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THE
Wesleyan Repository,
AND
LITERARY RECORD.

AUGUST, 1861.

Our Canadian Work and Ministry.

OUR CHURCH AND POLITICS.

Political men and their newspaper organs claim the peculiar and exclusive privilege of being the sole expositors of public opinion, and the directors of that opinion in all matters affecting the material prosperity of our country, as well as the sole guardians of our rights and privileges as British subjects. There is also a strange anomaly that some of the smallest denominations or churches exert over these partizans a powerful influence, whilst our church has no influence at all, notwithstanding our numbers and position. We have often regretted the passage of what we may term "the self-denying ordinance," by our Conference in reference to the organ of our church, in forbidding the advocacy of important political principles. Perhaps it was just and necessary at the time; but we really cannot, in the present state of our country, and the aspect of its affairs, see that such an abnegation of right, we might say of duty, is any longer advisable, or justifiable.

No idea can be more untenable and opposed to truth, than that because the primary cause and chief end of our connection as a church is religious, and that our first and constant duty is religious instruction, and religious development, and religious advancement, that there are no secondary duties incumbent, and these not very remotely related to the weightier matters, and which a casuist would find hard to separate,—being about as closely connected as the second part of the great command-

ment is with the first part. Is it therefore right or proper, that in matters in which we have a very grave concern and deep interest, in matters affecting this life, but which must always affect more or less the spiritual well-being of the church,—to throw aside all that weight and influence to which we are entitled in the government of our country? These rights have been as dearly earned by us as by any others,—we have as strong a claim to privileges as others have. Our people have done as much in reclaiming this country from its primeval forest as any others,—they contribute their full quota in bearing the burden of taxation, and they are as competent to make a proper use of their rights and privileges as any of Her Majesty's subjects. The admission is made of course as to our rights, but our politicians must be their sole guardians,—privileges, so called, may be ceded, but they must be our benefactors,—and the sole judges of what may be useful or hurtful. The constant cry is,—do not interfere in secular matters, we will take care of them,—you attend to your religious duties, and we to our political vocation. Such a division of labour is well understood by our politicians, and faithfully and diligently pursued, so far as the rejection or neglect of all religious responsibility and duty are concerned,—and perhaps try to believe that they are fully justified in renouncing religious restraint as they have religious practices for employment more congenial to their tastes and habits, and pecuniary interests. The christian layman or the christian minister has not the same laxity of principle, or the same incorrect and unscriptural view of duty, he can easily see how political men have or ought to have to do with religion, and how religious men have to do with politics. The hopes and fears, the duties and responsibilities of either class have to do with this life and the future,—their duties and responsibilities have reference to both,—the well-being and happiness of man in time and eternity.

If we see a man in our church, or one with whom we may be intimately acquainted, and in whose welfare we may take an interest,—pursuing a course that we are persuaded must lead to the ruin or injury of himself and family—are we not criminal if we withhold our counsel and give no warning; but our country and the interests of hundreds of thousands may be on the highway to ruin,—yet we must be silent—and are told to attend to our devotions. When an individual in our church becomes bankrupt, we are required to make strict enquiry into the case,—that there be no fraud; but the province may be verging to bankruptcy, and the sanctity of our calling in the meanwhile no preservative to our property amidst the general wreck, yet we must make no inquiry, give no warning, enter no protest, but be told it is our concern not yours,—attend to your religious duties. Mr.

Wesley advises us to go not only to those who want us, but to those who want us most. If there be one class more than another in Canada that requires the interference of the moral and religious power that we have, it is our political men. We are very kindly told that our laymen may act in their individual capacity, but not collectively, or as an unity, well knowing that divided we are powerless,—but that united we may be very formidable.

If we preserve our people from political error and falsehood,—if we may hope to guide them to anything like a correct knowledge of public affairs, the task must be committed to men of high moral and religious principles; placed in a position, and possessed of mental ability of knowing and judging, not polluted by political corruption, nor their judgments warped by political faction,—personally above the fears and hopes which actuate aspirants after political honor and reward.

Who can form correct opinions of the state of public affairs, of what is censurable, or what is commendable in our government by information conveyed through what are called the leading journals. Their selfishness is so extreme,—their statements are so contradictory,—their language is so frequently abusive, and frequently so foul,—that their ideas cannot be received but with the extreme of caution and reserve. It is only natural that the reading of what is designed very often to hide or pervert the truth,—or clothe in the darkest or most repulsive dress the failings and errors of political opponents, must have the effect of creating and fostering party bitterness, and preventing calm and mature deliberation upon subjects in which we have a deep and abiding interest. Our present deficiency therefore, in conveying to our people truthful and reliable information on public affairs should be supplied; and the more so, as the journals referred to, whilst they are in a state of constant antagonism to each other, are perfectly united in a constant, unprincipled, and deadly hatred and hostility to Wesleyan Methodism, its ministers, and all its institutions.

Notwithstanding the strong ties which connect us as a Church; our peace and harmony; our unity of action in spreading scriptural truth and holiness in this land; the perfect satisfaction and content with our ecclesiastical economy; the oneness existing between ministers and people; the position and intelligence of our adherents; yet in political matters we have no unity or concord; no reliable expositor of public opinion; no channel of conveying our own thoughts, and no means of inter-communication; we are completely isolated; we were going to say we are a non-entity; *we are nobody*.

We have no desire to see new lines drawn designating the boundaries

of our Church, or new colours floating over us expressive of a new attitude of defence or aggression. We want no new principles introduced into its spirit or government which would be repellant to men of any shade of politics, or even have politics assume such an aspect and prominence as to be obnoxious to men of the weakest consciences, or to the most ardent and devoted lovers of a pure and spiritual church. But we want that power which God has given us, and for which he holds us responsible, so at command, as to be used irrespective of political party; when the peace and happiness of our country require it,—when the religious and moral interests of the people demand it,—when extravagance and corruption in the administration of public funds become intolerable,—when our educational rights are withheld,—or when the connection of this country with the British Crown is endangered.

We are inclined to think that the state of political morality has not been lower for many years in Canada than at present; nor can we discover much to encourage the hope, or presage the coming of a purer or more elevated state, from the men entrusted at present in conducting the affairs of the Province, and fully as little from those who have been long struggling for their positions. We advance no opinion of censure or approval of the present Ministry, for whilst we cannot discover any great virtue in the best of their acts, we do not see in acts of their's, most condemned by their opponents, the results of any disease peculiarly malignant in themselves; we rather think the disease that induces pervades the political body at large,—and perhaps they are neither more nor less than a truthful representative of the whole. We therefore prescribe the introduction of a more invigorating and purifying element—the religious and moral—as the remedy for many of the ills and wants of our country. We would then have at the head of our affairs men of elevated principles—of strong religious convictions, and pure morals; men who can respect themselves, and respect the people; who are competent to rule, and who will use the power with which they might be entrusted for the good of the country.

It is an evil incident to the state of society in all new countries where there are Representative Institutions to have the most needy and corrupt, the most eager and most successful aspirants for offices of honour and emolument. On the other hand men of good morals and incorruptible principles are frequently modest and unassuming, but possessed of great self-respect, and who will not stoop to the abject position of begging and bribing, and promising what they would not, or could not perform, to obtain the suffrages of men. Nor would this be necessary if the public mind were sufficiently well informed, and the public morals sufficiently

sound. The services of such men would then be sought, and they would be freely *elected* to office and position.

There is something very melancholy in the fact, that religious men attach little or no importance to the moral character of their Representatives. Men that they would not admit into church fellowship,—men that they could not trust in their families, to whom they would not entrust any considerable sum of money—they will and do entrust their rights and privileges as free men,—the question—the sole question is,—*Does he belong to, and support my party!!!*

In connection with the hostility of the political journals, we have to notice opposition as rabid, but more painful from some denominational newspapers. They represent religious communities in point of numbers insignificant in comparison to ours, but owing to their unity in all political questions, and their open and declared partizanship, they exert an influence which their unity alone could give. What is virtuous and duty for them, is sinful and presumptuous on our part; perhaps they assign us a higher state of morals and purity than they lay claim to themselves. A minister of the Wesleyan Church, incapacitated through age, from discharging the regular work of our itinerancy, resigns his position as a superannuated minister, and obtains a seat in Parliament. This, to a Baptist organ, is a crime of deep malignity; but a Baptist minister, of vigorous health, resigns his active labours two years ago, and makes the attempt to obtain a similar position, but fails; yet very little was said condemnatory of his course, at the time. We are far from justifying any minister in seeking a seat in Parliament; by so doing he degrades himself; and in this instance we blush and hang our head. To exert the influence that we have a right to claim we must be more united—to effect unity there must be information and instruction; to effect it and make it useful and available there must be a careful avoidance of party politics and party feuds, and possess it only to advance the interests of our country, on christian, patriotic principles, to promote its morals, and truthfulness, and piety to God, to see that equal justice is meted to all, to oppose monopoly wherever centred, especially in literary and religious affairs; and to advocate economy in conducting our Government. For purposes so desirable we must have a respectable journal, conducted by laymen; independent in position, unallied to faction and above it; not seeking or needing the patronage of any party in power; a *Journal conducted on Christian principles by Christian men, for Christian people.*

MISSIONARY INTERCESSION.

A HYMN,

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO THE CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY SOCIETIES.

“Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart,” is the greatest of all the Divine commandments. “Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thy self,” is the most forcible of all social human motives. For the last century the orthodox Churches of Christendom have growingly felt and developed the energy of God’s love, and made the globe the astonished area of their munificent Missionary operations, and expended many sterling millions of voluntarily subscribed money; and these deeds are the sublimest that men or angels look upon: God has approved them. Yearly the demand for Inspired truth, and holy, heroic men and women, is more imperative; unselfish benevolence a duty; the Spirit’s pentecosts of heavenly light and power more necessary; and PRAYER—confident, universal, and continued—indispensable, that the effulgence of Isaiah’s predicted latter-day glory may break upon a world, in wondrous, impartial kindness redeemed by the vicarious sacrifice of the eternal Son of God.

O THOU, who hearest prayer and praise,
 Whose sceptre to all worlds extends;
 Whose power all abject souls can raise;
 Whose love redeeming never ends;—

Fulfill the words of Sacred Seers;
 Apply the law thou has revealed;
 Give to the deaf attentive ears,
 The blind their sight,—to faith unsealed.

To races, languages, and climes,
 Without respect, Thy care is shewn:
 In glad, foretold, millennial times,
 Thy grace throughout our earth be known!

Diffuse the light of Gospel truth,
 Emancipate the slaves of sin;
 Regenerate old age and youth:
 And universal triumphs win.

Far north and south, far east and west,
 The valley of dry bones is stirred;—
 From Pagan Tribes, untaught, unblest,
 The cry and wish of want are heard!

When shall more sons of noble sires,
 For Heathens, vow in sacrifice?
 And men, with Macedon's desires,
 Make willing gifts, not mean in price?

GREAT INSTITUTIONS, clothed in light,
 Benighted "peoples" see from far:
 How beauteous to angelic sight
 These philanthropic objects are!

There is a bond of *love* for man;
 A day of searching and award:—
 That day, by faithful service, can
 Be one of welcome and reward.

For magnanimity sublime,
 • We seek not first where warriors stood;
 But where Good Men, in barbarous clime,
 Proclaim the all-atoning Blood.

For vast results we gladly turn
 To brutal shore and wilderness,
 Where Tribes God's will docilely learn,
 And imitate His Holiness!

Hordes, who in love Divine believe,
 As happy Nations now we own;
 And we new benefits receive,
 For Commonwealth, and Church, and Throne.

THY Labourers sustain, increase,—
 Fields white to harvest may they see;
 When toils shall end, their death be peace,—
 Work done their high memorial be!

Thy "Witnesses" with faith endow,—
 The Churches with Paul's zeal inspire;
 Send down on each the Spirit now,—
 Create for all the tongues of fire.

Thine is the Kingdom, God of Love!—
 Our all, through Christ, we render Thee:—
 The song which bursts from ail above,
 Shall rise to heaven from land and sea!

THE LATE BISHOP OF MADRAS.*

The Bishop of Madras has recently been removed after a long and most useful career in India. We copy the following notice of him from the *Madras Observer* :

"It is with feelings of the sincerest sorrow that we record the removal from amongst us by death of our respected and esteemed bishop. In our last issue we endeavoured to intimate our convictions of the very dangerous nature of his illness; but we confess we were not then prepared for so speedy a termination. We have informed our readers of the apparently insignificant accident which led to the abrupt close of the Bishop's career. The sad event occurred about one o'clock on Tuesday morning; and his remains were committed to their resting-place, in the Cathedral Burial ground, on Tuesday evening in the presence of an immense concourse of people. It would have been impossible for the community of Madras to have shown greater respect for their deceased bishop than was done on that occasion, Churchmen and Dissenters alike were present.

Thus has closed the earthly career of an eminently good man. Bishop Dealtry has been so long known in India, his character was so transparent and so universally esteemed, that we should be telling our readers what every one knows already, if we were to enlarge on these topics. Of his early life we know but little, except that he was born near Ferrybridge, in Yorkshire. For many years he was a member of the Wesleyan Society, and a Local Preacher in that communion; and to this fact he owed some of the most striking and admirable features of his character. He graduated at Catherine Hall, Cambridge, and was ordained on the curacy of little St. Mary's, in Cambridge. He came out as a chaplain to Calcutta in 1829, and laboured for about twenty years as pastor of the old mission Church, which has the largest congregation in Calcutta. His ministrations during that period were eminently blessed, and he proved himself unquestionably a first-rate parish minister. In 1835, he was appointed Archdeacon of Calcutta, which office he held until ill health compelled him to go to England in 1848.

"Whilst in England he was appointed minister of St. John's, Bedford Row, on the secession of the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, until, in the latter part of 1849, he was called to the see of Madras, and was consecrated in December of that year. He arrived amongst us in February 1850, and for eleven years he has faithfully and prayerfully administered the affairs of this diocese, much beloved both by clergy and laity. In 1858, on the lamented death of that great and good man, Bishop Wilson, he held the high dignity of metropolitan.

"Bishop Dealtry was unquestionably a preacher of the first class,—full of energy, solemnity, and affection. His sermons were remarkable for their skilful construction and richness in gospel truth; and though never eloquent, he was always powerful and effective. If there was one characteristic, which more than any other distinguished the late bishop, it was that he was pre-eminently a man of prayer. Of this we have had personal knowledge, and those who know him best were most acquainted with his

* He was brother-in-law to the Rev. THOMAS BEVITT, now of St. Catherines.

prayerful habits. Of the kindness of his natural disposition, his generosity and hospitality, our readers are all witnesses. On this must be mentioned before we close this obituary notice,—a characteristic in which we always especially delighted,—the late bishop was pre-eminently free from sectarianism. His heart was open towards all that love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, and he truly and cordially acknowledged as a brother every member of Christ's church under every denomination.

“His end was most peaceful,—perfect peace. All cares of office, all earthly bonds, seemed loosed. He rejoiced in hope of the glory of God. No complaint passed his lips: all was serenity and holy waiting upon God. We were privileged to witness this triumph of faith, and it was truly edifying. The last words we heard from him were—“Preach Christ, my friend; preach Christ to the end; Christ Jesus. All-Sufficient, and sufficient for all!”

HUNG-JIN, THE KAN-WANG, OR SHIELD KING, OF THE CHINESE INSURGENTS.

Of this man, often referred to in the letters of missionaries respecting the insurgents, and who appears to be mainly the author of whatever there is among them of a correct view of Christianity, the following account is published in the *Hong-kong Overland Register*:—

“For the greater portion of four years, 1854-58, there lived here, in connexion with the London mission, a Chinese to whom the attention of strangers was sometimes called, as being a relative of the Tai-ping-wang, leader of the rebellion, which had established its head-quarters at Nanking. The man was commonly called Hung-Jin, and had previously been known and esteemed by the late Rev. Mr. Hamberg, of the Swedish mission, who received from him the information which he published, in 1854, under the title of “Visions of Hungsew tsuen, and Origin of the Kwang-si Insurrection.” Mr. Hamberg had also sent him to Shanghai, that he might be in the way of an opportunity to proceed to Nanking; but after staying there several months, and finding communication with his friends impracticable, the intermediate country being all held by imperial troops, he returned in the spring of 1855 to Hong-kong. During his absence, Mr. Hamberg had died, and this circumstance threw him into the hands of the London missionaries, who were the more willing to receive him, as the late Dr. Medhurst, with whom he had been in constant communication in Shanghai, had written to him in very high terms of his principles and capacity.

“He was at first employed as a teacher by the Rev. Mr. Chalmers, and subsequently was appointed a catechist and preacher. He soon established himself in the confidence and esteem of the members of the mission, and the Chinese Christians connected with it. His literary attainments were respectable; his temper amiable and genial; his mind was characterized by a versatility unusual in a Chinese. His knowledge of Christian doctrine was largely increased, and of the sincerity of his attachment to it there could be no doubt. His intercourse with Chinese Christians was what is termed *chijying*, calculated to promote their piety, and stimulate

their zeal. With other Chinese he was the proselytizer, fearlessly exposing their errors, and exhorting them to repent and believe the gospel. Over young men his influence was peculiarly beneficial. In fact, whether the individuals were young or old, the case was, as was once observed by Mr. Chalmers,—‘Whenever you see any one having a long and frequent intercourse with Hung-Jin, you may be sure there is something good going on in him.’

“In 1855, the province of Canton was seething with insurrection, and different parties of rebels, who had become acquainted with Hung-Jin’s antecedents and whereabouts, made application to him, and begged him to head their movement, in the name of the Tai-ping dynasty. He would have nothing to do with them, however, partly because they professed no religious principles and were members of the Triad Society, and partly because his intercourse with the missionaries had shaken his confidence even in the rebellion directed by his relative. As it gradually came out that portentous and blasphemous errors were being mixed up by Hung sew tsuen, and the Eastern King, with doctrines which they had first put forward, his sorrow was profound and bitter.

“The writer recollects hearing him say, on one occasion, that success had turned their heads; that they had proved unequal to the work which they had undertaken; and that, indeed, he doubted whether the regeneration of China was likely to be promoted by any course of rebellion and violence. It was suggested to him that he should dismiss all thoughts of meddling with those who were given to change, and not merely content himself with, but find both the business and happiness of the remainder of his life in simply preaching the gospel to his countrymen. The counsel was seriously revolved by him, and it is believed he schooled his mind into an approval of it, and strove sincerely to adopt it as his rule. But it would not do. The old rebel feelings—and there was much of patriotism, and something higher than patriotism, in them—only slumbered.

“In the beginning of 1858, Hung-Jin went up to Canton, and assisted at the opening of a place for public worship, within the walls, on the third Sabbath in February. It was the first time the gospel had been publicly and formally preached in the Chinese language in that city.—He remained there, but as the missionaries returned, some were afraid that his antecedents would be discovered by the Mandarins, and connexion with him prove rather injurious to their cause. It was thought advisable, therefore that he should return to Hong-kong, and shortly after he determined to try and make his way to Nanking. He started for that place in disguise, in the beginning of June, passed through the Mei-ling pass, and gradually worked his way to Hoopih.

“It now appears that he got to Nanking in the third month of the last Chinese year, was kindly received by his old friend and patron, Tai-ping-wang, who gazetted him in the following month ‘as the King Kan, the skilful and loyal military counsellor, attached to the army of the right of the palace,’ and, in fact constituted him his minister-in-chief.”

HINTS TO WRITERS AND SPEAKERS.

The true use of language is to express, and not, as Talleyrand said, to conceal, our thoughts; and he is the best writer and speaker who can convey his meaning in the fewest and choicest words. It is a great mistake to suppose that many words make a good style, or that sounding words give power to speech; they for the most part do but weaken it. I compare the noisy speaker, who culls all the flowers of rhetoric wherewith to garnish his discourse, and whose sentences are rounded with the pomp of an inflated oratory, to a shallow and babbling brook, the stony bottom whereof can be discerned through the musical gloss of its waters. Deep streams make no noise, but are self-sustained, concentrated, and irresistible in their strength; and so the great speaker will manifest his superiority by the grandeur of his thoughts rather than the grandiloquence of his language. This is eloquence, and there is none other.

Uneducated men are very apt to be cheated by sound, and carried away by the manner of a speaker. But it is one thing to tickle the ears of an audience, and another to reach their understandings. I require of a man who professes to teach, that he shall say something wise and memorable, and not talk for an hour and say nothing—a fashion which, of late years, has become very prevalent. It is the matter of a speaker, and not the manner and form of his speech, which really concerns an audience. Declamation is for boys to use, it is their rightful plaything; but men will avoid it. Let a speaker see that he gets something affirmed, and that it be worthy of wise men to consider. It is a degrading thing to pander to an audience; and as the speaker for the time being is the king of his audience, let him take care that he do not disgrace his functions by any mean descents. Speak always through the head to the heart: for this is the true method; and, depend upon it, the heart can only be reached to any enduring purpose by appeals which are founded in truth and justice. Enthusiastic screams may for a moment carry an audience in the whirlwind which they raise; but reflection returns, and there is an end of such influence. I do not, however, proscribe enthusiasm: on the contrary, I regard it as a grand auxiliary to successful eloquence; for enthusiasm is winged earnestness; but I would have the wings cut a little, so as to keep them within bound. All excesses are evil, and without apology. That is the true enthusiasm, when a man, kindling with his subject, speaks the words which his thoughts naturally suggest; for in well-disciplined minds the intellect is ever active and vigilant—even in the stormy tempests of passion and debate—and restrains within the limits of judicious speech the fiery ebullitions which are prompted by enthusiasm. Be earnest in discourse—so that it may be felt that *you* feel—but not over much; and do not strive to be eloquent, but leave the spirit to its own deliverance; for the mind often kindles itself, and at such times failure is certain and inevitable. Eloquence will come of its own free accord, or not at all. It is at once comical and sorrowful to observe some speakers—how they struggle to produce effect by

unnatural efforts—to make impressions by the sheer force of nonsensical bathos: and yet I have marked that all such efforts are vain and futile, and that audiences are not in any way moved by them. The judicious will smile, the ignorant will be dazzled, but no fibre of the heart will be touched. Good speakers will carefully prepare the matter of a discourse, and leave the manner to take care of itself. As Michael Angelo said to the artist: “Be not too mindful about the effect of your work; the light of the public market-place will soon test what value there is *in* the work.” True effect is the natural result of the development of ideas, and there is none other worthy of the name. It must proceed from within, outward; and cannot be put on. A man’s utterance should be the birth-cry of his thoughts.

All young men, however, writers and speakers, are apt to indulge in superlatives, and express what they have to say in fine words and flowery rhetoric. I suppose this is natural, and not to be avoided in youth; and I find the same thing to be characteristic of the youth of nations. But what is pardonable in youth, is unpardonable in age; and a mature and cultivated mind will reject all florid expressions, as marring the architecture of its thoughts, and use purer, simpler, and chaster materials. The masonry will thereby be all the more solid, durable, and beautiful. Not that ornaments are to be barred in a writer, but they must spring naturally out of the thought, and be one with it. There must be no grafting, but growth. Study the true power of words, and put them to their work. Our language is capable of a much finer service than, of late years, it has often been put to; and the genius of a writer may be as much manifested in his skillful use of words, as in his subject matter. Hence a knowledge of the etymology of a language is indispensable. A great number of simple, powerful, and expressive words have become obsolete, and their original meaning lost, as much from the ignorance and carelessness of writers, as from the innovation of foreign words in our language. It is nevertheless the duty of scholars to recover them, and give them a place once more in our literature. I dislike a Latinized style, and prefer Addison to Dr. Johnson. We doubtless owe much to the good doctor, who loved to decorate himself in Roman jewels, whose very growl was gorgeous, and who walked grimly respected by his contemporaries—but he was a traitor to the Saxon tongue, and never borrowed wealth from its mint when he could get it from alien sources. His style I sometimes think has debauched our language, and the influence of it made even Burke at times a painted harlequin. We see in our own day how this love of pompous words and sounding sentences has corrupted our literature. Let us go back, I for one say, to the simpler words which lie at the base of our noble English tongue, and accept the rest as servants and subordinates to these.

Literature can further enrich itself with words and symbols from the arts and sciences; from war, heraldry, and even from commerce. He who can lay hold of these words, and turn them to the higher uses of thought, will strengthen as well as adorn his style. This

is the work for genius to accomplish, and genius alone; for ordinary men cannot perceive analogies in language, and do not know what rough jewels lie by the way side. But the wise man will pick them up and smooth them to his purpose. Even the commonest words gain force and beauty when put into new connections of thought. I remember being present at a great meeting at Manchester, assembled to discuss the best means of promoting a national system of education, and hearing a public character remark "that by attending that meeting he was not making *political capital*;" and I saw clearly that this expression was a new coinage, and would have extensive currency, which has proved to be the case, for I have noticed its adoption by men of eminence in letters, as well as by journalists and public speakers. And this is an example of what I mean by the enrichment of literature from sources which are foreign to it. The phrase in question is, however, I believe, of American origin.

In order to correct and form the taste for good English writing and speaking, it is necessary to read none but the best books. The mind soon becomes accustomed to noble and eloquent speech, and demands thenceforth a high standard from those who would win its favours: and it as readily becomes diseased when it feeds upon the garbage of the common shambles. Culture is the one thing needful to put down quackery, whether on the platform or in literature.

D i v i n i t y .

THE ATONEMENT OF CHRIST.

Should the Editors of the *Repository* think of publishing any more original sermons, we place at their disposal the accompanying sketch, from the pen of a rising member of the Irish Conference. It was sent to his friend in Canada, the "Stripling Preacher," the late lamented A. S. Byrne, by whom it was highly estimated for its theology and arrangement. It was copied out for the writer, by the hand of Byrne. It is sent as received from him. O.

A sermon preached by Rev. Charles Lynn Grant, before the annual meeting of the Inniskillen District, * * * * * May, 1849.

"For I delivered unto you first of all that which I received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures;"—1. Cor. xv. 3.

I. THE EVENT, AS RECORDED IN THE TEXT.

II. THE EVENT, AS IN AGREEMENT WITH THE SCRIPTURES.

I. The event as recorded in the text,—Here we remark:—

1. His death was *real*. This is proved by the its publicity. The event was not said to have taken place, in the cell of a prison, nor among a few friends—but it was on a mountain, in the presence of a large assembly, gathered out of different countries some of whom were influenced by the direst malice towards him.

The suddenness of his death was opposed to imposture. Crucified persons were wont to remain alive for a few days—he only a few hours. This would naturally excite surprise, and produce inquiry—it did so. “Pilate marvelled, if he were already dead; and calling unto him the centurion, he asked him whether he had been any while dead. And when he knew it of the centurion, he gave the body to Joseph”—Mark xv. 44, 45. The soldiers were satisfied that he was really dead—“Then came the soldiers, and brake the legs of the first, and of the other which was crucified with him.” “But when they came to Jesus and saw that he was dead already, they break not his legs.” “But one of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side,” &c.—John xix. 32, 33, 34. The Jewish priests and pilate were satisfied. The latter gave the body officially and publicly to Joseph of Arimathea. If any doubt remained would he have done so? or would the Jews have permitted him? Certainly not. The whole history of the case is against this supposition. The conclusion is resistless—Jesus *really* “died.” We thus dwell on this feature for two reasons 1st. Because, infidelity has attempted to account for his resurrection, by assuming that he died in appearance, but not in reality. 2nd. Because his death was necessary to his work. Death was the penalty of the law. And the claims of the law are not met, if its penalty has not been endured. It was the work of atonement, and the atonement has not been made, if he died not. But Jesus *died*. Let the infidel blush and be silent, if he will not believe, Jesus *died*. Let the penitent dismiss his doubts, and trust in the merits of his blood.

Mark the wisdom of God in permitting his enemies to pursue a course ruinous to their intentions, and his power in making the wrath of man to praise him. Neither public suffering nor public death were essential to an atonement. Those who resolve the treachery of Judas, the malice of the priests, and the injustice of Pilate, to a decree of God, grossly err, and the consequences are monstrous. They divest them of moral agency and of moral guilt. Judas on this theory was as guiltless as the *pins*. The priests as *nails* and *hammers*, and Pilate as the *cross*. If their actions had any moral quality, they must have been virtuous. If they acted by decree that decree must have been in opposition to the Divine will. “Blessed are they that do the will,” &c. Came this blessedness on

the murderer? True we read—"It behoved him to suffer for the sins of the people," &c. But these sayings refer to the act not to the mode of suffering. St. Peter makes the distinction—"Him being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, ye have taken, and by wicked hands have crucified and slain"—Acts ii. 23. True there was also a necessity arising from prophecy as to the mode of his sufferings, —but prophecy is not decree—foreknowledge is not fore-appointment, the one comprehends—the other foresees and declares. If Christ had died in the garden, the atonement had been as perfect, as by his dying on the cross. But this arrested the public mind, called general attention to the fact itself, its accompanying and succeeding circumstances, and prepared the world for the doctrine of his death.

2. His death was *shameful*, and *agonizing*. Crucifixion was only inflicted on slaves, and the vilest criminals. That it was so in the mind of the Jews—see their own law. "Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree"—Gal iii. 13. What it was in the mind of the Romans—see Cicero's oration against Verres. It was also painful, scourging, crucifixion. 'Twas thus your Saviour died. Reflect upon it—it will do you good. Mark each stage. Great as was his physical anguish—his mental was still greater. 'Tis true, darkness is over the scene. We are not permitted to investigate the subject. Nor could we either fathom its depths or bear the sight. Yet enough is manifested, to excite our awe, touch our sympathies, and call forth our love. We know 'twas the hour of conflict with Satan, the hour of "the power of darkness," the time of the hiding of the Father's face. Bitter was the cup—his humanity trembled.

3. His death was *voluntary*. Not by constraint, willingly your Saviour died. True, while on the earth, he referred his mission to the will and appointment of the Father—John ix, 4. But his obedience was not servile but filial. He was under no obligation, for he had no superior; under no law, because he had no Creator.

His *entrance* was voluntary. "So I come in the books, &c." His continuance was voluntary. True he prayed in the garden for the removal of the cup, but his prayer was conditional. Had it been answered, the cup had been shivered in his hands—Mat. xxvi. 53, 54. We admit that he was seized by an armed guard, and violently led to execution; but the guard had no power to force him. See the effect of his question. They bound him with nails, but the nails had no power. They were the authors of his death intentionally and morally, but not really so. He died not by the pressure of his sufferings, but by an act of his will. He out lived his agony instead of sinking. The last pang had been felt. He

said, "It is finished." What is finished? The atonement. If so, his sufferings are finished. Then, and not till then, he dismissed his spirit. Thus he proved in death, "No man taketh my life from me; I lay it down of myself."

4. His death was *sacrificial*. This is the prominent feature of the text. Some tell us he died to attest the truth of the doctrines which he taught. Thus they allow him the honours of a martyr, but not the merits of a sacrifice. But how could he be said to die *for* our sins, unless his death referred to the demerit of our sins? This is the proper sense, he died in our stead that we might not die.

Man at his formation was placed under law. This was a wise and benevolent arrangement. Law cannot be an evil. It is the expression of the will of a wise King respecting his subjects; and, therefore, the will must be in agreement with the nature of the Being himself. To be lawless were to be without order, enjoyment or security. Repeal the laws of nature, and what shall be the result? Days, and nights, and seasons no longer succeed each other; planets no longer pursue their courses, nor comets track their lines; the sun, designed to warm and vegetate, burns and destroys. Repeal the laws of civil society, and mark the result. Thus the end of the law is the subject's good; and the maintenance of the law is essential not only to the happiness but to the very existence of society. Law can be maintained only by attaching penalties and motives to its precepts, and by rendering the motives attractive and the penalties severe in proportion to the strength of opposing influences and the evil of transgression. In a community into which sin had never been introduced, and where the preservation of purity was the great end of law, the nature of the case demanded that recourse should be had to the most influential sanctions; for as the use of motives is to guard the precepts, the certainty of obedience will be proportioned to the strength of sanctions, and the utility of sanctions proportioned to their grace and severity. The adoption of the severest penalty is an advantage, and the wisdom and goodness of the law-giver is as conspicuous as his purity. Again, in cases of transgression the law can only be upheld by an infliction of its penalty. For in proportion as crimes are connived, so sanctions lose their awe, and in this their utility; whereas, by a prompt and vigorous enforcement of penalty, offences are dreaded, the evil of sin kept before the mind, the character of the law-giver upheld, and the end of the law secured. These principles bring before us the state of man. When he was formed he was made pure and holy. That he might retain this state, he was made the subject of law. "The law was holy."—Romans vii. 12. It was a trans-

cript of the Divine nature. The law was [love; and God is love. Its principles are expounded by a variety of precepts adapted to the varieties of life. To these are attached penalties and promises. The penalties are the severest which could be devised—*eternal death*; the promise—*life*. The law being violated, he was plunged in the deepest woe. Favours abused and turned into curses; and the miseries they inflicted only measured by the amount of good they were designed to administer. The character of God, the end of the law, the good of the unsinning creatures, demanded that the crime should not go unpunished. And yet there was not a step between punishment and destruction. A sacrifice in which the evil of sin might be manifested, the claims of law honoured and submitted to, and reconciliation made for the offence, was the only means of saving the world. But where shall a suitable substitute be found? Certain qualifications are necessary, and these are rarely found. It must be a holy being, for the sufferings of an unholy being are desert—not meritorious. It should be of the nature of the sinner, for the sufferings of any other nature than that on which the violated law was binding could not avail. It should be voluntary, for to constrain the righteous to take the place of the guilty were unjust in the extreme. It was necessary that he should be independent, and have a right to his own acts and existence; because, if he were a creature, however high his position, he would be under obligations to keep the station assigned to him, and employ all his powers in obedience to the law under which he was placed. He must endure the penalty in the stead of the guilty, and his sufferings must possess an infinity of merit, because the demerit of sin was infinite, it being committed against an infinite being, and involving an infinity of evil consequences. Thus no creature in earth or heaven could become a substitute for man. All these requisites are met in Jesus Christ. Ask what was his nature? He was man. "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth."—John i. 14. Ask you, as to his state? He was holy. "Such an High Priest became us who is holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners."—Heb. vii. 26. Was his act voluntary? This has been proved. Was he independent? Yes. He owed his existence to none. Life in him was original and underived; therefore, could he offer himself without infringing on another's rights. Did he suffer instead of the guilty? See the text. Was there merit in his sufferings? Yes; for he was God, and he linked humanity to the Godhead, and the Godhead deserted not the humanity till the last pang was endured. Did he endure the entire penalty? Yes; for the penalty was death; and *he died*. Thus his death was a full expiation and atone-

ment for the sins of the whole world. Every end was answered. The authority of the law was declared, and the evil of sin made manifest. Striking developments of these had been afforded in the overwhelming calamities brought upon persons, cities, and nations by their crimes, round the history of the world. The banishment of our first parents from Eden, the cursing of the ground, etc. See the destruction of the old world by the flood, the burning of Sodom and Gomorrah, the place of torment which awaits the lost. But in the Cross of Jesus the fullest exhibition is given. In his life and death the law is magnified, and declared *honourable*; its principles pronounced *good* and *holy*, and its precepts *just*. Sin is shown to be the evil thing which God hates in the sufferings of the substitute, and the hiding of the Father's face. While he makes reparation to Holiness, for the evil which sin has done, the law neither changes its principles nor diminishes its claims. Grace operates not so as to dissolve the obligations of the law, but so as to meet its penalty and inspire strength for carrying out its precepts. The sufferings of the substitute declare sin deserved the worst of death, while his love to the sinner becomes an incentive to obedience and love in return. Thus the law still retains its penalties and sanctions. The very terms on which sinners are pardoned and accepted (repentance and faith) perpetuate these ideas, while every portion of the new dispensation is vocal with the words of one who well understood the nature of the Covenant of Grace,—“God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh: that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.”—Romans viii. 3, 4.

II. The event as in agreement with the Scriptures.

1. According to the types and shadows of Scripture.

2. According to the prophecies of Scripture every feature of his death was a fulfilment of prophecy. Was his death real? This was prophetic. “He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare his generation? for he was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken.”—Isaiah liii. 8. Was it painful? This was prophetic. “Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him: he hath put him to grief.”—Isaiah liii. 10. Psalms xxii. 6, 7, 15, 16, 17. Was his death voluntary? This was prophetic. “Lo, I come: in the volume,” etc.—Psalms xi. 7, 8. Was it sacrificial? This was prophetic. “The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.”—Isaiah liii. 5, 6. Thus a connection is established among the various dispensations of God. The great leading principles of Christianity are traceable to the earlier

revelations. Mercy has ever flowed from sacrifice, and pardon from the shedding of blood. Salvation by sacrificial offering and merit is God's acknowledged and changeless plan. By it he has saved, by it he shall save, by it earth shall be reclaimed and renovated, by it heaven shall be peopled.

In the text you have the only hope of man. Thank God he is not in a hopeless condition! His death is not inevitable, for Jesus has died in his stead. His sins are many, but they may be pardoned; the death of Christ has atoned for them. Their demerit may be great, but it cannot exceed the merit of a Saviour's blood.

"Arrayed in mortal flesh
The Cov'nant Angel stands."

Faith in his blood is the means of obtaining its merits. Let me, then, enforce its present exercise.

THE ASCENSION OF CHRIST A PROOF OF HIS DIVINITY.

The variety and strength of the evidences which we have of the deity of Christ must be most satisfactory to every prayerful inquirer. Passing by, altogether, the evidences to be derived from the writings of the Prophets in the Old Testament, and from the Apostolic Epistles in the New, we have, in the history of Christ's humanity alone, a series of irrefutable arguments; so that, amidst the very circumstances on which the opponents of the truth base their objections, we are furnished with the amplest means for its defence. From the first intimation which is given us in the Gospel narrative of our Lord's incarnation, to the closing scene in his earthly career, we have a chain of evidence, so strong that the combined powers of the adversaries cannot break it; and so complete, that all their ingenuity cannot discover in it a single defect. The announcement of the angel to the virgin mother, before our Saviour's birth, at once reveals the close conjunction into which he would bring our humanity with the divine nature; the mysterious alliance which should take place between them, in his person: "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee; therefore, also that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." And when we take up the records of his life, and endeavour to ascertain the amount of information which they supply on this subject; when we follow him through the ever-changing circumstances in which he was placed, and view him in the variety of aspects in which he is presented to us, we see proof follow proof in rapid succession. A host of witnesses rise up, and with united voice proclaim his divinity. And when we connect with these facts the circumstances of his death, and mark the events which then took place; while a veil of supernatural darkness is drawn round external things, yet, in the midst of that appalling gloom, the brightness of his Godhead beams forth through the miracles of that hour, and we are seized by the same overpowering convictions which led

the Roman centurion to exclaim, "Surely this was the Son of God." But when, in addition to the foregoing, we take his resurrection, and examine into all its circumstances and bearings, and mark the distinct evidence which it supplies, we feel the truthfulness and force of the apostle's language. He was "declared to be the Son of God with power, by his resurrection from the dead." Our understandings bow beneath the massive weight of proof which is laid upon them. The investigation is satisfactory: the truth is established. We ask no further evidence. And yet there is one argument more which we must not lose sight of. However clear and convincing each preceding proof may be, in its individual character, still, without this additional argument, the chain of evidence which runs through the history of "the man Christ Jesus" would be incomplete. The miracles of his life, the wonders of his crucifixion hour, the glories of his resurrection, must be followed by the splendor and triumph of his ascension. This is the link which binds the whole to the throne of truth, to the throne of God.

The argument to be drawn from this event can be stated very briefly.

There is a law in nature, impressed upon all material things, and—so far as human observation and research have gone—extending through the whole sweep of creation. It is the law of attraction. By its order and harmony are maintained in the universe, and the countless atoms of which our world is composed are kept in perpetual cohesion. Like an invisible net work, of celestial fabric, it surrounds the globe, and preserves upon its surface the various tribes of living beings by whom it is inhabited, and the various portions of inanimate matter which are loosely strewn around. It is directly contrary to this established law that any portion of matter, as, for instance, a human body, should be removed from the surface of the earth, and be carried, wholly and forever, beyond the range of its influences. Should such a circumstance occur, it would be essentially miraculous. It would be a miracle of the highest order, and therefore must be the act of God, and of God alone. Such an event was the ascension of Christ.

In the whole history of the world there have been but two occurrences which bear any resemblance to it. We refer to the translation of Enoch and the translation of Elijah. Between them and the event under consideration, the Scriptures make a wide distinction. We read that "Enoch walked with God, and was not, for God took him." And in the case of Elijah we are told that celestial messengers were sent forth to bear him away to the skies; and we hear his servant Elisha exclaim, as he witnessed his departure, "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof." There is no such language employed to describe the ascension of Christ. Each event was truly startling and miraculous; but the removal of Enoch and Elijah was a translation, the act of another; Christ's removal was an *ascension, his own act*. And herein lies the grand distinction. It was the putting forth of that power which sustains the world, and directs its affairs; that power which hangs the earth upon nothing, which guides the stars in their courses, and which, in the days of Joshua, made the sun stand still. It was the Almighty Creator of the universe, placing his hand upon the law of his own enactment, and holding it in temporary suspension, while his human nature passed into the heavens, where he sits at the right hand of God, "inhabiting the praises of eternity."

Portfolio of Select Literature.

YOUNG MEN AND CHURCH-MEMBERSHIP.

It is to be feared, (says one,) that the duty of joining the fellowship of the church is delayed and neglected to a greater extent on the part of our young men, than among the young of the other sex. If this be a fact, it is important to inquire into the causes of it. What ostensible excuse can be pleaded in the case?

Youth is pleaded. "We are young, and require greater knowledge, and more experience ere we take this step." This is specious, and has the aspect of humility and diffidence. Some young persons are diffident in everything, and require encouragement; while others are forward in everything, but the thing of which we now speak. The arts of life, the knowledge and conversation of man, the relations of life, the offices of men, are severally objects of pursuit, while duty to the church is neglected. The excuse is unsound in principle. Are youth excused from other obligations, such as reading the word of God, prayer, and obedience to the commandments of Christ? Is grace not promised to the young? Is the easy yoke of Christ too heavy for the young? Will death spare the young? Will heaven shut out the young? Will hell not open to receive the young? I am not speaking of very young children, but of those who approach, or have reached, manhood in other things. Are they to put away childish things in every concern but religion, and pushing forward to the employment relations, and honours of this world, shall they neglect their duty to Christ, to their own souls, and to the church, as if hesitation in this matter were a virtue, and accession to the church an evil to be delayed to the latest possible hour, or neglected altogether? This excuse has no sound foundation, and cannot apply to young men more than to young women.

The claims of business are sometimes opposed to the claims of Christ. "We are much occupied; we have not leisure for the serious thoughtfulness required in taking a step so solemn, but must attend to it at the first favorable opportunity." This is specious also, but hollow. The world has its claims, but they are secondary, and come after the claims of God and of Christ. Upon the principle of this objection, individuals might excuse themselves from reading the Bible, or performing any other religious duties, and business is pleaded as an excuse for not sanctifying the Sabbath, and being absent from religious ordinances. Only reflect on the lengths to which this objection will lead. Let young men ask, "Has God required this at our hand? and can that business be lawful, or lawfully pursued, which interferes with our obligations to him?" "No man can serve two masters; ye cannot serve God and mammon." The duties of religion in their time and place interfere with no just claims of business. So far from this, religion enjoins diligence, and rebukes slothfulness. Religion will give a place, and a proportion to all the duties of life, and a spirit for the performance of them, and a pleasure in the enjoyment of the gifts of God, which cannot be experienced where the mind, in the guilt and sense of a constant omission of duty to God, is occupied in the exclusive pursuit of

the world, pressing after an imaginary point of acquisition which may never be reached, and which, though it were reached, shall fail to yield the expected rest and satisfaction. Let me warn young men particularly of the danger arising from worldliness, and of the illuiveness of the associations by which they connect wealth and happiness. Remember the order in which Christ has placed things connected with the life that now is and that which is to come. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

Unsettledness in life furnishes another pretext for the neglect of church fellowship. Young men may not have arranged their plans of business, nor fixed their places of residence; they have it in view to enter upon an honorable relation in life, intimately connected with their future happiness; and they wish to be in a more settled state ere they can take the solemn step of fully incorporating with the church. Thus is the duty delayed, and we observe, with much regret, often delayed to a time when application for the privileges of the church assumes a doubtful character, having an appearance of being prompted more by a compliance with the custom of society, to avoid singularity, than an immediate sense of obligation upon the conscience. Let young men ask themselves, in the event of settlement in life, a just excuse for 'the neglect of other religious duties? If not, why plead it here, where, if comparisons were at all admissible, the obligation is the strongest possible? Will the performance of a plainly required duty to the Saviour, and an avowed relation to him, hinder settlement in life, or diminish the happiness of an honorable relation in prospect or in enjoyment? The excuse should be turned into an argument on the opposite side. Honor God, and he will honor you. Do your duty to Christ, and commit all your ways to him; his counsel will guide you, his providence order your lot, his blessing sanctify your relationship, and prosper your undertakings, his grace sustain you in trial, and his presence go with you at last to give you rest.

In meeting these and other objections which young men present to the claims of the church, the most charitable construction has been put upon their professions. But it is of the utmost importance for them to inquire whether, under all these difficulties and others, there do not lurk and operate sidiously excuses which cannot be presented in their own name, and of which the mind may not even have a distinct consciousness. Is it not possible that individuals may be unwilling to be brought to close and faithful dealings with their own minds, in the matter of their personal faith and piety? May there not be a secret, though unavowed fear that close connection with the church will cast a gloom over their minds, and be inimical to their happiness? apprehensions, than which nothing can be more unfounded. May individuals not entertain secret desires after liberties that are incompatible with the circumspection of character required by the law of Christ, or be indulging in practices that they know to be inconsistent with the Christian profession? Excuse me, if the supposition be thought severe; for I fear that in some, if not in many, cases, it is founded in truth. Such is the clearly revealed obligation of young men who acknowledge Christianity, and are professing to look for the mercy of our Lord Jesus unto eternal life, to enter into the fellowship of the Church; and such are the imminent dangers prevented

by it, and advantages accruing from it, that no satisfactory excuse can be found for those who live in its neglect. Let no mistake, however, be made, as if this duty were urged indiscriminately upon every individual. It is not urged upon any person who is not laying religion and a religious life to heart. No; none may dare to do this. But no individual ought to be left without earnestly obtesting him, by all that is great and solemn in death and eternity, to give an immediate and deep attention to the great concern; an attention, for which there may not be opportunity to-morrow; and without which human life, though protracted to its utmost extent, must prove only vanity and vexation of spirit. O, let every reader, whatever else he does, or leaves undone, guard against the folly and criminality of neglecting, by deceitful procrastinations, the GREAT SALVATION.

THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR.

In ancient times Abyla on the coast of Africa, and the rock of Gibraltar, then known as Calpe, formed what was called the Pillars of Hercules. When Tarif Zares, in the beginning of the eighth century, landed and erected a fortress on the rock, he gave it a new name, Gibel Tarif, or the mountain of Tarif, from which it derived its present appellation. Gibraltar was a place of considerable and of increasing importance during the period of the Moorish occupation on the Spanish peninsula. In the fourteen century it was taken by Ferdinand of Castile, but shortly afterwards was recaptured by its former masters. It was attached to the Spanish dominion about the year 1492; from that date down to its capture by the English the history of Gibraltar is unimportant and uninteresting. It was taken by the English in 1704, and was secured to the British Territories by the peace of Utruchet. Gibraltar was blockaded for some months in 1727 by the Spaniards, but the most memorable attack which it sustained is that which began in 1779 and ended in 1783.

Of this memorable defence, under General Elliott, the following are the principal particulars: The garrison varied from five to seven thousand men: the first operation took place in July, 1779; they were continued through that year, also in 1780, and 1781. During this period the garrison was deprived of regular communication with England, and could only be relieved by the arrival of a powerful fleet; this was effected twice—once by Aniral Rodney, and subsequently by Admiral Darby. At last, 1782, the Spaniards, aided by a powerful fleet and army from France, determined to make a grand attack by floating batteries; this took place on the 13th September, but was wholly defeated by the effect of red-hot shell from the garrison. The preparations for the grand enterprise were beyond all example. It was said that no less than twelve hundred pieces of heavy ordinance of various kinds had been accumulated before the place for the purpose of attack by sea and land. The quantity of gun-powder was said to exceed 83,000 barrels. Forty gun-boats, with heavy artillery, as many bomb ketches with twelve-inch mortars, besides a large floating battery, were all destined to second the efforts of the great battering ships. The combined fleets of France and Spain, amounting to

about fifty ships of the line, were to cover and support the attack. The preparations on land kept pace with those by sea. Twelve thousand French troops were brought as allies of the Spanish army. The humanity of the English on this occasion added a brighter lustre than belonged even to the brilliant defence of the fortress against so formidable a foe. When the Spanish vessels, ignited by red-hot shot, were in flames, the garrison rendered every assistance to the crews, who must otherwise have miserably perished. The loss sustained by the combined fleets and allied armies was never correctly ascertained, but a French officer who was present, states in a letter that "the number makes a man shudder." The siege of Gibraltar was definitely relinquished in February, 1783, and no effort has since been made, nor is it probable will be made, to deprive England of the fortress.

The rock of Gibraltar projects into the sea for about three miles. Its northern extremity is known as Europa Point; and the southern and eastern sides are rugged and steep, affording natural defences of a formidable character against the attack of an enemy. It is only on the western side, fronting the bay, that the rock gradually declines to the sea, and the town of Gibraltar is so built that an attack upon it, however well planned, however strong or long continued, is almost certain of failure.

The Bay of Gibraltar formed by two points already named, is more than four miles across. The depth of its waters, and the protection afforded by the headland, render the harbor remarkably secure and well adapted for vessels of every description. The extreme depth of the waters within the bay is 110 fathoms. The security of the harbour has been still further increased by two moles, extending 1100 and the other 700 feet in the bay. The breadth of the strait between Europa and Africa is fourteen miles.

Gibraltar has a population of between twenty and thirty thousand, including the garrison and troops. The fortress is erected on the western side of the rock, and the fortifications are of extraordinary extent and strength. "The principal batteries are all casemated, and traverses are constructed to prevent that mischief that might issue from the explosion of shells. Vast galleries have been excavated in the solid rock and mounted with heavy cannon; and communications have been established between the different batteries by passages cut in the rock to protect the troops from the enemy's fire. In fact, the whole rock is lined with the most formidable batteries, from the water to the summit, and from the Land Gate to Europa Point; so that if properly victualled and garrisoned, Gibraltar may be said to be impregnable."

Its position and its strength confer on Gibraltar advantages which render its position to the English of the utmost importance. It has with singular propriety received the name of the key of the Mediterranean. In peace it protects the English commerce and fleets; in war it affords equal facilities for harassing their foes. In both these respects its value can scarcely be over-estimated. In 1704 it was made a free port, and was consequently a most convenient *entrepot* for English and foreign goods intended for the Spanish or African market. But as a place of commerce Gibraltar has lost its old importance, and it does not seem very likely that it will ever regain it.

THE STORM AND THE RAINBOW.

A SPECIMEN OF THE PREACHING OF WHITFIELD.

Before he commenced his sermon, long, darkening columns crowded the bright sunny sky of the morning, and swept their dull shadows over the building in fearful augury of the storm.

His text was, "Strive to enter in at the straight gate, for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, but shall not be able." "See that emblem of human life," said he pointing to a shadow that was fitting across the floor. "It passed for a moment, and concealed the brightness of heaven from our view; but it is gone. And where will you be, my hearers, when your lives have passed away like that dark cloud? O, my dear friends, I see thousands sitting attentive, with their eyes fixed on the poor, unworthy preacher. In a few days we shall all meet at the judgment seat of Christ. We shall form a part of that vast assembly that will gather before the throne, and every eye will behold the Judge. With a voice, whose call you must abide and answer, he will inquire whether, on earth, you strove to enter in at the straight gate? Whether you were supremely devoted to God? Whether your hearts were absorbed in him? My blood runs cold when I think how many of you will then seek to enter in, and shall not be able. O, what plea can you make before the Judge of the whole earth? Can you say it has been your whole endeavor to mortify the flesh with its affections and lusts; that your life has been one long effort to do the will of God? No! you must answer, 'I made myself easy in the world by flattering myself that all would end well; but I have deceived my own soul, and am lost.'

"You, a false and hollow Christian! of what avail will it be that you have done many things—that you have read so much of the sacred word—that you have made long prayers—that you have attended religious duties, and appeared holy in the eyes of men? What will all this be, if, instead of loving Him supremely, you have been supposing you should exalt yourself in heaven by acts really polluted and unholy?"

"And you, rich man, where do you hoard your silver—wherefore count the price you have received for him whom you every day crucify in your love of gain? Why that when you are too poor to buy a drop of cold water, your beloved son may be rolled to hell in a chariot pillowed and cushioned around him!"

His eyes gradually lighted up as he proceeded, till, towards the close, they seemed to sparkle with fire.

"O, sinners!" he exclaimed, "by all your hopes of happiness I beseech you to repent. Let not the wrath of God be awakened. Let not the fires of eternity be kindled against you. See there!" said he, pointing to the lightning, which played on the corner of the pulpit: "'tis a glance from the angry eye of Jehovah. Hark!" continued he, raising his finger in a listening attitude, as the distant thunder grew louder and louder, and broke in one tremendous crash over the building; "it was the voice of the Almighty as he passed by in his anger."

As the sound died away, he covered his face with his hands, and knelt beside his pulpit, apparently lost in inward and intense prayer. The

storm passed away, and the sun, bursting forth in his might, threw across the heavens a magnificent arch. Rising, and pointing to the beautiful object, he exclaimed, "Look upon the rainbow, and praise him that made it! It speaketh peace. Very beautiful it is in the brightness thereof. It compasseth the heavens about with glory, and the hands of the Most High have bended it."

TRANQUILLITY IN DEATH.

Religion is not a cunningly devised fable; and they who disbelieve its doctrines, make void its obligations and despise its ordinances, are sometimes left by the horrors of an unblessed death to give warning to others not to follow them in their lives, lest they resemble them also in their latter end—an end at all times dark and cheerless, and sometimes exhibiting features of guilt and wretchedness from which humanity recoils; and it is a sensible relief to the mind to turn from such a scene, and contrast with it the peace and serenity that shed a tranquil air over the closing hours of the just!

Peace in death is the effect of a good man's principles. For that which made his life peaceful, will also pacify at death. It is not the remembrance of a well-spent life, nor any confidence in the flesh that he is personally righteous before God and need fear nothing; but it is the stedfast reliance on the Saviour for pardon and acceptance, which tranquillizes the soul in death, and puts to flight its rising fears. Hope also comes in, and tells of the glory of Christ in heaven, and the mansions of glory which he has prepared for his followers there; and Love concludes that to depart and be with Christ is far better, and therefore death ceases to be an object of dread and dismay. Thus the principles of grace that wrought peace through life, produce it at the hour of death. "All these," says the Apostle, "died in faith;" and they who die in faith, die in peace.

As there is a promise of strength according to our day, and an assurance from Christ that his grace is sufficient for us, so the day of death hath its peculiar strength granted it; and special grace is allotted for that time of need. The Lord knows that more than ordinary help is then needful, and it is given. His glory is concerned to uphold them in that hour, and though their hearts and their flesh faint and fail, he is the strength of their heart, and their portion for ever. "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee," (Isa. xliii. 2). He rebukes the enemy, silences the accuser, and speaks his own peace to the believing soul. He will not, perhaps, give rapture and the voice of triumph; but though the believer should not be able to say, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" it is enough if he can say, "Into thy hands I commit my spirit; for thou hast redeemed me, Lord God of truth!"

This is peace, the peace of redeemed souls, expiring in faith, and with meek resignation submitting to death in the hope of eternal life. When we mark the perfect man, his latter end is peace.—*Dr. Sieveright's "Memorials of a Ministry."*

I LIVE NOT ALONE FOR MYSELF.

"I live not alone for myself," said a beautiful flower one fair morning, as it lifted to the sun its crest sparkling with dew-drops. "I live not alone for myself. Mortals come and gaze on me, and breathe my fragrance, and go away better than they came; for I minister to their perceptions of the beautiful. I give to the bee his honey, and to the insect his food; I help to clothe the earth in beauty."

"I live not alone for myself," said a wide-spreading tree; "I give a happy home to a hundred living beings; I grant support to the living tendrils of the vine; I absorb the noxious vapours in the air; I spread a welcome shadow for man and beast; and I too help to make earth beautiful."

"I live not alone for myself," said a laughing mountain streamlet. "I know that my tribute to the ocean is small, but still I am hastening to carry it there. And I try to do all the good I can on my way. The tree and the flower love my banks, for I give them life and nourishment; and even the grass, which feels my influence, has a greener hue. The minnows find life and happiness in my waters, though I glide onward only a silver thread; and men and animals seek my brink to assuage their thirst, and enjoy the shadow of the trees which I nourish. I live not alone for myself."

"I live not alone for myself," said a bright hued bird, as he soared upward into the air. "My songs are a blessing to man. I have seen the poor man sad and despondent as he went home from his daily work, for he knew not how to obtain food for his little ones. Then I turned one of my sweetest lays for his ear, and he looked upward, saying, 'Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet my Heavenly Father feedeth them. Am not I better than they?' and the look of gloom changed to one of cheerfulness and hope. I live not wholly for myself."

"I live not alone for myself," should be the language of every thinking, reflecting mind. It is the language of duty, guiding to the only paths of happiness on earth, and preparing the soul for unalloyed bliss throughout "the measureless enduring of eternity."
Christian Mirror.

 GOD'S LOVE TO MAN.

Where shall we go for manifestations of the tenderness, the sympathy, the benignity of God? The philosopher leads us to nature, its benevolent final causes and kind contrivances to increase the sum of animal happiness, and there he stops, with half his demonstration! But the apostle leads us to the gift bestowed by the Father for the recovery of man's intellectual and moral nature, and to the cross endured by the Son on this behalf. Go to the heavens,

which canopy man with grandeur, cheer his steps with successive light, and mark his festivals with their chronology; go to the atmosphere, which invigorates his spirits, and is to him the breath of life; go to the smiling fields, decked with verdure for his eye, and covered with fruits for his sustenance; go to every scene which spreads beauty for his gaze, which fills and delights the imagination by its glow or its greatness. We travel with you, we admire, we feel and enjoy with you, we adore with you, but we stay not with you. We hasten onward in search of a demonstration more convincing that "God is love," and we rest not till we press into the strange, the mournful, the joyful scenes of Calvary, and amid the throng of invisible and astonished angels, weeping disciples and the mocking multitude, under the arch of the darkened heaven, and with earth trembling beneath our feet, we gaze upon the meek, the resigned, but fainting sufferer, and exclaim, "Herein is love,"—herein, and nowhere else is it so affectingly, so unequivocally demonstrated—"not that we loved God, but that God loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins."—*R. Watson.*

FORGIVENESS OF INJURIES.

The spontaneous feeling of every man on being injured, is that of an individual who once laid the particulars of a flagrant affront he had received before an eminent English barrister and judge, and asked him "if it would not be manly to resent it?" This was human nature. It was a super-human nature which prompted the noble reply: "Yes, it will be manly to resent it; but it will be *God-like to forgive it.*" If we admire this spirit—as we certainly must—why shall we not emulate it? Inculcated as it is, both by the precept and the example of the Saviour, it is still further commended to us by its adaptation to promote our own happiness. For what is resentment but "a union of sorrow with malignity—a combination of a passion which all endeavour to avoid with a passion which all concur to detest? The man who retires to meditate mischief, and to exasperate his own rage—whose thoughts are employed only on means of distress and contrivances of ruin—whose mind never pauses from the remembrance of his own sufferings, but to indulge some hope of enjoying the calamities of another—may justly be numbered among the most miserable of human beings, among those who are guilty without reward, who have neither the gladness of prosperity nor the calm of innocence." It is a still weightier motive to the culture of a meek and benevolent spirit, that "of him who hopes to be forgiven, it is indispensably required that he forgive. On this great duty eternity is suspended; and to him that refuses to practise it, the throne of mercy is inaccessible, and the Saviour of the world has been born in vain."—*Boardman.*

Narrative Pieces.

A HURRICANE AT MADRAS.

I was once, and only once, about seventeen years ago, when residing in Madras, caught in one of the terrific tornadoes which periodically visit tropical climes. I was then a boy, barely in my teens; but of all the lessons inculcated, through birch-broom or other medium, none ever remained so firmly impressed upon my mind as this event. I had only about a week previously arrived, after a long voyage from England, and was yet in an early stage of what is termed in India, "griffinhood"—that is to say, everything and every one around me was a seven days' wonder—a source of surprise, admiration, conjecture, or disgust. I was surprised at the hot weather, the luxurious style of living, the scanty vestments of the natives, the intolerably hot curries they swallowed, and the heavy burdens they carried under a broiling sun; but the hurricane surprised me more than all.

For some days previously the atmosphere had been more than usually sultry and serene. Not a cloud was to be seen in the brilliant haze of the firmament; everything refracted a horrible glare; and wherever one looked, there was the same dull, leaden aspect—fiery withal—which seemed like almost invisible liquid lead poured over nature. It made the temples throb, and the eyeballs start out of their sockets; and then, again, when night came, sleep would not follow in its train, and close those fevered eyelids, but mosquitoes paid their visits, and stung them into irritation. Inflammation and sore eyes meanwhile gave ample occupation to the medical profession, whilst the wise in weather-signs predicted an earthquake. The sullen, ceaseless roaring of the surf upon the Madras beach was the only sound that interrupted the intense silence of those sultry nights; whilst evenings and mornings were ushered in by the dismal notes of the screech-owl

and the discordant cry of the jackal. Nobody, according to their own statement, had had a wink of sleep the night immediately preceding the first outbreak of the tempest. The morning broke dismally gloomy, and the oppressive state of the atmosphere was even more than ever unbearable. People, however, got up and went to work as usual. Cultivators repaired to their fields or gardens, shopkeepers to their shops, and merchants, bankers, judicial, and other civil *employes* to their respective offices. Everybody, except the sun, was at his post by ten, A. M. As for Sol, he had overslept himself; any way, he would not show his red and cheerful face that morning; but this, upon the whole, was rather a luxury at Madras, where a cloudy day is as rare as a sunshiny winter day in London. People ventured out on foot, and even without umbrellas, disdaining to ride in palkee or tonjons, and having no immediate fears about *coup de soleil* or brain fever. But though man seemed to disregard the threatening state of the weather, this was far from being the case with the brute and feathered creation. These all gave unmistakable symptoms of anxiety for shelter against some pending strife in the elements. Rambling pigs would turn back, and scamper home again; all the cocks and hens in Second-line beach, in lieu of straying out miles in search of their daily grubs, would insist in flocking under the shady side of Mr. Griffiths' shop, where they created such a din, cackling and crowing, that Mr. Griffiths' head book-keeper was nearly out of his senses, and made two false entries in that ledger where never before had been blot or scratch. Cows could not be managed at all that morning, for they kept lowing dismally, and would not eat; and as for the crows, that terrible nuisance of Madras, they never allowed their tongues to flag a single instant, consulting possibly upon the lowering state of the atmosphere.

On ordinary occasions these said crows were wont to seat themselves on the window-shutters, and keep a sharp look-out for booty, carrying off anything that they could pounce upon unobserved, from a silver tea-spoon to a bit of bread. Now, however, they had relinquished all thoughts connected with petty larceny, and were evidently in earnest contab, from the tops of houses and cocoa-nut trees, despatching occasionally some special messengers, amidst a good deal of cawing warning, to see how matters looked on the sea-side.

Suddenly, however, the intense stillness of the atmosphere is broken in upon by the booming report of cannon—one—two—three! See, the crows know the signal as well as the oldest resident at Madras. They raise a great clamour about it, however—grieving and complaining, possibly, at being obliged to relinquish their nests and young ones. In five minutes not a crow is to be seen. They have more confidence in the master attendant's barometer than in their own emissaries, at least if one may judge by the attention paid to the alarm signal—the three guns just fired from the custom-house. Hurrying down to the beach, we find the signal flying at the master attendant's office—"Vessels must slip and put to sea." And a pretty strait the shipping in the harbour appears to be in. Sails are spreading in every direction; the sailors tumble and stumble in their intense anxiety to be off to sea. All the shore boats hurry off for the land, with human beings and cargo promiscuously tumbled into them. The last yo-heave echoes from the vessels' decks, and the slowest and worst managed ship in the harbour is under sail, flying away like a frightened bird from the snare of the fowler. As yet the surf does not give much indication of the terrific struggle that is going on amongst the elements, miles away at sea; but it looks terribly dark and ominous to windward. The ocean in that direction appears almost as black as ink, and, like white spots upon the palpably murky horizon, are countless seagulls, rejoicing at the prospect of a pleasant swing upon the mighty billows

of the ocean. But whilst the ships have been all bustle and confusion, the people on shore have been not one whit behind in making preparations against the advent of the pending hurricane. All the shops and offices are being speedily deserted; merchants that live at Grindy or Spurtank are driving furiously in that direction; all the thoroughfares are crowded with passengers, mounted and on foot, in palanquins, tonjons, carriages, buggies (cabs), hackarees, bullock carts, and even upon elephants—all hurrying in one direction. The warehousemen have shut every window and door in every warehousemen; bringing out stout cross-bars that have long been lying useless, but which will now hardly be strong enough to resist the first furious outburst of the hurricane. Careless housekeepers, who have suffered bolts to rust, or bars to be wanting, are now at their wits' end how to provide against the emergency. Large bales of goods are piled up against doors and windows; barrels, trunks, anything available, are used to barricade them; for, whilst the hurricane lasts, it will blow with equal fury from all quarters of the compass at stated intervals. The last window of the last inclosed warehouse has been well secured, and the last warehouseman drives through the Elephant Gate (whose massive doors are left open and unwatched) towards his residence on the Mount road.

By this time the surf has risen to a terrific height, and roars again as it pours its millions of tons of water and foam against the strong breastwork built along the beach. The first breeze, *avant courier* of the coming gale, sweeps over the city of Madras. All the flagstaves in the town are struck half-mast high, and a new-comer, like myself, whose habitation is situated some three miles from the beach, and who is looking over the balcony of his front upstairs verandah, facing towards the sea, and watching the sublime aspect of sea and clouds, affirms that he can distinctly feel the spray of the sea blown into his face. It is quite correct; before the hurricane is over, the spray will have been blown much fur-

ther inland than where we stand, forgetful the while that the hurricane is now close at hand, and that the front door of the upper room has yet to be secured. Now the tempest bursts mightily overhead in all the sublime grandeur of a fierce conflict amongst the elements. What a time for those at sea! It is terrible even upon land. We find our door blown into our room, and, roaring for the assistance of the servants, six strong men put their shoulders to it and endeavor to close and bolt it, but the winds mock them to scorn. Thunder, lightning, rain, appear in dreadful combination, and a roaring gust, tearing up huge trees by the roots, flings them hundreds of yards from where they grew. Our door, eight feet by four, and three inches thick, is torn from its hinges and whirled out of sight, to fall into some field miles away from Madras. We wisely retreat below, for that upstairs room and all in it may now be counted a perfect wreck. Birds, bats, snakes, and other reptiles, shelter themselves behind, or wherever they can, and only to meet with inhospitable welcome. So the hurricane blows incessantly for six hours, veering round to all points of the compass; multitudes of trees have been prostrated; roofs blown off; houses blown down. The Elephant gates have been closed by the storm, and crushed a dozen people; plantations are ruined, rice-fields destroyed, rivers burst their bounds and flooded the country. The beach is strewn with wrecks and dead men—ay, and dead sharks too. Forty-eight hours of terror have passed, the sun shines out bright again, and the hurricane slumbers for another ten years.

THE YOUNG MARTYR.

At the time of the severe persecution of the Christians, in the reign of the Emperor Diocletian, (about three hundred years after the birth of our Lord,) the saying of King David was remarkably verified in a circumstance that oc-

curred in the martyrdom of a Christian deacon. "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength, because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger" and the history of the little martyr which I am about to relate appears to exemplify these words.

It was at Antioch, the city where the disciples were first called Christians, that a deacon of the Church of Cesarea—the place from whence the devout centurion of the Roman army sent for St. Peter—was subject to the most cruel tortures, in order to try his faith, and force him to deny the Lord who bought him with his own precious blood. The martyr, amid his agonies, persisted in declaring his belief that there was but one God, and one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus.

His flesh was almost torn to pieces—the Roman emperor Galerius, himself looked on. At length, weary of answering their taunting demands that he should acknowledge the many gods of the heathen mythology, he told his tormentors to refer the question to any little child whose simple understanding could decide whether it were better to worship one God—the Maker of heaven and earth, one Saviour, who was able to bring us to God—or to worship the gods many and the lords many whom the Romans served.

Now it happened that a Roman mother had approached the scene of the martyr's sufferings, holding by the hand a little boy of eight or nine years of age. Pity, or the desire of helping the sufferer, had probably brought her there; but the providence of God had ordained for her an unexpected trial. The judge no sooner heard the martyr's words than his eyes rested on this child; pointing to the boy from his tribunal, he desired the Christian to put the question he proposed to him.

The question was asked; and to the surprise of most of those who heard it, the little boy replied, "God is one, and Jesus Christ is one with the Father."

The persecutor heard; but far from being softened or convinced, he was filled with fresh rage.

"It is a snare, O base and wicked

Christian! Thou hast instructed this child to answer thus!

Then turning to the boy, he said more mildly:

"Tell, child, who taught you thus to speak; how did you learn this faith?"

The boy glanced up to his mother's face, and then replied: "It was God's grace that taught it to my dear mother, and when I sat upon her knees a little baby, she taught me that Jesus Christ loved little children, and I learned to love him for his love to us."

"Let us see what the love of Christ can do for you!" cried the cruel judge; and at a sign from him the lictors, who stood ready with their rods, after the fashion of the Romans, instantly seized the poor trembling boy.

Fain would the mother have saved her timid dove, even at the expense of her own life. She could not do so; but she could whisper to him to trust in the love of Christ, and to maintain the truth; and the poor child, feeble and timid as he was, did trust in that love, nor could all the cruelty of his tormentors separate him from it.

"What can the love of Christ do for him now?" asked the judge, as the blood streamed from the tender flesh.

"It enables him to endure what his Master endured for him and for us all," was the reply.

And again they smote the child to torture the Christian mother.

"What can the love of Christ do for him now?" they asked again. But tears fell even from heathen eyes as the Roman mother, a thousand times more tortured than her son, answered:

"It teaches him to forgive his persecutors."

And the boy watched the mother's eye, as it rose up to heaven for hint, and he thought of the sufferings of his dear Lord and Saviour, of which she had told him; and when his tormentors inquired whether he would not now acknowledge the false gods they served, and deny Christ, he steadfastly answered:

"No! there is no God but one; Jesus Christ is the Redeemer of the world. He loved me, and I love him for his love"

Then, as the poor child fainted beneath the repeated strokes, they cast the quivering and mangled little body into the mother's arms, crying:

"See what the love of Christ can do for him now!"

And as the mother pressed it gently to her bleeding heart, she answered:

"That love will take him away from the wrath of man to the peace of heaven."

"Mother," murmured the gasping child, "give me a drop of water from our cool well upon my tongue."

"Ere it was here thou wouldst be drinking of the River of Life in the Paradise of God," she said.

She spoke over the dying, for the little martyr spoke no more; and thus the mother continued:

"Already, dearest, thou hast tasted of the well that springeth up to everlasting life—the grace of Christ given to his little one. Thou hast spoken the truth in love. Arise, now, for the Saviour calleth for thee. Young martyr for his sake, may he grant thy mother grace to follow in thy upright path!"—*Missionary Telescope*.

GOOD AND BAD SIGNS.—It is a good sign to see a man doing an act of charity to his fellows. It is a bad sign to hear him boasting of it. It is a good sign to see the color of health in a man's face. It is a bad sign to see it all concentrated in his nose. It is a good sign to see an honest man wearing old clothes. It is a bad sign to see them filling holes in his windows. It is a good sign to see a woman dressed with taste and neatness. It is a bad sign to see her husband sued for her feathers and foolery, gems and jewellery.

Varieties,

CAUCASSIAN CIVILIZATION.

The supremacy of the Caucassian race dates from the earliest historical times. It is the only branch of the human family which has ever originated a progressive civilization. Nay, I believe that if our knowledge of the remote past were clearer, we should find that the civilization of all our races sprung from it, and that the rise and fall of ancient empires were but the successive steps by which it rose. The light of civilization in the course of four thousand years, has been handed from one tribe to another, but it has always remained in the possession of some family. Some scholars talk of accidental advantage. There is no such thing as accident in the divine government of the world. If all history alone were blotted out physiology alone would prove the supremacy of the Caucassian. And the experience of all travellers is, that this supremacy is naturally and instinctively felt and acknowledged by all other races, with the exception, perhaps, of the Mongolian, who are too conceited to allow their inferiority in anything. *

Captain Cochran, in Siberia, not only travelled in safety among the savages, but was also well paid for giving them his blessing as that of a superior being. I have understood that Barrett, Burton and Du Chaillu penetrated the wildest recesses of Africa, the natural superiority of their character being an invulnerable shield. No one supposes that a Malay, Mongolian, or American Indian could safely accomplish the same.

Whether this development of civilization is occasioned by, or is independent of, climate, we find it, with very few exceptions, existing in the same zone of mean temperature. It has marched from east to west, sending off branches north and south, but not deviating generally in its course from the central portion of the temperate zone every code of moral and social law originated from the same race. Bhud-

ism, Brahminism, the Zoroaster, Grecian Mythology, Judaism, Christianity—the golden mean between the two extremes of heat and cold. It is, therefore, to be inferred that this belt of climate is most favorable to human development and progress.

The Egyptian monarchy was formerly considered as forming an exception to this claim. Later researches prove that they were a branch of the Caucassian family. Even the Ethiopians, down at latitude fifteen, notwithstanding their dark complexion, have straight hair, and are not like the negro race. The complexion of the old Egyptian was brown, the hair straight, and the nose prominent. I saw a mummy of a princess whose hair was a dark brown with a slight auburn tinge.

The color of the complexion may be modified by climate, but the form of features is not changed. Thus, the Arab in the valley of the Nile, is very dark, but he has the same eagle's beak of a nose, the same thin nostrils and narrow jaws.

Egypt lies in the temperate zone, according to geography, but its climate is considered tropical. Owing to the dryness of the air, it has a bracing, vital character which we never find under the equator. During the winter the thermometer falls low enough to make cold very perceptible. I have seen it at Thebes within eight degrees of the freezing point. In January, 1858, snow fell all through the desert, and in the old Arab records there are accounts even of the Nile being frozen over. Thus, while the palm and banana flourish in that country it can scarcely be considered a tropical climate.

We may, therefore, claim that every important triumph since the creation of man belongs to the Caucassian race. And (if we except the Phœnicians, who cannot positively be claimed, because we do not know enough about them) every form of reasonable religion and

and Mohammedism, were first made known through the various Caucasian branches. The race has not only been chosen, in the providence of God, as the fittest for receiving and disseminating his eternal truths, but it has also given rise to all other religious creeds which rest on a moral and philosophical basis. It has developed government, laws, arts, sciences, languages, literature, has discovered and subjugated the latent forces of nature, has gone often beyond the earth, and measured the stars in their courses, and only paused on the brink of that awful infinity which is the veil covering the countenance of God.

THE LAST ENEMY.

Death is the disturber of every man's felicity; an ugly shadow that darkens the brightest noon; a frost that defies swaddling cloths and the glow of summer. It is the great horror of every fancy, the great agony of every heart. A pitiless, pursuing, tireless and unsated hungerer, whose maw expands as it feeds, and whose thirst grows with the rush of the fountain that slakes it. A discord shuffling between all our harmonies; a cloud black and baneful in the sky; a wind bitter and fierce over the waters; a thick, slimy mist in the air, and a sand-waste on the earth, wherever we turn. No submission for bribe, no flattery nor ovation, no prayer nor threatening can avert him. He knows no time, no ceremony, no fear and no remorse. The king and the beggar, the rich and the poor, the tyrant and the slave, have his favor alike. Sleepers on velvet cushions, in dungeons, and upon the rack, clamor the roll-call of death. He carries a lantern, whose taper wick is fed by the light of souls struggling through pale faces toward eternity. He is in the air, in the earth, in the sea, on the gleam of the sword, and in the foam that sparkles the rim of the wine-cup! The winged Mercury of all "leprous distillments"—poison, murder, plague and famine. The extinction of races is his inheritance, the wail of the world his music, its agony his banquet. He has his pastime strangling infants, idiots, dwarf and grown men, but his holidays

are held on battle-fields, in massacres, and he delights in inquisitions, heads-men's blocks, and fandangoes under the gallows.

Death is the genius of graveyards, the god of worms. He snatches the king from his crown, the victor from his wreath, the judge from his ermine, and the bishop from his mitre. The hearth is made desolate by him, and the altar reft of its worshipers. Lovers, parents and children, and friends are parted at his nod. Even the poor miser, who has pined and suffered a lifetime, he robs from his gold. There is no expectancy he will not cut off, no honour he leaves undisputed, no seal unbroken. He envies even the fool the carriage of his carcass. Yet death has some good points. His indiscriminacy is not without merit. He takes the whip from the tyrant, and the chain from the oppressed. He relieves the beggar of his rags, the sufferer of his pain, and the weeper of his grief. He opens dungeon doors, breaks down prison walls, and lets the captive go free. He is the avenger of innocence, the protector of weakness, and the rebuker of injustice. He teaches the peasant the true value of his fields, the merchant of his goods, the money-lender of his gold. He rights the wrong, wipes out the distinctions of blood, and proves the equality of men.

Death is a sterling Democrat, a leveler, without stint or measure, and withal a righteous, impartial, and unflinching judge. He stands by to ward off dishonor, the lash, and all worse infirmities and inflictions than himself. While he is a tyrant, he is also a drudge and a slave. We can force our burdens upon him, and he cannot escape. He is bound to serve the beggar as well as the prince. He cannot choose a moment's leisure, but round and round, with wain cheeks, pursues his task, the pack-horse of mankind. He feels no ferocity, for he has no will—commits no atrocity, because he is a tool. His office is negative, his term bounded, his end annihilation. Death is no grim gaunt fiend. He saves as many buds as he blights flowers, and he does either from obedience rather than instinct. Why should we fear him more than any other servant of God?

Missionary Department.

EDMONTON HOUSE, HUDSON'S BAY TERRITORY.

Extract from the Journal of the Rev. Thomas Woolsey.

May 5, 1860. Met W. J. Christie, Esq., at the Snake Hills, he having unavoidably detained us there three days, during which time we had a most fearful snow storm, and were compelled, to a great extent to exist on cranberries obtained from Indians who were camped near a neighboring lake. W. C., Esq., gave us most humiliating recitals of horses and dogs being devoured near Edmonton House.

8. Received seed potatoes and barley by the first boat, the recent scarcity at White Fish Lake compelling my colleague's family to subsist upon what he had put aside for seed. Left for the Mission.

9. A splendid sunset accompanied by the most luminous rainbow I ever saw. All the feather tribes rose *en masse* from the surrounding lakes and swamps, in countless numbers, fluttering in the sun's rays, as though to do homage to the Creator of all worlds. Truly

"Man goes by art to foreign lands,
With shipwreck and decay;
Birds go with nature for their guide,
And God directs their way:

(God of a thousand worlds on high,
Proud man may lord and dare;
Power tells him that the meanest things
Are worthy of His care."

11. A continuous snow storm, accompanied by a strong north-east wind.

20. The Sabbath services have been attended by most gracious influences. The people were powerfully wrought upon while singing the translation of the 34th Hymn, especially the 3rd verse, when a middle aged Cree burst into tears, uttering, in broken accents, the feelings of a spirit "transported with the wondrous theme."

22. Wheat sown.

28. Barley, potatoes, turnip seed, &c. have been cast into the earth. Extra land has been broken up. Lord, send thy blessing.

June 4. Baptized two children at Fort Pitt. Their parents had so far lowered the standard of Protestantism as to solicit a priest to baptize their children, but he peremptorily refusing, unless they would allow their offspring to become papists, they preferred to let their children remain unbaptized until they saw a minister.

Jan. 7. As there are but few families in the fort, I must leave. Religious duties have been performed every evening since my arrival.

14. Again at my colleague's Mission. Fallen timber and swamps have greatly retarded our progress.

24. The past week has been remarkably stormy—much rain has fallen. A hail storm has done great damage to the crops.

28. The ordinary road, leading to the Mission, being overflowed with water, Mr. Steinhauer has just finished about a mile of cart road in another direction, though the cutting down of timber, &c., has involved considerable toil.

July 18. Journeying on towards Edmonton. Just as we were leaving our encampment, 5 a. m., we perceived a partial obscuration of the sun. About two-thirds of that luminary was ultimately eclipsed. We had appraised several of our Indians and some pagans of the eclipse some time before. They have, doubtless, ere this regarded us as medicine great men.

21. At our destination. A hail-storm was most seriously felt here on the 5th of July, cutting down the grain crops, and most completely severing the potatoe tops. Nearly 200 squares of glass were entirely demolished in the different buildings. The Romish church and parsonage shared the same fate.

Several of the Romanists who formerly believed that holy water would keep off the effects, as they say, of thunder and lightning, hardly know what to say when the holy place has been so alarmingly visited. The snow-storm of May 4th and 5th proved most disastrous. Snow fell in the plains to the depth of four feet. We have heard of nearly three hundred horses being frozen to death at that time. Several Blackfeet have recently fallen mortally through a quarrel amongst themselves, caused by two of their young men gambling, when the loser deliberately shot the winner, causing their respective friends to rush to the scene of conflict, and thus increased the number of the fallen sevenfold. A number of young men from Red River, as employees in the Company's service, have recently passed this way for new Caledonia. They were greatly disappointed on not meeting with me, as they hoped to have had the privilege of hearing another sermon before starting for that remote locality where, probably, gospel ministrations are "few and far between."

July 25. A large raft, 150 feet long, brought down to Edmonton House. This is the third raft that has come down this summer. More suitable premises than I have hitherto occupied are so far advanced. The erection will, probably, be proceeded with before the winter sets in.

31. A large band of Blackfeet came down upon the Crees a few days ago and would have done fearful damage, had not one of their number interposed. Two Blackfeet, however, came upon a group of Crees, who were gambling a short distance from the camp, and killed one of them.

Aug. 1. A package has just arrived addressed to "*The Superior of Lac Ste. Ann Convent.*" This is the first intimation I have had of such an institution being in existence in the Saskatchewan. Well, I do not think that such establishments will be very favourably regarded by the half-castes or by the pure aborigines.

8. Though the Crees are running away from their enemies, I make a start to ascertain their whereabouts.

12. Sabbath. Having tracked up the Indians pretty closely last evening, I made a start at sunrise, and came to a

camp by 7 a.m. Rather a long journey for a Sabbath appointment, as we have travelled at least 10 hours each day since starting on the 8th instant. Religious services encouragingly attended in the chief's tent, but compelled to allow the people to search for food, as they are quite out of provisions.

13. A council held, and messengers sent off to two other bands to announce the arrival of the missionary.

17. One of the other bands joined us. The chief informs me that a priest has recently pressed him very much to apostatize, but without any success. The following conversation passed between them, viz.:

Priest.—Do you believe in your religion?

Chief.—Assuredly, or I should not endeavour to practise what it enjoins.

Priest.—But your religion is false. We pray to the Virgin Mary and to saints, but you do not.

Chief.—The religion which I profess is the religion of Christ. I love it. It is not false. It was the first I was ever taught, and I trust to keep to it as long as I live. We are taught to worship God, and that it is sinful to pray to any creature.

Priest.—Though you are a chief, you are but a poor man. If you join us, we will be kind to you.

Chief.—If I am poor, I believe I have a better chance of getting to heaven than many who are rich have. My mind is made up, and, therefore, I hope you will not trouble me any more. (Then soliloquising,) I should like to see the man that ever received a plug of tobacco from you as a gratuity.

The conversation dropped; the priest, with a bland smile, hoping they were as good friends as ever, though he, probably, in his heart, handed over the poor heretic to the tormentors. This said priest, as I am informed by the above-named chief, recently told the Blackfeet to kill the Crees in case they stole any horses from them. This advice has not told much in his favour. Perhaps he concluded he would thereby get rid of a great number of heretics, and obtain favour at the hands of Pope Pius IX.

Aug. 18. Arrival of a family who had recently buried their aged sire. Had a most interesting conversation with

them. They had been under our teachings for several years, and gave me satisfactory evidence that the aged parent had gone to a better world. Prayer was

"His watchword at the gate of death,"

and we trust he has entered "heaven by prayer." Prior to his dissolution, he urged upon his relatives to submit to this dispensation, and on no account to manifest their grief as the pagan Indians do.

19. Sabbath. A day of happy toil. Baptized four children.

21. We are now in the land of plenty, buffalo being exceedingly numerous to the south of us. Joined in the chase, though left far behind, to tract the hunter as I best could. We have subsisted exclusively upon ducks and wild berries hitherto. Not less than 5,000 ducks have been killed since the 12th instant.

24. Our services are well attended; papists and pagans have greatly swelled our congregations. Last night an aged Cree, of his own accord, called upon the whole camp to avail themselves of the privilege of receiving religious instruction during my stay, telling them that they could not expect God's blessing upon them except they did.

25. A chief and several of the band accompanied me to a locality which has for ages been regarded with peculiar interest in consequence of a metallic substance being found there. This, after about three or four hours ride from the camp, was at length submitted to my inspection, with the assurance of being the first white man who had ever seen it. The form is oval, and the weight about 200 lbs. It is pure iron, and as sonorous as a bell. If it is a meteoric phenomenon, I am surprised that it did not sink into the earth; but if it is not, I cannot but conclude that pure iron abounds in that section. The surrounding country is indicative of coal, iron, and limestone. In fact, we saw some limestone and granite immediately contiguous to the metal on the summit of the mound, where, according to tradition, the iron has been for ages. I will write Dr. Hector (late of the Expedition) upon the subject.

The pagans regard this metallic substance as a mun-e-to, and have placed

sundry offerings under it, such as beads, buttons, broken earthenware, arrow-shods, tobacco, red cloth, and feathers.

Aug. 27. After expounding at our morning service Matt. 11. 5-8, a Cree chief, whom I baptized two years ago, gave his assent to all that had been advanced, and said that he always felt more access to the throne of grace in private than on other occasions. He admitted that it was hard to abandon their paganism, as he was a long time before he yielded; but having done so, he felt he could give up all for Christ, and he was resolved, through grace, to continue to the end of his days. Polygamy and rum, he acknowledged, kept their hold of him for a long time, but that now he had been lawfully married, and had given up the intoxicating cup. The latter act appears to have been resolved upon in consequence of a remarkable vision which he had. I give it almost verbatim, as received from my interpreter, without expressing any opinion in regard to it. He said that he imagined the Saviour to take him to a certain place, and to show him a great number of persons in the most abject forms, and subject to the most excruciating agonies, their punishment being some resemblance to the besetting sins. There were many from whose sides flowed one continuous streams of liquid flame, and his Divine Instructor told him that these had been drunkards in their lives, and that such would ere long be his portion if he did not abandon his former practice. "This," said he, "I resolved to do, and therefore, before we went to trade the next time I told my band that, according to my usual custom, I would on entering the fort precede them, as their chief, but I was resolved to give up drinking rum. My young men besought me with tears, to change my resolve, but I stood firm; and trust to be able to carry out my resolve." Having stated the above, in the presence of a considerable number of his band, he then urged upon them to do as he had done, and he was assured that they would not repent the step taken.

28. Just before sunset the whole camp was in great commotion through an alarm that the Blackfeet were near. The scene was sufficient to try any one's heroism. Nearly all the men almost instancously rushed forth on

their horses, with loaded fire-arms, to meet the enemy, whilst the women were nearly frantic in regard to their younger children, inquiring for their offspring in the most impassioned strains. My interpreter having galloped off to act as pacificator, and to inform the Blackfeet of the missionary being at the camp. I rushed to my horses, and by the help of one of our best Crees, managed to secure them. In a few minutes, however, all was tranquil, and we conjectured that a false alarm had been raised. We at once proceeded with our evening service, and, though the tent is the largest on the camp ground, it was filled, whilst many remained outside. Some were greatly affected in listening to an exposition of Job I. 14-22.

Aug. 29. Our enemies proved too near yesterday evening, as, shortly after midnight, the cry of "horses are stolen" ran through the camp like an electric shock; but we had no remedy, the darkness of the night rendering pursuit impossible, except at the sacrifice of life. As my horses, and one in charge of my Interpreter, had been seen close to the tent a few minutes before, and two of mine and his could not be found, we concluded we were amongst the victims; and so it ultimately proved. At day-break we discovered certain places where the thieves and their companions had lain in ambush, and who would, no doubt, have killed every man that dared to have left the camp-ground. I must admit that I feel much pained, as the thieves had only left me my riding horse, and here I am nearly six days travel from Edmonton House. Improved this occurrence at our morning exercises from Acts xx 22-24.

30. Arrival of another band. The chief is greatly attached to our work, and is resolved to co-operate with us to the utmost extent. In 1821 he visited Datts E. M. Mission Station, Oregon, and was very kindly treated by the Rev. Daniel Lee, from whom he received a copy of the English New Testament, which he has carefully preserved to the present time. Most of his people were delighted to see their missionary amongst them.

Sept. 1. Visited, at the request of her parents, a poor afflicted Romanized pagan, whom I found profoundly ig-

norant of saving truth. Her mother informs me that, many years ago, a gentleman saw them at Carlton House, and insisted upon baptizing their daughter, but they did not know why he did so, neither as to who he was, except that he placed a brass crucifix around the child's neck. This I unhesitatingly affirm is but a specimen of the majority of Indians who have been made to swell the ranks of popery; and I am persuaded that if our agency was as numerous as that of the papists, we could easily bring the people "out of darkness into light;" but humanly speaking, what can one solitary missionary do amidst the incessant vigilance of three priests, three lay brothers, an equal number of nuns, and all the French Canadian half-casts, who are continually bringing before the Indians the thread-bare dogmas of antiquity, apostolic succession, purity of the priesthood, &c.?

Sept. 2. More horses stolen last night.

5. One man, by a relay of horses, and by creeping to the buffalo, has killed eighteen animals to-day. The slaughter has been tremendous.

6. As extensive preparations have been made for a large conjuring feast, I warned our people against attending it. As soon as the bell rang for evening service, one of the chiefs ordered the drummers in the medicine tent to give over until we had done. This was at once complied with. The people seemed resolved to show who were "on the Lord's side," as we had the largest number present that I have yet seen. Subject, St. John ii. to v. 9.

8. Soon after camping, a grizzly bear seized upon a woman in a thicket close by. Her cries brought several hunters to her rescue, or she would have been destroyed. I had passed the same bush but a few minutes before. Thank God for all His mercies.

9. Sabbath. Crowded services. Invited to the tent of a Cree, who had been baptized by a priest a year ago, but wished to hear both sides of the question, as he said, he was as favorable to the English as the other. Ascertaining from him all that the papists

had taught him in regard to Protestantism, I considered myself bound, in my own behalf, as well as in defence of Evangelical Christendom, to open up scenes somewhat akin to those described in Ezek. viii. Two of our chiefs as well as several papists were present, and returned, evidently exclaiming, "We have heard strange things to-day." Baptized there children, making a total of ten who have been baptized during my stay.

11. The death of the poor woman, who was visited, on the 1st inst, has brought me to defer my return until to-morrow.

12. It would seem that I must remain over to-day, the darkened clouds giving indications of a coming shower. About sunset a messenger arrived at the camp, setting forth that the Sarcees had come down upon the hunters, and had killed a freeman. This proved too true, as shortly after all came home bringing the bloody corpse of the poor fellow. I shall not soon forget the shrieks of the immediate relatives of the deceased. Many a hearty "Wenah He-sa Man-e-to" (Thank God) was uttered as first one and then another came to their respective tents. I went to the bereaved family, and administered words of consolation.

Sept. 13. After a lengthened conversation with the leading Crees. I took my farewell. Their principal chief said, "Tell the great chief at Edmonton that we would have been at war with the Blackfeet ere this, and I at the head of them, had you not urged us to submit rather than avenge the deeds perpetrated." As we have been "pitching" nearer to the fort every encampment since our horses were stolen. I trust we shall reach there in three days.

16. Sabbath. Mercifully enabled, by hard travel, to reach here yesterday, and am thus prepared to attend to my regular duties. Good attendance, accompanied with marked seriousness. Drew attention to the revivals in other lands. Conversated with several upon this subject, all admitting the hand of God in it.

23. Sabbath. One baptism.

25. Baptized the infant daughter of

the officer in charge of the Company's post at St. Ann's Lake (fifty miles from Edmonton), the parents having urgently requested me to visit them for that purpose. Though this locality may be regarded as the seven-hilled city of Romanism in these parts, all the influence of priests, nuns, &c., could not induce the parents to give up their offspring. I would willingly have gone to the base of the Rocky Mountains rather than the child should have passed into other hands.

29. Again at the fort, and sorry to learn that a deadly feud took place between the Crees and Blackfeet close to the gates of the establishment a few days, when a Blackfoot chief was shot, and barbarously scalped before the vital spark had fled. Two days after, some Sarcees had just crossed the river, when a war-party of Fort Pitt Crees fired upon them, and killed one instantly: the others fled throwing off their robes, which had been perforated by bullets, so that, doubtless, others are wounded. The Crees then scalped the victim, and brought it to the Crees near the fort; both scalps were triumphantly tossed about for some days. Three of the Company's men narrowly escaped being murdered by the Blackfeet, as they seemed resolved to take revenge on any one. The fort gates have been subsequently closed, and a guard on duty every night, lest the Blackfeet should cross the river, and attempt to do damage to the whites.

The horses stolen from me a month ago, have been taken from the Sarcees by a Blackfoot; he, on hearing to whom they belonged, being resolved to take them, and they, on ascertaining the lawful owner, being prepared to give them up. They have, however, been most roughly used, besides subjecting the Mission to a loss of at least six pounds, as the fellow did not seem satisfied with a less sum. Crime has to be rewarded in these parts. I hope a better day is dawning.

Sept. 30. Sabbath. Had unusual liberty at our evening services; but Jericho is yet straightly shut up. The fort is a regular city of refuge for some freemen who have recently arrived, as they dare not camp out any longer, being in dread of the Blackfeet. I am

glad to find that none of our Indians were connected with the recent troubles.

Oct. 1. I had designed another start, but W. J. Christie, Esq., wishes me to stay a little longer, as life and property are altogether unsafe at the present time.

8. The wood wolves killed one of the Mission horses last night. Really, my troubles come thicker and faster.

16. A half Cree, the wife of a Black-foot, arrived at the fort, her husband having threatened to kill her, in consequence of the recent affray. She had travelled for five days, and had carried her little child, without any subsistence except wild roots, &c. The husband has been initiated into the art and mystery of the sign of the cross, &c., but has not been made a new creature in Christ Jesus.

21. A friend writing me from Manitobah, observes, "I had the honor of entertaining, under my humble roof, the Earl of Southesk, who spoke a good deal of your labours of love and patient waiting." His lordship traversed a considerable section of country, occupied by our Indians, and, consequently, an approving voice from such a quarter is encouraging.

24. Arrival of three Americans from Frazer's River, bringing some specie and gold dust; but they do not report very favorably of the mining operations generally.

31. Left in a skiff for Fort Pitt.

Nov. 9. We have reached our destination, but amidst great difficulties, the ice having compelled us to abandon our craft five days ago—a polar expedition in miniature.

20. Having obtained horses, we once more journeyed on. Two children have been baptized and one marriage solemnized. Thirteen public services have been conducted, greatly to the satisfaction of our people. A Romanist has been received into the Protestant church, or, at least, into our section of it.

25. Sunday. Arrived early at my colleague's mission greatly benumbed and out of provisions.

Dec. 8. Again at Edmonton, having been greatly exercised both in body and mind through strange vicissitudes on the journey here.

19. Arrival of a Romish hierarch. Great excitement. The bishop is a very agreeable gentleman, to whom proper respect is shown by the Wesleyan Missionary; but no yielding of the principles of our blood-bought Protestantism. "The souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held," forbid the surrender.

22. A horse and five cows, belonging to the Romish mission, have been recently drowned in consequence of the ice giving way.

25. As I leave on the morrow, all my correspondence closes.