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THE CHRISTIAN INSTRUCTOR

AND MISSIONARY REGISTER,

OF THE

~~PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF NOVA SCOTIA~~

JUNE, 1860.

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THE
CHRISTIAN INSTRUCTOR.

JUNE, 1860.

THAT THE SOUL BE WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE, IT IS NOT GOOD"—Prov xii. 1.

THE LATE REV. GEORGE GILMORE.

Through the kindness of some of the descendants of Mr. Gillmore we have lately received a number of his papers, which supply considerable information regarding his history. As little is known of him to the present generation in this Province, and as his labours as one of the pioneers of Presbyterianism in Nova Scotia are deserving a record, we shall now furnish what details of his life and ministry we have been able to obtain. We regret that the particulars are so few, but should this meet the eye of any of his descendants who may have in their possession any papers throwing further light on his history, or parties having any additional facts concerning him, they will oblige by communicating the same to the Editor.

Of his early days we know nothing, except that he was a native of the County of Antrim in Ireland, born about the year 1720. His theological and probably his Classical studies were prosecuted at Edinburgh University, as appears from the following Memoranda:

"I delivered a lecture in the Divinity Hall, College of Edinburgh, on Proverbs, 3rd chapter, beginning at the 13th verse, the 18th January, 1763."

"I delivered a sermon in the Divinity Hall, at Edinburgh, on the 1st of April, 1763."

From these items it will appear that he had not begun his studies at a period of life considerably later than usual.

We have only one document connected with this period of life previous to his leaving the old country. It is a copy written by himself of the rules of a Fellowship meeting of which he was a member.

This society met once a week for prayer and conference, and no member was to absent himself without sufficient reason, of which the other members were to judge. The principal exercises were prayer, praise and conference on "questions relating to the substance of religion or practical godliness," or upon which any member of the society may have been exercised. In these exercises each member was to engage in turn.

We know nothing more of him previous to his leaving for America, except that he had married in Ireland, and had part of his family born to him. In the year 1769 he left his native country, for the Western Continent. In his memoranda he says, "June 21st we set sail for America with a very agreeable gale." As was natural, he was on leaving, much dejected. "Imprecations which were echoed by every one board too, discouraged me very much; but these were not my chief reasons for being under many dejections. As to a clearance from my Lord Jesus, this was the greatest discouragement of all. I addressed my master then to get light as to the voyage, and comfort to support me in the pressures of my mind."

The voyage occupied between eleven and twelve weeks,—no uncommon period in those days. We have the most of a journal which he kept on his passage across the Atlantic, some extracts from which may be of interest.

"Monday, July 10. Nothing remarkable intervened on this day with respect to our voyage, saving that some theiving of liquor took place, but the aggressors was not discovered for some short time.—Immediately on their being detected, they were confined until a marine court should be held to judge of the crime, and then to punish accordingly, with several other villainies of the same kind.

"Tuesday 11th. We continued on our way to the Southward.—That night I think, was the most uncomfortable to me of any night I ever saw. I may very properly say that Satan, that old serpent, was loosed out of the bottomless pit. For one of his emissaries being prompted by the same spirit, uttered such horrid blasphemies and unheard of imprecations, as nothing perhaps could equal; nay Lucifer himself could not blaspheme more. I passed the night with great uneasiness and perplexity of mind. I oft thought through the lonely watches of the night, that it was a wonder that God did not show some visible judgment upon us. The captain and second mate were obliged to come down to quell the (disturbance.)

"Wednesday 12th. We changed our course from the south-west to west by north, the wind still being contrary, which very much discouraged me, for things on every hand foreboded a tedious voyage. There was a great outcry for more fresh water, as there had been a great reduction of our quota to barely three pints. This was patiently borne with in the meantime, in the hope of a change of wind.

"Sabbath 28rd. The day opened upon us with no agreeable aspect. Little or no veneration appeared among us to the Deity, but on the contrary the greatest disrespect and contempt of his worship. Laughing and profanity were the exercises of the Lord's day. The day was the Holy day profaned and misspent. The day did not begin with public worship nor did it end with it. A few of us convened toward the evening of the day to worship, and during the exercise some mocked, and others jeered, and so withdrew. I was much moved in my spirit by such profanity, and abuse of the Lord's worship and undeserved goodness.

"Sabbath 30th. On the morning of the Lord's day we expected a fair wind, but were disappointed. It shifted straight ahead of us. No worship was begun among any of us, nor indeed was the day ended with any. Toward the decline of it, we espied a sail to the

windward of us. We then tacked about, and made toward her.— Our flag was hoisted as a signal for speaking, upon which she came directly down on us. She no sooner drew nigh us, than we hailed and asked from whence she came. Those on board answered, from a six months cruise in the West Indies. We asked, how long they had been out. They replied twenty-nine or thirty days, and that they had had some calms. They told us that they were bound to the Isle of Man, and that their cargo was rum. Our Captain asked the Captain if he would sell, and if he might board her. It was answered that he might. Immediately the tackles were clapped to the yawl, and four of the hands and one Capt. Wilson, who was a passenger aboard of us, designed for Boston, who was deputed by our Captain to transact business for him, went in her. The other vessel backed her sails and lay to for our boat. After some time the boat came aboard again with some rum. We backed our sails and lay to the mean while. The other having fallen a great way to the stern of us, she filled her sails again, and lay along side of us in a little time. A great number of our passengers who had expended their liquor, asked if they might send their kegs on board for some rum. Leave was granted, but no sooner was the boat got aboard the other, than our Captain cried out to the man whom he had deputed as his agent to pay for the rum which he had bought and come on board. The passengers had sent their money, the price being about three shillings per gallon, but whenever it was brought on board, the Captain seized it as his own and intended to sell it to the passengers for six shillings per gallon. This very much mortified the passengers.

"A very remarkable accident happened on the hoisting of our yawl on board, for when they made fast the tackles to each end, they forgot to make her fast at the same time by a painter, which neglect very nearly occasioned the loss of two men and the boat.— The boat slipped the tackles and so fell off with two of the men.— She no sooner turned upside down, than the two got on the keel of her and so went afloat. The ship being under sail made the saving of them the more impossible. Nevertheless a rope was cast, which was missed by one of the men. The boat fell astern, when a second rope was thrown out which the man upon it got hold of and he was hauled on board.

"Wednesday, August 1. We sailed due west, the best course near our departure. The breeze continued with us for 24 hours, and before night there came on as great rain as we had almost since our departure. We all got up to get some of the rain water. I got very little and was very wet.

Thursday, 2nd. The wind came round to the north which drove us on our right course, viz, westwardly, but this did not continue long, which very much discouraged me. However, I endeavoured to exercise a holy patience and submission to the Will of God, for though things did not conspire to deliver from this state, yet I found it to my advantage and real good, "He doeth all things well." This day was what we call our market day, which did not happen on any one day of the week particularly, because they made two days in every week. The Captain ordered us to get but four pounds of bread to every individual, whereas our full allowances

should have been according to Mr. Dunlop's article, 6 lbs. bread, 1 lb. butter, and 6 lbs. of beef to each man. The Captain pretended that the reason of his doing so was that he feared a long passage, whereas if the wind would serve we might expect our full allowances as formerly. Indeed we scarcely received full allowances at any time. There is one thing very noticeable and equitable in his character, viz: that he seemed very courteous, fair spoken, affable and inoffensive to any of the passengers. He is given very much to empty taunts, jeers and ridicule. Moreover he seems to be very profane and regardless of the sacred name of God our Saviour. It was very much doubted that the chief reason of his cutting us short of our allowance was that he might obtain more favor and honor from the owner as an economist. Besides, he intends another voyage to the West Indies, and therefore it was his profit and interest to save his provisions from the passengers for his voyage thither.— However he declared publicly that they had no reason to suspect that he had any selfish design in cutting them short in their allowances, but if it should please God to turn the winds, we might be assured of receiving as formerly. Upon this declaration, we were very much discouraged.

“Sabbath, August 5th. We had no worship on this day, but it was consumed as many other Sabbaths were, ill spent indeed, I must confess, but I still hoped that God would expedite our passage in his own time.

“Wednesday, 8th. On the Banks of Newfoundland. We prepared to sound and fish, but found nothing till evening. It is a stated and common law that every one who has not crossed to America before should pay one shilling, which is called the half-way bottle.— The demand was now made. (Indeed it was what we had long looked for.) Every one who refused was according to the law of mariners to be ducked. There were some that opposed this, which created a great deal of disturbance. The sailors treated them very ill in their resistance. After this was quelled, every one that had a bottle came aft and poured it into a vessel prepared for that purpose, and those who had none paid down a shilling. The collection of the money was greater than the liquor, because those that had liquor when they came on board expended it before this time

“Thursday, 9th. On this day a general supplication was drawn up and presented to the captain ament an augmentation of allowances. But we got no satisfaction as to this save a few jokes and fair speeches. He told us that if the wind would be anything fair for some days we should all get our allowances as formerly. Some were in great distress for bread, because the day for receiving it was so long in coming. The day before this there was a man on board who had some meal, who proposed to sell it for half a crown per stone. Indeed he sold it very readily. For our part (thanks to heaven) we had some meal. After some interval had elapsed from the presentation of our petition, our mates were ordered to distribute our allowances, but we got no more than 12 lbs. of bread for three persons for one week.

“Sabbath, 12th. A very agreeable day. A great deal of jollity appeared among us on this day, but little or no regard to the work

ship of the Deity. Some of us assembled in the morning of this day, and concluded with the worship of God.

"Wednesday, 15th. There were two poor men punished for thieving from one of their comrades. Indeed it was pure poverty that prompted them to this.

When several who wanted, applied to the captain for some more provisions, he told them that they should not want, for he had enough on board, and this statement he ushered in with an oath. He often told us that he had more than half the provisions on board as yet, which were not expended. He said that he would not take any of the provisions into port, with him, but he thought it most prudent to scrimp them till they got nigh the Capes."

And so the Journal continues, a weary narrative of unfavorable winds, short allowances, wickedness on the part of both passengers and crew. The close of the journal is lost, so that we are uncertain whether the following memorandum refers to his landing from his voyage across the Atlantic, or whether he had previously landed at some other port, and thence proceeded to Philadelphia.

"We all landed safe and in good health at Philadelphia, Saturday September the 9th. We met with Alexander Smith, who showed great kindness to us, and conducted us to his quarters, where we were kindly entertained."

To be Continued.

Wm. A. Ross
TRUE MANLINESS.

[From Lecture by Rev. E. E. Ross, on the "Manliness of Piety."]

True Manliness, then, does not consist in any purely physical attributes. It is not a mere matter of brawn and muscle, of thews and sinews: nor yet is it mainly in the skill and adroitness with which these may be used. It is not in the ability to lift the greatest weight or hurl the heaviest stone, to take the highest leap or to tame the wildest steed, to pull the hardest oar or strike the deadliest blow. I have nothing to say, however, against these exploits. The power to perform them is no despicable power. It may sometimes stand the possessor of it in remarkably good stead indeed. There is even in it a certain kind of Manliness; but by no means the highest kind. The highest kind is something quite other than this. It may consist with it certainly, but it does not consist of it, it does not depend upon it.

Still less does true Manliness accord with the idea formed of it by your "fast young man." We do not look for it among the scenes of revelry and riot. It has no sympathy with the wild debauch. It never swells the uproar of the midnight brawl. To sing the loudest song, to drain the deepest goblet, to swear the coarsest oath, to break the obscenest jest, are not the achievements it boasts. It does not lift up its voice in the streets, it utters no ribald cries, it shares no drunken orgies, it wrenches no knocker from the door, it pulls down no tradesman's sign, it smashes no night lamps. No! Whatever some "free spirits" may have imagined to the contrary, in none of these things does it delight. It disturbs no quiet citizen; it heads no assault upon the police; it does not get itself locked up in the watch house. And although accidents will happen sometimes even with the most careful and sober, true Manliness does not often come on a shutter.

Shall we descend still lower? Shall we, before this audience, venture into yet deeper depths? Shall we dare to whisper with bated breath, that Manliness does show itself in the arts of the libertine?

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead—"

dead to every virtuous and ennobling sentiment, that having sapped the foundations of female honor, and wrought the ruin of female innocence, he can boast of the achievement as a proof of his Manliness. Yes! I fear that even in so young a country as Nova Scotia, in obscure and dusky circles, and it may be in circles not so obscure, such boasters may be found. The boaster who can "smile and smile and be a villain," is confined to no latitude. He draws near his victim with looks of love. He fills her ear with professions of purest affection. Wreathed smiles are on his villain lip—honeyed words are on his traitor tongue; whilst thoughts set on fire of hell are in his black, false heart. He woos to betray, and destroy, and forsake; rioting and revelling in the ruin he has wrought. Regardless of the suffering, the agony, and the heart break, of the life-long woe and anguish that follow when his fiend work is done, he vaunts his peerless accomplishments; and, as the savage Indian dangles the scalps of his enemies slain in the battle, and displays them as the proof of his prowess, so will the libertine, with heart of thrice hardened steel, sport with woman's reputation, and estimate his glory by the number of his victims.—Great God of heaven, so sure as thy throne is a throne of justice, and Thy Word a word of truth, and thine arm an arm of power, a place is reserved in hell's lowest pit, where the flame of the burning blazes fiercest and hottest, and the smoke of the torment arises highest and blackest, in which such boasters in their manhood shall find their reward.

But neither is Manliness an affair of the Tailor's art, or of the *Peruquier's* skill. Not in daintiest love-locks, nor moustache most deftly rolled or fiercely twisted, does true Manliness consist. It may comport with garments sadly out of mode and a vast deal the worse for having been worn too soon—

"A man's a man for a' that."

An unexceptionable chapeau may cover a head that is both brainless and graceless, whilst genius walks abroad under a dilapidated *tite*. Costliest decorations may adorn the breast, and underneath them there may beat the merest force-pump of a heart. And your *petit maitre*, if you will but consider it, is very far indeed from the noblest type of man. The whole outward adornment of him may be absolutely perfect, from the glistening beaver just fresh from Paris, to the faultless Wellingtons, bright with Day and Martin, and after all he may be just such a popinjay as encountered the brave Northumberland on the field of battle; but, mark you, it was after the battle was over—

"Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dressed,
Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin new-reeped
Shone like a stubble land at harvest home;
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose and took't away again."

Genuine Manliness, depend upon it, is not as a general rule redolent of Macassar.

At the same time, let it be freely granted that as little does true Manliness consist in a slovenly attire. Great men have sometimes gone slipshod, but it did not constitute their greatness. They had been greater otherwise. And cannot be denied that we have known and do know several gentlemen of questionable manliness, who, nevertheless, pay considerable attention to outward adornment, are even what we should call somewhat fanciful in regard thereto. But their excellence is independent of such adjuncts. All the artists that ever helped to trick out his precious person could not make Beau Brummel a Beau. Yet Samuel Johnson's greatness would have suffered nothing, although his predilections for clean linen had been perceptibly stronger.

To all that we have said, it is scarcely necessary to add, that Manliness does not depend on any accident of rank, or birth, or fortune. Not noblest descent, not the blood of all the Howards, nor royal parentage, nor wealth like that of Cræsus, the Rothschilds, or Jacob Astor, would make your *churl* a Man. Al-

rode in a royal chariot attended by a princely retinue. Elijah ran before him on foot. And although an old author quaintly intimates that the men should have changed places, the truth is that ever since their time, as doubtless before it as well, Manliness has always been very mainly pedestrian.

I will only hint further here that even intellectual greatness—the most prodigious powers of mind—cannot constitute genuine Manhood. I know that this is an hard saying. I am almost prepared to hear some of you ask, Who can bear it? but it is as true as it is said. Its truthfulness makes it sad. The sage who beyond all the thinkers of his time intermeddled with all knowledge, who more deeply than any other drank of the springs of a reviving philosophy, he who of all that wrought there, sank the deepest shafts and brought up the most precious treasures from the mines of wisdom—the man who compared with other men, unrolled before him the volume of nature and read the mystic scroll at his pleasure, who even lifted up minds of ordinary stature almost to his own lofty pedestal, and put into our hands a “new organ” with which to descry mysteries all hid before; this man was a sordid worshipper of gold—for place and pelf he could betray his dearest and earliest friend, for place and pelf he could bow down to his deadliest foe. To show how much of bitterness and grovelling meanness may meet in the same mind with the mightiest intellect, it needs only that we mention, though we mention it with a sigh, the name of Bacon.

Any proper logical definition of mankind I shall hardly attempt here. To furnish a logical definition of *man* has puzzled the philosophers for I know not how many ages—ever since there were any philosophers I believe. If it is so difficult to define the concrete animal, how should I be expected to define the abstract qualities? Yet some positive description of it I would fain present.

Genuine Manliness, then, first of all I would say, has its base on true principles. It recognizes the distinction between right and wrong. It perceives that between these there is a perpetual conflict. In this conflict it occupies no mean position. Having clearly ascertained on which side lies the right, it takes up its position *there*. From that position it cannot be dislodged. From that position you can neither terrify nor seduce it. Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, these things it follows, and it follows them to whatsoever issues they lead, or in whatsoever consequences they involve. Genuine Manliness does not trouble itself much about consequences—those it leaves to a higher power. Once assured that the course is right, it asks no further question; it adopts it without hesitation, no matter to what uncomfortable results it may tend. True Manliness is not dismayed by the number of its adversaries. It will go to Worms with Luther to the diet, tho’ there be as many devils there as there are tiles upon the houses. And this is not mere reckless folly, unthinking, inconsiderate rashness. It is the deepest prudence, the highest and the truest wisdom, for Manliness has counted the cost; and having cast the balance, deliberately advised by and with strength, sees clearly that truth must ever be stronger than error—that, therefore, however injustice may seem to prevail for a time, the right will assuredly triumph at the last.

Then again, true Manliness proposes the noblest ends—its aim is always high. It is not forever occupied with the questions, what shall we eat? and what shall we drink? and wherewithal shall we be clothed? Most important questions these we admit—questions that may very rightfully receive some considerable share of a wise man’s attention—questions indeed that always will be asked, and imperatively demand to be answered—questions even that must needs be answered for us all, or else worse is likely to come of it. Manliness asks and answers them, but these are not its final questions. True manliness travels beyond them,—rises above them to other far higher and nobler questions to which these are only preliminary. To relieve the oppressed, to enlighten the ignorant—to deliver the captive—to strike the shackles from the slave—to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, and to shelter the houseless—to visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction, and the prisoner in his prison house—to comfort the oppressed, and to strengthen the weary—to reclaim the wretched from the ways of vice—to confirm the wavering in the paths of virtue—to bring back

the erring and lift up the fallen—to evangelize the heathen and regenerate the nations—these are the ends which true Manliness proposes. Whatever promotes the happiness of the sentient, intelligent creature, whatever advances the honor of the Great Creator, for this it is ready to labor and to suffer, and, if needs be, to die. With a William Wilberforce in courtly circles—with a David Brainerd among North American savages—with a Henry Martyn in India or Persia—with a John William; or a John Geddie in the South Sea Islands—with a David Livingstone among African hordes, and with the true Hero, and Patriot, and Philanthropist of all ages and of all lands—whether in the Halls of Council or the cabinets of Princes—or amidst camps and marches, and sieges and battles, it fights and struggles with the brave, and every where and always its object is to promote the triumph of the right—to abridge and repress and subdue the wrong.

Yet a little further. True Manliness is distinguished by indomitable perseverance. It never gives up the ship, not at least whilst there is the shadow of a hope. Often it chooses rather to go down. Your true sailor does not seek a harbor in every storm. His barque may be beaten by many a tempest until it is well nigh a wreck upon the ocean—scurvy may decimate his crew—famine may threaten him in the emptiness of his store rooms, and mutiny scowl out upon him from the faces of his men, but Christopher Columbus will still press on to the discovery of a new continent.

Once more. True Manliness will employ no unrighteous instrumentalities. It has not learned the lesson that the end sanctifies the means. It will not receive that lesson. However anxious to secure its end, it will not secure it by means that are unholy. It pursues no devious courses, follows no crooked policy, practises no pious frauds. True Manliness is not Jesuitical in its turn. It is simple, straightforward, transparent. It aims earnestly at objects most noble, but it will not accomplish them by stooping to unworthy methods. It has confidence in the truth that it can bide its time. It will not fight Goliath battles, then, with the weapons of Satan: it knows that that battle cannot be fought. True Manliness will not win its election by corruption and bribery; true Manliness will miss its seat rather than that.

I CAN'T REPENT.

One of the most solemn assemblies that I have ever seen was convened on the evening of the Sabbath, in a private house. It was an inquiry meeting; which more than a hundred persons were present, the most of them young of middle life. The structure of the house was rather peculiar. There was a spacious hall, about ten feet wide and about 40 feet long, extending from the front door along the side of three parlors which opened into it, as well as to each other; and at the rear part of this hall was a stair-case extending to the second story of the house. Moveable benches were introduced into this hall and placed along each side of it, to afford seats for those who attended the meeting, and who could not all be accommodated in the parlors. After the meetings had been continued in this place for a few weeks, it became manifest that the hall was the preferred place. As the different persons came in and took their seats where they pleased, the seats in the hall would be filled, and the stairs would be used as seats entirely to the top, and then the upper hall would be occupied, and finally the parlors. I was accustomed to stand, while attending the assembly, in one of the doors opening from the hall into the parlors, where my eye had a full view of all those in the hall, on the stairs, and in the parlors. Besides a general exhortation, it was my ordinary custom to speak to each individual, passing from one to another. And all these in the hall and on the stairs could hear every word which I uttered in this connection, and the most of what any one said to me. And for these reasons, I supposed, the persons who resorted there would choose the hall or the stairs. This listening of others, to what passed in conversation betwixt any individual and myself, was never very pleasant to me. I should greatly have

ferred to converse with each one alone; as there would have been less restraint on their part, and on my own more certainty, that what I was saying would be truly applicable and would not be applied by any one for whom it was not intended. And besides this, individuals would sometimes make expressions to me so erroneous, that I was unwilling others should hear them, lest they might be injured by it. To avoid this, I used to speak in a low tone of voice; and if the expressions of any individual were becoming such, as I feared might be injurious, I usually broke off the conversation suddenly, by saying, I will call and see you to-morrow.

On the evening to which I now allude, all the seats were filled, and three persons were seated on each stair entirely to the top, and many had found their place in the hall above. It was a calm and mild summer evening; and perfect stillness reigned over the crowd assembled there, unbroken except by the long breathing or the deep sigh of some pensive soul. I thought I had never seen so still, so solemn, and thoughtful an assembly. I closed the front door, after all had entered, and took my stand in my accustomed place. I hesitated to speak. I was afraid to utter a word. It seemed to me that anything I could say would be less solemn, impressive, instructive, than that tomb-like silence in an assembly of so many immortal souls, each visited by the Holy Spirit. I stood, for some time, in perfect silence. The power of that silence was painful. The people sat before me like statues of marble,—not a movement, not a sound. It appeared as if they had all ceased to breathe. I broke the silence by saying slowly and in a low voice:—"Each one of you is thinking of his own immortal soul and of his God." Again I paused for the space of an entire minute; for I was overawed, and knew not what to say. Then falling on my knees, I commenced prayer. They all spontaneously knelt. After a short prayer, I proposed to speak a few words to each one of them, as far as it was possible; and requested all of them, except the individual with whom I should be conversing, to be engaged in reflection or in silent prayer to God. Passing rapidly from one to another, I had spoken to all those in the parlors and in the hall, till I had reached about the middle of it, where every word spoken could be heard by the whole assembly. Coming to a man, about thirty years of age, whom I had seen there three times before, I said to him:—

"I did not expect to see you here to-night. I thought you would have come to repentance, before this time; and would have no occasion any longer to ask, What shall I do to be saved?"

"I can't repent," said he, with a sort of determined and despairing accent, and so loudly as to startle us all. Instantly, I felt sorry for this expression. But I thought it would not do to avoid noticing it, and leave it sounding in the ears of so many impenitent sinners. I immediately answered, as I stood before him, as gently and yet solemnly as I could:—

"What an awfully wicked heart you must have! You can't repent! You resist so well, that you cannot be sorry for it—you cannot forsake it—you cannot hate it! You must be in an awful condition indeed! You are so much the enemy of God, that you cannot be sorry for having offended Him; you cannot cease to contend against Him; and even now, while you are sensible of the impropriety and unhappiness of it, you cannot cease to resist the Holy Spirit, who strives with you to bring you to repentance! You must have an awfully depraved heart!"

"I can't repent," said he again, with an accent of grief and intolerable pain: "I can't repent with such a heart!"

"That means," said I, "that you have become too wicked to desire to become better; for nothing but wickedness makes repentance difficult. And then, you just plead one sin as an excuse for another—the sin of your heart, as an excuse for the continued sin of your heart!"

But he insisted. "I can't repent! I should if I could!" And the tears rolled down his cheeks, of which he seemed to be utterly unconscious, as well as oblivious of the presence of any one but myself.

"You would if you could," said I, "is only a self-righteous and self-justifying excuse. Your deceitful heart means by it, that you are not so wicked as to repent in your impenitence *willingly*. It means that you are willing to repent

but you cannot. You are deceived. You are *not* willing. You think you are, but you are in an error. You never *will* be willing, unless God shall verify in you the promise, '*My people shall be willing in the day of my power.*' In that power lies your only hope, as I have told you before, when I urged you to pray if you are willing to repent, what hinders you? I am willing you should repent. All of us here are willing. Every angel in heaven is willing you should repent. Christ who died to redeem you is willing. God the Father is willing. The Holy Spirit is willing, who at this moment strives with you to bring you to repentance. What hinders you, then? Yourself only! And when you say you can't repent, you mean that you are not to be blamed for coming here to-night with an impenitent heart. You are wofully deceived! God blames you! The whole Bible blames you! Your own conscience, though you strive to silence it, blames you! This excuse will not stand!"

"I *can't* repent!" said he again, in a harsh, vociferating voice, as if in anger.
 "Then God can't save you," said I; "for he cannot lie, and he has said the impenitent shall be destroyed! You say you cannot repent. He has not said so. He commands you to repent."

He replied, with much agitation, but in a subdued tone:—"I am sure I have tried long; and my mind has been greatly tormented. All has done no good. I do n't see as I can repent!"

"Other people have repented," said I. "There are a great many penitents in the world. I find there are some here to-night, who think they have come to repentance, since they were here last Sabbath evening. One of them told me *then*, very much the same thing you tell me *now*, that it did not seem to him he ever could turn from sin; but he has found out he can. As to your having tried so long, the length of time will not save you. If a man has got his face turned the wrong way, the longer he goes on, the worse off he becomes. He would do well to stop, and turn about. Such is the call of the Bible: '*Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die? Repent, and turn yourselves from all your transgressions; so iniquity shall not be your ruin. Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord.*' Other people have turned to God, and you ought to. But your mind has seized on the idea of your trying and your trouble, and you make an excuse and a self-righteousness of them."

"Do you think I am self-righteous," said he.

"I *know* you are. That is your grand difficulty. You have been trying to save yourself. You are trying now. When you tried to repent, your heart aimed after repentance, as something to recommend you to God, and constitute a reason why he should forgive and save you. It was just an operation of a self-righteous spirit. It was just an attempt to save yourself, to have your religion save you, instead of relying by faith upon Jesus Christ, to be saved from sin through him. This is precisely the case with every impenitent sinner. The error is one. The forms of it may be various; but in all cases it is substantially the same thing. St Paul has given a description of it: '*going about (from one thing to another—from one device or attempt to another.)*' They go about to establish a righteousness of their own, they have not submitted themselves to the righteousness of God; for Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth.' One man tries to establish a righteousness of his own, out of his reformations; another one, out of his duties; and another out of his painful attempts or painful convictions; as you just now mention your own torments of mind. It is evident, that you are trying to be righteous before God, through your pain and your attempted penitence. And if you should find any peace of mind in that way, it would only be a deception, a counterfeit of religion in it. You ought to betake yourself to the Lord Jesus Christ, a poor, guilty, undone sinner, to be saved by him alone—saved by grace. You ought to go to him, just as you are, to be washed in his blood, to be clothed in his righteousness, to be sheltered from the thunders of God's eternal law, in the security of his all-sufficient atonement. You ought to flee to Christ, like the slayer to the city of refuge, before he is cut down by the sword of the arm of blood. You ought to go instantly, like the prodigal to his father, in all poverty, starvation and rags, as well as guilt. You ought to cry, like the

sinking in the waves, "Lord, save me." But instead of this, you are just looking to yourself, striving to find something, or make something in your own heart, which shall recommend you to God. And in this miserable way, you are making salvation a far more difficult matter than God has made it. You have forgotten the free grace of the gospel, the full atonement of Jesus Christ, by the sacrifice of himself."

"But," said he, "I can't repent and come to Christ, *of myself.*"

"I certainly never said you could. In my opinion, God does not wish you to think so. And if you have found out that you cannot repent of yourself, aside from divine aid, I am glad of it—you have found out an important truth. Most certainly God does not tell you to repent *of yourself.* He tells you, 'that Christ is exalted to give repentance.' He says to every sinner, 'Thou hast destroyed thyself, in me is thy help: let him take hold on my strength that he may make peace with me.' On the ground that they need it, he has promised 'the Holy Spirit to them that ask him.' God never expects you to repent without divine aid, but with it. He knows you are too wicked to do it, that you are without strength, helpless, undone, a lost sinner! And here lies the very heart of your error. You have been trying to repent, in a way that God never told you, just by your own powers, instead of trying to get God to have mercy upon you, and save you by his help. You have been looking to the powers within you, instead of looking to the aid above you. You have trusted to yourself, instead of trusting yourself to the grace of Christ. And that is the very reason why you have failed; and now you complain that you cannot repent; while, in reality you have exactly the same sufficiency, as the penitent all around you. What has been their help may be your help. And the sooner you are driven off from that self-seeking and self-reliance, the better it will be for you. You are in the double error of undervaluing the character of God, and overvaluing your own. God is more merciful and more gracious than you think him to be. He is more ready to save you. And when he commands you to repent, he does not wish you to forget, that all your hope lies in the immediate aid of his Holy Spirit. Nor does he wish you to attempt to dispense with that offered assistance, by your not believing, that you are as utterly helpless as you really are. He does not tell you to rely upon your own shattered strength, that you have done so. And when you have failed, you then turn round and complain that you 'can't repent.' You reject his offered help—the help of the omnipotent Spirit. And for this reason you will be the more criminal if you do not repent. That Divine Spirit is your only hope. If he leaves you to yourself, you are lost—eternally lost! Tread softly, my dear friend! The ground whereon thou standest is holy ground! Let not the Holy Spirit, who resides over the souls here this evening, bear witness against you in the day of the final judgment: 'because I have called and ye refused! You can't repent; just in the way that others repent; just because God is your help—trust Him; and rely upon yourself no longer.'"

As I was saying these things, he appeared to become much less affected, but much more thoughtful. His tears and his agitations ceased; and he seemed to rest upon my lips, as if he was listening to some new wonder. When I had finished, all was hushed as death; and in a deliberate, subdued, and solemn tone, he broke that expressive silence, saying:

"I hope my God will help me."

"Let us pray," said I;—and a short prayer, pleading for God's help, closed the exercises of the evening.

Afterwards found numerous reasons for believing, that that was one of the most profitable religious exercises that I ever attended. Among others was the example of my friend, whose expression had drawn me somewhat out of my previous mode of conducting the exercises of the evening. He became, as he afterwards proved, a true believer. He stated to me the exercises of his mind, his repentance, his faith in Christ, his peace and hope, and his reliance upon the Holy Spirit. His mind appeared to seize upon the great truths of the gospel, almost without emotion. He had no ecstasy, no exultation, no joy. He had only peace and hope. He told me, that his agitations had all been useless to him; that they were not faith and did not lead to faith; and that he thought

"sinners ought to attend to the calls of God, in a believing and business manner." And when I asked him what had kept him from Christ so long, he replied: "I was trying to make myself better—to have a religion instead of trusting in Christ. What you said to me that night showed me my mistake; and I went home with a deeper sense of my dependence, and a clear view of the grace of God to sinners, through the redemption of Christ.

About six months after this, he united with the church, and has continued to manifest an established and uniform faith.

To cut off the sinner from all reliance upon himself, his merits and his powers, and throw him, naked and helpless, into the hands of the Holy Spirit to lead him to Christ in faith, should be the one great aim of the ministry.

Sinners certainly ought to repent, for God commands them to repent. But in my opinion, he does not design to have them understand his command, and having respect only to their own ability to repent, and not having respect to the proffered aids of the Holy Spirit. Such aids constitute one grand ground on which his command is obligatory, and sweep away every possible excuse. No man ever did repent without the Holy Spirit, or ever will; and this is a small amount of proof that no man ever can. Nothing seems to be gained by making a sinner believe that he is able to repent without divine assistance. Such a belief will be very likely to mislead him to a reliance upon his own unaided strength. And as to his conviction of criminality for not coming to repentance, surely there is strong ground for such conviction, since God offers him all the ability he needs,—*in me is thy help,—let him take hold on my strength that he may make peace with me.*

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

CALVINISTIC LITERATURE.

When we come to the last and mightiest birth of the great Protestant movement—our own giant republic—every page of its annals illustrates the words of Bancroft: "He that will not honor the memory, and respect the influence of Calvin, knows but little of the origin of American liberty." The men who laid its foundations—the stern Puritans of New England, the sturdy Hollanders of New York, the strong-hearted Scotch-Irish of Pennsylvania and Virginia, the hardy Caledonians of North Carolina, and the chivalrous Huguenots of South Carolina—were Calvinists. The churches that declared earliest for the Revolution, most of whose sons are sleeping beneath the sods of the bloodiest fields of that mighty struggle, were Calvinistic. The colleges and schools, the benevolent and religious enterprises, and all departments of Christian activity, have since been largely indebted to the gifts and toils of Calvinists.

Thus, as we trace the flow of modern history, there is not a tide-wave in its current, not a struggle for human advancement, civil or religious, in which

the influence of these doctrines has been felt. And where the struggle has rolled fiercest and fastest, the day of toil has hung heaviest, there have always been found among the hearts to dare, and the hands to do—hearts and arms that were moved by the faith and love of these and hallowed doctrines.

Indeed, where is the field of activity where these doctrines have been felt? Where the realm of thought where this literature does stand eminent, if not pre-eminent in the stately department of systematic theology? We are met by massive tomes of Gerhard, Pietist, Turreline, Witsius, Van Meester, Ridgely, Hill, Dick, Dwight, and others, who stand peerless among the mighty thinkers of the past. Is Scripture exposition? Calvinist day unsurpassed as an expositor, rings, and the Holland Divines, Luther, and many of the German positors of that and later times, and are, Calvinistic, at least in interpretations, Pease, and the commentators, are still mines for

ern students; the commentaries that grow mould most widely the great heart of English Christendom, are those of Henry, Scott, and Doddridge; whilst among Scotch and American expositors, it is not invidious to say that the very first rank is confessedly held by Calvinists. Is it in didactic divinity?—Who are more venerable than many of these grave and godly men who sat in the Westminster Assembly, that august senate of sages, whose roll held such majestic names as those of Selden, Hale, Lightfoot, Calamy, Caryl, Goodwin, Mackney, Henderson, Rutherford, and others, whose memorial the church will not soon permit to die?

And where are pages of profounder thought and warmer piety than those of the colossal Owen, the Platonic Gove, the saintly Sibbs, the fervid Marvel, the quaint Brooks, the massive Barrock, the glowing Hervey, the holy Gmaine, the Erskines, Bostons, Jonathan Edwardses, and a host of more recent writers, whose books are on every shelf? Is it in practical piety? Nearly all the living works of this kind were written by Calvinists. Baxter's Call, Meine's Alarm, Doddridge's Rise and Progress, Willerforce's Practical View, Gove's Persuasives, the Dairyman's Daughter, James' Anxious Inquirer, Barry's Anxious Inquirer, the writings of Nelson, Alexander, Nevin, and others, that are speaking in other tongues, beneath other skies, the everlasting gems, were all written by Calvinists. The books and tracts that the toiling labourer has this day been carrying to the thousand lonely hovels, hidden in mountain gorges and pathless dells, have mainly been written by Calvinists. Is it in revival power?—Geston, Edwards, Whitefield, Tennent, Haldane, Neff, Nettleson, Nelson, Fisher, Baker, M'Cheyne, Bonar, and others, were Calvinists. Is it in pulpit eloquence? What names blaze with a glory above the mighty preachers of the reformation—the Claudes, Saurins, Cabants, of France; the great Puritan preachers of England; and such names as Irving, Chalmers, Rogers, Hall Binney, Spencer, Guthrie, McLeod, Candlish, Spurgeon, and others. M'Neile, Melville, and Caird; in this country, such sons of thunder as Davies, Waddel, Mason, Griffin, and Larned, and a host of others, and dead, eloquent men, and

mighty in the Scriptures? Is it in far-reaching philanthropy? Let the great benevolent agencies set on foot by Calvinists give reply. And if individual names are asked, that of John Howard will answer for a hemisphere, and those of Brainerd, Martyn, Carey, Moffat, Duff, and our own noble roll of martyrs sleeping beneath the palm-trees of Africa, the waves of the Chinese Sea, and the bloody sands of Cawnpore, will be held in perpetual remembrance. Is it in the more graceful departments of literature? The Pilgrim's Progress was written by a Calvinist. Paradise Lost was written by one whose early mental training, and whose riper spiritual discipline, before the wanderings of age and blindness came upon him, were in these doctrines. Cowper, Beattie, Pollock, and the sweetest hymn-writers of the church, wrote under their inspiration; whilst the finest material for much of Scottish song was created by that Calvinistic piety so touchingly depicted in the "Cotter's Saturday Night."

A Western paper and an Eastern magazine have recently proclaimed sneeringly to the world that this literature is now effete—that this old tree is girdled and dead. But is this wealth of foliage and fruit a sign of death?—True, its bark is rough, its stem is gnarled, and its boughs are twisted often into knotted shapes of ungraceful strength. But remember it is not a willow-wand of yesterday. These boughs have wrestled with the storms of a thousand years; this stem has been wreathed by the red lightning, and scarred by the thunderbolt; and all over its rough rind are the marks of the battle-axe and the bullet. This old oak has not the pliant grace and silky softness of a green-house literature, but it has a majesty above grace, and a grandeur beyond beauty. Its roots are strangely contorted, it is true; but some of them are rich with the blood of glorious battle-fields; some of them are clasped around the stakes of martyrs; some of them are hidden in solitary cells and lonely libraries, where deep thinkers have mused and prayed, as in some apocalyptic Patmos: and its great tap-root runs back, until it twines in living and loving embrace around the cross of Calvary. Its boughs are gnarled, we grant; but they hang clad with all that is richest and strongest in the civilization and Christianity of human history

Yes, this old tree is girdled, but it is girdled with a growth, and belted with a might, that give promise of a life that shall unfold its living green beneath the sky of the millennial morning.

And shall we, in the face of such facts as these, concede for a moment that such doctrines are to be held in abeyance, or such literature restrained? Does not all that is best in history rebuke such folly as treason to the noblest names and deeds of the past? Shall we then concede that our Board of Publication, charged with the dissemination of this literature, must take a secondary place, as a mere supplementary agency, subordinate to others in value and importance? No, never! We will rather seek to widen its orbit and quicken its speed, until its light shall go round the world. We will rather send forth each year a larger number of toiling colporteurs, who shall carry to lonely valleys, and ragged mountains, and sequestered hamlets, the mighty masters of thought, who, untouched by the weariness, sickness, and death that come upon the living preacher, my tell them the wonderful works of God. We will allow it to send to them the high-hearted Calvin, to unfold, by his masterly logic, the Institutes of the Christian religion; the dreaming tinker of Bedford jail, to tell them of the wicked gate, the delectable mountains, the sunny land of Beulah, and the gleaming walls of the celestial city; the gentle Doddridge, to trace the rise and progress of religion in the soul; the venerable Miller, to expound to them our scriptural polity; the revered Alexander, to unfold the rich depths of religious experience; the holy Matthews to illumine the divine purpose; the sage Green, to expound the Shorter Catechism; and living writers to proclaim to them the doctrines of grace in their fulness and beauty. And then when God writes up his people, it may be found that this and that man, in numbers like dew from the womb of the morning, were led to Jesus by some of these silent, unwearied itinerants, and that in sending forth these printed sheets we have been giving to the messenger-winds of heaven some leaves of the tree of life that are for the healing of the nations.—*T. V. Moore, D. D.*

THE WATERS OF MEROM.

The lake itself may be eight miles long, and six broad across the north end, but it runs to a point southward, where the Jordan leaves it. This is the Merom of Joshua, the Samechonitis of the Greeks, the Huleh of the Arabs. The plain and marsh above it are about ten miles square. The eastern half is sufficiently dry for cultivation, and is, in fact, the great granary of the surrounding country, and the boast of the Arabs. The climate is warm, the soil fat as that of Egypt, and the whole is irrigated by innumerable canals from the Hashany, the Leddan, and the Baniasy.

In the centre rises the Leddan, at the base of that circular mound which you can trace by the line of trees around the outer margin. It marks the site of the Sidonian Laish, the Dan of the Bible.—Often have I sat under its great oak and gazed in dreamy delight upon the luxuriant plain of the Huleh. No wonder the spies exclaimed, We have seen the land, and, behold, it is very good: a place where there is no want of anything that is in the earth (Judges xiii. 9, 10.)

We have spread out before us one of the great battle-fields of the Bible—vast theatre built by the Architect of the universe, and upon its splendid stage has many a bloody tragedy been played out in downright earnest. In the opening scene the chief actor is less a personage than the "Father the Faithful," scattering to the winds those hard-named confederates who conquered Sodom, and carried away righteous Lot, with his family, captive. Abraham was sitting in his tent under the great oak of Mamre, when fugitive from the vale of Siddim brought the tidings of his nephew's captivity. This was no time for rending of garments and fruitless lamentations. Arriving his own servants—three hundred and eighteen—and sending a summons to Mamre, and his brother Eschol and Amer, to join him, he set out in hot pursuit. Passing Bethel and Safem, he swept over the mountains and along the plains of Sychar and draelon, and at the close of the first day (Josephus says he attacked them on the fifth night) he was probably climbing these hills of Naphtali. From these bold headlands he could see

perfect distinctness the enemy carousing in careless security around the fountain of Loddan. Having made the necessary dispositions for the attack, he waits for the veil of darkness; then, like an avalanche from the mountains, he bursts upon the sleeping host. The panic is immediate and universal, the confusion irretrievable, the rout wild and ruinous. No one knows friend from foe. They trample down and slay each other, are entangled in miry canals, and entangled and torn to pieces in the thorny jungles of the Baniasy. Terror lends wings to the fugitives. They climb Castle Hill, dash along the vale of Yafury, and descending to the great plain by Beit Jenn, cease not their frantic flight until they reach Hobah, which is on the left hand of Damascus (Gen. xiv. 15). Abraham starts victorious to Laish, which is the place where the captives are released, and the spoils collected. None have perished; nothing is lost. In triumph, and with great thanksgiving, he, who through the war waxed valiant in battle (Heb. xi. 32), marches back by Jerusalem to his tent on the plain of Mamre. Thus falls the curtain on the first act.

When it is again lifted, the theatre is crowded with a mighty host. The Canaanite from the east and the west, the Hittite, the Hittite, and the Jebusite from the mountains, and the Hivite from Hermon—much people, even as we read that is on the sea-shore in the multitude, with horses and chariots very many (Josh. xi. 1-5). Far as the eye can reach, the plain is darkened by countless squadrons of the heathen.—Fleeat in their numbers, they dream of danger, when Joshua, with his chosen men of war, falls suddenly upon them. The mighty shout strikes terror to every heart. The shock is irresistible.

Joshua, with his confederate, Hiram, makes only to join the universal host. This vast theatre of plain and valley and mountain, is crowded with fugitives and their fierce pursuers. Those whose homes lay beyond the mountains to the north and east sought them by the great wady of the Upper Jordan, now Wady et Teim, to the east of Hermon, in the Hauran, and the hills of Mizpeh. Those from the west of Acre and Carmel fled over the hills and down south-west by Haifa, Misreboth-Maim (Josh. xi. 8), to the north border of the plain of Acre, and thence to Misheirfeh. Thence they

dispersed to their homes along the sea-board as far south as Dor. Joshua himself chased a third division along the base of our mountain northward, past Abel Beth Maacah, through the plain of Ijon, down the tremendous gorge of the Litany to the ford at Tamrah, or the bridge at the Khutweh, and thence over the wooded spurs of Jebel Rihan toward great Zidon, behind whose lofty walls the flying host could alone find safety. Returning southward, he recrossed the Litany, stormed Hazor, the capital of King Jabin, and utterly consumed the city with fire (Josh. xi. 13). The shapeless ruins may still be seen a few miles west of us, with the identical name, and having a celebrated mazar, sacred to Joshua, the son of Nun. The curtain drops over the burning capital.

And now it rises once more, revealing a scene of dark treachery and cruel slaughter. See that band of daring Danites creeping stealthily around the reedy margin of the marsh toward Laish. Will no one sound the alarm? Alas! the indolent, luxurious, demoralized citizens slumber in fatal security, soothed by the murmurs of their magnificent fountain. And now the mound is gained, the walls scaled, the gates burst open, the city on fire, and men, women, and children, fall in indiscriminate butchery. There is no help—no mercy. They are far from their parent city, Sidon—have no business with anybody, no friends, no allies (Judges xviii. 28.) The foul work over, the murderous band sit down in quiet possession, rebuild, and call the city Dan, after the father of their tribe. Henceforth it is famous as the boundary on the north of the Promised Land, and from “Dan to Beersheba,” becomes the proverbial limit of Israel’s inheritance (1 Sam. iii. 20.)

I read this tragedy with feelings of indignation and abhorrence. True, these Phœnician dwellers in Laish were every way ripe for destruction. They were lazy, dwelling carelessly, after the manner of the Zidonians, quiet and secure. They had nothing to do. They had no business with any one. They had no government and no moral character. There was no magistrate in the land that might put them to shame in anything (Judges xviii. 7). They deserve little commiseration, no doubt, but then these Danites were thieves and

robbers. "bitter and angry fellows," ready to run upon and murder poor Micah, whom they had plundered of his property. They were also traitors to their religion and the God of their fathers. Immediately they set up the graven image stolen from Micah; and the golden calves of Dan became a snare to all Israel, until they were carried captive by Shalmaneser, and placed in Halah and in Habor, by the river Gozan. Dan has ceased to be a city for ages. Not one solitary habitation is there. The fountain still pours forth its river of delicious water, but herds of black buffaloes wash and wallow in its crystal pools. You cannot even imagine the site with satisfaction, so dense is the jungle of briars, thorns, and thistles which have overspread it.

One more act, and our play is ended. A man of Belial—Sheba, the son of Bichri—blew a trumpet, and said, To your tents, O Israel. We have no part in David, neither have we inheritance in the son of Jesse (2 Sam. xx. 1). David was extremely disturbed at this rebellion of the son of Bichri, and Joab, the bloody murderer but mighty captain, was sent in pursuit of him through all the tribes of Israel; and he came and besieged him in Abel of Beth Maacah. There it is, on that long oval mound to the north east of us. I have repeatedly ridden round it and stood on the top, trying to realise the scene. Taking advantage of an oblong knoll of natural rock that rises above the surrounding plain, the original inhabitants raised a mound sufficiently large for their city. With a deep "trench" and strong wall, it must have been almost impregnable. The country on every side is most lovely, well watered, and very fertile. The Dardara, from Ijon, falls from that plain by a succession of cataracts, and glides swiftly along the western declivity of the mound, and from the neighboring mountain gushes out the powerful stream of Ruahiny. Such fountains and brooks would convert any part of this country into a paradise of fruits and flowers, and such, no doubt, was Abel, when she was called "a mother in Israel." But the Iron hoof of war tramples all in the dust. The besiegers cast up a mount against the city, and it stood in the trench, and all the people that were with Joab battered the wall to throw it down. The wise woman

saved the city. Thus ends the last act of our tragedy. The curtain falls, and we must retire to our tent, as did the host of Joab.—*The Land and the Book.*

AM I IN CHRIST.

"If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." 2 Cor. v. 17.

The most serious question that any man can put to himself is, Am I in Christ? To be in Christ is to be safe in life and death, in time and eternity; to be out of Christ is to stand exposed every hour to the most appalling danger. To be in Christ is to be in a hiding-place from the wind and a convert from the tempest; to be out of Christ is to stand defenceless before that storm, which will ere long burst forth to consume his adversaries, and to sweep away every refuge of lies. To be in Christ is to be reconciled to God, pardoned, and accepted; to be out of Christ is to be at enmity with God, guilty, and condemned. To be in Christ is to be adopted into God's family as children; and if children, then heirs, heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ. To be out of Christ is to be aliens to the commonwealth of Israel and strangers to the covenants of promise; without Christ, and therefore, without God, and without hope in the world. To be in Christ is to be a new creature, renewed, sanctified, and made meet for glory; to be out of Christ is to be dead in trespasses and sins, polluted in our blood. To be in Christ is to be prepared for death, and judgment, and eternity; to be out of Christ is to have nothing but a certain looking for of judgment and fiery indignation.

Would you come to a safe decision as to your present state, so as to be able to answer the question, *Am I in Christ or no?* permit me to suggest another question, *Are you a new creature?* "any man be in Christ," says the apostle, "he is a new creature;" he is converted and changed, "so that old things pass away, and all things become new." It is by faith that we are united to Christ, and wherever that faith exists it works by love, and thereby produces the peaceable fruits of righteousness. Are you conscious of having undergone any change in your views, any change

in the object of your affections, any change in the prevailing bent of your desires, any change in the sources of your most cherished enjoyments, any change in your outward habits or in your inward experience, such as corresponds with the account given in Scrip-

ture of the "new creation," or the "second birth?" Nothing short of a new birth, a radical heart-change, will suffice, for "except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God."—*Professor Buchanan.*

TEMPERANCE.

From the Christian Intelligencer.
OUR "KINK."

Several hours almost daily are spent by the writer among inebriates, during which he strives in every way, by entreaty, exhortation, and prayer, both to convert and reform. Nor is this without danger; as we have been threatened with the drunkard's fist, called liar in the midst of our prayer, stood between angry ones that mutually reviled each other after an attempt at murder, gone into hovels where loaded pistols were concealed by inebriate husbands, and the like. Hence we seem entitled to a warning.

1. We think the best way for a permanent reform is a true conversion.

2. Countless numbers of drunkards, after signing the pledge, return sooner or later to their sin. Some we know, are signed six times, and are now drunkards worse than ever. Others are signed in our presence, and left the prayer-room, and gone to the gin-house, and then went home drunk.—

3. One now actually dying, has repeatedly risen from a sick-bed, after all entreaty and prayer on our part, and promises his own, and went to the rum.—

4. Many who abhor the name of pledge, because the husbands, after signing, abuse them, steal their money, and threaten death.

5. No true convert to religion ever falls to habitual drunkenness.

6. Outsiders in the apostolic age were instruments in casting out devils, because they were believers, and trusted in the Divine Spirit to work by them.—

7. Many outsiders now cast out the devil by means of ardent spirits.

8. It is good to muzzle, tie, chain, and confine in any way; but it is better to reach the heart.

9. The Church may direct reformers, and control them; but she may not

yield the pulpit to the rostrum. She may and must warn on drunkenness, as on swearing, Sabbath-breaking, or other sins. She may argue, and implore, and entreat, and appeal to honor, generosity, and all the better principles of our nature, here as in other cases.— But the Church must never regard partial reformation as the whole of sanctification; never allow any moral power or sunsion as the revival of the Holy Spirit.

7. Christ teaches that a bad tree cannot bring forth good fruit; and yet we may lop off the worst branches, and lessen, where possible, the poison of bad fruit.

8. Let the whole Church do always her whole duty, and by all her means and instruments, and the outsiders themselves will not be such longer, but will work as regenerated reformers.

THE CAYUGA CHIEF IN A RAIL-CAR.

"Would to God that the Maine Law could have passed fifty years ago!"— We turned to find an old lady on the seat back of us, venturing her wish in the midst of an earnest discussion between a Maine-law Yankee and a red-nosed member of the bottle fraternity. "Yes," continued the old lady, "fifty years ago. A husband would not then have gone down to a drunkard's grave, my daughters married drunkards and lived lives of sorrow, or my boys have died in jail or the mad-house. Look at me," and with something of fire kindling up in her old eyes, she laid her bony hand upon the arm of the liquor dealer, "and see a wreck of your accursed business. I was young, had enough of this world's goods, and my heart was full of happiness and hope. My God! Sir, how have they poured desolation into this old heart. I am often bitter, and do

you wonder? Such as you robbed me of all my children, and at eighty years of age, I am alone—do you hear—alone! And let me tell you, this hand never wronged the least of God's creatures. But you, Sir, wronged me. You, Sir, talk about the domicile, and say it is sacred. God forgive me, but I remember the day when my home was entered by the constables and skinned of all. I remember when the Bible my mother gave me was taken away for drink. I remember the time when my first born was laid in my arms from a drunken husband's hands, and its little life blood ran warm into my bosom from its wounds. Why, Sir," and the old woman half rose in her seat, "in God's holy name, did you come into my house to rob and kill? Was that constitutional? I have one child living—in the asylum—a maniac. It's all the work of your hands. There is blood

there! Blood, Sir! Better, Sir, have a millstone around your neck than sell rum. The curse of the widow is upon you. I will follow you. The serpents you send out shall return to you and yours. Give me that bottle!" Involuntarily, as it almost seemed, the liquor dealer handed the old lady the bottle which he held in his hand. She dashed it out of the car window, and slowly resumed her seat. The people who had crowded around while the train was stopping, to hear the conversation, slowly and thoughtfully dispersed to their seats, and the now cowering liquor dealer looked the very embodiment of humiliation and shame. With a deep sigh we turned away, our own faith made stronger by the Maine Law sermon we had listened. Ah! how many in our land would have escaped the bitterness of life had rum been banished in their day!—*Cayuga Chief.*

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

I DON'T LOVE YOU NOW, MOTHER."

A great many years ago, I know a lady who had been sick for two years, as you have seen many a one, all the while slowly dying with consumption. She had but one child—a little boy.

One afternoon, I was sitting by her bed-side, for dearly I loved her, watching her with an aching heart; it seemed as though she would cough her life away. Her little boy Henry sat, too, at the post of the bed, his blue eyes, so like hers, filling with tears to see her suffer so. By-and-by the terrible cough ceased. Henry came, put his arms round his mother's neck—nestled his head in his mother's bosom, and said, "Mother I do love you; I wish you wan's sick."

An hour later, the same loving, blue-eyed boy came in, all a glow, stamping the snow off his feet. "Oh mother, may I go skating, it is so nice—Ed and Charlie are going." "No Henry," feebly said the mother, "the ice is not hard enough yet." "But mother," very pettishly said the boy, "you are sick all the time, how do you know?" "My child, you must obey me," gently said the mother. "It is too bad," angrily sobbed the boy, who, an hour ago, had so loved his mother. "I would

like to have my little boy go," said his mother, looking sadly at the little boy's face, all covered with frowns; "you said you loved me: be good." "No, I don't love you now, mother," said the boy, going out and slamming the door.

Again the frightful coughing came upon her, and we thought no more of the boy, after the cough commenced—I noticed tears falling thick upon her pillow, but she sank from exhaustion into a light sleep.

In a little while muffled steps of men's feet were heard coming into the house, as though carrying something, and they were, carrying the almost lifeless body of Henry.

Angrily had he left his mother, then gone to skate—disobeyed her, and then broken through the thin ice—sank under the water, and now saved by a great effort, was brought home barely alive to his sick mother.

I closed the doors, feeling more danger for her life than the child's, and coming softly in, drew back the curtains from the bed. "I heard them—did Henry; Oh I knew he went—is he dead?" But she never seemed to hear the answer I gave, telling her, "Oh no." She commenced coughing—she died in agony—strangled to death. The poor

mother; the boy's disobedience killed her.

After a couple of hours, I sought the boy's room. "Oh I wish I had not told mother I did not love her. To-morrow I'll tell her how I do," said the child, sobbing pitifully. My heart ached; to-morrow I knew we must tell him she was dead. We did not till the child came fully into the room, crying, "mother, I do love you." Oh! may I never again see agony like that child's, as the lips he kissed gave back no kiss—as the hand he took fell lifelessly from his hand, instead of shaking his hand as it always had, and the boy knew she was dead.

"Mother, I do love you now," all the day long he sobbed and cried. "Oh mother, mother, forgive me." Then he would not leave his mother, but she could never speak again, and he—the last words she had ever heard him say, were, "mother, I don't love you now."

That boy's whole life was changed; sober and sad he was ever after. He is now a grey-haired old man, with one sorrow ever is, one act of disobedience, one wrong word, embittering all his life, with those words ever ringing in his ears, "mother, I don't love you now."

Will the little ones who read this, remember, if they disobey their mother, if they are cross and naughty, they say every single time they do so, to a tender mother's heart, by their actions, if not in the words of Henry, the very same thing, "I don't love you now, mother."—*Western Churchman.*

A SABBATH-SCHOOL INCIDENT.

At a meeting in Exeter Hall, London, where there was a vast number of Sabbath school children assembled, a clergyman arose on the platform, and told them of two bad little boys whom he had once known, and of a good little girl whom he afterwards learned to love. This little girl had been to Sabbath school, where she had learned to do good every day." Seeing two of the boys quarrelling, she went up to them, told them how wickedly they were acting, made them desist from quarrelling, and in the end, induced them to attend Sunday school. These boys were Jim and Tom. "Now, children," said the gentleman, "would you like to see Jim?"

All shouted with one voice, "Yes! yes!"

"Jim, get up!" said the gentleman, looking over another part of the stage. A reverend looking missionary arose and looked smilingly upon the children.

"Now, would you like to see Tom? Yes! yes!" resounded through all the house.

"Well, look at me—I am Tom, and I too have been a missionary for many years. Now, would you like to see little Mary Wood?"

The response was even more loud and earnest than before, "Yes!"

"Well, do you see that lady over there in the blue silk bonnet—that is little Mary Wood, and she is my wife!"

JESSIE AT THE SPRING.

A true Tale.

It was the pleasant time of summer; the week was closing, and the next day would be the holy day. The sun was about to set behind the hills, and the wind blew softly and sweetly over the hay fields.

At such a time a minister went out for a walk in the evening. He was many miles away from home, and had come to a village to preach two charity sermons. He passed along the green lanes. They were just such quiet, shady spots as he loved. And as he walked slowly he thought of the texts from which he was to preach on the morrow.

After walking for some time he came to the end of one of the lanes, where a spring gave out a clear supply of water. A little cottage girl was standing by it, with a large pitcher in her hand, which she was about to fill. She wore a neat straw hat, and a clean pinafore.

It was not often that a visitor came to that place, and when one did, the eyes of the people of the village were sure to be fixed upon him. We must not, therefore, be surprised that this little maiden stood and looked at the stranger.

The minister kindly spoke to the child, and asked her if she would give him a drink of water from her pitcher, as he was thirsty. She stared again at him with a look of wonder, and then with willing hand and heart raised the pitcher for him to drink.

He tasted the cold sweet water, and thanked her; and thinking it was a

time when he might speak a few words to do the little girl good, he said to her, "Did you, my child, ever hear about 'the living water' of which we drink we shall never thirst again?"

The girl opened her eyes widely, and replied, "No, sir."

"Can you read?" "No," was her short answer.

"Do you not go to school?"

"No; mother can't spare me."

"Nor yet to church, where they pray to God, and sing his praise, and hear of his great love to sinners, through Jesus Christ our Saviour."

The girl gave another strange look, and shook her head.

The minister now sat down on the side of the lane, that he might talk with the little girl. He asked her many questions, and found that she was dull and untaught, but she seemed glad to hear all that he told her. As she still gave attention to his words, he tried to show her what was meant by "living water," and where an account of it is to be found.

"Water is the gift of God," said he "and is one of the most useful of all his blessings: without it there would be neither fruit nor flowers, and all creatures would die. But our souls must be refreshed, as well as our bodies.—When Jesus was on earth, he met a woman at the side of a well, and asked her to give him to drink; and then he said that those who drank of that water would thirst again, but he could give 'living water,' of which if a man drink he shall never thirst. Jesus gives us his Holy Spirit, to make us holy and happy; and then we do not desire the vain delights of this world. It is by his grace that our evil hearts are made right and clean. He makes us feel our sinful state, and leads us to seek for pardon through faith in his name.—He teaches us that he came into the world to save sinners; and that to save them he died on the cross."

After he had spoken to her in this way, he asked what her name was, and she said it was Jessie. Then he inquired if she would come to God's house on the next day, and hear him preach. As he had spoken so kindly, she felt that she must say, "Yes:" so she said she would ask her mother to let her go.

"But I want you to do something else," said he.

"What is it, sir?" she asked, as if she

wished to hear what it was before she promised.

"Will you say this short prayer every night before you go to bed: "O Lord, give me thy Holy Spirit, to teach me about Jesus Christ?"

"Yes, I will," she said; and that she might not forget the prayer she repeated the words over a great many times, until she knew them quite well.

It was now time for little Jessie and the minister to part; but before he left her he gave her a little book and a new sapphire.

"You cannot read the book now," he said: "you must keep it, that when you look at it, you may think of the true words I have spoken to you, and of the promise you have made to me.—Perhaps you will have learned to read it by this time next summer when I hope to come to this place again."

Months passed away, and at length summer came again with its green fields and flowers. And the minister went into the same part of country; but not to preach this time. He was not well enough for that; but it was to benefit his health by a change of air.—When he came to the village, he did not forget little Jessie whom he had met at the spring, and after some inquiry he found out the cottage where she lived.

"Does Jessie live here?" he asked of a woman who came to the door,

"Yes," said the woman, "but she is very ill indeed: and I fear she won't last much longer."

"Can I see her?" "Oh, yes, if you please, sir."

The minister went up stairs into the front room, where he found the little girl very ill from a fever. Her lips were quite dry, and her cheeks were full of color, but it was not the color of health. In a minute or two she heard his footsteps, and looked up. Oh, how full of joy she was as she once more saw her kind friend!

"I was afraid," she said, "that I should not see you again. I did want to see you, sir, before I die."

"Why, my dear child?"

"I wanted to thank you for teaching me that little prayer. I never forgot it. I said it, though I did not for some time quite knew what it meant; but I know now. God has, I think, taught me by his Holy Spirit. He has heard my prayers. I do now love my Saviour, and I shall soon go to him."

What was then said by the minister to Jessie there is not room to tell; this only we can say, that in about a week after this time, little Jessie died happy and full of peace.

Young reader, will you pray to God to give you a new heart, and to lead you to believe in the Saviour of sinners? Happy will you be if you seek and find the Saviour as little Jessie did—happy for this life, and happy forever.

But if you should not seek him, what will become of your soul? If you should die without having tasted of the "living water," how sad will be your state in the world to come! Let the prayer of little Jessie be your prayer.—He will give the Holy Spirit to those who ask him, "Ask and it shall be given unto you; seek, and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you. For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth, and to him that knocketh it shall be opened."

Lord, teach a little child to pray,
Thy grace sometimes impart,
And grant thy Holy Spirit may
Renew my infant heart.

A sinful creature I was born,
And from my birth have stray'd;
I must be wretched and forlorn
Without thy mercy's aid.

But Christ can all my sins forgive,
And wash away their stain;
And fit my soul with him to live,
And in his kingdom reign.

LITTLE TOMMY.

A few years ago, a little boy called Tommy, although a Catholic, commenced to attend a Scriptural school in the North of Ireland; for three years he continued an attentive pupil there, with occasional interruptions which he could not avoid. But at length the priest succeeded in preventing his ever again entering the school. The poor little fellow was greatly grieved at this, and whenever he happened to meet the minister on the road he would lament over it, and say, "Ah! Sir, it is not my fault, and I was so fond of the mistress," meaning the minister's wife. Time passed on, and at length little Tommy was laid on a sick bed, from which he never arose; he was suddenly seized with scarlatina on a Saturday, and was so ill as to be quite insensible all day; during that time his parents sent for the

priest, and had him anointed. Little Tommy continued insensible until the morning, when he again became conscious, and spent his last Sabbath on earth repeating over and over again the beautiful little hymn which he had learned at the Scriptural school:—

Just as I am—without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee—
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot—
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within, and wars without—
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find—
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe—
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone—
O Lamb of God, I come!

He dwelt particularly on the 1st and 2nd verses. On the following morning he died. May we hope that the Holy Spirit had indeed taken of the things of the Jesus, and shown them unto this little boy; and that, when his eyes closed in death, he found himself forever with Him to whom he had just before been saying, "O Lamb of God, I come?"

LITTLE GEMS FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

1. Paradise was very lovely; but the chief beauty of it was that God was there.

2. God made us for Himself, and we can be happy only in Him.

3. To know God's love and to love Him again, is true joy for the soul.

4. Get out of the world if you would get into heaven.

5. Choose which you shall have; this world or the world to come? You cannot have both.

6. Little children need to be born again. There is no heaven for them without this.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

NOVA SCOTIA.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND IN NOVA SCOTIA.

The last annual Report of the Diocesan Church Society, furnishes the following statistical information with reference to the present position of the Church of England in this Province.—The list comprises forty three Parishes, including the circuit of a Travelling Missionary: Church Members, 36,852, of whom 5,758 reside in the city of Halifax, viz., 2,758 in St. Paul's and 3,000 in St. George's parishes; 3,527 Communicants, of whom 350 are in St Paul's and 325 are in St George's; 509 Baptisms, of which 152 were in St. Pauls and 102 in St. George's; Contributions to Church objects, (the whole amount raised in each parish, including payments to Clergymen, as gathered from the returns), £6,766, of which St Paul's parish contributed £2,320, and St George's do. £1,015. The next largest contribution is from Liverpool, which parish consists of 500 square miles, has 1,450 Church members, 160 Communicants, 54 Baptisms, and paid in £535. The number of Episcopalians in the several parishes not before mentioned are: Albion Mines, 276; Amherst, 270; Annapolis, 1000; Antigonish, 264; Aylsford, 400; Beaver Harbor, 1600; Bridgewater, 375; Chester, 1100; Clements, 335; Cornwallis, no returns; Dartmouth, 1900; Digby, 1100; New Dublin, 1150; Falmouth 150; Granville, Upper, 900; do. Lower, 280; Guysboro, 750; Hubbard's Cove, 650; Kentville, 200; Lunenburg, 2000; Mahone Bay, 2,250; Maitland, 525; Manchester, 253; Margaret's Bay, 1020; Parrsboro, 600; Pictou, 800; Pugwash 240; Rawdon, 150; Shelburne, 1500; Ship Harbor, 1600; Sherbrooke, 500; Truro, 360; Weymouth, 600; Wilmot, 850; Windsor, 800; Yarmouth, 1000; Tusket, 176; Arichat, 450; Sydney, 600; Travelling Missionary, 570.—*H. S. S.*

P. E. ISLAND.

Intelligence is continually reaching us of the manifest revival of God's

work in various sections of this Province. Scarcely a church westward but has been refreshed and quickened, and in very many, souls have been converted to God. This is matter for rejoicing to those who love the Saviour; and we should feel obliged to friends throughout the Island, having the cause at heart, if they would furnish particulars of the progress of God's work in their more immediate localities. Revival operations, in connection with any section of the Church embraced within the scope of our heading, we shall at all times be happy to ascertain and record. Brethren, send in the glad news.—*Protestant.*

NEW BRUNSWICK.

NEW MILLS, RESTIGOUCHE, April, 1860

MY DEAR SIR—It is with much pleasure that I write to you at this time.—The Lord has been pleased, in his great mercy, to pour out his blessed Spirit on Mr M'Master's congregation. It is manifestly the work of the Lord. Many are under deep conviction of sin; some are rejoicing in the Lord. I am assisting our dear brother in this glorious work; I feel it an honor to be permitted to have any hand in such a work. It has been a blessing to my own soul. I never felt such a solemn feeling in preaching—sometimes the whole audience seem to be moved. We are holding meetings during the day, and in the evening; the people will sometimes linger in crowds at a late hour after we have pronounced the benediction, to sing and pray.

The movement seems to be similar to that which has of late been going on in Ireland. In one moment, some will be struck down, crying for mercy. They believe that we have no meeting but that some are convinced of sin, and implore the Divine forgiveness. I never felt the reality of the Gospel as I do now, and the awful responsibility of a minister of the Gospel of Christ. I hope that this blessed work will extend to all our congregations. God has drawn near unto us, and it is our duty to draw near unto him. May the Lord in a

similar way pour out his Spirit on your congregation. O, if we could only believe that God is a prayer-hearing God; that he is ready to glorify his Son in the conversion of souls.

Mr M'Master has written to Mr. Stirling to come here for a fortnight, and help on the work of the Lord. If the Lord continue his gracious presence—as I hope and trust he may—Mr M'Master intends to invite some of the other brethren to come for two weeks; it would be a benefit to the ministers and their congregations. . . . I hope that you will find your way to this place, and be the means of blessing them, and receiving a blessing to your own soul.

I am, yours very truly,
THOMAS NICHOLSON.

Rev. W. Ferrie, A. M., St John.

CANADA.

ROMANISM IN LOWER CANADA.

The report of the French Canadian Missionary Society, at its 21st anniversary, says:—

It is the universal impression of the missionaries that the power of the British priesthood is on the wane in Lower Canada. The French Canadians begin to think for themselves, and to appreciate and impart the benefits of education to their children. There is a far more favorable feeling towards the missionaries, and a greater readiness to receive and hear them. This arises from various causes,—the good example made through the youth educated at the Missionary Institute,—the laboring and Christian spirit manifested by the missionaries in their intercourse with the people, the conversion of the heathen, the appeals of the Rev. Mr. Chiniquy, the exposure of the misrepresentations of the priests themselves respecting the word of God and the teaching of the missionaries. Thus the way seems preparing for still greater results, and the promises are given of still more abundant success as about to attend the labors of this society. Indeed, there seems abundant reason to believe that a gracious work of the Holy Spirit will ere long take place among this interesting people.

UNITED STATES.

FATHER CHINIQUY'S COLONY.

The Chicago Presbytery (O. S.) at its late meeting, after listening to a lucid and earnest address from the Rev. Robert Baird, D. D., appointed a committee consisting of Rev. M. W. Staples, Drs. Rice, Lord and Halsey, with Mr. Chas. A. Spring, to take into consideration the spiritual and temporal interests of the colonies of St. Anne and Kankakee, and other portions of the district, and to report to the Presbytery a feasible plan by which the pressing spiritual and temporal necessities of the people shall be met; and the great work of reformation which has been commenced shall be carried forward with efficiency. This committee subsequently reported the following paper, which was adopted, viz:

1. In view of the vast field now opening up among the Roman Catholic population at home and in foreign lands, calling for the agencies of the Church, the committee would recommend the Presbytery to memorialize the General Assembly at its meeting in May, to take such measures as in its wisdom may appear necessary to meet the exigencies of this new and complicated case.

2. With a view to bring the agencies of the Church to bear more efficiently upon the French within the bounds of the Presbytery, and to counsel with the Rev. Mr. Chiniquy in the great work upon which the providence of God has permitted him to enter with such bright prospects of success, that Presbytery appoint a special missionary committee, which shall, in conjunction with the Board of Domestic Missions, have supervision of this whole field.

3. With a view to relieve the Rev. Father Chiniquy from the great burden which is now crushing him to the earth, and to a large extent preventing his useful labors, and to enable him to devote himself to the execution of the work of reformation, which God has imposed upon him, that Presbytery secure a judicious and efficient brother, having the confidence of the churches, to assist in the distribution of charities, the superintendence of the erection of chapels, should money be raised for that purpose, and the temporal interests in general.

4. With a view to the preparation of Young Canadian Frenchmen for the work of the Gospel ministry among their own countrymen, that Presbytery proceed to the organization of a classical school at St. Anne, and that steps be taken to secure a proper charter at the next session of the legislature.*

The Rev. Professors Scott and Lord were appointed a committee to draft the memorial to the General Assembly.

SCOTLAND.

THE REVIVAL MOVEMENT IN THE SOUTH.

We met, a few days ago, an esteemed brother minister of the Free Church, who had recently been on a visit to the northern counties of Scotland, and also on a deputation to Wigtownshire, in the extreme south-west. His statements to us were exceedingly interesting and important. In the town of Dundee he found the movement affecting all ranks and classes. The evening meetings are crowded by anxious inquirers after salvation. In one church, which was crowded almost to suffocation, he was asked to address the inquirers who remained after the congregation had dismissed. Above five hundred waited, and a more deeply interesting meeting he never attended before. The mill girls in Dundee have been greatly benefitted, as much so as the same class in Belfast. He addressed a meal-hour meeting in one of the mills. The large room was filled. The movement among the workers in that establishment began with two girls who were workers in it, who began to pray with each other. Ere long they influenced others of their companions and fellow-workers; at last they united in requesting the mill owner, who is a godly elder in one of the Free Churches, to allow them a place to hold a prayer-meeting in during part of the meal hour. This request was gladly granted, and the meeting thus begun has grown until a large packing warehouse has had to be cleared out to accommodate the crowd attending. In other places of the north, the work is going on with equal success. In Stranraer, in Wigtownshire, the results are most satisfactory. The ministers of all denominations are invited in this work, and several portions of the town have been

almost entirely evangelized. I was specially pleased with a fact which he stated to me about the movement in this place. Some time ago, there came to reside in Stranraer a retired clergyman who had, for a number of years, been engaged in the harassing and arduous oversight, of a large academy. He has been led to enter, with his whole soul, into the religious movement now going on in the town. He said it extended and helped greatly its progress among the poor and laboring classes, but he felt that the upper classes of the place needed such a movement as well as the humbler ranks of society. The poor are easy of access. Any one with the Bible in his hand can get entrance into their dwellings; but it is not so easy to get access to the rich, and they just as much need to be talked to about the salvation of their souls, as any other class. This good man resolved he would try what could be done among the gentry of the place. He visited and conversed with them, and at last set up a mid-day prayer meeting in his own house for the upper ranks. That meeting my friend attended, and he found from seventy to one hundred of the best people of Stranraer and neighborhood assembled for prayer.—*Cor. Christian Instructor.*

MOVEMENT AT BURHEAD.

Our latest accounts from Hopeman report that the movement is spreading inland; that prayer meetings are being held at Roseisle, and that a serious impression pervades the people there. At Burhead, although there has been less external excitement than at Hopeman, a large portion of the people appear to be under deep and serious impressions. During the last three days public prayer meetings have been held in the five United Presbyterian Churches, presided over by the ministers of the villages, aided by several brethren. The meetings were well attended, and the earnestness pervaded the people. Many parties took part in the services that had never been known to engage publicly in prayer before. There had been no bodily prostrations, but many were labouring under intense agony of mind. Young men, and young women in particular, appeared to be under serious impressions; and in many houses throughout the village, the whole of the year,

members of the family were found engaged in earnest and almost continuous prayer. It was impossible for a stranger not to be struck with the earnestness, the fervour, the fluency, and in general the propriety, of the prayers offered up, in public and private, by parties who had never been in the habit of engaging in such exercises. Public prayer meetings continue to be held, and so deep is the interest of the people that it is almost impossible to persuade them to leave the church, even after three or four hours of religious services. The meetings in the Free Church were from twelve noon to four afternoon—presided over on Monday and Tuesday by the Rev. Messrs. Waters, Burghhead; Gault, Alves; and Robb, Pluscarden; and on Wednesday by the Rev. Messrs. Cobet, Hopeman; and Davison, Dallas. The meetings in the U. P. Church were presided over by the Rev. Mr. Erskine on Monday and Tuesday; and by the Rev. Messrs. Pringle, Elgin; and Watson, Forres, on Wednesday. The attendance at all the meetings was large. The movement began here with some people who went to Hopeman on Monday. Several of them were struck down there;—returned to Burghhead and commenced private prayer meetings; and on accounts from Burghhead this (Tuesday) forenoon say:—"It is the fishing population chiefly that are affected; and it is impossible to go into any house almost, night or day, in which we do not find the family, or some of them, engaged in prayer."

LANEWOOD.—A correspondent writing from Lossiemouth to-day (Thursday) says:—Revivalism has at length reached our village; and the most intense excitement, as in other places, prevails. The movement was begun here on the 1st of this week, by three fishermen of Hopeman; and prayer meetings were to be held at all hours, by day and by night. Cases of "striking" are now chiefly among the fishing class, but never—as well as prayers, rather than rant, and the most awe-striking emotions imaginable. This is the case both among males and females, and those of adult age down to the youngest child. But since the manifestations at these meetings are similar to those in other localities, it would be wasting time to give particulars. On Wednesday evening the U. P. church

was crowded by an eager audience; and the meeting was conducted by the Rev. Mr. Vassey from Elgin. Mr. Vassey very properly suggested that in the case of females they should restrain their feelings, and from a sense of propriety, while in church at least, refrain from attempting to address the meeting or pray audibly; and we were glad to observe that the most praise-worthy decorum in the circumstances was observed throughout. About midnight, on leaving the church, a large number retired to the Free Church School—Mr. Vassey also attending; and there both males and females gave utterance to their feelings and emotions at considerable length. The scene there was most extraordinary; the shrill piercing shrieks of female voices, tears and sighs, the mental and physical manifestations, the agonising implorations for mercy, &c., presented to the view of the calm spectator a scene so strange that he is almost made to forget himself, and fancy that he is living in a world of romance. It was not till after 3 o'clock, a. m. that they could be persuaded to disperse quietly to their homes. Of the nature or probable result of these workings we can give, meantime, no definite opinion. —*Elgin and Morayshire Courier.*

REVIVAL IN PEEBLESHERE.

During three or four weeks about the beginning of this year a remarkable religious revival took place in the lower part of Newlands parish, and the adjoining parish of Kirkurd. Its manifestation is seen in an increased earnestness in prayer, in an intense desire after spiritual things, and in the gentleness and meekness of the follower of Christ being evinced in the conduct of the greater part of those awakened. Where complaints have been constant regarding the behaviour of servants, now all is peace and order, and the language of reproof is never heard. The churches at Mountaincross and Blyth-bridge are open every night alternately, and are filled with a solemn and attentive audience. No storm or severity of weather keeps the people from assembling together. One night recently, about three hundred met at Mountain-cross, although the evening was most tempestuous. Many of the people must have walked miles; yet they sat

patiently, enjoying the various exercises for two hours, although it is believed they must have been perfectly drenched. There is usually a great unwillingness to go away, and numbers remain for private conversation. On the occasion alluded to, two of the converts took part in the proceedings, and prayed with a fervor and sincerity which had a marked effect on those present. The Rev Messrs Rutherford and McGregor have been very devoted and zealous in their endeavors to deepen the salutary impressions which are visible, and to lead the enquiries of the awakened in a proper channel. It is very startling to hear of all this in our immediate neighbourhood—to see the shower falling, as it were, within the range of our own vision—and it brings home more forcibly to us the wonderful accounts we have read of the doings in Ireland and other places. Whatever may be the ultimate result, we are bound to consider, at present, the future as hopeful. A tree is known by its fruits; and we may surely augur well of what is likely to follow, when we hear of the change of life, the deep conviction of sin, the new language, and the peace and love, which are now witnessed in numbers who were formerly strangers to these things. One feature in those awakened, is a strong perception of the personality of Christ. He is the living object of their affection, their preserver in temptation, their constant friend, and they are happy in communion with them.

It is difficult to ascertain the origin of the manifestation in this quarter. It rather appears to have begun in several places at once, and been fanned until it has broken into a bright and steady flame. We have heard of one young man having been for some time under serious impressions, and at last constrained—he scarce could tell how—to go and speak of Christ to one of his neighbours. He went, but his heart failed him, and he left the cottage without accomplishing his purpose. A youth accompanied him to the door, and to him, in the course of a few words of conversation, he put the important questions. Did he ever think of his soul? Did he ever pray? These had been as barbed arrows in the heart of the careless boy, who became filled with alarm. He followed his friend on the way home, and got him to pray with him,

after twice returning to seek the comfort of his friend's prayers, he went home in great anxiety of mind. This continued, until he finally realised Christ and peace, and found a tongue to tell what had been done for his soul. In another instance, two young women, farm servants, were affected in a remarkable manner. On Friday, they had been quarrelling with each other and even using violence, so fierce had been their angry passions. On the Monday, one of them was struck down and became unconscious. She was carried to bed, when, on her consciousness returning, they proposed sending for the doctor, deeming her seriously ill. It was not the body but the soul which was affected, and she cried, 'No! No! send for Mr Rutherford.' Her mental agony became very great but at last she found peace. Mr Rutherford had repeated interviews with her and speaks to the blessed change which he believes has come over her. Her fellow-servant was also the subject of a similar awakening; and these two girls, who the week previously had been quarrelling with each other, were now spending much of their time in prayer together to the throne of grace. Numerous other instances of conversion might be quoted; but our limits forbid this, and it is better at present merely to draw attention generally to this outpouring of the Spirit than to enter fully into details. These we hope to be furnished with, and will make known as may appear expedient. Let us, in the meanwhile pray that the effects may be permanent and abiding, that the wilderness and solitary places may be made glad through the salvation of our God, that the domestic altars too long down-trodden may be raised in every household, and that the refreshing streams of Divine grace may water our own borders, causing not slothfulness to run down our streets like a river, and many to bless and magnify the Lord.

[The above is taken from *Psalm Tracts* for February. We have no doubt that the interesting statements are quite authentic.]

A correspondent of a Glasgow paper describes a remarkable movement among the fishing villages of Banffshire:

To the astonishment of the able-bodied and hardy crews who returned Saturday to Port-ossie (after a few days' absence at sea), the entire place was under the deepest excitement. A hall of rude hall was found crammed with people of all ages and both sexes. Prayers and praise, and cries and groans and sighs, may be heard day and night. No clerical agency, no missionary appeals, no lay harangues have been at the origin of this extraordinary movement, and although it has been prevailing over this village for over three days, none but the villagers themselves have guided it. It began thus:—A few young men had been attending a religious meeting at Kildochty, a village about two miles west of Port-ossie, and about fifteen miles west of Banff. So much excited were they that their employer shut up his workshop—a cooper's—and headed a moral crusade; and now the great excitement is going on. A meeting which commenced on Friday evening at six o'clock lasted till four o'clock next morning, and was resumed at ten A. M. On Saturday about one o'clock a scene presented itself to my eyes truly wonderful. Young people crowded out on forms laboring under various sensations might be seen—in some cases, were seen—supported in some cases by weeping parents or distressed neighbors. One young man held his arm by one arm, and raised the other to about 300 people and appealed for aid for help. Men never known to be eloquent and unctuous in public, and some of them without the best pretence to education were attempting to expound portions of scripture. Even boys and girls were singing of redeeming love, and old veterans, in Mammon's service, were trembling and crying for mercy. Convictions universal, and conversions seem numerous.

In Kildochty, the work is even more rapid. There are about 500 people, of every age, all engaged in religious exercises. I have spoken to some of the men who have for nearly three days and three nights been praying, singing, and exhorting their neighbors. Labor is totally suspended meanwhile has been during these five days. Even the cooking of victuals is neglected, and every one seems to have got the gift of tongues, for lads

of fourteen and fifteen years of age, and men with hoary hairs, have become popular mouth-organs, and offer up amazingly intelligent petitions.

"In another village, called Port-knockie, the movement has been at work. Two publicans in this place are reported 'stricken' and have pulled down their signboards in disgust, greatly to the gratification of the friends of sobriety.

"Now, no villages were more destitute of spirituality, prior to this change.—According to the admission of the people themselves, they were deplorably careless of Divine things. A person named Turner has been visiting one or more of the above places, exhorting the people, but in no way extravagant. The work seems to be the result of Divine power. Where intemperance is arrested and destroyed, where malice and old grudges are given up, where utter worldliness gives place to spirituality, there there can be no mistake as to the genuineness of the movement.

ITALY.

It will rejoice the hearts of many of your readers to hear that the Lord has begun to visit the Waldensian Valleys with "times of refreshing from on high." In the month of December last, "The Table" addressed a letter to all the pastors, giving some account of the revival in America, Ireland, and Scotland, and entreating them to give diligence in prayer, and to direct the attention of their people to the subject. That appeal has been well attended to, and in many of the parishes a remarkable religious awakening has begun. I may specially mention, as having been brought to my notice, the parish of Pomarel, of which M. Lautaret is pastor, and the parish of Massel, under the charge of Turin. In the latter the elders have begun to hold prayer meetings in their districts, and night in these parishes, and I believe in others besides, the places of meeting are crowded to suffocation. Surely this is a token for good from the Lord towards the ancient evangelical church of Italy in such a crisis as the present. Let her friends be much in prayer for her.—
News of the Church.

THE EXCOMMUNICATION.

The Pope has at length issued his bull of excommunication against "all those who have taken part in the sinful insurrection in our provinces, in usurping, occupying and invading them," but with a wise caution which shows that he is aware that he lives in the 19th century and not in the 10th or 15th, he abstains from mentioning any names. For six years the threat of excommunication has been hanging over the head of Victor Emanuel and it would seem as if in the estimation of the Romish Church he ought to have filled the measure of his iniquity by his recent notorious acts,—acts for which a universal excommunication is decreed; but the Pope does not dare even to name this notorious offender against his holiness. Nothing could more clearly show the conscious weakness of the Romish Church. In 1077 the powerful but rebellious monarch, Henry IV, was kept standing at the gates of the papal palace three days, waiting to make his submission, before Gregory VII would deign to accept it or admit him to an audience. Now Pius IX. waits six years without daring to put his own threat into execution. He well knows that the excommunication of Victor Emanuel by name would bring greater contempt upon an already despised spiritual despotism. The bull of excommunication has a great deal to say about "the Sardinian Government," but not one word about Victor Emanuel as being personally excommunicated.

The text of the bull of excommunication against the Sardinian government occupies several columns in the English journals. That is the only government named in the document, but others are glanced at. The following passage contains the pith of the sentence:—

"Having invoked the light of the Holy Spirit in private and public prayers, and having taken the advice of the Rev brothers, the Cardinals of our holy Romish Church, we declare, in accordance with our own authority, all those who have taken part in the sinful insurrection in our provinces, in usurping, occupying, and invading them, or in doing such deeds as we complained of in our above mentioned Allocutions of the 20th of June and the 26th of September of the last year, or those who have perpetrated some of those acts themselves,

as well as those who have been their warranters, supporters, helpers, counsellors, followers, as well as those who connived at executing the above mentioned deeds, under whatever pretence and in whatever manner, or who perpetrated them themselves, to have taken on themselves the atonement of the major excommunication and religious punishment as they are determined in our Apostolic Constitution, and by the decrees of the General Councils, especially that of Trent (Sess. 22, chap. on Reforms,) and if necessary, we excommunicate them again, we anathematize them, further declaring that they are to lose all privileges, and graces and indulgences, which they enjoyed until now from our papal predecessors, and that they cannot in any manner be released or absolved of these censures by any one except ourselves or the Romish Pontiff then reigning, except the moment of death, but not at the event of their recovery, when they are again subject to the above punishment and are unable to receive any absolution until they have retracted, retracted, annulled, and abolished in public all they have committed, and have brought everything back fully and effectually to its former state, and have given complete satisfaction to the Papal See. Therefore, all those who in the same manner have participated in the deeds, and also the successors in the offices, are liable to such retraction, abrogation, and abolition of the above mentioned sins, to do so personally, in reality, and in truth, and give the full satisfaction they owe to the Holy See, and under no pretence be released and freed, but to all remain bound by it until they are able to obtain the benefit of absolution. Thus we declare by the present letter.

A correspondent of the *London Standard* writing from Rome, says: "The threatened excommunication was published here on the 29th inst., and affected several of the more prominent public buildings, due respect to the decorations being ensured by the presence of gendarmes in each locality. Its publication has not caused the excitement in Rome beyond that afforded the Romans an opportunity indulging in their usual satirical sallies from which not even the solemnity of so momentous a sentence can be exempted."

WALES.

A correspondent of Syston, Leicestershire, sends us the following:—"Revivals in Wales have been as remarkable as in any other part of the world. This is true, as the Rev D. Charles, President of Trefecca College, grandson of Charles of Bala, has stated, that 'the awakening has not been confined to the communion of Christians; it has pervaded all, and has been as powerfully felt among the congregations of the Establishment as among Dissenters. It has travelled through nearly the whole of the Principality, and the churches are everywhere rejoicing.— This is the expression "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." I was last autumn in the midst of the revival in Glamorganshire. It was different to any witnessed in my native place before. I was present, upwards of sixty years ago, at perhaps the first revival in that country. The revivals were very powerful then on the people. Great rejoicings and remarkable outward emotions appeared. The effects lately were more calm and sober; the congregations in public worship were as quiet and grave as any in England; but a great work was at the same time carried on during the services, on the minds of many; the Spirit was blessing the word for the enlightening and converting of souls, and leading them to Christ. It was at the end of the services the effects appeared: it was as people went out of the houses of worship. The persons affected could not leave the walls of God's house, some remained in, and others returned back with weeping and lamentation, as it is said in Jeremiah xxxi. They were, of course, received by ministers with great pleasure, and treated with much tenderness and propriety, directed to the all-wise and merciful Saviour for help and comfort. They were consequently greatly edified and strengthened. Ten or twelve were thus added at each opportunity weekly, during the time I had the pleasure of being there. The Divine impression thus deeply made on young persons that had attended Sunday-schools, was also on immortal people. The work was most affecting. More than two hundred had joined the Church of God in my native parish since I left. It contains about two

thousand souls altogether. It was with some reluctance I took my leave of them. This remarkable revival is not peculiar to one parish, or one denomination of Christians. It was witnessed, I am happy to say, in several neighboring villages and towns throughout the Vale of Glamorganshire among all Christians. I pray that the same blessed effects of the gospel may be experienced throughout the county and the kingdom. The good desires that have been excited from above in many believers, and manifested at prayer meetings for a revival, shall, it is hoped, be answered. The prospects are fair in our town and neighbourhood. We are waiting for refreshment from the presence of the Lord: may He revive His work among us!" We have united prayer meetings in the adjoining villages as well as at Leicester, which seem to be under the Divine blessing. Party spirit is on the decline; Christians of different denominations meet each other with smile and affection, which becomes those that belong to such a good and great Master, whose prayer is that 'All his disciples should be one.' John xvii. 23."—*Record.*

EAST INDIES.

REVIVAL IN THE EAST INDIES.

There are signs that the great revival has extended to the distant East. Dr. Duff has been conducting a special union service of ten days in Calcutta, and a deep impression has been produced by the occasion. Without any public notice the hall was tolerably well filled on the first day. Though the subsequent mornings were occasionally blustering and rainy, the hall was always well filled, sometimes overcrowded. Instead of abating, the interest appeared to increase to the very last. Many declared that they obtained new insight into the meaning of God's word, new and more impressive views of divine realities, and were greatly revived and refreshed in spirit. Christians of all denominations drew nearer to each other in the bonds of a common faith and love. Pious laymen, belonging to the various churches, had for the time taken an active and effective share in such public devotional meetings, and, amid all the services.

so completely were all one in faith and doctrine, that a stranger, in no instance, could detect, to what body or section of the Christian Church the different parties belonged. In consequence of the devotional spirit awakened, fresh life had been poured into private and domestic prayers, several social prayer meetings had been formed; the ministrations of some of the pulpits had been enlivened, there were a few laymen who had resolved to hold a business men's prayer meeting daily at the rooms of the Bible Society, at half past nine o'clock, and it was resolved to renew these Union Prayer meetings at the Old Church room on the first day of three native holidays, and to continue them through those days, as well as the subsequent native holidays, to the end of the year.

REMARKABLE SECESSIONS FROM ROME.

The inhabitants of two Bohemian villages in the vicinity of Konigsgratz, numbering about five hundred souls, have embraced Protestantism in a body. The extraordinary conversion is said to be due to the molestations inflicted upon the people by their priests under the pretence of spiritual supervision.

PROTESTANTISM FEARED IN AUSTRIA.

A letter from Vienna in the *German Journal* of Frankfort says:—"The principal reason for which the Austrian Clergy oppose the grant of the same religious rights to the Protestants as the Roman Catholics, is that they know if it were made, a great number of Roman Catholics would turn Protestants. The concessions accorded to the Hungarian Protestants have already produced numerous conversions in Hungary.

REVIEWS.

THE POWER AND CLAIMS OF A CALVINISTIC LITERATURE; a sermon on behalf of the Assembly's Board of Publication. By the Rev. T. V. Moore, D. D., Richmond, Va. Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication.

The above discourse was preached before the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the United States at its meeting May 1859. It has been published for some time, though it has not recently reached us. It is published as one of the tracts of the Presbyterian Board, and is thus brought before the public in a cheap form. The author discusses in the first place the principles involved in a Calvinistic Literature, and then its history. The reasoning is strong and clear, but not more remarkable than the glowing eloquence with which it is adorned. A sample will be found in our Religious Miscellany.

SUNDAY LAWS; or, Shall the Sabbath be protected? Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication.

The above is a reprint of an article which first appeared in the *Princeton Review*, and which we have seen attributed to the pen of Dr. Hodge. The subject is one of the first importance, and one of some difficulty. From the extreme views of individual liberty prevalent in the present day, particularly in the United States, there is considerable perplexity even on the minds of some sincere friends of the Sabbath as to the duty of government, in relation to it, and men of high standing in the American Churches have been

so infected with the Infidel theories of civil government, which ignore all responsibility to God on the part of rulers, as to throw their weight into the same scale with infidels against all laws for the protection of the Sabbath. A great battle is now being fought in that country on behalf of the sacredness of the Lord's day. The opposition is principally from the infidelity of the towns, but the views of those Christians to whom we have alluded go far to strengthen their hands. Of the true character of the movement, the writer thus speaks :

"It is well for people to understand each other. It is well, on the one hand, that those Christians and Christian ministers, and other respectable men, who lend their influence to this anti-Sabbath movement, should know their associates, and understand the real spirit and design of the enterprise in which they cooperate. It is well, on the other hand, that the friends of the Sabbath, and of the laws of the land enacted for its due observance, and that magistrates and judges charged with the exposition and execution of those laws, should understand the origin and aim of the opposition which they have to encounter. We possess no judgment on individuals, but we are fully convinced that if the anti-Christian, irreligious, and foreign element were abstracted from this anti Sabbath crusade, it would lose all its significance and power. It is but another outbreak of the spirit of evil ; and one may almost hear Lucifer, as in Longfellow's Golden Legend, crying out to these assailants,

"Aim your lightnings
At the oaken
Massive, iron studded portals !
Sack the house of God, and scatter
Wide the ashes of the dead !"

Quite as distinctly, however, comes back the answer,

"O we cannot !
The apostles
And the martyrs, wrapped in mantles,
Stand as warders at the entrance,
Stand as sentinels overhead !"

We have only to say that the whole subject is discussed here in a masterly manner, and those who may have had doubts as to the wisdom of Government in this matter would do well to read this little treatise.

TITLES OF OUR LORD, ADOPTED BY HIMSELF IN THE NEW TESTAMENT. By the Rev. J. M. Randall ; 12mo. pp. 249. Philadelphia : Presbyterian Board of Publication.

This volume derives a portion of its interest from the fact that the author was so nearly blind that he was obliged to write in pencil an instrument used by the blind for guiding the hand in writing, called a *chiragon*. The author remarks, "Only those, who like the author, have written consecutive paragraphs, which they could not see, can realize the increase of labour occasioned by the loss of sight." Notwithstanding the disadvantages under which the author was thus placed, he has produced a precious volume which will carry consolation to many a mind and comfort to many a heart. The author finds fifteen titles assumed by our Lord himself in the New Testament, each of which is made the subject of a chapter. As may be supposed, the work is thus full of Christ, and written in a manner

which shows that the author's own heart was deeply impressed with the truth as it is in Jesus.

CALVINISM VINDICATED, in a letter on man's moral agency, God's omniscience, and the doctrines of foreordination and effectual calling. By Thomas M. Harris, Ruling Elder in the Glenville Church, Virginia; 18mo. pp. 36. Presbyterian Board of Publication.

This little tract was originally written as a letter to a travelling preacher who had taught on these subjects doctrines which Calvinists believe to be opposed to the word of God. The author was afterward induced to prepare the letter for publication. It is a plain and direct letter, and within short compass condenses the leading arguments in favour of the Calvinistic system. It will be useful in many quarters where larger treatises would not be read.

THE LORD'S DAY and the Labourer's right to its rest. By the Rev. W. M. Blackburn, Erie; 12mo. pp. 45.

An earnest plea for the Sabbath, both on the ground of the requirements of the divine law, and of man's need for such a day.

THE PERILS OF LICENTIOUSNESS, a friendly warning to young men 18mo. pp. 44. Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication.

This little tract was written at the request of a benevolent gentleman, who offered a premium for a tract on the subject. The author, however, appropriated the premium to the circulation of the tract. It depicts in vivid colours the evils of the vice, and then presents safeguards against it. Would that this little tract were in the hands of all our young men, and its pungent yet friendly warning duly improved.

THE PEAKS OF OTTER, a monograph of the Religious Experience of a young man; 18mo. pp. 36. Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication.

This little work describes the experience of a young man who had enjoyed a religious training in early life, and afterward a superior education, who adopted infidel opinions, but who was afterward brought to the faith of the Bible. The peaks of Otter are the highest part of the Blue Ridge Mountains in Virginia. While enjoying the sublime and extensive prospect from this position, and impressed with the grandeur of nature as there displayed, he was led to direct his thoughts to the great creator. Kneeling down he was led to pray that if Christianity were true he might be convinced, and to vow that if satisfied of its divine character he would at once yield to its claims. The prayer and vow seem to have been heard, for soon after his mind was brought to an intelligent reception of the Saviour, and he professed the faith which once he opposed.

THE MISSIONARY REGISTER.

OF THE

Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia.

Lord, bless and pity us, shine on us with thy face,
That the earth thy way, and nations all, may know thy saving grace.—*Psalms lxxvii. 1, 2*

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FOREIGN MISSIONS.

From the Reformed Presbyterian Magazine.

[A private letter has been received from Mr. Copeland, of date 2d December 1859. He states that the missionaries were in their usual health,—that Mr. and Mrs. Inglis left for their native homes on the 13th November,—that Mr. Geddie was erecting a large stone church,—and that he himself had just returned from a visit to Mr. Paton on the island, whom he found quite well, and busy with the erection of a new house in a more healthy situation than that which he formerly occupied.]

Journal, New Hebrides, Aug. 26, 1859.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—In a note of yours to Mr. Paton, received just before we sailed, you asked him on arriving in the mission field to correspond with me, and to tell me that you wished me to do the same. From the way in which the time has been occupied, I have not yet written such letters only as could not be postponed. I am only sorry that, now when I do make the attempt, it will tend so little to your satisfaction. As I have not yet properly the opportunity of my own, in writing you, I can either tell you what you already know, or trespass on the province of the Editor. From the Magazine you will

have been made acquainted with the most of our movements since we left Scotland. Our voyage to Melbourne was tedious, but as we were detained there for a short time only, our passage taken as a whole was performed sooner than could have been anticipated. We left Greenock on the 17th of April, and landed on this island on the 30th of August. We found the members of both the mission families in the enjoyment of good health. Mr. Matheson from Nova Scotia had arrived fully a month before us in the "John Williams," and was staying on this island waiting our arrival. As the brethren here did not expect us so soon, having had no information about our movements till a few weeks before our arrival, they were hardly prepared for us. Mr. Inglis was busy making an addition to his premises, and a part only of one house had been prepared and set up at Port Resolution in the way of preparing for our settlement. As the "John Knox" is laid up every year in December for the hurricane months, it was concluded that not more than two stations could be opened before the months of April and May. Without delay we began and prepared the frame of another house upon this island. About the middle of September, Mr. Inglis and Mr. Paton

went to Port Resolution, on Tana, to finish the house there, the skeleton of the other being meanwhile taken over in the schooner. About the middle of October the work was so advanced that it was thought proper to occupy the stations, and a meeting of the mission was accordingly held to arrange about our location. Mr. Paton was appointed to Port Resolution, Mr. Matheson to Umairarekar, about fourteen miles distant, and I to both places for the hurricane season. As dwelling-houses only had been erected at both places, it was necessary for us to put some other buildings to serve as storehouses, workshops, &c., and to put the ground about the premises into order. In work of this kind, and in doing what little we could to impress the natives favourably toward us and our message, the early months of this year were passed. All went well, till some time after Mrs. Paton's confinement. About three weeks after that occurrence, in the end of February, she began to suffer from diarrhoea, and to manifest occasional delirium. These affections continued to increase till her death, which took place very suddenly, the immediate cause apparently being the rupture of a blood-vessel. Her infant lingered till the 20th of March. About this time Mr. Matheson's health, which had been precarious even in Nova Scotia, became much worse. About the middle of April the "John Knox" resumed her visits, and returned to Aneiteum without delay with the sad intelligence. Messrs. Inglis and Geddie lost no time in coming to Tana to comfort the bereaved, and to remove Mr. Matheson. At a meeting held at Port Resolution at that time, I was asked to take the superintendence of Mr. Inglis's station during his absence in England for two years, to carry the New Testament in this language through the press. At first I was quite at a loss what answer to return. After being allowed time to think over the subject in my own mind, and to speak on it with my brethren, I consented,—more with the hope of doing good indirectly than directly. I know how much the Church desires a visit of Mr. and Mrs. Inglis; and I judge from the interest manifested in Mr. Paton and myself, that great good is likely to result both to the Church and to the mission. I am not ignorant of my unfitness for the work I have undertaken, and of the respon-

sibility of the place that I am to occupy. Perhaps it may at first sight seem to be a waste of time to spend two years in acquiring a language and becoming acquainted with a people, and then to leave and go to strangers speaking another tongue. I have, however, no scruples on this point. The language of this island is a sort of indispensable requirement in the missionaries here. Wherever you are settled, you will have natives of this island with you, who will be comparatively valueless without a means of communication between you and them. Should I ever be spared to make a translation of a part of the word of God, or to assist in doing this, the version of this island will be of considerable value. In accordance with the above arrangement, I left Tana about seven weeks ago, and have been since living under the roof of Mr. and Mrs. Inglis. From all that I have seen of them they are worthy of the high opinion entertained by the Church of yourself regarding them. Their hearts are in the work, and their love for the Church that has sent them forth is not cooled by their residence at a distance. Mr. Inglis is a thorough Scotchman,—cautious and persevering. He does nothing of importance without meditation, and never jumps to a conclusion. He is slow in his executions, but full of life in the details of doing what he does with all his might. He is naturally of a happy and buoyant turn of mind, and disposed to look more at the bright than the dark side of events:—in this way his presence has a cheering effect on all about him. He is pre-eminently a man of order, having a place for every thing, and every thing in its place. His mind is well stored with a most exact knowledge of religious and other subjects. Though for many years he has been far from home, and his sources of information are the most complete, he is not ignorant of what has been doing in Church and State. He can read human nature, and adapt himself to all with whom he has to deal, whether white or black. He is an agreeable and instructive companion, one whose example stimulates those who see it to imitation, and who respects a model missionary. In his own department Mrs. Inglis equally excels.

The "John Williams," in which I intend going home, accompanied by

of the natives to act as pundit, was expected here this month, but by H.M.S. "Cordelia," now in the harbour, we have learned that she did not leave Sylaoy till the end of June, and consequently cannot be here before the beginning or middle of October. If prospered they will probably reach London about the beginning of June.— If spared, I am certain a hearty reception awaits them. Since I came from Tana, Mr. Inglis and I have visited the schools on this side of the island, in number between thirty and forty; for the purpose of ascertaining the state of education, becoming acquainted with the natives, and distributing a fresh supply of books. Recently we have been engaged with the translation of a part of the New Testament into this language. I sit by and observe how the ideas in the original are expressed in his tongue, as a means of becoming acquainted with it. The work of a missionary here is both abundant and diversified. At sunrise the school for teaching reading assembles, continuing for rather more than an hour. Medicine is dispensed every day at noon, except on Sabbath. For eight months of the year, the teachers' institution meets, for instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic. On Wednesday afternoon we have two meetings, one for those who are candidates for Baptism, and the other a prayer meeting for the public generally. On the Sabbath there are two services, a Sabbath school, and family worship with the natives living near. The Lord's Supper is observed twice in the year.— Fourteen elders and as many deacons were appointed recently. The mortality on this side of the island has been great during this season; although on Mr. Geddie's side, the number is not greater than on former years. On this point, and also considering the state of the mission on Tana, and on Aniwa (where one of the Aneiteum teachers was killed last spring) it has been thought proper to hold a fast on this island on Wednesday next—the first day of the kind that has been observed here. In addition to the proper work of the missionary, there is always more or less manual labour. As there are no workmen on this group, the missionary must be a kind of factotum. If he is fervent in spirit serving the Lord, it will be also true of him, that

he is diligent in business. It is not with matters that concern religion only that he has to do.

As was to be expected, we have been getting our false notions about our work, and the subjects of it, corrected. There is a popular idea in the minds of some good people to the effect, that the savage lives a happy life, physically considered. Perhaps the statements of travellers may have given rise to it. Seen in certain circumstances, he does seem to be happy, and to have the advantage over those that are called civilized. But if you trace this savage in his wanderings and doings for some time, and contemplate him in different circumstances, you come to a very different conclusion. You look out on a morning, and see him marching along the beach in high health and spirits, with a firm but graceful step. His mind seems to be free of care. He need not dread famine, as his land with a little care flows with milk and honey. His thirst can be quenched by the cooling cocoa nut. As for clothing, he requires not to spin.— All that can be called property is about his person, and goes with him where he goes; he need not, therefore, fear the approach of the thief. His body is not bent and crushed with hard work. If he feel disinclined for work one day, it can be done on the following. He is his own master, and spends his time as he pleases. When the sun pours down his mid-day rays, he reclines under the shade of the cocoa-nut or bread-fruit tree, and there with his companion discusses that which is new, fanned by the refreshing breeze. If inclined, he may cool his limbs in the stream or the glassy sea. As he digs the paternal soil, or trains the yam, one thinks of the days of the golden age, and as he skims along the placid deep in his canoe, his happiness seems to be complete. Or again, to witness him after his easy toil is over returning home, carrying his evening meal, some fish, or a yam, or kava, from which to express his favourite beverage, one naturally concludes that savage life has many enjoyments. Civilization may bring with it burdens, but these are amply compensated by the additional comforts it secures. Did health and youth continue always, and were this world free from vicissitudes, the savage and he that is civilized might be nearly on a level. This savage is not free, he is confined to a small

part of this island. At no great distance from his habitation are boundaries he dare not pass: he lives in constant terror of his neighbours, is the slave of tobacco and kava, and is tormented by an insatiable desire to possess. When the temperature has been suddenly lowered, he is pinched with cold—his scanty fire affords him but little warmth, and the chill winds seeks through his frail habitation. Prostrated by fever, there is no skilful physician or powerful remedy to aid the powers of nature.—His friends neglect him and leave him, to die or live. He seldom attains to old age, and if he does, he finds it possessed of no comforts; a new generation has arisen around him; he has not strength to dig, and no means of husbanding his sinking strength; he dies, is buried, and straightway forgotten.

I was glad to learn by letters received about a month ago, that your health was good, and that you had no interruptions during the session of Hall 1858. I hope that in the present session (1859) you feel equally strong, and that upon you all, teachers and taught, rest on the influence of the Great Teacher. I was glad, moreover, to learn that the congregation have called your son, and that he has accepted. May the relation between you, of colleague and successor long exist.

By the arrival of the "John Knox" yesterday, we have learned that Mr. Paton is suffering from the island fever, and that one of the Aneiteum teachers with him had died very suddenly. We seem, as a mission, to be passing at present through a course of trials. May they be sanctified. Mr. and Mrs. Inglis desire to be remembered to you all. If convenient, a few lines will be acceptable.—I am, yours, &c.,

JOSEPH COPELAND.

Professor Symington.

Aneiteum, New Hebrides, Aug. 27, 1859.

MY DEAR MRS. SYMINGTON,—I wrote you about seven months ago, which letter I hope you have received; but as an opportunity for sending letters has just occurred I embrace it to write you a few lines.

I am happy to say we are both well at present, but this has been a very unhealthy season. Mr. Inglis has had two different attacks of fever and ague this year, the first he ever had; but he

has been quite well again for some time past. We have had not only a great deal of sickness, but also a great number of deaths on this island this year. We have lost some of our most valuable natives. No less than four of the girls that formerly lived with me, and were married have died within the last four months. Nansilla, Samuel's wife, died about three weeks ago. She was a very valuable help to me in the work, and we meant to leave her and her husband with Mr. Copeland. She could do all kinds of house-work, and was very quiet. Until she took her illness, she was a great assistance to me in teaching. She took fever and ague, which hung on her for some months.—She was confined with her first child, which was born in the seventh month, and she never rallied, but died when the child was about a month old. It is a little girl, and its friends are nursing it with goat milk, which they get from us night and morning. Nansilla suffered great pain, but she said she was trusting in Christ, and was not afraid to die; but she felt for Samuel and the child. She was a candidate for baptism, and would have been admitted at next communion.

About a fortnight ago Jane, Sakaio's wife, died. Her illness was very short. She was ill only a week, and was not more than two or three days that her illness appeared dangerous. She was never delirious, but she had excruciating pains in her head: after one of these paroxysms, she asked them to turn her, which they did. She lay quiet, and they thought she was asleep, but when they looked at her face, she was quite dead. She was the first native girl that came to stay with me. For some time before we came here, she had lived with Amosa, the moan teacher. She was one of our first female members. She has been married for about five years. She left one little boy, about two and a half years of age. Her father was a chief, and on that account, and more on account of her own prudent and consistent character, she was held in great respect by all the native workers. She was very conscientious. If I showed her that anything was her duty she was sure to do it. The night before she died, she said to her husband that great was the pain in her body, she did not think of that; it was

for her to die, and go to Jesus. These two will be a great loss to the mission. But it is the will of the Lord and he does all things well. In consequence of the prevailing sickness and mortality, it has been agreed to observe Wednesday next as a public fast over the whole island. There has also been a great deal of sickness at Tana. Mr Paton says that Port Resolution has been like an extensive hospital. Mr Matheson is still on this island. His health is a little better, but it is not so that he can go back to Tana. It is just a year since our missionaries came to this island.— Our hopes then were bright, but the Lord has seen meet to darken them much. O may he send light after the darkness!

And now, with very kind regards to yourself and the Doctor, in which Mr Inglis unites, I remain, yours affectionately,
JESSIE INGLIS.

LETTER FROM REV. JOHN INGLIS.

Mission, New Hebrides, April 19, '59.

MY DEAR SIR, — I duly received your kind letter of April 4, 1858, enclosed in the box brought out by Messrs Paton and Copeland. The box, I am happy to say, and everything in it, reached us safely, and in as good order and condition as when it left Glasgow. Will you please to convey to the contributors my best thanks for their considerate kindness. I am happy to congratulate both you and the congregation, on account of the new relation, which, in the providence of God, has been formed between you. My prayer and hope is that this connection may open up a large and extensive career of usefulness for you, and may be a source of great spiritual benefit to them; and thus prove a source of much comfort and happiness to all. Since ever I had any conception of the nature of ministerial duties, I have been decidedly of opinion, that every congregation ought, as a general rule, to call ordained ministers, — men who have spent ten or twenty years in the less public spheres of labor. I signed Dr Bate's call. I drew up a petition to the Synod, which was sent from the Keweenaw congregation, in behalf of Dr Spurgeon's call to Glasgow, and because I can do no more, I add my pray-

ers and best wishes in behalf of Mr M'Dermid.

I prize your box for its moral, much more than for its money value, although that is considerable. Such a display of missionary spirit in a congregation so recently organized augurs well for the future. "*Ex pede Herculem.*" "The boy is the father of the man," "Learn young learn fair," say the proverbs. "In the morning sow thy seed," saith the Scripture. It was not the gift of a few wealthy individuals; the contributions, as I understand, came in from many different sources. These are the boxes I like. We have thus secured the sympathies and prayers of many. I am also further delighted to learn that the female members of the congregation have had the principal hand in getting up the box. In many quarters, in the present day, there is a mock chivalry in behalf of the ladies, a disposition to administer to them the incense of flattery in allopathic doses. With such I have no sympathy. But the value of female agency, when properly directed, in carrying on the activities of the Church of Christ, it would be difficult to over estimate. In the wilderness, the offerings of the willing-hearted women and the labours of the wise-hearted, are specially recorded in connection with the erection of the tabernacle. And in the New Testament history, special mention is made of the Marthas, and Marys, and the other women who ministered to Christ, and who were the last at the cross and the first at the sepulchre.— And in every age, and in all countries, when a spirit of activity has been awakened in the Church, her female members have always been found in their place. Women owe much to the gospel. Wherever the gospel has come among the islands of the South Seas, it has found the female population one-fourth less than the male. I have once, if not oftener, mentioned that already, on this island, the gospel has been the means of saving the lives of one hundred females. But for the gospel, one hundred widows and female infants who are now alive would have been cast into the sea, and been devoured by the monsters of the deep. People must live in heathen lands to know the full value of the gospel. My wife desires me to thank you for the dress so kindly sent to her in the box. You will please

also to convey my thanks for the copy of Dr Livingstone's book. Dr Livingstone is a man such as God raises up only once or twice in a century, and that for special works. The ordinary work of the Church must always be carried on by ordinary men. There are few, if any, missionary communications I like to read so well as those of Moffat and Livingstone. The characters and habits of their natives are so like ours here; there is also a frank fearlessness about their statements; they are not afraid about the whole truth, bad as well as good, being known; and there is a healthy joyousness about their spirits which sits well on men who go forth as the bearers of glad tidings. They live always on Israel's side of the cloud. Henry Martyn, on the other hand, though a man of deep fervent piety; yet, perhaps from physical conformation, seemed constantly to be enveloped in a cloud of melancholy.* There is perhaps some danger in a testimony-bearing Church like ours, looking more at the Egyptian side of the pillar, than on that which looks toward Israel; but now that she is girding up her loins to the great duty of extending, as well as

defending the truth, the evangelical prophet is perhaps the best method she could follow. He gazes without dismay upon the dark thunderclouds of judgment that are hovering over the guilty nations; and without faltering, he utters the warning voice; but he looks with intense and increasing delight to the rising glory upon the hill of Zion. As he gazes, he sings; the daughter of Zion responds to his song; angels join in the chorus; and the music is wafted by the breeze, and heard far, far away, among the isles of the sea!

With very kind regards to you, Mrs M'Dermid, and your son, whom I baptized, and in whose welfare I feel much interest, in which my wife cordially unites,—I remain, yours very sincerely

JOHN INGLIS.

To the Rev. John M'Dermid Glasgow

* No doubt the impression respecting Martyn is so prevailing as to be almost universal. See however, a recent article on the lives of Marshman and Carey, in the "British and Foreign Evangelical Review, where on the contrary, it is affirmed that in general habits of mind he was a serene and cheerful Christian.—E. R. P. M.

OTHER MISSIONS.

DR. ALEXANDER HATTIE.

Letters dated Damascus, January 16th, 1860, have just come to hand from this medical missionary of our church in Syria. It will be a matter of regret to many, to learn that his health is not good. He is however devoted to his work, and it is gratifying to notice in the following extract, how high and excellent are the views, which he entertains of the duties and bearings of his profession in a city like Damascus:

"With regard to my practice it was never so large since I came to Damascus, as during the last autumn, as long as I was able to attend to it. But instead of being constantly employed with merely the practice of medicine, a missionary physician should devote his time mainly to other duties, such as teaching, meeting with the people for religious instruction, conversation and prayer. The practice of medicine

should be a secondary consideration, and altogether subservient to the great work of saving perishing souls. In this way a physician may be a most valuable missionary, as the mere fact of his being a physician, gives him greater freedom of access to the people."

We trust this brother will be remembered in common with all his fellow-laborers, in the foreign field in all the devotions of the friends of missions and of Christ throughout the Church.

Letters dated March 6th have come to hand from this brother. He has devoted himself closely to his work in Damascus. From a severe attack of sickness some time since he has now entirely recovered, and deeming it advisable to take a short respite, he set out for Egypt on the 6th of February. After a tedious journey of five days he reached Beirut, and on the 16th embarked on board a French steamer for

Alexandria. After a few hours, an accident occurred to the machinery, and for nine days he and his companions were floating at the mercy of the wind and waves. At length he was safely brought into Beirut again, and though he had suffered much from sea sickness was greatly improved in general health, and is now on his way again to Damascus and his labors.—*Phil. Instructor.*

ALEPPO.

PROPOSED MISSION TO THE ARABS.

In the *Record* for January we gave an account of the Arabs residing in the Great Desert near Aleppo; stated that Mr. Skene, the British Consul, who has been chosen by them as their Emir or Chief, and who has prevailed upon a party to settle down at a place called Hama, and begin to cultivate the soil, had proposed to our missionary, the Rev. R. Grant Brown, to commence missionary operations among them, and that the Committee on Foreign Missions had granted him authority to do so. As the proposal of a mission to the Arabs, under circumstances so peculiar, is deeply interesting, we deem it right to state that the trial has not yet been made, on account of the necessary official absence of the Consul. Hence, Mr. Brown writes, 7th January: "It is with a deep and solemn joy that I receive the commission of the committee to seek to open a fountain of life to the wandering Jews of the Desert. I thank God that they have so promptly and heartily responded to enter on this work, and receive the assurance, that the prayers now ascending for the Arabs to our faithful God, will in his own, that is the best time, be answered. But I receive with trembling because you call on me to enter on this great and untried work. Mr. Skene is at present absent from Aleppo: I wish to accompany him, and to report to you all I see." And in a letter, dated 14th February, he says that the Consul is still absent on a journey, with Mr. Skene, the secretary of Legation, or, in other words, the Vice-Ambassador at Constantinople, and adds, "I am sure that the prompt attention of the committee will encourage him much, and that he will be delighted with the enthusiastic interest taken in the poor Jews."

A letter from Miss Whately, the daughter of Archbishop Whately of Dublin, given in *Evangelical Christendom* for March, would seem to indicate that this movement with respect to the Arabs, may be regarded as the result of prayer. Miss Whately had seen an extract from Mr. Brown's letter, given in the January number of that periodical, and she thus writes:—

Palace, Dublin.

"I see in your last number, in a paper headed 'Opening among the Arabs of the Desert': 'Thousands of petitions ascend daily for Israel, but none pray, 'Oh that Ishmael might live before thee.'" I beg to state that this is, thank God, an error of the writer. For more than six months, a tiny band, united in heart, though far asunder, pray every Saturday evening for the Bedouin Arabs. I had the privilege of starting this union, and therefore mention it."

The mission which was thus preceded by prayer originated in Ireland, is also, we are glad to say, accompanied by the prayers of the Lord's people in England, as the following minute of the London Committee of Council of the Evangelical Alliance shows:—"16th December. Sir Culling Eardley laid before the committee a letter from the Rev. R. G. Brown missionary to the Jews at Aleppo, concerning a remarkable movement among the Arabs under the influence of Mr. Skene, H. B. M.'s Consul at Aleppo; also a letter on the same subject from the Rev. Dr. Somerville, Secretary of the Board of Missions of the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, with which Mr. Brown is connected, which having been read, it was,—

"Resolved, That the subject of the missionary efforts, among the Arabs referred to in these letters, has the warm interest and sympathy of this committee; and that they cordially recommend the efforts now being made for these remarkable descendants of Ishmael to the prayer's of God's people at home and abroad; and that the substance of these letters, together with this resolution, be published in *Evangelical Christendom*.—*U. P. Record.*

MOVEMENT AMONG THE JEWS IN ALEPPO.

In several of his letters, Mr. Brown mentioned that an interest was being awakened in the minds of some of the

Jews, especially among the young Jews, but that they were restrained by the fear of the Hacham Bashi. It would seem, from the following notices, that matters are coming to a crisis. On 7th January, Mr Brown says: "I may mention that several young Jews have informed me that the reason why they visited me less frequently is, that the Hacham Bashi summoned them to his presence, told them that he possessed the names of all who called on me, and severely threatened them if they continued their inquiries about Christianity. He said their names had been given him by one of themselves. I suspect this was a falsehood, designed to create mutual distrust among them." On 26th January he says: "You will be cheered to hear that more Jews have this week taken the decided step of declaring themselves Protestants. Finding that the Hacham was taking decided steps to prevent any spirit of inquiry, and punish or intimidate all those who came to visit me, they wisely resolved to separate themselves from his jurisdiction by an open profession of Christianity. They have, however, passed this week in a state of great excitement, dreading every hour that they would be seized and banished, without having time to obtain justice. Thus far no accusation has been made against them. On Saturday week I had the largest Jewish congregation—or rather audience—I have had for some time.—I went out to the open country—for here the flower-fields and roads have no fences—expecting to meet and hoping to converse with Jews. About twenty young men were playing at ball. . . I sat down on a large stone, and they all crowded round me. Very soon we were in warm discussion about Christ and the prophecies. I asked them to visit me; and, about half an hour after, my little study was filled. If the Hacham Bashi is unable to injure or draw back those who have declared themselves Protestants, I trust I shall have henceforward very free intercourse with the Jews." And on 9th February he says: "You will be rejoiced to hear that two more of my inquirers have openly avowed themselves Protestants, in addition to the two mentioned in my last. The great Herim or curse has been laid upon eight of those who came to me.—This forbids all Jews to speak to them, or to give them food. Two of them have

been imprisoned for two days, but have been liberated. As they are Persian subjects, and were imprisoned, at the request of the Hacham Bashi, by the Persian Consul, one of the Jewish family Picciatto, in the Consulate, I do not know what to do for their protection.—If they were Turkish subjects, it would be easy. It is said that the Hacham asked him to banish or bastinado the young men for coming to me; but that he declined to do more than shut them up for two days, in a tolerably comfortable room, very different from the horrible prison at the Pasha's palace.—This Jusuf Picciatto is also Swedish Consul. His superior, Mr. Von Lenné, of Constantinople, brother of a missionary, asked me to watch his conduct and report to him. Perhaps a hint of this fact may make him desist altogether from persecution. I am sure you will pray that these young men may be enabled to be steadfast, and to seek the Lord Jesus till they find him as a personal Saviour."—*Ibid.*

MISSIONS IN TURKEY.

The friends of missions will be interested in the following extracts from a letter written by a lady who has resided a long time in Constantinople, to a relative in Baltimore. Her letter first marks upon the late conspiracy against the Sultan, and the probable danger to our missionaries, which would have occurred, if that conspiracy had succeeded in placing on the throne his brother who is a bigoted Mussulman, and is at all likely to be at all tolerant to the missionary cause. She then proceeds as follows:—

"The missionaries have had for a long time upwards of a thousand Turks in their schools, studying both the Old and New Testaments. Some of them occasionally visit our mission stations, and I have had opportunities of knowing that they can quote the New Testament better than many Christians here. Some, also, have visited there who have never conversed with a Christian until about two weeks since, when they came to Mr D., and others in my office. These Turks say that they believe in the inspirations of the Scriptures, in the Trinity, in Christ as the promised Messiah and the Son of God. They believe in the Holy Spirit,

has inspired them to believe in, and to understand the Scriptures, as they have had no other teacher, nor even conversed with a Christian until they saw Mr. D.

"The Bible has been translated into the Turkish, Armeno-Turkish, Greek, and others of the most important languages of the East, and extensively circulated, and these are some of the results.

"While visiting for a few days at the house of one of our missionaries in Bebec (one of the villages on the Bosphorus), I saw a young man who two years ago aided in stoning a native Protestant preacher out of his village.— This very act afterwards awakened his conscience. He began to read the Scriptures, and his heart was changed. He came to our missionary at Bebec, and is now a preacher of that faith here condemned. The incident was talked over in my presence.

"There is now a Christian Turk living at Bebec, who, with all his family have embraced the Christian faith. He is now a preacher, and goes freely over Constantinople, and every where, to preach, without being molested by any one, although he is well known. Turks come to him daily to hear the Bible explained, and his son is studying for the ministry.

"I think Mohammedanism has received a blow it will not survive. A Turk was employed by the missionaries to sell Turkish Bibles and Testaments, which were bound so as to resemble Turkish books. This man seated himself on the bridge (a bridge of boats across the Golden Horn, which divides the city of Constantinople proper from the European quarter), and one of our missionaries seeing him, stationed himself at a little distance, to watch his progress. He saw Turks of every class buying of him, as soon as they looked at the books.

"It seems to be that the time for the regeneration of the Turks has come. It is God's work, and it will prosper."
—*National Intelligencer.*

INDIA.

LODIANA MISSION.

[The following account of the Lodi-
ana Mission, which has been kindly
written, on the spot, for the *News of*

the Churches, will be perused with much interest at the present time, when the name has become so familiar to the church throughout the world.]

It is just now a quarter of a century since the Lodianna Mission was first commenced by the Rev. J. C. Lowrie—now Dr Lowrie, and Secretary of the Board of Missions in New York—under the management of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States. It takes its name from the place where missionary operations were first commenced, but it now includes nine stations, extending in a north westerly direction from the Doab at Rurkee far up into the Punjab.— The following is the order in which the stations were occupied: 1. Lodianna; 2. Saharanpur; 3. Sabathu; 4. Jalandar; 5. Ambala; 6. Lahor; 7. Debra; 8. Rawal Pindce; 9. Rurkee. It has been thought by some that a brief account of this mission may not be uninteresting to the Christian world.

There are two other missions connected with the Presbyterian Board in India. One called the Furruckabad mission, commenced in 1838, including stations at Futtehgurh, Agra, Mynpoor, Futtehpoor, and Allahabad. The other is a mission to the Affghans located at Peshawur. But these missions may be left to report themselves at some future time.

When the pioneer of this mission arrived in Lodianna, there were no other missionaries in all this extensive region of country, nor for hundreds of miles below, so that in commencing our labors among the heathen of India, we were not about "to build on another man's foundation," or to interfere with the labors of the missionaries of other societies, but to cultivate a wild waste, where Christ had not before been named, and to evangelize a people in utter ignorance of the true God, and the way of salvation by a Redeemer. The field was wide, rough, and unbroken. The people were full of bigotry and superstition. The distorted views they had obtained of Christianity led them to entertain towards it a bitter hatred. Their prejudices were all enlisted against the truth as it is in Jesus, although entirely ignorant of it. The arrival of even the third party of missionaries in 1836, of which the writer of this was one, produced the utmost excitement as they passed through the

neighbouring towns, the people gathering in thousands on the tops of their houses to witness the procession, as if it consisted of as many wild beasts! At Saharanpur a school could not be commenced until a tent was pitched for it at some distance from the mission house. With almost every pupil, the family Brahmin was sent to watch most carefully lest an attempt should be made to break his caste by violence. On commencing to open the school with prayer, every pupil that had been collected left, as if fire was about to consume them! The same thing took place on the introduction of Christian books and religious instruction. On another occasion, the school was almost entirely broken up, and the majority left under protest, when a boy of low caste was admitted.

All these and many more difficulties had to be met at the commencement of missionary labours almost at every mission station; but now, in a great measure, they have been overcome. Our schools, at present, are well frequented, and in a flourishing condition. The pupils not only read the Christian Scriptures and religious books, but commit to memory catechisms and epitomes of the most important theological truth, and attend our preaching in Hindustani on the Sabbath. Many young men educated in our schools are now filling important posts under Government, and it is believed the principles in their education make them far better and more faithful and liberal-minded men than others who have not had such advantages. Those pupils who have left our schools, and are now scattered over the country by hundreds, though not in all cases professing Christians, they are favourable to Christianity, and have lost nearly all respect for Hinduism. Some also of these, we know, are not far from the kingdom of heaven, and are only prevented from making a public profession of their faith and belief by the trammels of caste and the ties of relationship. The good that has been effected by educational efforts in India generally, will only be fully known to future generations. It may also be stated here, that a number educated in our mission schools, have, by the blessing of God on the instruction imparted, been convinced of their need of a Saviour, and pro-

fessed his name publicly before the world.

But the members of this mission have not given much of their time and strength to teaching in schools, even when that instruction has been of a strictly religious nature, or on subjects calculated to sap the foundation of the Hindu Shasters, or to expose their gross absurdities. Their chief object has been to preach the Gospel of Christ, and to point the deluded millions around them to the only Savior. For this purpose daily, and often in several places, the gospel is preached in the bazaars and chapels to all who assemble around them, and books and tracts are distributed to those who can read, and are likely to make a good use of them.—Long itineraries also, for the same purpose, are made every cold season, so as to reach the rural population in their villages. In this way, for hundreds of miles around, and to many thousands who would not otherwise hear the message of mercy, the gospel has sounded out to “the regions beyond,” and multitudes have been made acquainted with the way of life and salvation. That gospel light has been diffused, not only in our immediate localities, but in distant and destitute parts of this immense and populous country.

Attempting to comply with the command of the ascending Saviour, in imitation of apostolic and primitive practice, and trusting in the promise of our heavenly Master for assistance and success in the discharge of the great and solemn trust committed to the members of this mission have endeavored to make known the name of Christ, and to hold forth the word of truth to the ignorant and perishing—to the selfwise and selfrighteous heathen and Mohammedans in the bazaars and their crowded cities, villages under shades of the spreading banyans in front of their chaupars, at religious melas or fairs, and amid the hundreds of thousands of deluded pilgrims from all parts of India, congregated at their polluted shrines at Haidwar, Allahabad, and elsewhere. In all these ways—in public debates and private conversations—in the house and by the way side—with simple minded farmers and wily Brahmins and pundits and malawis, we have tried to preach the gospel so as to arrest the attention

the thoughtless multitudes and lead them to the only Saviour.

This mission has also employed the printing press as a most useful and efficient auxiliary, and an instrumentality of great power and importance. The great paucity of missionaries among so many millions, render it necessary to adopt some method by which the gospel may reach the masses, who can never expect to hear it from the living voice of the printed page, in a measure, supplies the lack, in the present age, of the gift of tongues. The press has been the means of placing the word of life and religious truth, in the form of tracts, in all languages, in the hands of thousands around us, and at great distances, who most others use have remained ignorant of the great salvation. During the last forty-four years, about one hundred and fifty editions of works have passed through our presses at Lodianna, to say nothing of about a like number printed at the presses of the lower mission at Calabad. These works printed at Lodianna comprise about a million of copies, and more than fifty millions of copies, in six different languages, viz., Urdu, Hindi, Punjabi, Kashmeri, Persian, and English. Among these works, in addition to the gospels, epistles, psalms, and a portion of the Old Testament, are to be found the "Pilgrim's Progress," the "Way of Life," "Dairy Man's Daughter," the Westminster Catechism, and Confession of Faith," and many tracts on subjects suited to the wants of the people. One half of the above works—some original compositions, and others revised editions—have been prepared by members of this mission, and all before going to press pass through the hands of a publishing committee, who criticise alterations as may be found necessary. The annual expense of these presses and publications have been from six to seven hundred rupees, and the books prepared have been distributed gratuitously among the people. It is hoped these leaves of the tree of life scattered plentifully abroad, will be for the healing of the nations," and that bread thus cast upon the waters will be found after many days." In- deed we know that such has been the case to some extent already.

Saharanpur and Lodianna, orphan institutions have been established since 1810. The boys are kept at the former

and the girls at the latter place. The average number of pupils in such has been about twenty. They are taught first their own language, including Urdu and Hindi, with a little Persian, and afterwards the most promising are instructed in English. From these institutions a great many couples have been married, and are now engaged in various ways in promoting the missionary work. Four of these are ordained ministers of the gospel, several are catechists, Scripture readers, school teachers, and bookbinders, employed at different stations, and of great service as assistants in our labours. Some are prosecuting the study of theology, with a view of licensure in due time; and from this source, we hope to raise up a native ministry to carry forward the great work of evangelizing their benighted countrymen. We can here bear testimony that the Christian character and consistency of many of the young men raised in this institution would bear a favourable comparison with any in Christian lands.

At all the stations native churches have been organised. I am sorry it is not in my power at present to give the exact number of church members at the different stations; but there must be, at least, between one and two hundred at all of them; and as we were not in the habit of admitting any to the communion of the church who do not give evidence of a change of heart, we trust most of our members are true Christians. Some have departed in the faith, leaving behind them strong evidences of the supports and consolations of religion in their last hours.

It is indeed true that it is still "a day of small things" with us; but God does not despise the day of small things.—The spirit has not been copiously poured out upon us, as in some other places, yet a good beginning has been made, and much preparatory work accomplished, and we firmly believe that, if we faint not, an abundant harvest will yet be reaped to the glory of God, and Christ's blessed kingdom set up here on the ruins of Satan's empire, and where for ages past he has swayed an undisturbed sceptre over benighted millions.

We have an immense and populous field of missions all around us. Millions of immortal souls are depending on us, in a great measure, to show them the way of salvation, and millions must

perish in their gross idolatries before this can be accomplished. Last year we divided this field into large districts around each station, resolving, if possible, to visit every town and village included within these large tracts of country, during the next five years.— Many hundreds of villages were visited last cold weather, and we are now again engaged in this important and interesting work. The people assemble to hear the gospel as they never did before, and we entertain a hope that a brighter day is beginning to dawn upon us, and upon the poor deluded people among whom we labour.

But as extensive as is the field which we propose to cultivate as far as may be within our power, it ought to be remembered that vast tracts of country exist, beyond the bounds of our influence, where the gospel has never yet been proclaimed. God, in his providence, has fully opened up the way to the multitudes in these places, where the people are now actually "sitting in the region and shadow of death." Can the Christian world be guiltless of their blood if allowed to perish, when they possess both the men and means for their evangelization? What reply can evangelical Christendom give to this question? How long will she think over it before she arises in her might, or rather in the strength of her ascended Lord, and carry out his plans of mercy and love, and assert for him the right to reign and rule in these dark places of the earth still, the habitation of cruelty?

We cannot close this brief statement without acknowledging the good hand of God upon us, and his watchful eye over us, during the days of awful mutiny that have passed over us. Our brethren at Futteghurh were cruelly slaughtered, while the lives of all in this mission were spared. To God let thanks ascend, and the lives thus spared be consecrated afresh to his glory.

SAHARANPUR, Dec. 1859. J. R. C.

THE REVIVAL ABROAD.

Our letters, and papers from foreign lands give us more evidence just now of the progress of the gospel, than at any other time to which we can refer.

Of Belgium, a country from which we have heard but little of revival, it is now said by a correspondent of the

News of the Churches, under so recent a date as March 19th :

I am happy to have good news to communicate, and I give thanks to God for it. The revival continues to assume every where a serious character, and to manifest fruits of a real sanctification. The churches of the Evangelical Society have taken an active part in the re-unions for prayer since the second week of January, and in many localities these exercises have been very much blessed. Our churches have equally responded to the appeal of the Society for the union for prayer. The conductors of the *Chretienne Belge*, after they received the circular, translated it into French, or rather made an abridgement of it, and sent it to all the faithful pastors, to be distributed among their congregations. Re-unions were immediately organized, and we have every reason to hope that at family, as well as public worship, the subjects dedicated have been presented to the Lord with wide-spread and ardent importunity.

New places of worship have been opened this winter in many localities through the exertions of the Belgian Evangelical Society. I may mention specially one chapel inaugurated at Liege on the 19th and 20th of February in the presence of a great concourse of spectators, of whom a great part were Roman Catholics. This chapel is of a very unpretending style, but at the same time in good taste; it is situated near the centre of the town; the approach to it is easy, and it can, if necessary, afford accommodation to about 700 persons. Many of our countrymen have contributed towards the erection of this modest building, which will, I am convinced, be the means of spreading the revival in the important town of Liege.

From Franco we have letters from a pastor in the interior, who states that revivals, in all essential features, those in America, are enjoyed in our churches, and the power of God is felt and seen in the remarkable answers for individuals and communities. A union prayer meeting is held every day at 3 P. M., presided over alternately by ministers of different denominations or laymen, the numbers attending increase, and an earnest, solemn piety is diffused among them.

But the most delightful and cheering intelligence is this from the Valloys of Piedmont:

It will rejoice the hearts of many of our readers to hear that the Lord has begun to visit the Waldensian Valleys with "times of refreshing from on high." In the month of December last, "The Table" addressed a letter to all the pastors, giving some account of the revival in America, Ireland, and Scotland, and entreating them to give diligence in prayer, and to direct the attention of their people to the subject. That appeal has been well attended to, and in many of the parishes a remarkable religious awakening has begun. I may especially mention, as having been brought to my notice, the parish of Genarel, of which M. Lantaret is pastor, and the parish of Massei, under the charge of M. Turin. In the latter the elders have begun to hold prayer meetings in their districts, and night by night in these parishes, and I believe elsewhere besides, the places of meeting are crowded to suffocation. Surely this is a token for good from the Lord towards the ancient Evangelical Church of Italy in such a crisis as the present. Her friends be much in prayer for

Of Turkey in Europe, a resident of Constantinople writes:

"The signs of religious progress in this country are increasing. There has been much more prayer than usual during the past winter, and although I am not able to announce to you any very marked and powerful awakening in any place, like those which have been enjoyed in Ireland, Scotland and America, still there is in many places increased attention to the preaching of the word, and souls are converted to God. We have accounts of this sort in places distant from each other, and widely spread over this country, and we cannot but indulge the hope that God is preparing the way for a mighty work of his grace."

The new religious movement among the Turks at the capital is remarkable. There have been lately forty or more meetings a week from Mussulmans, at a place where religious inquirers of this class are always sure to find some one conversant with them, under the direction of the American missionaries."

Within three years, more than twenty Mussulmans have been baptized in

Constantinople, mostly within a year; several have been baptized recently, and others are desirous of being so.—New cases of inquiry are constantly occurring. A short time ago the missionaries held a meeting for the purpose of examining a Turk who was desirous of professing Christ. He was an old man, nearly seventy years of age. He had been a Mollah and a Mohammedan priest, and till within a few months a bigoted follower of the False Prophet. But now how changed! He seemed to sit at the feet of Christ with all the meekness and humility of a child. The examination was conducted in Turkish, and Dr. Schaussler kindly interpreted the more important questions and his answers, which showed that he had good knowledge of the leading doctrines of the gospel, and the great plan of redemption by Christ alone. He was baptized, and is now identified with the followers of the truth.

The *Madras Church Missionary Record* records the recent ordination of eight native pastors, and says that "through the blessing of God upon the advanced labors of our Tinniveley missionaries, the number of native clergymen in that part of our South India Mission is increased from nine to seventeen, in addition to six others connected with the Malayalim districts of Travancore.

"It was remarked by the Bishop of Madras on the evening of the ordination, that 'never since the time of the apostles had a Christian Bishop been privileged to take part in so solemn and interesting a service.'"

The Bishop of Madras during a recent tour in Travancore, confirmed upwards of eight hundred, and in Tinniveley of two thousand natives, in connection with the missions.

These facts are full of encouragement. They are a few among the many that encourage us to believe that we are living in the midst of a glorious dispensation of the Holy Spirit, when it is pleasing God to visit the earth in great mercy, answering the prayers of his people and reviving his work.—*N. Y. Observer.*

PERSIA.

THE NESTORIANS.

"Innovations upon old customs are still going on among the Nestorians.—Mr Cochran wrote, September 30th:

Yohanan, one of our ablest and most promising young men, has recently been ordained as an evangelist, according to apostolic forms. It was arranged that Mar Elia, provided he should be willing to dispense with the usual mummeries and readings in a dead language, and join in a simple gospel ordination, should be invited to participate with us on the occasion. The good old man gave a hearty assent to the arrangement, saying, "Now you are doing well; I knew you would come to this." Mar Yohanan, pleading the example of Luther and the apostles, has abandoned his vows of celibacy, and was married a few weeks since. The step was one of his own choosing, and made in the face of many threats as well as imputations of unworthy motives, but he is fair to survive the shock. The evangelicals almost universally approve of his course, and regard his marriage as one of the heaviest blows the old hierarchy here has received. . . . This thinking portion of the people understand, quite well, the goal to which all these things are tending. They heroically resolved to submit to the inevitable destiny."

NEWS OF THE CHURCH.

To the Editor of the Presbyterian Witness.

BEAVER BROOK, March 27th, 1860.

DEAR SIR,—By inserting in your useful periodical, at your earliest convenience, the following documents, illustrative of the interesting proceedings which have this day taken place amongst us, you will oblige the subscribers and many of the readers of the *Presbyterian Witness*.

John Landison, Senr.
James Crow,
Joseph Longhead,
William Longhead,
Francis Forbes,
Robert Forbes,
John Crow,
John Alexander,
John Yuill, Esq.,
Theodore Forbes,
John R. Longhead,

} Committee.

We, the wellwishers of the Rev. John I. Baxter, are desirous of presenting him with an address, accompanied with a present; feeling it our duty to do so out of respect towards him as our pastor, and his labours amongst us for the past sixteen years.

Signed by the above committee and 69 other inhabitants who contributed to the purse.

ADDRESS.

To the Rev. John I. Baxter, Minister of the Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia in Onslow.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—

We, the subscribers, elders, mem-

bers and adherents of the Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia in Beaver Brook and Old Barns, for sixteen years performing a section of the congregation under your pastoral charge, now, with additions from neighbouring localities formed into a separate congregation cannot allow the friendly tie to be severed without some expression of respect and token of our affection. Aware of the extent of your late congregation, the extremes being over twenty miles apart with the head of Bay intervening, we were not insensible of your strenuous efforts to compass the whole and do your duty to each family notwithstanding the difficulties of remuneration. To assure you of our appreciation of these services under circumstances, as we have reason to believe that they have not been in addition to our humble efforts to fill our pecuniary engagements, (the only way your Master alone can fully reward you.) we beg your acceptance of an accompanying purse and appendix amounting to fifteen pounds current as a small token of our respect and affection. In conclusion, soliciting interest still in your prayers and influence as our late pastor and a member of the Presbytery, to procure as soon as possible a worthy successor who shall go in and out and break bread of life amongst us. We can assure you that you and your interest family will not soon be forgotten.

or cease to have an interest in ourselves.

Signed by HENRY HEWS,
JOHN BRADLEY, Elder,

And the above Committees and 139
Communicants and Adherents.

ADDRESS.

To the Elders, Members and Adherents of
the Beaver Brook section of my late Con-
gregation :

DEAR BRETHREN,—

Viewing the Address which you have
just presented to me as the cordial sen-
timents of your own minds under very
peculiar circumstances, I receive it with
great satisfaction, because it shows that
you can appreciate the trials and re-
sponsibilities of a minister of the gos-
pel. When these are considered, we
may well say with the Apostle—"Who
is sufficient for these things?" And
we must answer, none, but for that
other declaration of the same Apostle—
"Our sufficiency is of God." Through
the strength of divine grace here pro-
mised, I have endeavored, for the time
specified in the address, though with

much weakness, "to declare unto you
the whole counsel of God," and also to
visit the sick, and teach from house to
house. Hence it is very gratifying
thus to be informed that those difficul-
ties of my situation were not encoun-
tered and overcome without your obser-
vation and sympathy. I therefore
thank you cordially for your address
and its accompanying token of your
liberality and affection, which I prize
the more highly as they are the spon-
taneous effusions of your own benefi-
cence. Nor will they be less appreciated
by my family, which you have so kindly
noticed. You may rest assured that
you will not cease to have an interest
in our best wishes and prayers for
your temporal and spiritual welfare,
and that all my influence will be exer-
cised to procure for you, as soon as
possible, a worthy successor. "And
now, brethren, I commend you to God
and to the word of His grace, which is
able to build you up, and to give you
an inheritance among all them that are
sanctified."

(Signed)

JOHN I. BAXTER.

NOTICES, ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS, &c.

NOTICE.

The Synod of the Presbyterian Church of
Nova Scotia will meet (D. V.) in Prince St.
Church, Pictou, on Wednesday 20th June,
at 7 p. m. Sermon by the Rev James Smith
D. D., retiring moderator.

The Committee of Bills and Overtures
will meet at James' Cottage, New Glasgow,
on Monday, 11th inst., at 11 a. m. All
papers intended to be laid before Synod, at
the ensuing meeting, must be forwarded by
this date, unless special reason can be as-
signed to the contrary. JAMES BAYNE,
Convener.

The Treasurer of the Mission Education
Fund, acknowledges the receipt of £1 from
Friend.

Received from Mr William Fraser, Scotch
Mission, 2s. 6d., in aid of the general fund
of the Foreign Mission.

The following sums received by James
Callum, Esq., P. E. Island, as contribu-
tions to the Home Mission Fund, having by
the Synod of Presbytery been expended in Mis-

sionary operations on the Island have not
been reported in the Register.

Casumpeec,	£5 5 0
The Ladies of St Peters,	2 14 0
Cove Head,	7 12 0
Cavendish,	2 13 7
Bedeque	8 3 0
West St Peters,	3 16 0
Balance from previous year,	8 10 0

Monies received by the Treasurer from
20th April to 20th May 1860.

Foreign Mission.

From New Annan Congregation	£2 8 14
Lower Salmah Jurinile	
Miss Soc per Rev. J Currie	2 5 14
Rockville do	2 5 14
Mrs J Murphy Noel shore do	3 9
Rich. Bay for 1858, P.E.I. cy.	8 4 9
do 1859 do	4 10 0
Princetown Cong. do	23 0 0
Special appropriation for	
Mr Geddie do	15 0
do Mr Gordon do	5 0
New London Section of Mr-	
Murry's Congregation do	7 8 10
Presbyterian Cong. Casum-	
pecc Rev Mr Fraser do	17 0 0
Master J. Campbell for J Knox	3 14

Jarinilo Miss. Society James Church N. G.	6 16 0	Onslow, Ben Soc per Rev J. Baxter	1 0 0
Mr James Fraser Michigan Bluff per Rev. D. Roy	1 5 0	Onslow Ben Soc. per Mr J. B. Dickie	9 10 0
Seminary,		Omitted last year Wm. Flemming Londonderry	1 0 0
Richmond Bay lot14 P E I Currency	3 0 0	Isaac Faulkner do	10 0 0
Princetown congregation do	7 10 10	Portapique Section, Lower Londonderry Special Effort per Mr Thomas Davidson	5 1 0
Casumpeec Huntly do	3 0 0	Mission Boat.	
Home Mission.		From Princetown Sabbath School	1 3 0
Collection taken Primitive Church do	20 16 4 6 12 11	Prince County Lot 18 S. S.	8 0 0
West River Cong. Rev G. Roddick	2 3 0	Seminary.—Special Effort of the second year, Stowinacke:	
The agent acknowledges Receipt of the following sums for Register and Instructor:		James Smith,	£3 15 0
Abraham H. Patterson	£0 3 9	Thomas Davidson,	3 0 0
Wm Graham Esq.	2 10 0	William Fulton,	0 15 0
E. M. McDonald	5 0 0	Barry Hamilton,	1 10 0
Daniel Cameron	5 0 0	Hugh Graham Cox,	1 0 0
George Underwood	5 0 0	William Creelman,	1 0 0
Pictou, 21st May, 1860.		Prescott Archibald,	1 10 0
Robert Smith, Truro, acknowledges the receipt of the following for the Foreign Mission.		James Miller,	0 10 0
From Ladies of Mr McCurdy's congregation 17½ yds Cloth,	£1 5 6	Eleakum Tupper,	1 0 0
Mrs Robt. Marshall, 2½ yds cloth	4 4 4		
Miss Rebecca Graham 2½ yds cloth and 1 pair stockings,	5 0 0	Rev. James Smith acknowledges above	£14 0 0
Mrs Isaac Dunlap 7 yds flannel	8 9 0	BOARDS, AND STANDING COMMITTEES, &c.	
Mrs George Provost, print	3 0 0	Board of Home Missions.—Rev. Mr Patterson, McGilverny, Walker and Thoms together with Messrs. Anthony Collier, McKinnon, David Fraser and Lawrence Ruling Elders. Rev. George Patterson Secretary.	
Ladies Sewing Circle, Old Barns for Mr and Mrs Goddie a parcel	1 5 0	TERMS OF THE INSTRUCTOR REGISTER.	
Mrs Wm McNutt, 5 yds cloth	7 6 0	INSTRUCTOR AND REGISTER, single copies each. Any person ordering six or more to one address, and becoming responsible for the payment, will receive one every six so ordered, or to state the in another form, for every seven or more will only be required to pay for six addressed singly, when the whole will be charged.	
Little Charley's legacy per Mr Baxter	1 10 0	For Register, single copies, 1s. 6d. six copies or more to one address, each, and one additional for every ordered. In all cases when addressed 1s 6d will be charged.	
Ladies of Onslow and Old Barns a box Clothing &c. for the Rev. G. N. Gordon value	8 0 0	Communications to be addressed to Rev. George Patterson, Green Hill and it is requested that they be forwarded the 10th of the month previous which they are to be inserted. Smaller may be sent to the Publisher up to the 15th.	
Ladies of Onslow, Books to the Rev S. F. Johnston, including a small present to Mrs Johnston and the other ladies of the miss. value	8 14 0	Orders and Remittances to be sent to Mr James Patterson, Bookseller, Truro. Remittances may also be sent to the Treasurer.	
Collection at Old Barns on occasion of Mr Johnston's visit	17 3 0		
Lower Onslow, Ben Society	2 15 1		
Onslow Ben Soc'y per J. B. Dickie	2 5 0		
Miss Hannah Archibald	3 9 0		
Thomas McCulloch	10 0 0		
Robert J. Hingley	1 5 0		
Mrs Samuel Beattie, East Mountain	3 9 0		
Alex Baird Treas of Lower Onslow Ben Society per Rev Mr Baxter	2 15 4		
Half of Thanksgiving col Truro con.	9 15 2½		
Home Mission.			
From Lower Onslow Ben Society	1 0 0		
Onslow Ben Socy J B Dickie	1 0 0		
Thomas McCulloch	10 0 0		
Little Charley's legacy per Mr Baxter	0 10 0		
Alex Baird Treas. of Lower Onslow Ben Soc per Mr Baxter	1 0 0		
Half of Thanksgiving collected at Truro Cong.	9 15 2½		
Seminary.			
From Alex Baird Treas. of Lower			