs and charges attending the proceedings and conviction.

IV. And be it enacted, That when any person shall be charged upon oath or otherwise, in writing, before any Justice of the Peace, with any offence against this Act, the said Justice shall summon the person so charged to appear before him, at a time and place to be named in such Summons, and if such person shall fail or neglect to appear accordingly, then (upon proof of due service of the Summons upon such person, by delivering or leaving a copy thereof at his house, or usual or last place of abode, or by reading the same over to him personally,) the said Justice may either proceed to hear and determine the case *ex parte*, or issue his Warrant for apprehending such person, and bringing him before himself, or some other Justice of the Peace within the same District; and the Justice before whom the person charged shall appear or be brought, shall proceed to hear and determine the case, or the said Justice may, (if he deems it expedient so to do,) on view of the offence, verbally order (but if on the complaint of a third party, then he shall in writing, order) the offender or offenders to be at once committed (although it be on the Lord's Day) to the common gaol of the place, or in other safe custody, there to remain until the morrow, or some other day, according to circumstances, until the case be heard and disposed of.

V. And be it enacted, That the Justice before whom any person shall be convicted of any offence against this Act, may cause the conviction to be drawn up in the following form, or in any other form of words to the same effect, as the case shall require, that is to say: "Be it remembered, that on the
"day of _____ in the year of our Lord Eight-
"teen _____
"at _____ in the County of _____ (or
"District, or Riding or Division, as the case may be.)
"A. B. of _____ is convicted before me C. D.
"one of Her Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the
"said County (or District, or Riding or Division, as
"the case may be,) for that he the said A. B. did (spe-
"cify the offence and the time and place, when and where
"the same was committed, as the case may be;) and I,
"the said C. D. adjudge the said A. B. for his offence
"to pay (immediately, or on or before the
"day of _____) the sum of _____, and
"also the sum of _____ for costs; and in de-
"fault of payment of the said sums respectively, to
"be imprisoned in the common gaol of the said
"County (or District, or Riding or Division as the case
"may be,) for the space of _____ months, unless the
"said sum of _____
" (the penalty) shall be paid as follows, that is to say:
"one moiety thereof to the party charging the
"offence, and the other moiety to the Treasurer of
"the District, to be by him, the said Treasurer,
"applied according to the provisions of the Act
" (insert the title of this Act.)"
"Given under my hand and seal, the day and year
"first above mentioned."

G. D., J. P. [L. S.]

VI. And be it enacted. That a conviction under

this Act shall not be quashed for want of form; nor shall any Warrant of Commitment be held void by reason of any defect therein: Provided that it be alleged that the party has been committed and there be a good and valid conviction to sustain the same.

VII. And be it enacted, That in default of payment of any fine imposed under the authority of this Act, together with the costs attending the same, within the period specified for the payment thereof at the time of conviction, by the Justice of the Peace, before whom such conviction shall have taken place, it shall and may be lawful for such Justice of the Peace (if he deems it expedient so to do) to issue his Warrant directed to any Constable to levy the amount of such fine and costs within a certain time, to be in the said Warrant expressed; and in case no distress sufficient to satisfy the amount shall be found, it shall and may be lawful for him to commit the offender to the Common Gaol of the District wherein the offence was committed, for any term not exceeding three calendar months, unless the fine and costs shall be sooner paid.

VIII. And be it enacted, That the prosecution for every offence punishable under this Act shall be commenced within one calendar month after the commission of the offence, and not otherwise; and the evidence of any inhabitant of the County, District, Riding or Division, in which the offence shall have been committed, shall be admitted and receivable, notwithstanding the penalty incurred by the offence may be payable for the benefit of the Township or Division where the offence shall have been committed: Provided, that in no case shall the party who makes the charge in writing before the Justice, be admitted as a witness in the case.

IX. And be it enacted, That any person who shall think himself aggrieved by any conviction or decision under this Act, may appeal to the next Court of General Quarter Sessions, which shall be holden not less than twelve days after the day of such conviction or decision, and if holden in less than twelve days, then to the next ensuing Court of General Quarter Sessions for the District wherein the cause of complaint shall have arisen: Provided that such person shall give to the other party a notice, in writing, of such appeal, and of the cause and matter thereof, within six days after such conviction or decision, and ten days at least before the Sessions, and shall also either remain in custody until the Sessions, or enter into recognizance with two sufficient sureties before any Justice of the Peace, conditioned personally to appear at the Sessions, and to try such appeal, and to abide the judgment of the Court thereupon, and to pay such costs as shall be by the Court awarded; and upon such notice being given, and such recognizance entered into, the Justice shall liberate such person, if in custody; and the Court, at such Sessions, shall hear and determine the matter of the appeal, and shall make such Order therein, with or without costs to either party, as to the Court shall seem meet; and in case of the dismissal of the appeal and the affirmation of the conviction, shall order and adjudge the offender to be punished according to the conviction, and to pay such costs as shall be awarded, and shall, if necessary, issue Process for enforcing such judgment.

X. And be it enacted, That every Justice of the Peace before whom any person shall be convicted of any offence against this Act, shall transmit the conviction to the next Court of General Quarter Sessions which shall be holden for the District wherein the offence shall have been committed, there to be kept by the proper officer among the records of the Court.

XI. And for the protection of persons acting in the

execution of this Act, Be it enacted, That all actions and prosecutions to be commenced against any person for anything done in pursuance of this Act, shall be laid and tried in the District where the fact was committed, and shall be commenced within three calendar months after the fact committed, and not otherwise; and notice in writing, of such action, and of the cause thereof, shall be given to the Defendant one calendar month at least before the action; and in any such action the Defendant may plead the general issue, and give this Act and the special matter in evidence at any trial to be had thereupon; and no Plaintiff shall recover in such action, if tender of sufficient amends shall have been made before such action brought, or if a sufficient sum of money shall have been paid into Court after such action brought, by or on behalf of the Defendant; and if a verdict shall pass for the Defendant, or the Plaintiff shall become non-suit, or discontinue any such action after issue joined, or if upon demurrer or otherwise judgment shall be given against the Plaintiff, the Defendant shall recover his full costs, as between Attorney and Client, and have the like remedy for the same as any Defendant hath by law in other cases.

XII. And be it enacted, That all sums of money to be awarded or imposed as fines or penalties, by virtue of this Act shall be paid as follows, that is to say: one moiety thereof shall be paid to the party charging the offence in writing before the Justice, and the other moiety shall be paid to the Treasurer of the District wherein the offence was committed, and shall be accounted for by such Treasurer in the same manner as he is by law obliged to account for other moneys deposited with or paid over to him.

XIII. And be it enacted, That this Act shall be deemed a Public Act, and shall be taken notice of by all Courts of Law, Judges, Justices, and other persons, without specially pleading the same.

XIV. And be it enacted, That this Act shall not extend or be construed to extend to that part of this Province which formerly constituted the Province of Lower Canada, nor shall it extend to people called Indians.

The above copy of the Sabbath or Sunday Act is printed from the Statute Book. The Village, Town, and City Councils are empowered, if not enjoined, by 12 Vic. cap. 81, sec. 60, to aid in seeing the object of the above Act obeyed and recognised by every inhabitant within their bounds; and they have the power to pass By-laws for that purpose. They have the power also to pass many other By-laws, for moral and social purposes and guidance. (See the Act.) Will those having the philandry by education and religion, and who have philanthropic hearts, urge on Councils to do their duty?

No Council of any Municipality have power to pass or make a By-law to transgress the provisions of the above Act. There is a speedy remedy, if such be done: the expenses also would fall on the transgressors.

No By-law can permit or license any traffic or business on the Sabbath day. No hotel, inn, or tavern keeper can sell to any person intoxicating drinks on that day. The exceptions allowed by the Act would require to be specially proven by the furnisher. If a hotel, inn, or tavern-keeper, grocer, shopkeeper, or any other person, should transgress, the law is there, and it is very plain.

But where, in a Christian land, is the man or the Christian who will transgress this law? Let us see him, and let his name be made known to his fellow-men and fellow-Christians. This is mockery. We see Christians, alas! too often. If a test for Chris-

tianity was taken in our land, the open profanation of the Sabbath in our villages, towns, and cities, would hush up all our praises and shut our mouths.

No livery stable keeper can exercise his trade or "castring" on Sunday. Is it so that he generally follows his business on that day; while our foundries and blacksmiths, tradesmen and storekeepers, shops, stores, etc., are kept closed and shut?

Who will see the above law, in its justice, put in force and obeyed?

There is also the obeying of another and a HIGHER LAW, which is not here referred to.

J. J. E. LINTON,
STRATFORD, County of Perth, C.W., } (Clerk Peace.)
October 28, 1856.

THE AWFUL PRAYER-MEETING.

Some prayer-meetings are spoken of as animated, interesting, affecting, &c.; but the one now in question must have some stronger appellation. It has not yet been held, yet we have the best authority concerning what its character will be. It may be some time before it takes place, but it will certainly occur, and all our readers are personally interested in having some acquaintance with it beforehand.—The account left of it may be found in the sixth chapter of Revelations: "And they said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb."

This is the prayer that will be offered.

And there will be a great multitude at that prayer-meeting. Many prayer-meetings are thin—very thin—few are present. Not so the one before us.—All that have ever treated the Lamb of God unworthily, and persisted in it, will be there. Millions have done it. Millions more probably will do it.—They will be at the meeting.

Distinguished persons will be present. Those who ride on the high places of the earth usually have little or nothing to do with prayer-meetings. They are above such things; they leave such meetings for the less—for the poor, the unlearned, and the low in life. But they will come to this meeting. We have express mention of this: "And the great men, and the rich men, and the mighty men said, Fall on us," &c. They may never have been in a meeting where there was prayer before. But they cannot stay away from this. There will be great emotion in that prayer-meeting. It will not be dull and drowsy and formal. There will be feeling, the deepest feeling. Men must have the most terrible emotions when they are led to ask the rocks and mountains to fall upon them. How dreadful must be the sight of him that sitteth upon the throne, and the Lamb, when the fear of them inspires such a prayer as this!

They will all pray. Some prayer-meetings have but two or three, a few at most, that take any part in them. The mass often take little or no decided interest in the object of the meeting. Not so of this meeting. The record runs, that not only the great men above-mentioned shall pray, but every bondman, and every freeman. And then the nature of the object before them decides that all will pray, viz.: God on his throne of judgment and the Lamb in his wrath! The whole assembly being inspired with the same terrible emotion or dread, will be constrained to offer the same prayer.

And what a prayer! It is not addressed to God or to the Lamb. They never received any spiritual homage from the multitude present at this meeting. They so ill-treated the blessed God, and carried it to such desperate length that they now despair, as

they well may, of any mercy. Hence the dreadful prayer before us. They would have anything but an interview with God: "Hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne." They begged to be crushed beneath the mountains, rather than meet the frowning face of God! They chose that the rocks should fall on them and grind them to powder, rather than encounter the wrath of the Lamb! To what desperate misery must men be driven when they can offer so terrible an imprecation upon themselves!

The attendants upon this meeting are from this world: "The Kings of the earth," &c. We have assurance that all who persist in treating Christ unworthily are on their way to this meeting. The multitudes who are now doing this, think little of this matter; yet every day spent in sin is hastening them towards it. Most of them have little to do with prayer-meetings in this world, and none of them have any thing to do with the spiritual service of God. They refrain from prayer now, but they will pray at this meeting. Good character and claims had few thoughts here; but there will be no want of emotion in view of them there.

Reader, are you on your way to this meeting! You hope not. But it is your *manner of life*, and not your hope, that determines this. If you had little or nothing to do with prayer in this world, if no domestic or secret altar is fragrant with the incense of your applications, if you are now averse to drawing nigh to God, you are certainly on your way to this meeting. If you do not pray here, you assuredly will be there.

Be persuaded to avoid that meeting. There will be enough there without you. Let the blessed duty of prayer be your joy here from day to day. Watch unto it. Preserve in it. In faith and humanity carry it on. Let nothing but death stay you. Then while others pray for rocks and mountains to hide them from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, you will sing, "Worthy is the Lamb that hath redeemed me unto God, by his blood."

TINNEVELLY.

BAPTISM OF A BRAHMIN.—The Rev. B. Sargent gives an interesting account of a young Brahmin convert:—

"Another instance of individual concern for spiritual good is just now before me, but of a more decided character. A Brahmin, about two months ago, attended our Sunday service; and on Monday called again, to say he wished to be a Christian. He represented himself as a man from Travancore, where he had read Christian tracts, and spoken with a European teacher; that he was convinced that Christianity alone showed the way of salvation; and that what he heard of the gospel here was altogether what suited his condition as a sinner; and that he hoped I would receive him, and instruct him in the way of salvation. I observed, first of all, that by such a step he would be required to give up caste, and every outward distinction upon which he had hitherto supposed himself superior to others. He said, 'I am ready to give up all.' I added, 'Your friends will all cast you off.' To which he replied, with a look I can never forget, 'But will the Lord Jesus cast me off? will He reject me?' I saw at once I was dealing with a man in earnest for his soul; so I told him, after further conversation, to wait a few days, till I should write to make some inquiry about him from the missionaries in the neighbourhood where he had lived. He thought this very proper; and in the meantime went to stay in the house of one of my native assistants, where he

ate the ordinary food prepared for the family; and being told, in the course of conversation, that he would have to put off his Brahminical string, as a professor of Christianity, he did so at once, of himself."

In a subsequent letter Mr. Sargent describes the baptism:—

"You would have been much interested on Sunday last in witnessing the baptism of the young Brahmin now in the institution. I was deeply affected by his whole manner and appearance. His countenance expressed an anxiety which evidenced a felt sense of the solemnity and responsibility of the step which he was taking; and yet there was an air of quiet decision over his whole figure which plainly said, 'I am willing to leave all to follow Christ.' May the Holy Spirit seal him unto the day of the Lord Jesus Christ, and make him a chosen vessel to bear his name among the heathen! My heart is much drawn out in earnest prayer for him, and especially that he may manifest the reality of the work in his soul by a close and consistent walk with God. Do not forget him in your prayers."—*Church Missionary Intelligence*.

MY FATHER WILL TAKE CARE OF ME.

A gentleman recently returned from a journey, relates an incident of it, pleasingly illustrative of our Saviour's declaration, "Whoever shall not receive the kingdom of heaven as a little child, shall not enter therein."

When the cars reached B—, a gentleman who had been engaged in conversation with another, accompanied by his little son, bade his fellow-traveller adieu, and said to the child, "Good-bye Charley—take care of yourself."

"My father will take care of me," replied the little fellow, with a readiness gratifying to the father, and amusing to the bystanders.

How true it is that the very first, as well as the last lesson for him to learn, who would enter the kingdom, is to distrust self and trust God.

How many an anxious fear for the future would be removed, could we learn even to say with the guileless confidence of the child, "My father will take care of me."

JOY IN ADVERSITY.

All birds when they are first caught and put into the cage fly wildly up and down, and beat themselves against their little prison; but within two or three days sit quietly upon their perch, and sing their usual melody. So it fares with us, God first-brings us into straits; we wildly flutter up and down, and beat and tire ourselves with striving to get free; but at length custom and experience will make our narrow confinement spacious enough for us, and though our feet should be in the stocks, yet shall we with the apostles be able even there to sing praises to our God.—*Hopkins*.

END OF VESTED CHURCH RIGHTS.

Our correspondent at Mexico informs us that the Government firmly adhere to the plan of disposing of the estates of the church. If the present occupants of the land do not choose to take it, it will be sold to the highest bidder. The value of the landed property thus taken from the control of the clergy, will, it is supposed, exceed three hundred millions of dollars. The discussion of the new Constitution is actively going forward.—*Tribune*.

Views and Doings of Individuals.

For the Gospel Tribune.

LIFE'S CHANGES.

BY THE FOREST BARD.

They are gone, the shades of darkness
Hath wrapt them in their fold;
The songs of other years we sung,
The tales that then we told;
And scattered are the merry band,
The glad some throng, forsooth,
That danc'd with us in childhood's joy
Along the path of youth.

Like shadows on the mountain tops,
They've faded all away,
And mem'ry eve; ever asks,
Unanswered, where are they?
And many a dream of life hath fled,
And fancies' pictures drawn
Have faded, and the heart perceives
That one and all are gone:

And many a hope, and many a joy,
Have wither'd in their core;
That thought in vain might struggle now,
As erstwhile to restore;
They've changed the scenes we lov'd so much,
That mem'ry still reverts;
They're wand'ring on the downward path,
Within the vale of years.

Aye, these have changed, and we must change,
For time can ne'er restore
The loved and cherish'd ones we thought
Unchangable of yore;
And we must still on fate's stern tide
Resistlessly be drawn,
Till coming years shall whisper it,
That those and these are gone.

BARRIS, November, 1856.

For the Gospel Tribune.

VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BY D. J. WALLACE.

PART II.—CONCLUDED.

Age comes and steals away what manhood leaves,—
The last bright spark he taketh from the eye;
Around the wrinkled brow, a frost-work weaves,
That shadows winter in the heart. We sigh
While gazing on the limbs once actively
Engaged in busy toil, in swift pursuit
Of happiness and pleasure. Now they lie
Unused, palsied, and scarce like blasted fruit;
And the worn frame like trees the winter winds uproot.

The night, the long dark night of death draws on;
Disease invades, and wastes the powers away;
The grave, like surging seas, begins to yawn,
And waits to close forever o'er its prey.
The lamp of life burns feebly on: a ray,
When all see ned gone, springs upward fitfully,
Like light thrown from the tomb—a moment's play
Upon the verge of vast eternity.
Then sinks, as broken barks beneath the gulphing sea!

If such be life (and say, what is it more
Than joyous morn, black noon, and howling night,)
Who may, with bold and fearless heart, explore
Its dreary wastes, and tread, with footsteps light,
Its rugged paths, until his bounding sight
Beholds the blissful port to which he steers?
Who, armed with power invincible, can fight

His way amid the crowd of marshall'd fears,
That, like a specter host, before his sight appears.

Lo! yon is he! behold, he toils along,
Battling with adverse winds and whelming tides,
Steering his bark, in safety, 'mid the throng
Of dangerous rocks and reefs around: he rides,
Now on some mountain wave, and now he glides
As on some narrow stream, while high around
Billows in mountain surge; then up their sides
He dashes fierce as chamoise-hunters on
From cliff to cliff, along the wild uneven ground!

Fearful, and trembling once, he groped his way
'Mid darkness darkening thicker every hour,
'To stormy doubts, to damping fears a prey,
His bark unsheltered from the tempest's power:
'Twas night, the billows threatened to pour;
And he, without a compass tempest-tossed,
Beheld no light, no pitying star to show
Gladness upon his soul and light across
His gloomy path; he, sinking, cried, "All, all is lost!"

When, from afar, a soothing voice was heard
That calm'd the winds, and stilled the roaring sea!
New hope and life within his bosom stirred,
And bid the darkness o'er his pathway flee!
Now, piloted, protected, gladdened, he
The tempest mocks, with power the r'de to stem;
With beaming brow and smile, he joyously
Towards the port of bliss directs the helm,
And guides his vessel by the Star of Bethlehem.

What, though one fearful night must yet be pass'd,
Another drear encounter be sustained,
What, though he hears again the rising blast,
Wild omen of the storm, and sees, unchained,
The billows come in battle-armor reined;
What, though his bark, by waves contentious riven,
Has sunk with him! His soul, no longer pain'd,
Is in a clime whence sorrow hath been driven;
He wanders now amid the Elysian groves of heaven.

IONA, E'gin Co., C. W.

For the Gospel Tribune.

A CHARACTER.

BY THE REV. JOHN GILMOUR.

How much that is morally excellent in this world of ours, amidst the mist of secular anxiety which obscures it, quietly performs its benign influence, and passes away unnoticed, to those in the bright and serene light of Heaven. How brief the sketches of the character and history of individuals of whom the world was not worthy given in the sacred volume. "And Enoch lived sixty and four years and begat Methuselah, and all the days of Enoch were three hundred sixty and five years. And Enoch walked with God and he was not; for God took him." This is "Muitum in parvo." Many have since that time imitated his example, and left the world to shine as the firmament without the notice of men, yet are held in everlasting remembrance by God.

James Fox was a noted smuggler in the early part of this century. He wore many scars received in conflict while engaged in that illicit traffic; in one of those rencontres in which James was often engaged with the officers of government, the thrust of an opponent deprived him of one of his eyes, which added nothing to the comeliness of his appearance. He was above six feet in stature, and in all his corporeal parts in

full proportion; his head was firm and defiant, his sagacity and energy were in equipoise; formidable to meet in a dark night was James Fox, and that many knew to their cost. In one of his trips he fell into the hands of the French and became a prisoner of war. It was in the year 1811-12 that I first heard of the fame of his daring, and in 1813 I became intimately acquainted with him. He was one of those men whose whole appearance led you to pause and look, and then say, that is no common man. James was noted in the prison of 3000 for his outrageous profanity—a vice too common among sailors at that time; yet in this vice he surpassed all. It could not be said that he was quarrelsome, yet if provoked, he was not sparing in his blows. He had regular remittances of money from home, and though not a sot, yet often yielded to the temptations of intemperance, and drank hard for days together, and drew others into his trail; he was dangerous to meet in the greatness of his folly, whether he made you friend or foe.

Some month in the year 1812—I cannot charge my memory with the exact month—a rumour went through the prison that the notorious Fox had struck his flag to Hypocrisy—the name by which the multitude deemed to designate vital Religion: the writer, with the rest of the fools, was loud in his laugh at the idea of F. becoming religious. But then F. was a man of mark, and his quiet decision did not fail to elicit enquiry, and the issue was a very general conviction that there was something, after all, in the grace which these hypocrites so often speak about. The change was thorough, so naturally sustained and beautifully consistent, that the foolishness of man was soon put to silence, and impressions made which might be seen after many days.

Having embraced that religion which I once in ignorance opposed, I made the acquaintance of James Fox. In our reference to the glorious Saviour, Jesus Christ, our hearts were sweetly responsive, and we became attached to one another as brethren in Christ. The prison walks—the happy interviews—the confidential intercourse, though now remote by forty years and more, have yet the freshness of yesterday, and form an oasis in the desert on which the eye loves to repose, and to which the heart turns to muse on joys forever gone. In one of those social walks James, at my instance, gave me a brief account of his conversion to God.

Having been favored with a remittance from home, he had been on the spree, as it was called, for about ten days; in the midst of such follies there were moments of better and prudent reflection. There was a large dash of generosity in James's nature—he was rigidly honest, and somewhat prudent—he walked out alone, as he said, just to look at the state of his accounts, and so close or continue the revelry. A thought, as he mused alone, fastened on his mind like the grasp of another rather than his own hand: "And have you no account to render at the day of

judgment, and how does it stand with you in reference to that day, and will the course now pursued bear the scrutiny of that day?" He endeavoured to dismiss the gloomy subject, but it only became more urgent in its demand, until, in fact, he forgot the object of his solitary walk, and became solely absorbed about his sins and the judgment to come. He came into his room (there were about sixteen persons in each room,) sufficiently sobered, and swung himself into his hammock, and lay there with a heart surcharged with guilt. He said over the Lord's prayer, repeated the creed, &c., but the anguish of his soul only increased—his life came before him, in all its enormity—the judgment, in all its terror—and the only prayer he uttered, though he said he could not pray, was, "God be merciful to me a sinner." He did not at that time think this was prayer. Day after day he betook himself to his solitary walk, and as he turned upon his step, it was wrung from his heart, "God be merciful to me a sinner." The minister, whom he often cursed, he now went to hear. The first sermon seemed to rivet on him the chain of despair, and it was whispered in his heart as he left the place, "Never return hither, you see it makes you worse;" but something within replied, "Why not come hither?"—the man has preached only what is true, and what I feel to be true. There and then he resolved that for the future he should attend. The day of deliverance was at hand. Christ was preached in all his fullness. The atonement is made—the righteousness provided—the salvation is complete—what you have to do is, to receive it as a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance; and his last objection before the light of that glorious Gospel vanished, and he experienced joy and peace in believing. James was one of those men who never lingered; he at once embraced, and professed the Gospel of Christ, and threw in his lot with the despised followers of Christ, for there were about sixty of them in fellowship in the prison, and what perhaps, above everything else, impressed all who witnessed the change, or had an opportunity of conversing with him, was the meek, quiet energy with which he advocated his Master's cause. There was no furious, noisy zeal about James, but a constant readiness to give the reason of the hope which was in him with meekness and fear. The opposition of sinners did not move his anger but moved his pity. His eye would moisten, his voice become tender, and entreaties more earnest, still there was a manliness about him that rebuked all impertinence. I seldom conversed with him without being reminded of two passages, "Become a little child"—"The lion changed into a lamb." A rough soul touched into the meekness of wisdom.

We were separated in the year 1814. I have not seen him since. I heard, however, about twenty years ago, that he continued a sea-faring life, and was an ornament to his christian profession. He may, by this time, have left the scene of conflict, and

now become the spirit of a just man made perfect. All hearts touched by the Spirit of God into a proper affinity with the kingdom of righteousness, will soon be drawn nigher to one another by the great moral magnet of the universe. "He will reconcile all things unto himself whether things on earth or things in heaven." This thought throbbled through the large heart of Paul, and led him to use it as a reason for the utmost stability amidst all the surges of error in the stormy day of time. "I beseech you by our gathering together to Christ, not to be soon moved in mind."

Sweet the time, exceeding sweet,
When the saints together meet,
When they sit and speak of Him,
When the Saviour is the theme.

Sweet the time, exceeding sweet,
When the Saints in glory meet,
Then they'll sit and sing of Him,
Then the Saviour is the theme.

"FRUIT OF THE VINE" FOR COMMUNION.

The Essay and Letters of Dr. Mair, as written for the *Gospel Tribune*, having fully established the importance of at once discarding all fermented wines, as now generally used in the celebration of the Lord's Supper, it becomes a question of great interest,—How are churches to obtain the true unfermented fruit of the vine? To this many answers have been given, the least perfect of which, if acted upon, would secure a much better supply for the communion cup than that commonly bought in the shambles, and now generally used at the Lord's Supper. The support of this statement requires no laboured argument, it is abundantly sustained by the fact, which all well informed persons are prepared to admit, that of all the enormous quantity of liquid sold as wine, in America, *nineteen* twentieths of the whole is perfectly spurious, never having had any, even the slightest connection with the fruit of the vine; being simply the product of debased human ingenuity stimulated by "*the love of money*," the product being made to resemble the fermented fruit of the vine so closely, in all its characteristics, so far as they appeal to the senses, as to render it next to impossible for the most experienced wine bibbers to distinguish the spurious from the genuine. And, inasmuch as few Deacons or Elders are either competent or careful to apply chemical tests while in the act of selecting wine for the communion table, it follows, that in nineteen cases out of twenty in which the Lord's Supper is celebrated in America, it is administered in each of these nineteen cases, without "*the fruit of the vine*" being used in any form!!!—Well, therefore, may it be said that the most imperfect answer given to the question, as above stated, furnishes when followed a more scriptural supply for the communion cup, than the shambles can provide, inasmuch as all the answers referred to, make the actual fruit of the vine the basis of supply. All

will readily admit, that in the best quality of dried grapes as sent to America in boxes, we have clusters of the identical article from which was prepared "*the fruit of the vine*" used at the first Supper, the only difference being the loss in our dried clusters of a certain quantity of water, and the gain of a sprinkling of sugar to aid in their preservation. The water can easily be restored by throwing the dried clusters into a sufficient quantity of it; when they have absorbed the water, they will obviously represent the state in which they were gathered from the vine in every essential particular; if now subjected to pressure of sufficient force, they must necessarily give off with the water all that is valuable in the cluster, and hence the liquid, so obtained, must really and truly be "*the fruit of the vine*" in a sense more perfect and absolute than can be affirmed of any other constantly attainable supply for the Table of the Lord, in countries other than *vine producing*.—As the result of considerable experience in preparing, in accordance with the above, "*the fruit of the vine*" for "*the cup of blessing*," the following course is recommended as always securing satisfactory results.

For every quart required to supply the communion cup, on the Sabbath, take, on Saturday morning, from one to two pounds of grapes dried in the cluster, the best that can be obtained—strip the grapes from their stems, and then crush or bruise them; pour upon them thus bruised as much pure water, in a tepid state, as shall be one-eighth more than equal to the supply required for the communion cup; allow the whole to remain covered in a suitable vessel till Saturday evening. Then, after thoroughly amalgamating the bruised mass with the liquid, separate the two by pressure or otherwise, in such a manner as to cause the bruised and saturated grapes to impart all of value which they possess, to the liquid, as it flows from them; allow this liquid to stand in a quiet and cool place till morning, when, after having poured it carefully from the lees into the flagon, it will be fit for the communion table, and justly entitled to the appellation of "*the fruit of the vine*."—Should it be thought advisable to increase the colour, (though it is not to be overlooked that much colour is not a necessary characteristic of the fruit of the vine,) the increase desired is readily obtained by extracting the colour from black raspberries, fresh or dried, by bruising them in water till their colour is imparted to it, which, when free from sediment, is to be poured into the flagon till its contents are of the colour desired. From one to two table-spoonfuls will suffice to colour a quart. Logwood is largely used in imparting the red hue to the wines sold in the shambles. That it is preferable to use the black raspberry for this purpose, none can doubt.

Having thus presented a practical method of supplying the communion cup with the true fruit of the

vine, in a liquid unfermented form, it is hoped that the churches of Christ in Canada will at once discard the vile compounds and base counterfeits now so generally used, especially seeing they have been the cause of the fall of many who seemed to have escaped the pollutions of the inebriating cup. To such let the table of the Lord cease to be a snare; that it ever should have been, is cause of purgent grief and deep humiliation; if it continues such, will the consequences not be chargeable to those who have it in their power to make it otherwise and yet will not?

The preceding had just passed from the desk to the printing office, when the following earnest appeal from an attached friend of the *Tribune* came to hand. The writer may rest assured that his admontary address will be duly and honestly weighed by Dr. Mair, who, as a chemist and traveller, skilled in the questions raised, will, doubtless, feel called upon to meet them in a faithful and satisfactory manner. G. W. has done well in thus asking a calm and full examination of the whole subject. Nothing less can satisfy the spirit of inquiry which is now awakened among thoughtful christians—and towards which a powerful under-current has long been bearing them—the issues are now appearing—let them be fairly and honourably met—all parties emulating each other in the generous spirit of christian meekness:—

November, 1856.

To the Editor of the *Gospel Tribune*:

Sir,—I have decidedly not time, suppose I had ability, to enter deeply into the subject, but I wish to venture an idea or two on a letter signed John Mair, Dr. (of medicine, I suppose.)

What conclusions will be come to by your considerate readers that have carefully looked over this piece? Will it not be that the wine [the new wine] is next to be worshiped instead of the Old Divinity of the Catholics? If not, I think that a candid mind will acknowledge that it is one of those cases in which a refined sentimentality of the first broacher of the doctrine, will be followed up at once by the masses, in a headlong idolatry such as I have mentioned.

As I said before, I am not prepared to enter deeply into the subject; let those who have taken it up consider a little how they play with the allowed symbols of a sacred institution, and with the judgment and the faith of the church of Christ for many hundreds of years.

Yes, they have consulted commentators, and pity those commentators should not have got a single glance of their wonderful theory. Commentators have given, what any rightly constituted mind would easily come at, that the cup of devils is wine offered in sacrifice. Sir, an "M. D." should know, as a chemist, that your ideal wine will not keep. Travellers know that in twelve hours it will not only have

undergone the various fermentation, but the second, or acetous fermentation, and turned into vinegar.—They know that it is, in its original state, a disgusting, acidulous liquor that is looked on with horror, as the very image of dysentery and cholera. It is prepared by art for keeping—yes, by boiling and straining. A chemist should see through what that means—that is, that it is made into a syrup—a pailful reduced to a bottle, of course that will keep; but do you call this wine? I am not expecting the whole world to be of one opinion in a matter of history or science; but I beg you to consider how far there is danger in such flowery disquisitions as that of the doctor.

I am your obedient servant,

G. W.

REVIEW.

"THE TERMS OF COMMUNION AT THE LORD'S TABLE."

BY R. B. C. HOWELL, D. D.

[Under this caption, 12 pages of manuscript have been forwarded by Z. F. for insertion in this number of the *Tribune* with the promise that more is forthcoming. Having carefully read Dr. Howell's book shortly after it was first published, no hesitation is felt in pronouncing it quite unworthy of the attention which L. F. is bestowing upon it. The extraordinary amount of presumptuous dogmatism, which this work forces upon the attention of every reader at all skilled in this controversy, is truly amazing. Short and severe treatment should characterize every review of such books, that their authors may be ashamed, and therefore the *Tribune* cannot find room for the 12 pages of Z. F., confident that a part of his last paragraph is all that the portion reviewed merits. The part of the paragraph referred to is as follows:—]

The strange position which the Dr. takes (p. 23) to illustrate the difference between Christian and Sacramental communion, already alluded to, requires special notice. "Either (of these species of communion, he says,) may be in full exercise without the existence of the other." Two very different characters are introduced to illustrate this position. The one, though not immersed, is "eminently religious." With him he delightfully associates in the service of the Redeemer,—takes sweet counsel, and walks to the house of God: but to go to the Lord's Table with him would be, he thinks, a violation of the law of Christ. This is the Dr's. *Christian* communion. Another comes to the Holy Supper in whom he has no confidence as a christian, and never associates with as such; but "he comes according to the law;" and he cannot debar him. He comes, according to the law! What law? The law of immersion, of course, or the law that makes it a prerequisite to the supper, Dr. H. would reply. But does submission to the law of immersion suffice to qualify for the Lord's Supper? Is it the only prerequisite to Communion? Such is the fair inference from the Dr's reasoning here. True;

he contends elsewhere that faith and repentance are also indispensable terms of Communion; but were there credible evidence of their existence in the case of the party in question, what could hinder confidence? and why not associate with him? as a christian. It is very obvious the Dr. perceives little or no evidence that the party has obeyed any law of Christ—except the law of immersion; and for this very reason he has no confidence in him as a christian. Yet he comes according to the law! But can it with any propriety be said of a person in whom we can have no confidence as a christian, “he comes according to the law?” May it not with far greater propriety be said of the party viewed as “eminently religious,”—the party with whom, though unimmersed, he delightfully associates in the service of the Redeemer, &c., “he comes according to the law?” Verily submission to every law or injunction of the Saviour is required of every communicant at his table, as well as to the law of immersion, he speaks of the necessity of “purity, brotherly love,” and of “the heart being imbued with the Spirit of Christ;” (p. 14). Would it not be more in accordance with these to say of the “eminently religious party” “he comes according to the law?” Is it possible that Dr. Howell can entertain the opinion that the divine law is such as to justify him in refusing to celebrate the Lord’s Supper with a person whom he has confidence as being “eminently religious” while it requires him to celebrate with one in whom he can have no confidence as a christian. If the Dr. could lay aside his prepossessions, and take a five minutes’ glance at the consequences of his position, he would cast it to the ground and trample it in the dust: for its legitimate consequence can be no other than this, in the sight of God *to be immersed* is of greater importance than *to be “eminently pious!”* a doctrine as inconsistent with New Testament christianity as any entertained by Dr. Pusey. In truth his preferring to associate with the “eminently pious” party rather than the other, bespeaks his persuasion that genuine piety is of superior importance to the most punctual observance of external rites, however important in themselves. But the all-important question is, on what is the Dr’s confidence in “the eminently” pious person based; it can be nothing less than the inward persuasion that he obeys the law of Christ as far as he knows it. It is impossible indeed that he could “delightfully associate with him in the service of the Redeemer,” if persuaded that he was living in the neglect of known duty,—in disregard of the ordinance of Christ; as elsewhere he would persuade his readers is the case.

For while the Dr. says, “we cherish for them, as the people of God, the sincerest affection; we preach, pray, and labour together, consult and cooperate for the spread of the gospel, and take pleasure in being associated with them in every good word and work,” (p. 23.) it must be remembered this is only the Dr’s christian communion. Speak of sacramental communion; then, what a transmutation takes place! “The

fine gold” immediately becomes “dross.” Pedobaptists become then “delinquents, persevering in disregard of spiritual obligations” (p. 84.) “Conspirators in design to overthrow the law of God!” Yea “rebels against divine authority!!!” (p. 87.) “Habitual violators of the revealed will of God!” (p. 109.) No reasoning can better demonstrate the unsoundness of a false theory than the incongruities to which its advocates are driven in their attempts to sustain it.

(to be continued.)

For the Gospel Tribune.

S I N .

We may be able to form some faint idea of the ravages of sin in this world, but who can conceive anything like the consequences which will result from it in the next? Who can imagine the amount of misery and suffering it has already caused? Parents weeping for their children; children weeping for their parents, and hearts breaking for the sake of those who are being led captive by it at its will. If we could at one glance see all the sins we have individually committed, how appalling would be the sight; even our best actions are mixed with it; numberless are the forms in which it presents itself, each suited to its victim. To the weak believer sin comes with the most bland accents on her lips, and almost makes him believe he is going on in the right way, while he is obeying her mandates. O vile hypocrite! mother of woe and all its attendants! daughter of Satan! inhabitant of the lowest regions of hell! when wilt thou cease thy ravages? thou hast almost turned this beautiful earth into a hell. But hark! from the foot of Calvary a voice ascends to heaven, it is the blood of Jesus crying aloud against sin. Ah, thou hitherto implacable foe of God and man! thou shalt no longer have liberty to traverse the earth and do what thou wilt; thou shalt no longer have universal power. Divine grace plants its foot upon thy neck, and holds thee in subjection, making thy downfall redound to the glory of his name.

RAMSAY, October 1856.

C.

FRAGMENTARY ILLUSTRATIONS OF “CUP OF DEVILS.”

No. I.

“They drink the wine of the condemned in the house of their God.”—Amos ii. 8.

“Ye gave the Nazarites wine to drink, and commanded the prophets, saying, Prophecy not.”—Amos ii. 12.

“Crime culminates, and by the side of crime, almost worse than crime, epicurean indifference reigns, and whatever space profligacy has left free churlataniism dominates. It needs no wide historical experience, it needs no piercing flash of victorious intellect, it needs only a pure conscience, to mark these gigantic proportions and these foul forms of intense and incorrigible evil. Shrink not then from the confession of thy belief, O brother, that these our times are such as the older prophets would have anathematized as ripe for a reformation. And if thou art asked the reasons for this thy faith, regard none as necessary but the

faith itself. Nor let it restrain thee in thy utterances that thou wouldst fain be purged thyself from frailty, error, and pollution before condemning the community.

"The times are ripe for a reformation; thy anger at prevailing guilt is an honest anger, and let it be breathed with full throat, without fear or favour. God will do the rest."—*The Critic*, July 15, 1856.

We have now staring us in the face the following startling and weighty facts in connection with "wine and strong drink," touching the barbarous murder of his young wife by a fearful victim of intemperance, from the pen of the author of the *Diary of a late Physician*; "Fifteen cases of criminous Clergymen," &c.; the all but total absence of the artisans of Great Britain from "the Lord's Table," and the last, not least, "the Opium cause in India." Let us lay them before your readers with a few comments:—

The first case of atrocious murder in this black list, is pathetically touched upon by that exquisite delineator of character, Mr. Warren, the Recorder of Hull, in a recent address to the Grand Jury at that place, thus: "Gentlemen, on Saturday last, at York, an incident occurred occasioning me reflections not soon to be forgotten. I heard in the streets the sounds of merry music, and on going to my window, beheld a large procession of boys and girls, looking the pictures of innocence, health, and happiness, carrying flags on which were inscribed, various incentives to temperance. The sight was exhilarating—for it exhibited all the delightful excitement of sobriety, and the settled purpose of virtue; and, gentlemen, what can be more affecting and suggestive to those in the upper classes of society, than to see these lessons of forbearance, and self-denial, at once taught and practised by the humbler classes. Within a few minutes of witnessing this scene, and while my ears were delighted with their tiny cheering, and I was thinking how many virtuous and happy homes had sent them forth to teach the grand lessons of temperance, the blessings it brings,—the evils it averts, I had been in court watching a fearful victim of intemperance, standing at the bar of justice, as he was at that very moment being tried for the barbarous murder of his young wife, whose corpse he dared to kiss the instant the agonising struggle was over, and her spirit had gone into the presence of God to witness against him who had sent her there. Of that crime that hardened being has, within these few hours been convicted; and nothing could be more shocking than the details of drunkenness which had at length stimulated a vile nature into such an act of cruelty and crime! How little these innocent children thought of the scene which they had called up before the minds eye of him who, unseen, watched them, and those who had sent them on their holy errand, God speed! And the thought then occurred to me, suppose the awful voice of God were heard saying, 'Since my creatures will only abuse my good gifts, given to make glad the heart of man, and not degrade him below the level of the brutes, from this moment I will blight the fruit of the vine—vine, hop, and barley shall perish from the earth.' After a while how much of disease, of misery, of guilt, would perish with them? In your gaol at this moment are lying those whom drunkenness has led to acts of grievous cruelty and violence, and such cases alas! are continually occurring in your police court." Now, it is well worthy of remark that this threat has already been partially anticipated by Divine judgment; for in Tuscany, for years past, the vines have been blighted, and the vintage almost entirely destroyed; and last year distillation of brandy was forbidden in France, by the august Emperor Napoleon III., in consequence

of a similar dearth in his dominions. Is this wonderful? By no means. It is in accordance with the past dealing of Jehovah with His ancient people the Jews, and with Christians in every age of the Church, that we ere men have abused their privileges, and corrupted and misapplied the good gifts of His gracious providence, He has withdrawn these gifts from them. Mark what He says in the prophetic writings, "Thou shalt plant vineyards and dress them, but shalt neither drink the wine, nor gather the grapes, for the worms shall eat them."—(Deut. xxviii. 39.) "And I called for drought upon the land and upon the mountains, and upon the corn, and upon the new wine."—(Haggai i. ii. "I have smitten you with blasting and mildew, when your gardens and your vineyards, and your fig trees, and your olive trees increased, the palmer worm devoured them, yet have ye not returned unto me saith the Lord."—(Amos iv. 9.) "Awake ye drunkards and weep and howl all ye drinkers of wine, for it is cut off from your mouth."—(Joel i. 5.) "For she did not know that I gave her corn, and wine, and oil, and multiplied her silver and gold, which they prepared for Baal, (margin—wherewith they made Baal,) therefore will I return, and take away my corn in the time thereof, and my wine in the season thereof."—(Hosca ii. 8, 9.) "And now, O ye priests, this commandment is for you: If ye will not hear and if ye will not lay it to heart, to give glory unto my name, saith the Lord of Hosts, I will curse your blessings; yea, I have cursed them already, because ye do not lay it to heart. Behold I will corrupt your seed, and spread dung upon your faces, even the dung of your solemn feasts, and one shall take you away with it," (margin—it shall take you away to it. —Malachi ii. 1, 3.) But what was the cause of this impending judgment upon the priests? They had "despised the name of the Lord"—they had "offered polluted bread upon His altar," and made the "table of the Lord polluted, and the fruit thereof contemptible."—(Malachi i.) They had treated Omnipotence worse than they would have cared to treat their earthly governor; and, therefore, they were threatened by Jehovah, when they had thus grossly insulted, with the outpouring of His wrath upon their guilty heads. But is there any analogy between the case of these rebellious Jews and us Christians? Have we treated Jehovah in a similar manner? Have we abused His mercies? Have we offered polluted bread upon His table? Yes—it must be admitted that we have, and polluted wine too;—fermented bread, and fermented, intoxicating, soul-and-body destroying wine, have been offered, and are now in the end of the nineteenth century being offered by us upon "the table of the Lord," at the celebration of that precious ordinance which Jesus instituted in remembrance of His blood shedding for the salvation of sinners. Thus we have done despite, and alas, are still doing despite to the Spirit of Grace, and we have no excuse to plead which will satisfy the truth and justice of God, for He has made it as plain as words can do, that it is our duty to eat unfermented bread and drink unfermented "fruit of the wine," when we do show the Lord's death till he come, as we trust has been proved unanswerably, in a preceding communication. Need it excite wonder then, that God is angry with us, and that he is manifesting His anger by withholding from us the precious fruits of the earth, which, we have been most wickedly perverting into poisons? What remedy can be applied for this fearful state of things? Not that had recourse to by the archbishop of Florence, who, deeming the blighting of the vines of Tuscany, "an emergency of sufficient importance to demand the invocation of extraordinary aid, bethought himself of the assistance of the patriarch Noah, and

penned a prayer to the virgin, as well as one to him, who, to his cost, was the first upon record to make free with intoxicating wine, and so stands forth an eternal monument of the danger of tampering with alcohol.—Christian Times. But let our remedy be that of Holy Writ, "Blow the trumpet in Zion, sanctify a fast (*not a feast*), call a solemn assembly; gather the people, sanctify the congregation, assemble the elders, gather the children, and those that suck the breasts, let the bridegroom go forth of his chamber, and the bride out of her closet. Let the priest—the ministers of the Lord—weep between the porch and the altar, and let them say, Spare thy people O Lord, and give not thy heritage to reproach that the heathen should rule over them."—(Joel ii. 15, 17.) "Bring ye all the tithes into the store-house, that there may be meat in my house (*not poison*), and prove me now herewith, said the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of Heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."—(Malachi iii 10.)

So much for a horrible act of murder, caused by the use of alcohol;—the thoughts of the learned judge thereupon, and some associated ideas which have occurred to us having a bearing upon practical Christianity in the present day.

The notice of fifteen "criminous clergymen," will form no unappropriate adjunct to the above doleful narrative. Thus it is stated in the Alliance Weekly News of August 16, 1856: "Another return laid before Parliament as to "criminous clergymen," shows that of fifteen cases brought before the Ecclesiastical Court, five were for habitual drunkenness, and the other ten were clearly connected with the same abominable vice. When will Christian Ministers act on the injunction given to the priests of Aaron?" Let it be remarked that all these clergymen belonged to the Church of England, and that they were arraigned before the Ecclesiastical Court in 1853, (the returns for 1854 and '55 have not yet made their appearance,) and that it would afford very inadequate data by which to estimate the extent to which this abominable vice exists among the Ministers of all denominations, if the attention of the inquirer were to be confined to these specimens of clerical inebriety. It so happens, however, that we have it in our power to refer to other samples of degrading and disgraceful vice, as occurring in the Established Church of Scotland in the very same year, when the depositions of four Ministers were recorded in the archives of the Supreme Court of that Church, all arising from drunkenness, viz.: those of Irongray, Gorbals, Teviotdale, and Monifieth. Moreover, it may be mentioned, that on the 24th of June, also of 1853, the Presbytery of St. Andrew's pronounced judgment on the Minister of Ferry Port on Craig, labelled for drunkenness and other unbecoming conduct. Eleven charges out of sixteen, were found proven against him, so that in the Church Establishments of England and Scotland, in that year, at least 20 cases of crime connected with the monster iniquity of the United Kingdom, which the Mussulman would blush to own—stained their annals!* But this is not all;

it so happens that we are able to refer to deplorable case of clerical in-briety, of recent occurrence, much nearer home—mean in this province—pointed out in the Canada Temperance Advocate of September 15, 1856; and to an astounding exposure of "Intemperance amongst religious professors," in the same periodical for October 15, 1856, in our father-land. With regard to the former, it may suffice to say that he was a clergyman of the Church of England, about to be ordained to the sacred office at Lindsay, C.W., but on his way to the scene of his future labors, "while on the steamboat he was discovered to be so intoxicated as to be scarcely sensible where he was, or what was passing around him. He, however, arrived at his station, and the next day being the Sabbath, and he not yet free from the influence of drink, conducted himself in such a manner as caused his condition to be noticed by the congregation; and, I am informed, received an intimation that his usefulness was at an end in that place. He accordingly left the next morning to join his family, but was obliged to stop at P— for the night, where he was attacked by delirium tremens."

The next document we have to refer to in illustration of this baneful subject, is from 3, Buckingham Place, Chelsea, and signed by George Parrington, a former victim of alcoholic intemperance, but now a teetotaler. He gives the initials of four ministers, four local preachers, forty-one exhorters, class-leaders, tract-distributors, and holders of other offices in the church to which he belongs; as well as of fifteen families—total sixty-one, including himself—all of them more or less known to him, some of whom had been his spiritual advisers, others fellow laborers, and others bosom companions, all disgraced, and many of them totally ruined for this world, and the world to come, by "the wine" which "biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." We cannot tell what may have been the number of such-like cases in all the sections of the visible church of Christ in the United Kingdom, in the States, or in this Province, within a given period; but surely the facts which have been adduced at this time, ought to have some effect in rousing ministers and members of every Christian denomination from their unaccountable stupor, and stirring them up to the *instant* duty of inquiring, "Whence does all this awful amount of ascertained drunkenness, a mere fraction of the secret and untold sum total of that vice, which causes nineteen out of twenty of every case of back-sliding and apostasy amongst the ministers, office-bearers, and members of Christian Churches proceed?" Has it nothing whatever to do with the Bible interdicted use of drugged wine (if wine it can be called), containing from 21 to 25 per cent of alcohol, at the Lord's Table, which is almost universal in all the churches of the Saints? A single observation more we would offer under this head, and it is this—would there not be a prodigious ferment throughout Protestant Christendom if instead of the eighty-five cases of drunkenness which have been pointed out, and which have occurred within a short period amongst three denominations, the same number of cases of adultery had been noised abroad upon good authority as having happened among the ministers, office-bearers, and members of these churches. But is not drunkenness as much a work of the flesh as adultery? Why then should not a similar commotion be excited by the prevalence of this besetting besetting vice, if it were not connived at in the Sanctuary? Although the law has never been cancelled which prohibits the use of

*NOTE.—On one occasion when Jeffrey was defending a Clergyman who had been proved to have been once intoxicated, and whom it was proposed for that offence to deprive of his benefice, the consummate tact of the advocate at once filled him. He could not grapple with the evidence against his client, so he took the other tack, and proved that having been drunk on a single occasion was no such unpardonable crime. "Is there one member of assembly," he said, "who will dare to say that he himself has never been so." A tremendous burst of disapprobation from all parts of the house pulled Jeffrey up. We do not know what became of his delinquent client. Of late years the tendency of the assembly has been extreme severity. One or two instances of drunkenness will ensure deposition from the ministry, which implies deprivation from the

benefice, and total ruin. A member once came to an evening *sedesunt* in a state of intoxication—he was placed at the bar, and deposited at the instant.—The Albion, Aug 2, 1856.

of intoxicating wine by the "Royal Priesthood" in "the inner Court"—(Ezekiel xlv. 21)—but has been illustriously confirmed and consecrated by Immanuel using "the pure blood of the grape" at his Supper—"the cup of the Lord" the antidote of the cup of devils!

The next item to be considered by us is, "The all but total absence of the artisans of Great Britain from the Lord's Table." Upon this subject, the Rev. John C. Miller, Honorary Canon of Worcester, and Rector of St. Martin's, Birmingham, is an authority, and no mean one either, for the warm interest he takes in all practical schemes for ameliorating the condition of the humbler class—such as open air preaching, the early school-closing movement, &c., is well known.

This esteemed clergyman, in his lecture entitled "The Home Harvest," delivered before the Young Mens' Christian Association in London, 1855-6, thus expresses himself: "Let us look our work in the face; and let us not talk of the working classes, and of the poor so exclusively, as to fall into the error of supposing that they only need our anxious thought and earnest effort. In reference to the former, I shall not rehearse in your ears statistics which, although they have lost none of their terrible importence by repetition and familiarity, are yet known sufficiently for my purpose to every man among us. One test, however, of mournful significance and conclusiveness may be touched on—the testimony of our Communion Tables. Exceptions here and there, in no wise invalidate the fact that the proportion of our communicants among our artisans is absolutely "Nil," when set beside their numbers. I do not exaggerate the importance of this test. I do not regard absence, even habitual absence from that Holy Table as necessarily conclusive of spiritual death, any more than I regard habitual presence as necessarily conclusive of spiritual life. But surely it is a test, and no unimportant one; and it is a mournful symptom of the spiritual indifference of the masses to their christian duties and privileges, that the great bulk of them should seem to have no concern with the dying injunction of their Lord—no care for a child's place, and a child's bread at the table of their Father in Heaven." Had this benevolent clergyman, free from prejudice in favour of an antiquated but unscriptural dogma, penetrated a little deeper than the surface, he would have discovered perhaps, that there was a substantial reason why the bulk of the working men of England should absent themselves from the Communion Table. Why they seem to have no concern with the dying injunction of their Lord—no care for a child's place, and a child's bread at the table of their Father in Heaven. It is matter of notoriety that Teetotalism sprang up among the laboring classes of society, and that there it has had its chief triumphs. There is much shrewd sagacity amongst them. They are the pith and sinews of the body politic. Read their masterly essays upon the Sabbath question, if you would judge correctly of their intellectual and moral powers. They are not all addicted to strong drink—far from it. Many of them are sober, industrious, highly respectable men—otherwise what would have become of the manufactures—the commerce—the science—the glory of our mother country? Ichabod would have been inscribed upon her deserted palaces and temples ere now. It is then a melancholy sign of the times that Britain's workmen—her mainstay—have forsaken the assembling of themselves together, and sit not down to commemorate the death of their Saviour at His Table. And yet it is in another point of view a consolatory sign. If we were to draw the sweeping conclusion from the

premises that these men disregarded the solemn injunction of the Lord Jesus Christ, to partake of unfermented bread and fruit of the vine in remembrance of Him, because they absented themselves from the Communion Table—then indeed, this, their absence would, in our estimation, be the symptom of a fatal heart disease which they laboured under; but if on the other hand, we should have good grounds for believing that they were in the habit of separating themselves from the church at the celebration of "The Lord's Supper," because they viewed the mode in which it was observed with highly intoxicating drugged wine, is altogether anti-scriptural, then we should be constrained to give them credit for conscientiousness and strict adherence to the precept of their Lord instead of censuring them for neglect of it. We apprehend this to be the truth, and we found our opinion upon the striking fact that about the end of the year 1817, when three prizes of £25, £15, and £10, were offered by a philanthropic layman, for the best essays on the subject of the Sabbath, written by labouring men; at least nine hundred and fifty were forthcoming, and appeared in 1848, three months after the announcement. This, we say, indicates a healthy state of religious feeling and principle amongst the working classes in regard to the Lord's Day; but if they are sound in regard to it, can it be believed that they would almost to a man absent themselves from the kindred ordinance of the Lord's Supper, if they were not forcibly impressed with the conviction that it was not observed according to Christ's appointment—in the churches to which they respectively belonged. But still farther upon this point:—Judge Marshall, of Nova Scotia, the devoted advocate of total abstinence, in his "Earnest appeal on behalf of the Total Abstinence Reform," based on Scripture, addressing himself to the Ministers of the Gospel, thus writes: "As an additional argument and motive to you, Reverend Sirs, it may be well to inform you, of what, perhaps, as yet you scarcely suspect, or at least, it would seem, do not sufficiently know, namely, that by opposing or neglecting the abstinence movement, you are impairing your influence and usefulness, as to religious ministrations, and in various other respects. Many have left and are still leaving your churches, and are declining to attend on your ministry, from dissatisfaction with the course you are pursuing with regard to the movement, and are meeting in private, in the halls or other places, for religious exercises of a public description, or are entirely neglecting them. It is a distressing truth, as all who spiritually and fully examine into the subject ascertain and admit, that the standard of religion as to vital piety and practical holiness, is at present very imperfect and low. As to a revival from this state, it cannot scripturally be expected for many reasons that might be assigned, but most especially while the drinking of strong liquors so generally prevails, it being admitted by all, that drunkenness is far more than all others the cause of individual declensions and expiations from churches."

Now, it is as clear to us as the sun at noonday, that hardly in any other way could the Ministers of the Gospel present so formidable a banner to the cause of Christ, as by their obstinate persistence in the use of highly intoxicating and drugged wine at the Lord's Table, in direct opposition to His sacred commandment; and we cannot doubt that many sagacious, far-seeing, and conscientious artisans, who have adopted the principles of total abstinence, must have their eyes open to the gross inconsistency of the office-bearers of churches dispensing such abominable stuff at that solemn ordinance, as if it could truly represent that blood which cleanseth from all sin. Under

these circumstances, and until furnished with positive evidence that the christian artisans of Great Britain *en masse*, absent themselves from the Lord's Supper for some other reason, we shall feel ourselves justified in believing it to be highly probable that a large proportion of that class of men, who are intelligent teetotallers, do so, because their love to their Redeemer will not allow them to drink of intoxicating wine, or in other words, (and to make use of the language of inspiration,) of "the cup of devils"—the wine which "at the last biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder"—as the symbol of His precious sin-atoning blood.

If these views be correct, we have grounds to look upon the symptom which has been brought before us by Canon Miller, as one, and an alarming one; too, not of disease of the class to which he refers, but of a special malady in the visible Church of Christ, to which the distinctive appellation of "alcoholic consumption" might be assigned. The Church is stupefied by strong drink. She reels and staggers under its malign influence. She is paralysed, convulsed, and eviscerated, by it. It preys upon her very vitals. It eats out her piety. It undermines her constitution. I would much rather see the Communion Table deserted by the aristocracy and science of the land, than by the men who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, for amongst them, if anywhere, true piety is to be expected, because "the poor have the Gospel preached to them"—(Matt. xi. 5)—and "not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called; But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world, and things which are despised hath God chosen, and things which are not to bring to nought things that are.—(1 Cor. 26: 28.)

But although we have referred the ominous symptom which we have had under consideration, to "alcoholic consumption" in the church, rather than to a diseased condition of the working classes, yet the fact must not be ignored, that there is great danger of the disgust with which they view the habitual employment of intoxicating drink at the Lord's Table, in the Establishment, and other sections of the church—the consequent coldness and nakedness of her divers religious services, and her impotency in assisting the deluge of crime which overflows the land and threatens to submerge its most cherished institutions, and sweep away its blood-bought rights—ripening in them into settled aversion to all religious institutions, and branching out into some one or other of the putridom monstrosities of modern infidelity or positive atheism. Nor are these bad, although they be the only or even the greatest evils to be dreaded. Who can tell when "the wrath of the Lamb" may not be kindled against the people who turn a deaf ear to all His tender expostulations—cleaving to "the cup of devils," and reject "the cup of salvation"—bringing upon them swift destruction? The only remedy for the church, is at once, and forever, to banish from the sanctuary, the "wine wherein is excess," (the principle of physical and moral ruin,) that filthy thing, which, like Achan's wedge of gold, causes the enemies of God to triumph, and the ranks of Immanuel to despond!

Our remarks upon the "Opium curse in India," we shall reserve till some future opportunity, if God should be pleased to grant it.

J. M.

Sebastopol Terrace,
Kingston, Oct. 31, 1856. }

The following communication relating to the promotion of Sabbath School instruction in Canada, is

gladly inserted in the *Tribune*. It will be the aim of its conductor to be in attendance at the proposed convention, to represent the deep interest which he feels in the declared object of the meeting.

SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHERS' CONVENTION.—A specially convened meeting of several persons from different cities of the province, was held at Kingston on the 25th of last month, for the purpose of considering the expediency of holding a Convention of Sabbath School Teachers. The feeling in favor of the proposition was unanimous, as it was thought that such a meeting would exercise an important and beneficial influence upon the Sabbath School cause. It was therefore decided upon.

A local committee and a committee of arrangements, the latter consisting of two branches, one in Toronto and the other in Montreal, were appointed.

It will be held at Kingston on Wednesday the 11th day of February next.

As soon as all necessary arrangements are completed, full particulars will be published, and an invitation will be given to every Sabbath School to send one or two delegates.

This being the first Convention on a large scale, ever proposed in Canada, and as its object is simply the increase of the usefulness of Sabbath Schools, by mutual interchange of thought on their interests, and by an endeavour to create wider sympathy on the part of the Christian public; it is hoped that every School in Canada will be represented. The expense to each will be exceedingly light, as the delegates will be furnished with private accommodation during their stay in Kingston, and the arrangements with the different railway companies to secure a material abatement in the current rates of fare have, so far, been very successful.—*Con.*

RELIGION AND LOVE IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

There is nothing on earth so beautiful as the household on which Christian love forever smiles, and where religion walks, a counsellor and a friend. No cloud can darken it, for its twin stars are centered in the soul. No storms can make it tremble, for it has a heavenly anchor. The home circle, surrounded by such influences, has an antepast of the joys of a heavenly home.

He is but half prepared for the journey of life, who takes not with him that friend who will forsake him in no emergency—who will divide his sorrows, increase his joys, lift the veil from his heart, and throw sunshine around his darkest scenes.

If you love others, they will love you. If you speak kindly to them, they will speak kindly. Love is repaid with love, and hatred with hatred. Would you hear a sweet and pleasant echo, speak sweetly and pleasantly yourself.—*Student and Schoolmate.*

CURE FOR RELIGIOUS DEPRESSION.

The best way to dispel the fears for our personal safety is to labor for the salvation of others. Professed christians often get into a morbid state of mind about their religious prospects. They are afraid they shall not be saved. Perhaps they will not. If that is their chief anxiety they do not deserve to be. It is selfish always to be thinking of their own future happiness, and in their terrible fears they are paying the just penalty of their low ambition. But let them go out of themselves, and try to secure the salvation of others, and all their fears are gone. Then they are doing God's work, and they have no doubt of his love.

Political and General Miscellany.

WILL IS POWER.

How frequently we hear doubts expressed as to the possibility of acquiring knowledge without assistance!

One morning in the year 1849, a young peasant girl obtained an interview with the great vicare of the cathedral of one of the western cities in France. In a manner that was at once modest and firm, she told him that having heard of his kindness in procuring situations for governesses, she had come in the hope of obtaining some employment.

"But my child," replied the venerable abbe, "you cannot teach without a diploma, and in order to obtain a diploma, you must go through an examination. What instruction have you received?"

"In my childhood, Mons. l'Abbe, I learned to read and write, and then I served my apprenticeship to a mantuamaker. I am now constantly employed in working with my needle, and earn about three pence; but this does not do, and so I wish to become a governess."

"My poor child, to read and write is something, it is true; but it is not enough. You must know how to spell; and you must know grammar, geography and something more than the first four rules of arithmetic, all thoroughly; and you must also have some idea of composition."

"I think, Monsieur l'Abbe, that I could pass an examination in these things tolerably well; for when my day's work was over, I have always devoted part of the night to studying the books which I contrived to buy out of my savings. On Sundays, too, I could read. I have come on purpose to beg that you would be so good as to examine me, and tell me whether I may hope to obtain the diploma of the first degree."

"The first degree! but do you know what it is, my child? it would be impossible. The examination is very difficult; you must know arithmetic perfectly; also, something of geometry and cosmography; you must understand music, both singing and playing on an instrument. It is not likely you have learned the piano or the harp?"

"I have not; but Monsieur l'Abbe, does the law say positively the piano or the harp?"

"No! the law says that it is necessary to know enough of music to be able to play on an instrument. Those I mentioned are most usually learned at schools, that is the reason I named them; but I think that perhaps they might be satisfied, with the guitar."

"Well, Monsieur as the law does not name any particular instrument, I am satisfied, for I have taught myself to play on one instrument."

"And what is that?"

"Here it is;" and the girl took from her pocket a flageolet.

At this sight the Abbe burst into a peal of laughter. She colored deeply; but imagining, no doubt, that he did not believe in her musical powers, she raised the instrument to her lips and the Abbe stood amazed.

The excellent priest, who had himself been of the people, judged rightly that a peasant, who had taught herself not only to play, but to play so well, could not be an ordinary person. He asked her age. She was twenty-five.

"I will examine you now," he said.

The replies of the young peasant were astonishing; and he wondered but in silence, at the knowledge which this poor country dressmaker had obtained by her own unaided efforts.

"You may," he said, "with perfect confidence present yourself before the commission of examiners; I will arrange that you shall not be required to play. This flageolet, on which you perform so well, would excite laughter and witticism, which must be avoided."

The young peasant went before the Commissioners, and all were amazed at the variety of real and profound knowledge which she had acquired in her evenings, and pondered on during her long days of toil. Received by acclamation, she now (December, 1850) is at the head of an establishment.

We have heard this story related both by the grand vicare, and by a lady, the intimate friend of our heroine, who has often heard her say to her pupils—"WILL IS POWER."

GREAT CITIES; WHAT ARE THEY TO BE?

The growth of cities is one of those "signs of the times" which deserve the study of thoughtful Christians.

In our country this growth has been singularly rapid. The census show that the law of decimal increase of population is some thirty-four per cent.; but, in the last thirty years, New York city has increased five hundred per cent.; Philadelphia, four hundred; New Orleans, three hundred and fifty; Cincinnati, sixteen hundred; St. Louis, eighteen hundred; Chicago, San Francisco, and other new cities, four thousand. During the last ten years, the growth of population in most of the old states of the Union, has been in the city class, the rural population having, in very many sections, diminished.

In Europe, the same remarkable growth of cities appears. In fifty years, Paris has added to its population three quarters of a million; London, a million and a half. Similar additions have been made to Vienna and Berlin, on the continent, and to Glasgow, Manchester, and Liverpool, in Britain.

The social tendency of the age is unquestionably to concentration in cities. Within the area of London, one-ninth of the whole population of England is gathered. Paris contains one-thirtieth, and Vienna, one-nineteenth, of the many millions crowding the two great empires of France and Austria. Philadelphia has one-fifth of the population of Pennsylvania; and New York city one-sixth of the population of New York state. St. Louis is to the great state of Missouri as one to seven; and Cincinnati to Ohio, as one to twelve.

Meeting, then, the question, What are great cities to be? we answer:

1. They are to be greater aggregations of men, women, and children,—immortal souls pressing through time to eternity,—than the world has ever seen. The *clius* of antiquity are already surpassed in populousness by some of the leading cities of our times. We notice that the sewerage commissioners of London, in view of the probable necessities of that city are already projecting a drainage for six millions of inhabitants, its estimated population in fifty years, if the present ratio of increase be not lessened. And in fifty years who shall undertake to estimate the population of New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco?

2. Great cities are to be greater centers of wealth than their history has ever yet shown. It is said that there is one acre of ground in London which pays the interest on a long lease, of four millions of dollars. It is conceded that the wealth of Rome, in its best days, was much below the present wealth of the British metropolis. What, then, will be the wealth of cities, when upon our own continent there

shall be at least two Londons, receiving, distributing, and controlling the commerce of the world?

3. We can only add, that great cities are to be greater curses or greater blessings to mankind than they have yet been. Every conceivable element of influence is found in them; but all know that the actual influence put forth will correspond strictly to the character of governing minds. What vast benefit to the race would be the wealth, the talent, the industrial skill, of great cities, if they were swayed by the principle of righteousness! But we confess to serious apprehension that the history of cities in modern times, will be but a reproduction of their history in all ages. Wealth with us is already working out that luxury, licentiousness, indolence, selfish indifference to all interests, human and Divine, which more than once has overthrown the noblest cities of the world. There is a growing tendency in them all to neglect the places of prayer, and there is a fearful increase, every year, in vice and crime. The great want of cities now, as of man, wherever found, is that of a controlling religious sense. The salt of the Gospel alone can purify the fountains already so corrupt.

Who will pray for our cities? Who, dwelling in them, will labor for the triumph of the Gospel?—*American Pres.*

A HAPPY ACCIDENT.

It is remarkable how a change of very great importance in our system of government was brought about by pure accident. The custom of the king's being present in a Cabinet Council of his ministers, which was the obvious, and had always been the usual state of things, was put an end to when the Hanoverian princes came to the throne, from their ignorance of the English language. The advantage thence resulting of ministers laying before the sovereign the result of their full and free deliberations—an advantage not at all originally contemplated—caused the custom to be continued, and so established, that it is most unlikely it should ever be changed.—*Dr. Whately.*

SEA GRANDEUR.

There is a peculiar charm about the sea; it is always the same, yet never monotonous. Mr. Gosse has well observed that you soon get tired of looking at the loveliest field, but never of the rolling waves. The secret, perhaps, is that the field does not seem alive; the sea is life abounding. Profoundly mysterious as the field is, with its countless forms of life, the aspect does not irresistibly and at once coerce the mind to think of subjects so mysterious and so awful as the aspect of the sea does—it carries with it no ineradicable associations of terror and awe, such as are borne in every murmur of old ocean, and thus is neither so terrible nor so suggestive. As we look from the cliffs, every wave has its history; every swell keeps up suspense; will it break now, or will it melt into that larger wave? And then the log which floats so aimlessly on its back, and now is carried under again, like a drowning wretch—is it the fragment of some ship which has struck miles and miles away, far from all help and all pity, unseen except of Heaven, and no messenger of its agony to earth except this log, which floats so buoyantly on the tide? We may weave some such tragic story, as we idly watch the fluctuating advance of the dark log; but whatever we weave, the story will not be wholly tragic, for the beauty and serenity of the scene are sure to assert their influences. O mighty and un-

fathomable sea! O terrible familiar! O grand and mysterious passion! In thy gentleness thou art terrible when sleep smiles on thy scarcely quiet-heaving breast; in thy wrath and thunder thou art beautiful! By the light of rising or of setting suns, in gray dawn or garish day, in twilight or in sullen storms of darkness, ever and everywhere beautiful; the poets have sung of thee, the painters have painted thee; but neither the song of the poet, nor the cunning of the painter's hand, has more than caught faint reflexes of thy incommunicable grandeur and loveliness inexhaustible!—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

MAGNITUDE OF A NEW YORK HOTEL.

The proprietors of the St. Nicholas Hotel have published a description of their immense establishment, from which we quote a few statistics:—The St. Nicholas has a front of 275 feet on Broadway, and a depth of 200 feet, thus covering an area of one acre and a quarter in the most valuable part of the city. The building cost 1,200,000 dollars, and the entire cost of building, furniture, &c., was 1,900,000 dollars. The area of the front wall, which is of marble, is 13,000 feet. The building will accommodate 900 guests, and has frequently contained over 1,000. It was completely finished on the 1st of March, 1854. The number of rooms in the house is 600, all well lighted, and provided with hot and cold water. These include 100 complete suites of rooms, with baths, water-closets, &c., attached. The three largest dining-rooms in the house aggregate 9,000 superficial feet, and can accommodate 600 guests. The cost of the mirrors distributed about the house was 40,000 dollars, and of the silver-ware and plate 50,000 dollars. The proprietors are Messrs. J. P. Treadwell, J. P. Acker, Peter Acker, and Virgil Whitcomb. The number of servants averages during the year about 320. The hours for meals range through nearly the whole twenty-four, excepting from midnight to five o'clock, a. m. There is a regularly organised fire department in the building, with steam-power for forcing water to any portion of it. Eighteen plugs, with 200 feet of hose to each, enable the engineers to flood the building in six minutes from the time the alarm is sounded. The house consumes 18,000 to 30,000 feet of gas nightly from 2,500 burners. The gas is made on the premises. The laundry employs seventy-five laundresses, and can wash and iron 6,000 pieces per day. Steam is the great agent in this process, and is extensively used in the St. Nicholas for boiling, washing, mangling, drying, turning spits, heating water, &c. We are happy to learn that the talent and enterprise, as well as capital invested in this magnificent hotel, are being liberally rewarded. The proprietors are making both money and reputation.—*New York Mirror.*

OCCUPATION.

Occupation! occupation! what a glorious thing it is for the human heart. Those who work hard seldom yield themselves entirely up to fancied or real sorrow. When grief sits down, folds its hands, and mournfully feeds upon its own tears, weaving the dim shadows that a little exertion might sweep away into a funeral pall, the strong spirit is shorn of its might, and sorrow becomes our master. When troubles flow upon you, dark and heavy, toil not with the waves—wrestle not with the torrent! rather seek, by occupation, to divert the dark waters, that threaten to overwhelm you, into a thousand channels which the duties of life always present. Before you dream of it, those waters will fertilize the present,

and give birth to fresh flowers that may brighten the future—flowers that will become pure and holy in the sunshine which penetrates to the path of duty, in spite of every obstacle. Grief, after all, is but a selfish thing, and most selfish is the man who yields himself to the indulgence of any passion which brings no joy to his fellow-men.—*The Old Homestead.*

For the Gospel Tribune.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

The first of all the commandments is, Hear O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord: and thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength; this is the first commandment: and the second is like, viz: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. (Mark, xii. 29: 31.) "We preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling block, and unto the Greeks a foolishness. But unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ, the power of God, and the wisdom of God." (1 Cor. 1: 23, 24.) "He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me." (John, xiv. 21.) "For the love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead: And that He died for all, that they which love, should not henceforth love unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them, and rose again." (2 Cor. 5: 14, 15.) Supreme love to God, and subordinate love to man, as to self—is then, the sum of the Ten Commandments.

But man cannot command love. It must spring from an object calculated to draw it forth. Hence it is said of Jesus, "And I if I be lifted up will draw all men unto me." (John xii. 32.) Poor, miserable, sin-stricken, hell-deserving man, naturally has no knowledge of the only true God, or of Jesus Christ, whom he hath sent, and is equally destitute of love to Jehovah. It is only when he feels himself to be a lost and ruined creature, that he has brought all his misery upon himself, and that he can do nothing to extricate himself from his wretched condition, that he can faintly apprehend the love of God the Father, or of the Lord Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son of God, the friend who sticketh closer than a brother, who "became sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." The poor sinner, when he believes with the heart, that Jesus Christ is the true God, equal with the Father, full of grace and truth, and that being also man. He died for him, "the just for the unjust," that He might bring him to God—that very moment becomes "a new creature in Christ Jesus;" and supreme love to his Saviour takes possession of his heart. The cross is the great source of attraction,—the spiritual magnet, which, alone, can bring back the alienated, rebellious heart of man, by the power of the Holy Ghost, into a state of harmony with the mind of Him who originally framed it after the Divine model. Hence it is said, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God and there is none else," (Isaiah xlv. 22.) Supreme love to Jesus, as the God-man-Redeemer, will necessarily beget a supreme desire to keep His commandments, but His commandments to be obeyed must be understood in their right sense, that is to say, the word of God must be accurately interpreted.

JOHN MAYOR.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE PATRIOTIC FUND FROM THE COLONIES.

Antigua contributed 128l 5s 5d; Australia 96,590l 2s 7d; Bahamas 449l 11s 6d; Barbadoes 496l 14s 2d;

Bermuda 405l 2s 2d; Canada (including a legislative grant of 10,000l,) 26,347l 0s 6d; Cape of Good Hope 6,773l 19s 7d; Ceylon 4,451l 11s. 7d; Gibraltar 1,508l 13s 1d; Grenada 157l 13s; British Guiana 4,541l 8s 2d; Honduras 573l 13s 6d; Hong Kong 2,216l 4s 2d; India 79,413l 10s 5d; Jamaica 1,391l 13s 3d; Labuan 34l 19s 8d; Malta 862l 4s 3d; Mauritius 981l 3s 6d; Nevis 15l 6s 1d; New Brunswick (including a colonial grant of 4,000l,) 7,107l 1s 11d; Newfoundland 1,893l 17s 3d; New Zealand 6,952 3s 7d; Nova Scotia (including a colonial grant of 2,000l,) 5,522l 14s 8d; Prince Edward's Island 2,094l 7s; Sierra Leone 164l 3s; St. Helena 201l 16s 3d; St. Lucia 71l 9s 4d; St. Vincent 137l 4s 8d; Singapore 407l 17s 4d; Trinidad 1,178l 2s 9d; Tortola 13; Vancouver's Island 60l 1s 6d,—making a total of 253,132l 15s 10d.

THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

Christ by his death slew for us our infernal foes; by it he abolished death; by death he destroyed him that had the power of death; by death he took away the sting of death; by death he made death a pleasant sleep to saints, and the grave for a while an easy house and home for the body.—*Bunyan.*

REVIEW.

THE CANADA BAPTIST REGISSEUR FOR 1857 is the title of a small pamphlet just published in Toronto; containing an Almanac, the Fifth Annual Report of the Baptist Convention of Canada, a list of Baptist Churches and Ministers, and a few other facts of general interest to the Baptist denomination. To those for whom it is chiefly intended, this pamphlet must prove a very convenient and useful manual. But, with all its excellencies, it is necessary to state distinctly that it has some strange defects. In glancing over the "list of Baptist Churches in Canada" we looked in vain for those in Quebec, in Smith, in Dummer, &c. We read the title to the list again, and thought we must have omitted to notice the word *regular* therein,—but no,—that epithet we found still wanting. In the *Gospel Tribune* for March, 1855, we shewed that many of the churches in the list now furnished, had publicly and formally adopted the name of the "Regular Baptist Denomination in Canada." When and by what authority has this name been set aside? It should surely be as publicly and formally renounced as it was assumed. Are those who bound it like a precious diadem to their brows, and exhibited it at every ecclesiastical assemblage, beginning to cast it away as a useless thing? Could we hope that this defect in the name once chosen, indicates that those who have borne it are becoming less restrictive in respect to all the members of the Baptist family, and are cherishing more fraternal feelings than heretofore, we should heartily rejoice; but the painful question again presents itself,—Why are Baptist Churches in Canada left out in a professed list of Baptist Churches in Canada?

While we protest either against the omission of Churches and Ministers from the list, or else against the omission of a distinctive epithet in the title now given, we admire the pains-taking which is manifested in the collection of the facts brought together, and in the way in which the Report of the Board is drawn up.