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THE

CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

VOL. VI.

TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1859.

No. 4.

RELIGIOUS CONVERSATION.

There are persons who cherish longings after the performance of some notable work in the Kingdom of Christ, to whom ordinary and continual effort in the use of their conversational powers appears undignified and unnecessary. Christ has said, "let your speech be always with grace seasoned with salt." The power of communicating ideas, brings with it responsibility. Thought is not to be buried in our own breast; the tongue, the glory of our frame, is to be consecrated with all our faculties, to the service of Him on whose lips grace was poured. Out of His fulness we receive. The mere exercise of the tongue, apart from the thought, is meaningless—a service that profiteth nothing. Religious thought clothed in a becoming habiliment of words, will draw attention and sometimes secure homage. Thorny words will tear the flesh, and dagger-pointed words will wound the heart, but the words of the wise are a tree of life. To cultivate a kindliness of speech and embrace all suitable occasions to exercise such a gift, may secure in the course of a life, more results to the glory of God, than splendid and dazzling displays on great opportunities. Preaching is an ordinance of God, and, in the opinion of some, the highest style is attained when the orator can hold thousands spell-bound by his words, as an earnest man can fix the attention of his friend in the intercourse of the parlour, when some personal or all absorbing theme is discussed. Numerous, however, as the trophies of grace may be through a divine pulpit power, the day we doubt not will reveal that millions have been brought to the Saviour, through the earnest religious conversation of a beloved father or mother, pastor or christian friend. All have not the power of dazzling eloquence, but every heart touched with the live coal of grace, can send forth a heavenly influence. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. A dumb christian is isolated. He sends his religion to a hermitage. True religion, however, is a power to cause the tongue of the dumb to sing. The faintest murmur of the language of Canaan, will awaken in the whispering gallery of a gracious heart, the ready echo: as the natives of two countries, without the knowledge of each other's language, on being introduced as the friends of the Saviour, are said to have expressed their feelings in the only two words with which both were familiar, the one exclaiming, hallelujah, the other responding, amen. Let brother, then, speak to brother. Let the icy formalism of mere religious phrases, used without the warmth of heart-feeling, be displaced by the confidence of Christian intercourse. The communion of saints, is a hallowed privilege secured by the Redeemer, in the constitution of the churches. Genuine Christian

fellowship will put on this shape ; they spake often one to another. The theme will possess an interest in common. The heart will glow, the eye will gleam, the tongue will utter, *love*. The vein of ore will be struck, which as they follow it, will disclose the unsearchable riches of Christ. It has been said with truth, "God often utters his voice by the lips of some believing companion ; truth we could not find has been revealed to him, and though we may have used the most promising means to attain the knowledge we desired—though we went forward, but the Lord was not there, and backward, but we could not perceive Him ; yet at last was some thought expressed—some word spoken, in Christian conversation, which, like a key, unlocked the mystery, and made darkness light about us." The perplexed disciples as they journeyed to Emmaus, communicated their thoughts one to another, on the events of the crucifixion, and were rewarded by the presence of a mysterious stranger, who gathered up the broken thread of their discourse, explaining and illustrating til' their hearts burned within them by the way.

Religious conversation is of great value in the correct training of families. The father ought to embrace every opportunity to counsel his son, on the momentous question of salvation. The mother should draw out the tender sympathies of her daughter on the interests of the soul. "I know him," said God of the father of the faithful, "that he will command his children after him." The importance, therefore, of a right use of the tongue in the household, can hardly be over-estimated. First impressions made in the opening spring of life, have remained in the declining shadows of age. A word may possess the talismanic power of touching the heart ; that touch may vibrate through eternity. The strong man that has stood in the heat of battle—that has remained unappalled in the fury of the storm, has melted into tears at the recollection of youthful scenes and the words of a mother. Receiving the Kingdom of God as a little child, suggests the unwavering confidence placed in a parent's word. What weight, then, belongs to words of wisdom ; they mould and move the heart. The tender plant is moved by the gentlest breath of air, which when grown to a tree, defies the hurricane. We fear that in some families, much damage is done by indiscriminate and injudicious remarks before children, on sermons, ministers, church members, and other matters connected with religion. The intention may not be bad, but the effect is often ruinous. Parents perhaps wonder why their children remain worldly and unbelieving, while probably, they have themselves sown the seed that yields the crop.

In personal effort to save souls, religious conversation is a choice agency. What was the interview of the Redeemer of men with Nicodemus, but a religious conversation ? The necessity of a new nature was then insisted on ; so may it be with those we strive to win to Christ. The friendly warning and kind invitation uttered in few words, may save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins. It is well to break through the restraints that often seal the lips. *Personal dealing* comes more directly to the specialities of cases, than set discourses. The objections, difficulties, errors and obstacles of a seeking sinner are brought out, to be encountered and slain at once, in the living intercourse. Ministers will find that faithful dealing with their people in their own homes, brings a reward as well as the pulpit. Nor should the people stand aloof from the pastor, afraid to speak on the all-absorbing theme of eternal life. Too much courtesy may be shown to him as a robed official, and too little confidence placed in him as a dis-

interested friend. Let the ice be broken as soon as possible, and a free expression given to the subject which presses on the heart. We are not commending what may be open to the suspicion that it is mere professional talk, but the heart searching and loving remarks which are words fitly spoken. How easily and how cheaply may work be done for the Master. It is not the talk of the lips that tends only to penury, but the outbreathing of a heart on fire with divine love, that kindles a sympathetic flame. A single word may arrest, convince, and by God's blessing, convert a soul. Mr. Nettleton was once passing through a company of impenitent persons, he stopped and whispered, "*eternity*," in the ears of one, and it sent such a thrill through his soul as brought him speedily to Christ. Dr. Edgar, in a letter on the revival in Ulster, brings out a case illustrative of the importance of religious conversation; thus he writes, "Being informed by an elder of the congregation, that a poor woman had fallen on the road, and that, though she seemed deeply anxious about her soul, her neighbours attributed it to drink, I went to visit her, and, after crouching into a low hut, the loom and bed filling the whole room, I found sitting in bed an interesting middle-aged woman, with deep melancholy on every feature, and heavy at heart, as she said, on account of her sins. She had been at no meeting, heard no preaching or words of truth from press or pulpit. "What, then," said I, "moved you to think of your sins?" "The talk of the neighbours," she said. "A right good talk" thought I. "Oh! there is throughout Ulster just now, a blessed talk of God." Revival unseals the lips and opens the mouth in praise. This places in a strong light before our minds, the power of the people of God to spread the news of salvation. Conversation, instead of turning on prices, markets, lots, farms, fashions and neighbours, might take a heavenward direction. "O Lord, thy saints shall bless thee. They shall speak of the glory of thy Kingdom, and talk of thy power: to make known to the sons of men his mighty acts, and the glorious majesty of his Kingdom." The Master does not rebuke his disciples, when they cry—"Blessed be the King that cometh in the name of the Lord: peace in heaven, and glory in the highest:" but says, "if these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out."

THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.

The day of special prayer for our beloved School of the Prophets deserves more than an official notice in the columns of our magazine. These periodical days of special prayer are liable to a two-fold abuse. We entirely lose their benefit, when we observe them by *proxy*; *i. e.*, when we leave the matter with the pastor, to be duly and officially discharged. It is to be feared that there is no prayer offered, in the hearing of others, that is so little the prayer of the people, as the chief act of devotion, in our ordinary Sabbath services. This need not, and should not be; but so we believe it is, in a large majority of our religious assemblies. Let us not suppose that we have discharged our duty in reference to this day of prayer for the Theological Institute, by adding our silent "amen" to the pastor's supplication in its behalf. A time should be set apart in every congregation, for the people to stir up their hearts and take hold of the Lord in these intercessory devotions. As many should take part in the prayer meeting as possible. For the sake of affording opportunity to the many, brethren should be particularly mindful of the admonition, (at all times seasonable) to *be short*; and

in order that they may be *very short*, let every one confine himself, to the *special object*. It is better that petition after petition should arise, substantially *repetitions*, so long as they are offered by different supplicants, than that the thoughts, and desires of the assembly should be diverted from the Theological Institute and its relation to the kingdom of Christ. Such speciality of petition, so far from rendering the service monotonous, would, if rightly conducted, impart peculiar freshness and fervour to the exercises. The theme is by no means narrow: it is one of vast compass. The physical, mental and spiritual requirements of the students are great; the responsibilities of their instructors are overwhelmingly great; the influence for good or evil, that a class so large as the present, must exert on the churches of Christ, if permitted to enter the ministry, is incalculable! The tone and character of the churches, the efficiency of the gospel in our land, are instrumentally dependent, chiefly on this school of prophets. Two or three years ago anxiety was felt on account of the smallness of the class of young brethren devoting themselves to the ministry. Earnest prayer was offered to the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth more labourers. That prayer is being abundantly answered, and the committee are constrained to meet another difficulty, arising from the large increase in the number of students, and of applicants for admission. The funds are inadequate. An increase of contributions from the churches, to the extent of 50 per cent. upon last year's subscriptions is indispensable, to meet the prospective liabilities of the session about to commence: brethren *let us pray in this behalf*. "Ask and ye shall receive." Let the churches take this burden to the throne of grace, in their own behalf; for the committee's responsibilities are *theirs*; and in this matter, the committee have to refer to their brethren who have appointed them. They need our deep and hearty sympathy, at the throne of grace. In admitting young men, they have to assume very heavy responsibility: and no less in declining such applications. To turn aside a well qualified applicant, might be a virtual rejection of one of Christ's choicest gifts to His church. They have not ventured to incur such responsibility, even though the requisite funds were wanting. Hitherto they have exercised faith in God, and his people. Let us, one and all, sustain their hands, by our fervent prayers and liberal contributions; for where the former are sincere, the latter will not be lacking.

Let Pastors and churches beware of another possible abuse of the annual day of prayer; viz., the doing up of a *year's prayers in this behalf, in one day*. The Institute should be continually in remembrance before the Lord. There is peculiar propriety in the observance of *th* day appointed, inasmuch as on the following Wednesday the next session is opened; and by observing the previous Sabbath as a season of special prayer for the classes about resuming their studies, the churches throughout the land, are brought to participate in the commencement exercises. It is very desirable that on such occasions, appropriate discourses should be delivered, setting forth, among other themes, the claims of Christ upon the sanctified talents of His people, and of young men especially, for the work of "publishing the glad tidings of the Kingdom." A valuable opportunity is thus afforded the pastor, for presenting with special effect, various truths which are somewhat out of the ordinary line of pulpit instruction. With these friendly hints, we would earnestly commend the *second Sabbath of October* as a day of special prayer for our Institute.

A DAY OF THANKSGIVING.

His Excellency the Governor General has issued a proclamation as follows :

“Whereas it has pleased Almighty God, in His Great Goodness to vouchsafe unto Our Province of Canada, the blessings of an abundant Harvest; We, therefore, adoring the Divine Goodness, and duly considering that the blessings of Peace and Plenty now enjoyed by Our people in the said Province, do call for public and solemn acknowledgments, have thought fit by and with the advice of Our Executive Council of Our Province of Canada, to issue this Proclamation hereby appointing that a General Holiday and Day of Thanksgiving to Almighty God for these His Mercies be observed throughout Our said Province of Canada, on Thursday, the third day of November next, and We do earnestly exhort all Our loving subjects therein, that they do observe the said Public Day of Thanksgiving.”

This will secure an opportunity, fervently desired by many, of recording their sense of obligation to the Giver of every good and perfect gift. The kindness of the Almighty has been strikingly shown during the past year, in disappointing the fears, and exceeding the expectations of men. Rain from heaven and fruitful seasons are at all times witnesses for God; how much more ought we to feel the force of the testimony, when God crowns the year with his goodness, after times of depression. The reviving hopes and brightening future of the country, may well induce a thankful spirit. “Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men.” Peace and plenty are two short words, but they are full of meaning, and express a state of privilege and enjoyment in a community, requiring, when really enjoyed, homage to the Eternal, whose arm is a shield of defence, and whose hand, when opened, is the source of universal good.

THE IRISH REVIVAL.

(Extracted from the “British Standard” of September 2nd, 1859.)

The Secular Press, both in Ireland and in Great Britain, has upon the whole manifested respect towards this great spiritual movement. If it has displayed much ignorance, there has been no great outbreak of impiety. It was, nevertheless, among the Daily Press, reserved for the *Morning Advertiser* to present an article worthy of the subject, and reflecting credit on the Metropolis,—an article dignified and profound, truthful and judicious. When we read it on the day of its appearance, we gave the credit of it to an eminent Doctor in Divinity who has just been to Ireland; but we see from the *Record* that it is from the powerful pen of the Editor himself, who, it seems, has paid a visit to the Emerald Isle. The following is all we can find room for, which will show the estimate formed of the work by one of the shrewdest men amongst us, and one of the ablest writers of the day:—

“Great misconception prevails in this country as to the nature of those physical manifestations which in so many cases precede the conversions. It is the general belief among us that these manifestations assume the form of violent hysterical convulsions, in which the parties are wholly unconscious of what they are experiencing. There could not be a greater mistake. There is nothing frantic, nothing fanatical, nothing resembling unconsciousness or insensibility in any of those who are what is called ‘affected.’ They are struck and fall to the ground, sometimes all at once, but at other times gradually, and then, instead of uttering wild and incoherent cries, they simply confess their sins, mostly in tones expressive of the deep distress of mind which they feel on account of the vivid perception they have of their guilt in the sight of their Maker. And the confession of sin is always accompanied with supplications for pardoning mercy, uttered with a profoundly impressive earnestness. The conversions do not always take place under sermons, but often by some particular text suggesting

itself to their minds, with irresistible power, as the parties walk along the streets, or are engaged in their usual employments in the domestic circle, or in the fields. And then, when one member of a family is converted, it is quite common to see several other members converted through their counsel and their exemplary conduct. In this way, in many cases, three or four members of a family have experienced a saving change, without any of those physical manifestations of which those who are hostile to all vital religion have eagerly sought to make such a handle.

“But the great test of the reality and the worth of any moral or spiritual change which has been wrought upon the minds and hearts of men, is the effect it produces. Tried by this test—the only true and proper one—the religious movement in the north of Ireland must be confessed to be of Divine origin. Nothing but Divine power ever could accomplish such complete changes in human character as those which we hourly witnessed. The drunkard gives up his habits of inebriety; the swearer ceases to take the name of his Creator in vain; the man who was addicted to the utterance of falsehood speaks truth, and nothing but the truth; the man who stole steals no more; and he who delighted in everything that resembled the savage nature of the tiger, becomes gentle and harmless as the lamb. Husbands who ill-treated their wives, and acted unnaturally towards their children, are suddenly, as if by miraculous agency, transformed into the best of husbands and kindest of fathers. Crime, in a word, has become comparatively unknown. The police-constables have little or nothing to do, and the sessions and assizes—where the offenders against the law are tried, and, if convicted, punished—have hardly any cases before them. The aspect of society in the districts where the progress of the Revivals has been most decided, has indeed undergone so thorough a change that no one could believe it who has not been a witness of it,—seen it with his own eyes, and heard the wonderful things with his own ears,—as the writer of this has done. We venture to say that no honest man could personally inquire into the rise and progress of this amazing movement, without coming to the conclusion ‘that it is alone the work of a Divine agency.

“This conviction is forced on the mind from the manifest inadequacy of the human instrumentalities employed. There is nothing intellectually remarkable in the style of preaching,—none of that transcendent eloquence which dazzles and delights an audience, and carries away their judgments captive. On the contrary, the style of preaching is characterised by great simplicity. The doctrines dwelt on are the universal inherent depravity of human nature,—the fearful enormity of sin in general,—aggravations of each individual’s guilt, the consequent peril to which all are exposed,—and the absolute certainty of utter and irretrievable ruin if they do not repent and believe the Gospel. And, while the lost condition of all is thus pointed out with great plainness, but with all the earnestness and unction of men who are profoundly impressed with the terrible importance of the message they are called to deliver,—a full, free, and finished salvation for all, even for the guiltiest of the guilty, is pressed on the acceptance of the crowds who assemble in the open air, or in the most commodious buildings which can be had, to hear the preaching of the Gospel. And so remarkable have been the effects of this mode of preaching, that one minister belonging to the Free Church of Scotland, who went to Ireland to witness with his own eyes the wondrous work, remarked, in the hearing of the writer, within the last ten days, that he felt he might now burn all the sermons he had at home, and which he had so carefully prepared during many years. And no wonder that the rev. gentleman should have said this, for he had witnessed at Belfast, only a few days before, no fewer than 126 persons simultaneously fall on their knees and supplicate pardoning mercy under a sermon of this simple but intensely earnest kind, preached by himself.

“It is thus that by the ‘foolishness of preaching’ the philosophy of the learned is put to naught. Never was there afforded a more remarkable illustration than there is in the case of these Irish Revivals of the truth of the words of inspiration:—‘Not with enticing words of man’s wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and with power.’ All the mighty results which have been produced are so manifestly to be ascribed to the outpouring of Divine influences from on high, that no one can have a doubt on that point.

“The universality of the movement is not one of its least remarkable features. It is true, that it has made the greatest progress among the labouring classes, and that, indeed, was to be expected; for we are told emphatically that the poor have the Gospel preached to them, and that not many rich, not many mighty, not many noble, are called. And we know that the Gospel was not only first embraced, but promulgated, almost exclusively by the poor. But the movement in the North of Ireland has af-

fecting many in easy circumstances, while considerable numbers of men of superior intelligence,—men engaged in professional pursuits, including a goodly number of editors of the local journals,—have been, and avow the fact, the subjects of the Divine influences which have wrought such marvellous results. The young are largely partakers in the blessings which these Revivals bring with them wherever they are witnessed. Several members of the Court of Aldermen and of the Common Council of London visited, last week, the property of the Irish Society, consisting solely of members of the Corporation of London, and they were struck with what they saw of the effects of this movement among the youths in their excellent institution in Londonderry. Out of the 300 young men belonging to that school, no fewer than forty, whose ages varied from twelve to sixteen, were found one day on their knees, in prayer, when the room was unexpectedly entered. The striking fact was communicated last week by an Alderman of the city of London and formerly one of the most popular Members of Parliament, whom the writer happened to meet in the North of Ireland.

“It may be mentioned, as another proof of the extent to which the young in Ireland are affected by this movement, that at all the prayer-meetings which are daily held in the various localities where the movement has made the most marked progress, there is a large proportion of young men and females. In, for example, the handsome and commodious Town-hall of Coleraine, where a crowded prayer-meeting is held every morning at half-past nine o'clock, with the special sanction of the town authorities, every one must be struck with the number of the young of both sexes who are present. And as the meeting is held at the breakfast hour, for the accommodation of those engaged in industrial pursuits, it is most gratifying to see the eagerness and haste with which the working men and women eat their homely meal, in order that they may enjoy the happiness of consecrating to public devotion the half-hour to which the services are confined.

“It may startle those who are only imperfectly acquainted with the details of this marvellous movement, when it is stated that in Coleraine—and probably the same may be said of other places—there have been more cases of conversion during the last three months, than there had been for the previous fifty, perhaps, we should say, hundred years.

“But the question will, no doubt, be asked, how do the cases of conversion, as they are regarded, turn out? The question is a very natural one. It is, too, a very important question, and necessary to be answered before the true character of the Revivals can be understood. It was among the first questions which the writer asked when he was in the locality inquiring personally into the nature and extent of the movement. Well, then, the friends of religion will be rejoiced to learn that, tested by their permanent fruits, these Revivals are no less remarkable and gratifying. Out of the great number of conversions which have taken place in Coleraine and its neighbourhood, only three have turned out badly. And in these three instances the parties had belonged to that depraved class which in England are known by the name of ‘unfortunate females.’ Other three cases in the same category have turned out all that could be desired. The parties are thoroughly reformed, and the consistency of their conduct as Christians might well put to the blush many of those who have all their lives long been professors of the Christian faith.”

Trans-Atlantic Retrospect.

ENGLAND.—Once more an outbreak of hostilities in China—a terrible effusion of blood, and the prospect of a new war, under more trying circumstances than either of the preceding. So far as we are at present informed, the attack of the Chinese seems to have been most unprovoked and treacherous; there is no doubt that they had in order every preparation, and unfortunately they were too successful, one-third of the English engaged being either killed or wounded: they were entrapped in an ambuscade, and shot down like birds. Of course the news has produced great excitement in England, and, as was the case at the outbreak of the Indian mutiny, the cry for vengeance is loud and earnest.

Now, while not disposed for a moment to palliate the cruel treachery on the Chinese, we must not forget that our own hands are not clean in the matter.

How did the war commence, of which this late conflict is a result? It commenced on false pretences on our part. If it was not quietly prepared for, and then the first trifling offence made a *casus belli*, as some affirm, certainly we were in hot haste to commence on a very small matter. A nation of Christians, whose profession is the religion of the Prince of Peace, we showed ourselves to have little faith in our principles or in our Master. And what is this event, which has sent mourning and sorrow into many English families, but the fruit of the seed we there sowed—the natural, & certain result of our own sin? And more than that, there is underlying all, the original cause of the hostilities with China—that which is at the bottom of all reasons, and is a fact which no pretence can hide—the abominable and wicked Opium traffic; and so long as that is continued—so long as the English government encourage and derive profit from its growth—so long as they force it upon a reluctant people, so long will it be a source of constant trouble, difficulty and sorrow. Let the opium trade be abolished, and we firmly believe that this generation would not see another conflict with China. A million of Bibles for China, was the Christian cry a year or two back; yes, let us send them by all means; but let us also show the Chinese that we believe in it, and that we are not offering for their acceptance a book without influence upon ourselves—the teachings of which are despised, and the principles of which we treat as a dead letter.

The accident to the *Great Eastern* is not without its lesson. The nation has been puffed up beyond measure about this steamer for months past. Such an amount of self-glorification has seldom issued from the British press. Nothing could happen to her; she was incapable of danger; her safety and success were among the fixed facts of creation!—and behold, on her first trip an accident happens, which, in what it might have been, as well as in what it unhappily was, proves the vanity and folly of human boastings and calculations. Well, let us hope that those who have to do with the monster ship, will learn some of the lessons which this sad accident teaches—lessons of humility, of dependence, and of prayer. We rejoice in every attempt to facilitate intercourse between the nations of the earth. We believe that the Electric Telegraph and Steam are but instruments in God's hands for working out His counsels of love to mankind, and we would earnestly pray that no sin of pride may interfere to prevent the success of this the latest development of God's plan of good to the world.

The Committee of the House of Commons, appointed to enquire into the working of the Bible monopoly, in view of the expiration of the patent, were not able to complete their labours, their appointment having been made so late in the session; they therefore simply reported the evidence they had received, and recommended their reappointment next year. After carefully reading over the evidence of Mr. Spottiswoode, the patentee, we are constrained to say that no case has been made out for a renewal of the patent. Bibles are not cheaper or more accurate because of the patent, but because it has been to some considerable extent invaded. The Messrs. Bagster, with their beautiful editions, and several other printers have clearly violated the patent, but no patentee dared prosecute: the obloquy he would incur would be overwhelming. So, also, in the matter of accuracy; while it is freely admitted that the Oxford and Mr. Spottiswoode's bibles are now accurate, yet, competition has produced that also; and the knowledge that inaccuracy would quickly be detected and lead to loss, has had great effect. On the whole, the advantage is decidedly on the side of free trade in bibles. Before the Scotch competition, they were neither cheap nor accurate, and it is not too much to expect that the effect of throwing the trade open to all would be the *ne plus ultra* of both cheapness and accuracy.

We gladly clip the following from the speech of the Governor of the Cape of Good Hope, on proroguing the Parliament. It will be a relief to the thousands who feel interested in Mr. Moffat and the Mission in South Africa:

"I feel great gratification in being able to inform you that the President of the Transvaal Republic has transmitted to me a very satisfactory assurance that no apprehensions need be entertained of the inhabitants of that State making any attack on the Kuruman Mission Stations."

The following may be read in connection. We think that there will be little doubt as to who is most worthy of credit, Mr. Moffat or the President of the Transvaal Republic:

"THE MISSION STATION AT KURUMAN.—The Executive Council have, in a despatch lately addressed to Sir George Grey, disavowed all intention of sending out any hostile commands against the Mission Station at Kuruman. They charged the missionaries there, however, with aiding or abetting the native tribes, and supplying them with ammunition in opposition to the interests of the State. The venerable Mr. Moffat, in a recent letter, also addressed to Sir George Grey, and which was published this week, has given the clearest and most satisfactory refutation of this charge that could possibly be desired."—*Cape and Natal News*.

WORKING MEN ON THE SUNDAY CLOSING OF PUBLIC-HOUSES.—The subjoined is an extract of the opinions of the working men of Glasgow in answer to the following queries. 6,722 schedules were received, and the following are the percentage of the affirmative and negative answers, &c;:—

	Yrs.	No.	No. Answer.
1. Have you found the shutting of the public-houses on the Sabbath to be an inconvenience?.....	30-39	69-28	33
2. Have you found the shutting of these houses until seven o'clock morning on week days to be an inconvenience?.....	23-13	76-59	28
3. Have you found the shutting of these houses at eleven o'clock at night to be an inconvenience?	23-32	77-37	31
4. Do you wish these houses to be open?			
(1) For any part of the Sabbath.....	31-75	67-37	38
(2) Earlier than seven o'clock morning on week days?.....	23-12	76-26	62
(3) Later than eleven o'clock at night?.....	21-58	77-72	70
5. Would you approve of a still further shortening of the hours for these houses being open?.....	53-53	45-31	1-16

The above tabular statement has been laid before the Commission on the Forbes McKenzie Act.

THE DISPUTE IN THE FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.—What is known as "the Cardross case" is causing much excitement in Scotland. Last year, the Rev. Mr. Macmillan, of Cardross, was arraigned before the General Assembly of the Free Church for drunkenness and immorality, and, notwithstanding his denial of the charges, and plea that the proceedings were irregular, the Assembly suspended him for a limited time. Mr. Macmillan took a step which shocked the Free Church—he appealed to the civil courts. The Assembly immediately called him to its bar; obtained from him the acknowledgment that he had brought an action against them, and then deposed him from his office and blotted his name from the roll of pastors. Nothing daunted, Mr. Macmillan began a new action, this time asking for damages, and the reversal of the sentence of the Assembly. It is the latter prayer that has caused the great excitement and wide-spreading polemical controversy now going on in Scotland. The Free Church appears in the Court of Session, but only to plead that, whether it was right or wrong in its proceedings, these proceedings were ecclesiastical in their character, and cannot be submitted to the review of a civil court; that this is notoriously the principle on which the Free Church is founded and to which Mr. Macmillan had himself avowed obedience; and that, therefore, the adjudication of such a matter by the Court would be an infringement of the toleration granted to British Dissenting Churches. "The Court of Session," says Dr. Buchanan, "can no more restore Mr. Mac-

millan to the office and functions of the Christian ministry, or give him the spiritual charge of a congregation, that it could make him King of the British Isles." And it is frankly intimated that, in case the Court should resolve (following the precedent adopted before the disruption) to command the Free Church to reinstate their contumacious minister, such an order must be met now, as then, with an absolute refusal.

WESLEYANISM AND INDEPENDENCY.—In a speech at the recent Conference, the Rev. Wm. Arthur said:—"I am indebted to my friend Mr. Osborn for statistics of a startling character. In our ten Conference towns, we added about thirty per cent. to the number of our ministers—we had 90 at the former period, from the year 1834 to 1857,—about 124 now, What is the result? We have there 12,000 less Methodists now than we had then; 33 more ministers; 12,000 fewer members! I know the effects of divisions. ('Hear, hear,' and sensation.) I make allowance for that. But mark the progress of the Independent denomination in London alone. Between 1840 and 1857, a period less by six years than the one included above, their chapels increased from 88 to 171, or about doubled. I need not mention the growth of the Established Church in large towns, for we all know that it has been beyond all proportion to our own.

RELIGIOUS EFFECT OF THE INDIAN MUTINIES.—Dr. Butler, the superintendent of the American Methodist Episcopal Church at Lucknow, sends to the *Watchman* some interesting particulars of the progress of the work of God in India. He says that speaking for the portion of India with which he is associated, he thinks "it is clear that the mutinies have produced in the minds of Englishmen resident in this country a more determined resolution to sustain Christian missions than has been felt before." As regards the natives, he asserts, "that during the twelve months, there has been a larger number of the native soldiers converted to Christianity than in all the preceding thirty year." "You have doubtless heard ere now," he writes, of the movements in the 24th Regiment of Punjab Infantry. I think this is the regiment which some time ago sent the deputation to Lord Clyde, stating they wished to be baptized and become Christians. The rough old chief is reported to have turned them off, informing them 'he had not time to baptize them then; that they must do the fighting first.'" In the Moradabad and Bijnour districts there cannot be less than 800 souls who have openly expressed a desire to be baptized, and have placed themselves under the instruction and pastoral care of the missionaries.

DEATH OF THE REV. A. F. LACROIX.—The *Patriot* announces, with the deepest regret, the death of this eminent missionary, who after an illness of two months duration, finished his earthly course at Calcutta, on the 8th of July, in the sixtieth year of his age. He was the oldest missionary in Northern India, having gone out there in connexion with the Netherlands Missionary Society, in 1821; and seven years afterwards, when that Society determined on confining their operations to the islands of the Eastern Archipelago, and abandoned their station at Chinsurah, Mr. Lacroix—having made himself master of Bengali—expressed a wish to remain, and joined the London Missionary Society, with the entire approval of the Dutch Committee. His labours were exclusively in the vernacular. His personal religious character was of the highest order, and acquired universal respect. His large-hearted catholicity led him to seek friendship and Christian communion with believers, especially missionaries, of various denominations; and both by example and precept he did much to increase and maintain the practical union existing between the agents and members of the several missionary societies in India. His dying interviews with old friends—as Dr. Duff, Mr. Wenger, Mr. Wylie, and others—were affecting in the extreme, and strong men left his room weeping like children, "sorrowing most for the words that he spoke, that they should see his face no more." His funeral was the largest which the city of Calcutta has seen for many years; Christians of all

Churches including the Bishop of Calcutta, Archdeacon Pratt, and numerous ministers and missionaries, with a large number of the native Christians from the Society's stations, gathered around his grave. The Rev. T. Hardman, Chaplain of the Scotch Church, the Rev. Dr. Duff, and the Rev. J. Wenger, of the Baptist Mission, undertook the burial service, reading the Scriptures, and offering prayer in the English and native tongues. Mr. Lacroix leaves a widow and two daughters in Calcutta; his eldest daughter, Mrs. Mullens being at present in England.

Official.

THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.

DAY OF SPECIAL PRAYER.

In accordance with a resolution of the late Annual Meeting of Subscribers, the churches are earnestly requested to set apart the *Second Sabbath in October* as a day of prayer for the Institute. Pastors will greatly further the cause by preaching appropriate discourses on the occasion.

COLLECTIONS.

In response to a request from the Committee, the assurance has been received from some of the churches, that their collections for the Institute will also be made on the above named day. If all would as rapidly as possible adopt this arrangement, they would render a very great service to the Institute. Some inconvenience might be felt in the *one year* in which the change was made; but afterwards it would be as easy to collect in October as in any other month; and—in a well-regulated church—without, as with, a visit from a collecting agent.

OPENING OF THE SESSION.

The next Session will be opened, D. V., on Wednesday, October 12th, at 7½ p.m. The Address to the Students will be delivered by Rev. E. Ebbs. The service will be held in Zion Chapel.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

The following sums have been received since last acknowledgment:

Alton, additional.....	\$1 00
Montreal, “	1 00
Rev. W. H. A.....	4 00
Brantford, per Rev. E. Ebbs, on account.....	11 50
Scotland, per Rev. A. Wickson.....	13 50
Kelvin “ “ “	3 50
Burford “ “ “	1 25
London “ “ “	12 65
Southwold “ “ “	12 00
Zion Chapel, Toronto.....	\$3 00

ANNUAL REPORT.

The Annual Report for 1858-9 will be in the hands of Pastors for distribution before Sabbath, 9th October.

F. H. MARLING,
Secretary.

Toronto, September 30th, 1859.

LOST HOURS.—Lost wealth may be regained by a course of industry; the wreck of health repaired by temperance; forgotten knowledge restored by study; alienated friendship soothed into forgiveness; even forfeited reputation won back by penitence and persevering virtue. But who ever looked again upon his vanished hours, recalled his blighted years, and stamped them with wisdom? or effaced from Heaven's record the fearful blot of a wasted life?—*Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.*

Correspondence.

REV. W. F. CLARKE IN VICTORIA.

To the Editor of the Canadian Independent.

DEAR BROTHER:—You and your readers will all be glad to learn that I have to-day received a letter from the Rev. W. F. Clarke, dated "Victoria, Vancouver's Island, Aug, 27," which informs me of his safe arrival there on the 6th of that month. Beyond the facts that the voyage was pleasant throughout, and that he and his family were in health, I have no more to communicate, except that our brother very earnestly desires a continuance of our prayers on his behalf, of which he feels the need more deeply than ever. Some of us may need this hint. The old proverb is too true, "Out of sight, out of mind." His words are, "Pray for me, dear brother, and *keep* your people in memory of the far-off and lone missionary they have helped to send hither."

Mr. Clarke will not long be so much *alone*. The Colonial Missionary Society have sent him a colleague from England—Rev. Mr. Macfie.

You may expect by next month's mail, a letter for the Magazine, from our brother's own pen, which will doubtless contain full particulars of his first doings, personal and evangelistic, in his new home.

I am, yours &c.,

F. H. MARLING.

Toronto, September 30, 1859. •

To the Editor of the Canadian Independent.

DEAR BROTHER,—I send you this communication to be published if you see fit. I must state that the figures are not given as being *perfectly exact* but they are so much so that no subsequent calculation will materially alter them. There are other points which would require to be noticed but I feared to trespass on your space.

Yours fraternally,

D. M.

THE HYMN BOOKS.

The recent meeting of the Union was looked forward to with considerable interest, as it was expected that during its sessions a resolution would be passed recommending some one Hymn Book to the churches for general adoption. But though the Western Association resolved itself into a committee of the whole and spent some hours examining Hymn Books, though a committee was appointed by the Union during its earliest sessions to report subsequently on the subject, and though several sittings of the Union were occupied with the general question and with the report of the committee, all the advance made was to lay the report on the table. This was a disappointment to many, but we very much prefer it to a resolution carried on a division. Now, the churches are left to do as Dr. Daggett said they usually did, that is, "pretty much as they liked." It was generally felt that there was hardly time enough to arrive at a proper decision as but few of the brethren had seen the books prior to the meeting, and a full examination and comparison was impossible during those busy days.

It was a fortunate circumstance that there was a general agreement in regard to two books as superior to all others, these were "The New Congregational Hymn Book," published in London, England, prepared by a committee of the Congregational Union of England and Wales; and "The Sabbath Hymn Book," published in New York, edited by Professors Park and Phelps, assisted by Dr. L. Mason. The question was thus narrowed down to the simple one, which of these shall we adopt? This then is still the question with those churches which desire to adopt a new hymn book. It will be but proper here to state that these two books were not adopted as best without comparing them with others. There were at least seven books under consideration, and other three of these were allowed to possess great excellencies, viz., "The Leeds Hymn Book," "The Connecticut Hymn Book, and the Plymouth Collection by H. W. Beecher, but they were not on the whole considered equal to the two before mentioned. We will therefore endeavor, for the information of those who have not had an opportunity of examining these books for themselves, to present a brief statement of the contents of each; observing for our guidance the direction "nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."

It will be evident on the most cursory examination of either of these books that it is no mere hasty compilation. Both certainly possess high merits, and show that in their labor the Editors exercised great care, discrimination, and judgment. Both contain an extensive collection of hymns. Thus in the New Congregational Book there are 1000 hymns, 38 of these are anonymous and the remainder selected from 152 different authors, while in the Sabbath Hymn Book there are 1290 hymns, 24 Doxologies, and 58 chants, of these hymns 275 are anonymous, and the others are gleaned from 190 hymnologists. The chief authors are as follows:—The New Congregational Book has from Watts 385 hymns, C. Wesley 71, Montgomery 42, Doddridge 49, Conder 31, Newton 25, Lyte 21, Cowper 17, Toplady 11, Tate and Brady 10, Kelly and Steele 9 each, Keble 8, and Fawcett, Heber, Cennick, and Beddome 7 each, &c., the Sabbath Hymn Book has from Watts 256, C. Wesley 56, Montgomery 52, Steele 48, Doddridge 41, Bonar 37, Newton 26, Tate and Brady 25, Cowper 19, Lyte 16, Kelly 15, Heber 14, Beddome 11, Barbanto, Conder, and Palmer 10 each, J. Wesley 9, Collyer, Higginbotham, S. F. Smith, and Stennet 8 each, and Toplady 7, &c. We give below an estimate of the comparative amount of matter contained in each book.

The compilation of a hymn book is no easy task on account of the "hymnologic flood" with which we are deluged; to include all the good hymns even would require a book to be of such a size and price as to render it unseizable. What then is to be done? Manifestly there must be selection of hymns, and of parts of hymns. Here it is likely dissatisfaction will be felt as it will be impossible to satisfy the taste of everybody. But nevertheless as every person cannot prepare a book for his own use he must be satisfied with what he can obtain. The compilers of both these books have of course proceeded in their work on this principle of selection, and have in our judgment incorporated to a large extent the cream of our hymnology into their books. It is pleasing to notice to what an extent these two volumes correspond with each other. In the New Congregational Hymn Book, there are 477 hymns which we find represented in the Sabbath Hymn Book by 484 hymns, several being divided into two in the latter, and several being merely shorter forms of the hymn which is given also at full length. Nor is this all the

correspondence between them. In the versions given of many of the Psalms though they differ they are one in sentiment, and to a considerable extent in expression; to that we might add at least 100 more hymns in which they are the same. This will then be more than half of the one, and nearly the half of the other book.

Respecting those hymns which are common to each book 149 of them are longer in the New Congregational than in the Sabbath Hymn Book; and 64 are longer in the Sabbath Hymn Book than in the New Congregational. There are also 82 of these hymns in which the books differ in phraseology. We believe that these changes are owing chiefly to the efforts of the compilers of the Sabbath Hymn Book to improve and in some cases to *restore* the original, but the one book as well as the other differs from the original in a number of the hymns. If it be thought that greater faithfulness to the original, in the length of the hymn, and in its phraseology is an advantage, the New Congregational can certainly claim it. Yet it must be admitted that there are cases in which *change* if judicious *would be an improvement* and where *omission would be desirable*. We cannot therefore join the hue and cry raised by some on these grounds. There does not appear to us in the changes and omissions either rashness or bad taste; though in some cases we would have preferred the original intact. In the omissions in the Sabbath Hymn Book, it will be found that the compilers proceeded on system, as far as possible, except a few cases to be afterwards noted. One example will illustrate this, turning to the 424 hymn of this collection we find that beautiful hymn of Watts beginning, "With joy we meditate the grace;" now the chief object of this hymn is the sympathy of Christ with believers in their trials, but the second verse as written by the author treats of the *purity* of the Redeemer, and is consequently omitted, while the same subject is fully dwelt upon in other hymns. There is in this way a greater variety secured than would otherwise be possible.

The exception to this will be found in hymns 1039, 1126, and 1127. In the first of these we do not like to find that verse omitted:—

"Arabia's desert ranger,
To him shall bow the knee,
The Ethiopian stranger,
His glory come to see," &c.

In the second the following is wanting,

"When to her sable sons conveyed,
Shall Afric learn thy word,
And vassals, long enslaved, be made
The freemen of the Lord?"

The third changes in the following manner,

"Let the Indian, *let the negro*,
Let the rude Barbarian see," &c.
"Let the dark, benighted pagan," &c.

In noticing these omissions we could not help exclaiming, shade of Nassau Street Society, is Andover going to emulate your dumbness! Perhaps the proximity of Andover to Essex Street, Boston, may have inclined the learned Professor to take a "South side view?"

As to the quantity of matter in each book, by numbering the verses, it will be apparent that the Sabbath Hymn Book exceeds the other by about 728 verses, or

say 146 hymns of 5 verses each, besides the 55 chants. This is much less than would appear to be the case from the mere number of hymns.

There will be few at all acquainted with hymnology, who will not be disappointed at finding some pieces omitted by either or by both of these volumes. It would be easy to furnish a list of these,—we will only note a few. The Sabbath Hymn Book on its, “Behold the Saviour of mankind;” “I sing the Saviour’s wondrous death;” “Begone unbelief;” “Though troubles assail;” “I hail morning known among the blest;” “Leader of faithful souls and guide; Our God how firm his promise stands;” “Not to the terrors of the Lord;” “To thee O dear, dear country;” “O the delights, the heavenly joys,” &c., &c., &c. The new Congregational Hymn Book omits, “There is an hour of peaceful rest;” “I would not live away;” “By cool Siloam’s shady rill;” “O bread to pilgrims given;” “When langour and disease invade;” “I lay my sins on Jesus;” “Hark the thousand harps and voices;” “One there is above all others;” “O could I speak the matchless worth;” “Majestic sweetness sits enthroned,” &c., &c. The above is only intended as specimens of hymns to which we must bid good bye in our public worship, whichever book is adopted.

In reference to the arrangement it must be conceded that the Sabbath Hymn Book very much surpasses the other, while its indexes are superior to anything of the kind we have ever seen. There are however only two of the indexes published in the cheaper editions of the volume.

It remains for us only to add that after the most careful examination and comparison, while we find both books excellent, we much against our pre-possessions and national feelings give the preference to the Sabbath Hymn Book. We do this on account of its greater fullness, breadth, richness, unction and its superior arrangement. This we think will be the conclusion to which a careful comparison will invariably lead. But “let each be fully persuaded in his own mind?”

D. M.

Literary Review.

THE LIFE OF GEORGE STEPHENSON, BY S. SMILES. Boston: TICKNOR. Toronto: MACLEAR & Co.

George Stephenson, the great English engineer and the father of the modern railway system, was not what is commonly termed a religious man, and this book cannot be termed a religious biography. Yet it is fraught with such lessons that we would gladly see it widely circulated and extensively read. Our young men especially would do well to ponder its lessons of patient and long tried perseverance in the development of a right principle; how no discouragement could daunt, nor any difficulties overcome that steadfast will, which, being persuaded of right, went on through long years of trouble until success came at last. No story of hero, or conqueror, or battlefield, was ever more interesting than this. How this man, from a poor colliery boy, earning with hard labour his sixpence a day, rose to be the acknowledged head of the engineers of England, and in his later days the gladly welcomed guest of statesmen and the great ones of the land, —is told with a modesty, yet a vivacity, that makes the book one of the pleasantest to read. More than this, or perhaps our praise would be bated, we here learn lessons of honor, uprightness and integrity, which, being tried in a fire that burnt up for a time the good intentions of many a professor of religion, came out unsullied. When nearly every man in the kingdom above the rank of a

mechanic was drawn into the horrible gulf of railway speculation, he, who could many a time have realized thousands by merely permitting doubtful enterprises to use his name, steadfastly in every single instance refused. It seems a sad reflection on human nature, to put this as a proof of extraordinary excellence. Let those, however, who know what such times are, and we have had them here—sweeping away professors, amongst others, into the vortex—say whether such an example should not be held up to imitation.

THE LIFE OF JABEZ BUNTING, WITH NOTICES OF CONTEMPORARY PERSONS AND EVENTS. BY HIS SON, THOMAS PERCIVAL BUNTING.

The Life of Dr. Bunting must be regarded as an important contribution to the literature both of Christian Biography and of English Ecclesiastical History, and we only await the completion of the work to devote to it the ample consideration for which an extended article may afford scope. It would scarcely be doing justice to such a theme to confine our remarks upon it to the limits of a brief notice like the present; and it would hardly be fair to any party—to the subject of the biography, to the biographer, or to ourselves—to attempt to deal at large with a half-told story. We have no fear, however, that the perusal of the next volume will materially modify our present impressions regarding either the character of Dr. Bunting or the merits of his biography. On the contrary, we confidently anticipate that our estimate of both will be strengthened and confirmed. Meanwhile, we have the utmost pleasure in saying that this estimate is a very high one. As to Dr. Bunting himself, this assurance is, of course unnecessary. For many years he was confessedly the most prominent man in the Wesleyan community; and far beyond the body to which he belonged, and upon which he stamped his mark so deeply, he was regarded with profound respect and esteem. The record of his long career is full of interest, and conveys not only a large amount of varied information, but also many weighty lessons which it would be good for all churches, as well as individuals, to ponder and practise. The title page of the volume, promising, as it does, “notices of contemporary persons and events,” prepares us for meeting with many notable personages in addition to the immediate subject of the memoir, and with many incidents besides those directly connected with his personal history and work. And this promise is amply fulfilled. Indeed, we are not sure but that, however estimable these worthies may have been, there are rather too many of them introduced upon the canvass, that they occasionally overcrowd the principal figure, and that *their* doings are good-naturedly permitted, in some measure, to jostle *his* aside. We find, however, that as the subject of the biography takes a more prominent place in the Church, the smaller figures recede to a greater distance and occupy less room than before; and we see the strong man becoming conscious of his strength, and of the work to which he was called, and standing resolutely forward to play his part. We expect that in the next volume we shall find Jabez Bunting rapidly rising to the place which he so long occupied, and we look with lively interest for its appearance. Meanwhile, we tender a cordial welcome to the present moiety of the work, if, indeed, by skilful handling and strong compression, it shall prove to be really a moiety. We had anticipated, like others, that another respected member of Dr. Bunting’s family would have told the story of his venerable father’s life; but as far as the story has yet gone, it has been told so well, that we are entirely satisfied with the arrangement which assigned the task to the present biographer. In spite of the wide difference of professional habits and pursuits, we have in the author of the memoir a hearty sympathy with all that interested his parent, which is infinitely better than any fellow-feeling that is merely professional. We find just such avowals of connective or denominational preferences as we like to meet with, frank and manly, yet not obtrusive; decided, yet discriminating, combined with a cordial appreciation of whatever is excellent in other branches of the Church of Christ. It is quite refreshing to come in contact with a spirit so kindly and genial, so full of christian charity and good will, while, at the same time, the most strenuous Wesleyan must be satisfied that the biographer of Bunting regards Methodism

with as warm and intelligent esteem and affection as could possibly be desired. We rejoice to find such a man, in speaking of religious truth and experience, using without disguise, yet without parade, his "Methodist mother-tongue;" while his earnestness of tone, combined with his keen perception of character and thorough knowledge of the world, give us an ample guarantee that with him the old familiar words are not mere sounds and forms, but are full of genuine significance.

It affords us sincere pleasure to be able to speak of this volume in terms of cordial commendation. When the work is completed, we hope to be able to review it at a greater length.—*North British Review.*

News of the Churches.

TRACT CIRCULATION.

At a recent meeting in Toronto, held on behalf of the Religious Tract Society, London, Dr. Davis stated that the circulation of single tracts is very great. The one called "Friendly advice," had an annual circulation of 11,000; "Moses, the pious Negro," 16,000; "For Ever and Ever," 17,000; "Character is Everything," 18,000; on Sabbath-breaking, 21,000; "The Man that killed his Neighbour" (by kindness), 22,000; "Fire Escape," 30,000; "Fools' Pence," 44,000; "It's All Right, Father," 58,000; and another on the Sabbath question, 60,000. The old tract, "The Swearer's Prayer," had no less than 62,000 of an annual circulation. But these sank into insignificance when compared with the total. In 1850, the total annual circulation of the Society's works was 19,000,000; in '51, 20,000,000; in '52, 22,000,000; in '53, 25,000,000; in '54, 27,000,000; in '55, 28,000,000; in '56, 31,000,000; in '57, 33,000,000; in '58, 34,638,470; and this year 1859, 37,174,843.

RECEIPTS OF THE AMERICAN BOARD.

The receipts of the American Board for July, were \$60,018 82, which is a larger sum than ever before received in any one month since the Board was organized. In June and July, the receipts were \$100,000. The total receipts for the year ending July 31st, including donations and legacies, amounted to \$329,000. The deficit will be \$30,000, which will make the debt of the Board \$70,000.

MISSIONARIES FROM ANDOVER.

From the Andover Seminary, Massachusetts, we learn that that Institution has furnished 134 missionaries for the foreign field, 125 of them for the American Board, and that 66 of these are still in active service. The Scriptures have been translated by these into fourteen new languages, six of which had never been reduced to a written form. Three hundred more men have been furnished by Andover for the Home Missionary.

SUNDAY SCHOOL OF ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, NEW YORK.

"The Tenth Anniversary of the Sunday schools of St. George's Church was recently celebrated. The body of the House was reserved exclusively for the scholars and their teachers, and the spacious galleries of the church were filled to overflowing. The exercises were commenced with singing the hymn,

"Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning."

After prayer, and the singing of another hymn, the Rector stated, that the whole number of teachers and scholars present were 1564, of whom 1169 were connected with the home school, under his own superintendence; and 273 English, and 122 Germans, belonging to the Mission schools, corner of Nineteenth street and Avenue A. This is the location of the new Mission chapel, built by the contributions of the home school. In the course of a brief address to the children and the congregation, Dr. Tyng alluded to the continued growth and prosperity of his own schools, notwithstanding the increased number of schools in the

neighbourhood; and to the fact that, in addition to the regular Sunday school work, he had also a Saturday sewing school of 225 scholars, under the care of 23 teachers; an industrial school of 70 children; and a daily infant school of from 90 to 100 children. After the address, the Missionary offerings were made. Each class sent up to the chancel the amount collected during the year. The taste displayed in the names of these auxiliary societies, and the appropriate mottoes—sometimes a text of Scripture, and sometimes a verse of poetry—were very striking. There were “Conies,” and “Little Travellers Zionward.” “Lillies of the valley,” and “Sunbeams,” with “Honey out of the rock,” “Ministering children,” and “Grateful little ones.” These offerings, with some amounts previously paid in, amounted, for the year, to \$4224 02. After the offerings and the singing of another hymn, the books were distributed—each child and teacher receiving a volume, with his or her name written on the fly leaf.”

FATHER CHINIQUY.

A letter from Father Chiniquy to the Philadelphia *Presbyterian*, dated “St. Anne, Kankanee county, Illinois, August the 18th,” acknowledges the receipt of \$100 forwarded by the editors, and adds, “I am happy to tell you that on Tuesday last fifty-one of my dear countrymen in Middleport, (about twenty miles south) publicly renounced the errors of Rome, to embrace the truth as it is in Jesus Christ. Many of them had been the bitterest enemies of the gospel; but the fervent prayers, with the charities of the Christians of the East, have touched the heart of our God in their favour, and brought upon them the saving grace of our dear Redeemer. Please ask a continuance of prayers from the fervent people of of the Union Prayer Meetings of Philadelphia and New York, and of our brethren of the East. Speak to them again of the awful calamity which it is our lot to bear, and which cannot be alleviated but by the combined and united charity of the disciples of the Gospel. Pray, pray, dear brethren, for your devoted brother in Jesus Christ.”

DEPUTATION FROM IRELAND.

The Presbyterian General Assembly of Ireland has sent a deputation to the churches of America, consisting of Dr. Edgar of Belfast; the Rev Samuel Dill, of Ballymena; and the Rev. Mr. Wilson, of Limerick, to solicit their aid in the prosecution of their missionary work among the Roman Catholics, to whom many ways of access have been opened by the revival in Ireland.

THE REVIVALS IN WALES.

It is calculated that about 15,000 have been added to the churches of the different denominations in Cardiganshire since last December, and the additions to the Independent churches in the parish of Aberdare alone exceed 1,200. Besides these there are hundreds of churches in several districts of South and North Wales to whom additions of from 50 to 100 each have been made since the beginning of this year.

This revival is distinguished from all former awakenings with which the Welsh churches have been blessed from time to time by the prominence which is given to prayer and prayer meetings, and the hearty union of Christians of all evangelical denominations in these blessed exercises. The services are but very seldom interrupted by any audible manifestations of feeling; but floods of tears are generally shed, and sometimes the congregation remain after the close of the regular service for two or three hours to listen to some warm-hearted Christians repeating striking passages of Scripture, hymns, and personal experience in the most affecting tones.

THE FRENCH CATHOLICS OF CHICAGO.

It is well known that there is a French Catholic community in this city that sympathize with Chiniquy and his people at St. Anne. Bishop O'Regan took from them their house of worship and gave it to the Irish Catholics, an act which alienated them from the Hierarchy. Since that Chiniquy has frequently preached

to them and conducted their services in the Protestant form. They are ready to receive the truth and some few of them have come to a spiritual apprehension of Christ. It is a marked Providence that furnishes for them at this juncture just the man they need. Under commission from the American and Foreign Christian Union, the Rev. J. B. C. Beaubien has come to labour among them and to operate with Father Chiniquy. Mr. B. was of a wealthy French Canadian family, disinherited because of his becoming a Protestant, he set about securing an education by his own efforts. By teaching and other means he helped himself along through Rochester College, and this summer past he graduated from Bangor Theological Seminary. He had heard and admired Chiniquy in his childhood and now enters upon united service with him in great gratification and hope. He is able to preach in both the French and English languages. Last Sabbath he met the French congregation of this city for the first time. Seventy-five persons were present in the Industrial School House, their place of worship. The forms of worship were Protestant, and the sermon was from the text, "Show thyself a man," inculcating independence of thought and freedom from papal interdiction. The people were very attentive; some were moved even to tears; and gathering around their preacher at the end of the service, they said, now we have got a man and we will build a church and no Bishop shall have it. Mr. B. expects hereafter to preach there in the morning and afternoon, and to start a Sabbath School in the intermission. In the evening of last Sabbath Mr. B. preached in the Plymouth Church from the text, "And so were the churches established in the faith and increased in number daily," showing from the Bible and from Christian experience the importance of being established in the faith and the connection between this soundness in the faith and the prosperity of the church, illustrating the theme by reference to the Catholic system. The discourse was vigorous in thought and impressive in delivery. His allusion in tremulous, joyous accents to the time never to be forgotten when he found Jesus his friend and Saviour, was touching indeed and was brought in with other instances to prove that Catholics can be converted. He also gave an account of his recent visit to St. Anne, where he saw seven or eight hundred people hanging on the lips of Chiniquy to hear of the great salvation, and where he found confirmation of the reported suffering among the Colonists there, and of the genuineness of the work of grace going on in that parish.—*Congregational Herald.*

ITALY OPEN TO THE GOSPEL.

An appeal from the office of the American Foreign Christian Union says:—

"Very great efforts are now being made by the Waldensian church to spread the Gospel in Italy. Colporteurs have already circulated thousands of copies of the Bible among the soldiers of Turin and elsewhere. At the meeting of their synod, lately held at La Tour, it was urged strongly upon the executive of their church to prosecute vigorously the missionary work in Italy.

"The Rev. Mr. Malan, the late moderator, has gone to Florence, and is there preaching the Gospel with great success. "What changes hath God wrought!" Ten years ago their missionaries in that city were seized and imprisoned, and sent in chains to the frontier. Now religious toleration prevails, and the Word of God is openly preached.

"In a letter addressed to an Italian of this city, from Rome, occurs the following passage: "The New Testament is in the hands of many. We have received the last collection of money which you sent us, and with it have printed several thousand copies more than we were expecting to be able to make. The book is printed in Italy—Italy, this unhappy country which we inhabit. In Italy, thanks be to God, the Word of God is now printed in our own language."

"Again: "The Papacy is not disturbed by all the blows struck at her from a distance. Her heart is in Italy. Here is the life-blood of her existence. From hence it flows, and this is the only place where she feels the fatal blow."

"It would be a matter of great thankfulness would the friends of Christ and civil freedom send us ten thousand dollars for this work of evangelisation in Italy."

Hills from the Fountains of Israel.

HIDING-PLACES FOR THE PRUDENT.—BY DR. ARNOT.

“A prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself: but the simple pass on, and are punished.”—*Proverbs xxii. 3.*

One main element of safety is a just estimate of danger. Many of the great disasters that have occurred in war are due to the rashness which springs from undervaluing the enemy's power. He who foresees the evil, hides himself until it pass; and he who so hides himself, escapes the storm which lays lofty rashness low. There is much room for this species of prudence to exercise itself upon, in relation both to the present life and to that which is to come. There are both encompassing dangers and safe hiding-places in the several regions of our secular business, our moral conduct, and our religious hopes.

1. In the ordinary business of life there are evils which may be foreseen by the prudent, and places of shelter in which he may safely lie. When speculation is rife, for example,—when all that a man has, and much that belongs to his neighbour, is risked at a throw, and a fortune made by return of post,—when people, made giddy by success, rush farther and faster into the stream,—evil is near and imminent. It hangs like a thunder-cloud overhead. The prudent, in such an hour, is on his guard. He seeth the evil before the bolt has actually fallen. He seeks a place of shelter. Nor is that shelter far away. His daily labour and his legitimate business will be a sufficient defence against these foes. A disciple who has his heart in heaven, should beware of fretting because his hands are full all day long with earthly business. Labour, when the Lord appoints it for His people, is a strong wall built round them to keep dangerous enemies out.

2. Evils lie before us in the region of practical morality—evils for which the prudent keep a sharp out-look. Frivolous and licentious companions, theatres, Sabbath amusements, and a multitude of cognate enticements press upon a young man like wind: if he be like chaff, he will be carried away. The wisest course is to go into hiding. In your father's house and in your sister's company,—among sober associates and instructive books,—in the study of nature or the practice of art,—a multitude of hiding-places are at hand. Even there the enemy will seldom find you. But a deeper, safer refuge still,—a strong tower of defence, from which all the fiery darts of the wicked will harmlessly rebound,—is that “name of the Lord” into which the righteous run. All the power of the world and its good can neither drive a refugee forth from that hiding-place, or hurt him within it.

3. But the greatest evils lie in the world to come, and only the eye of faith can foresee them. To be caught by death unready, and placed before the judgment-seat without a plea, and then cast out for ever, are evils so great, that in their presence all others disappear like stars in the glare of day. But great though they are, the prudent may foresee, and the trustful prevent them. There is a refuge, but its gate opens into Time. If the prudent do not enter now, the simple will knock in vain at the closed door, when he has passed on into eternity without any part in Christ. If the needy are numerous, the refuge is ample. If the exposed are in poverty, the admission is free. If the adversary is legion, the Saviour is God.

“The simple pass on, and are punished,” “How long, ye simple, will ye love simplicity?” Although the saved are not their own saviours, the lost are their own destroyers. The reason why they perish is declared by Him who knows their hearts: “Ye will not come unto Me.” A man is passing on in the way which he has chosen. He is eating and drinking, and making merry. Guilt is on his conscience, but he feels not its fiery bite; wrath is treasured over him, but he fears not its final outpouring. The open door of mercy abuts upon his downward path, but he heeds it not: he passes on—he passes by it. As he passes, a voice falls upon his ear; it is the voice of God's own Son conjuring him with strong crying and tears to turn and live. Startled for a moment by the sound, he pauses and looks; but seeing nothing that takes his fancy, he passes on again.

Again, a voice behind him cries, in tones which show that life and death eternal are turning on their hinge. "Repent, lest you perish! why will you die?" He stops and looks behind. It is a fit of seriousness, but it soon goes off. He heard a sound; but it must have been an echo in the mountains, or a call to some wanderer who has lost his way. Stopping his ears, and shutting his eyes, he passes on. Deaf to warnings from above, and blind to beacons reared before him, he still passes on, until, at a moment when he counts his footing firmest, he stumbles over the brink of life, and falls into the hands of the living God! This fall, the Bible tells us, "is a fearful thing." Fear it now, and flee, ye who are passing on through life in your sin, and without a Saviour. Surely it should be plain to any rational being, that though a man may live without God in the world, he cannot escape God when he dies. Do those who are passing on with their backs to Christ, and their hearts full of vain shows, know where life's boundary-line lies, or what awaits themselves beyond it? Why will men pass on, if they are on such a path that another step may be perdition?

If there was no hope, the wanderers would have no resource but to go forward in despair until their doom declared itself. But here, and now, blessed hope abounds. Cease to go on neglecting the great salvation, and the great salvation is ready for you. Seek, and ye shall find. They are not the great, and the wise, and the good, who escape, but the sinners who seek the Saviour,—the prudent who foresee the evil, and hide. The question is not, How great is your sin? or, How long have you been a sinner? If you are lost while another is saved, it is not because your guilt is greater than his, but because you neglected the salvation which he deemed precious. If the simple is punished at last, it is because, in spite of a beseeching, weeping Saviour, he "passed on" through the day of grace, and fell upon the day of judgment.

REST, BUT DO NOT LOITER.

In the busiest part of busy London, stands a sort of stile or platform, just at the junction of Fleet Street and Farringdon. Past that stile, in the crowded street-crossing, two vast tides of travel are pouring; one of them from the old "city" to "West End," and the other pours over Blackfriars Bridge. Along the side of that platform runs a rude bench, and over it is the inscription, "REST, BUT DO NOT LOITER." On that plebeian bench—that poor man's sofa (hard as the poor man's lot)—thousands of weary folk sit down every day to rest. The errand-boy lays down his parcel beside it. The sad-faced seamstress, with her bundie of unfinished work, and the over-laden washerwoman on her way home, halt a moment at the stile, and relieve their tired limbs. The bright-eyed youngster of the "Shoebblack Brigade," takes his seat there occasionally, and looks out for customers in the thronging crowd. The little spot would soon clog up with boys, beggars, and bundles; so that the notice is written upon the stile, "REST, BUT DO NOT LOITER."

I never went by that benevolently contrived resting-place last summer without reading that inscription. The words used to go with me as I went on my homeward way. I thought to myself, "What a capital motto that is for a Christian '*Rest, but do not loiter!*'"

In the busy whirl of life he needs rest. God has provided for him a day of repose—one day in seven. It is provided as a season of rest for the body, and of sublime recreation for the care-worn spirit. But not a day for lounging—for over-sleeping—for neglecting God's house, and the soul's high duties. Over the bright portal of every blessed Sabbath, as we enter it, let us write, *Rest, but do not loiter!*

An active follower of the Lord Jesus will sometimes reach a point where his spirits are delightfully refreshed. So the travel-worn Israelites felt when they reached the "three-score wells and palm-trees" of *Elin*. So Elijah felt beneath the juniper. So felt the persecuted Paul when in the hospitable house of Onesiphorus. God permits at such places a brief hour of recruiting. But when the soul gets to hankering after such spots as the permanent abiding place, the voice of duty says, "Up! get ye out of this place!" *Rest a little while, but do not loiter.*

Some people do not rest enough. They wear out from over-driving. Brain, hand, and heart, are allowed no repose, and no recreation. A man of God has no right thus to commit suicide. But where one wears out, a hundred rust out. In every large

church, hundreds may be found who ensconce themselves down snugly under the hedges for a little "rest," and then forget to wake up again. A pastor gives up his charge (without a good reason) to seek repose; but by-and-by he is found sauntering through the churches, waiting for "something to turn up." A teacher quits the Sabbath-school, "Only for a little while," he says; somehow or other he never gets back again to his post. These men have quit *resting*; they have gone to *loitering*. What meanest thou, oh, sleeper? God's motto for you is, *Rest, but do not loiter*.

There is a time coming in which every Christian will have abundant repose. For his weary head and aching heart a *rest remaineth*. Not a lounging-place for the selfish sluggard, but a condition of such pure, gentle, holy, untiring activity, that the Word of God describes it as a "rest." In that blissful world the ever-employed soul will have no time to loiter; but he will have a whole endless eternity for rest.

To make ready for that world, and to prepare others for it, allows of no loitering. To relieve the suffering—to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction—to keep up secret prayer and inward godliness—to cast the purifying salt of the Gospel into earth's foul, fetid places—to keep our lusts down—to keep our faith up—to keep our hands and hearts in motion heavenward—to carry out all the *minutiæ* of a religious life—all this requires unceasing diligence.

"Then *rest not long*, though dreams be sweet;
Start up and ply your heavenward feet.
Is not God's oath upon your head,
Ne'er to sink back on slothful bed.
Never again your loins untie,
Nor let your torches waste and die,
Till where the shadows thicken: fall.
Ye hear your Master's midnight call.

T. L. CUYLER.

The Fragment Basket.

THE CHARACTER OF JESUS CHRIST.—Never was a character at the same time so commanding and natural, so resplendent and pleasing, so amiable and venerable as that of Jesus Christ. There is a peculiar contrast in it, between an awful greatness, dignity, and grandeur, and the most conciliating loveliness, tenderness and softness. Such a character is fairer than the morning star, each separate virtue is made stronger by opposition, and the union of so many virtues forms a brightness which fitly represents the glory of that God, who dwelleth in light inaccessible.—*Archbishop Newcombe*.

THE COMPANY OF HEAVEN.—It is pleasant, amid the jars and discords of this lower world, to meet and mingle with the great and good and noble spirits that are to be found among us, and to refresh the weary, world-worn mind by association with the pure and holy-hearted: after the busy cares and petty trials of this work-day world are over, to sit quietly down by the fireside, or among the two or three who have met together, and converse of that home to which each closing day is bringing us nearer, and toward which our united hearts and hopes are tending.

And if the communion of saints on earth is so sweet, if the society of the good and lovely is to be desired, what must it be to mingle in the grand assemblage above? Heaven has been gathering to itself through countless ages whatever is congenial to its nature, and enriching itself with the spoils of the earth. Whatever we look upon as holy and excellent, elevated and worthy to be loved in the character of man, is found gathered and still gathering in that multitude which no man can number in the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem.

From every century, every generation, out of every people, and nation, and kindred, and tongue, since the world began, a long procession has ascended, and still passes onward, comprising all that is best, and noblest, and brightest in man, all that is holy, all that is true, all that makes earth safe and pleasant to dwell in, and joining itself to that church of the first-born which is written in heaven,

and to the spirits of just men made perfect. There are those whom we have known and loved.—The hoary head walking among us for so many years in the ways of wisdom, the soldier of the cross, who had learned to live not unto himself, but unto Him who died—the gentle, pure hearted, loving ones—the tender infant—all taking their place in the ranks of those who are “without fault,” before the throne. Once safe within those portals, how glorious their communion, how pure their intercourse. Nothing but holiness, and happiness and love bind together the family of heaven. Is this the companionship in which we trust to spend our eternal years? What manner of persons ought we, then, to be, in all holy conversation and godliness, looking for, and hastening unto the day when we, too, shall join in that innumerable multitude, and unite with them in the ever new song of praise to Him who hath covered us with a righteousness, and made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light.—*Christian Witness.*

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

TROUBLES.—Many of God's people have a manufactory at the back of their houses, in which they manufacture troubles; and home-made troubles, like other home-made things, last a very long while, and generally fit very uncomfortably. Troubles of God's sending are always suitable—the right sort for our backs; but those we make are of the wrong sort, and they always last us longer than God's. I have known an old lady to sit and fret because she believed she would die in a work-house, and she wanted God to give her grace accordingly; but what would have been the good of that, because the Lord meant that she should die in her own quiet bed-room.—*Spurgeon.*

BEARING FALSE WITNESS.—The best definition we ever heard of “bearing false witness against your neighbour,” was given by a little girl at school. She said it was when nobody did nothing, and somebody went and told it.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—Some one has said of those who die young, that “they are like the lambs which the Alpine Shepherds bear in their arms to higher, greener pastures, that the flocks may follow.”

THE GREAT OBJECT OF LIFE.—Anthony sought happiness in love, Brutus in glory, Cæsar in dominion. The first found disgrace, the second disgust, the last ingratitude, and each destruction.

WHAT IS FAITH?—It is one direct, spontaneous movement, of child-like confidence in God, for Christ's sake. The heart rests all upon Christ, all its care, all sin. It hangs altogether upon him, and says to him from its very depth, “My God and my all.” The believer does not think of himself, his faith, his love, or his feelings. So far as he does so, he ceases to exercise faith. Faith sees none but Christ, and rejoices to give him all the glory.—*British Messenger.*

WRONG.—No temporizing with a wrong can stand. It roots itself the deeper in corrupt humanity, and demands more room. Collision constantly ensues at every point of its widening circumference. Wrong, grown haughty by indulgence, more imperiously demands concession; and conscience weakened by compromise yields more cravenly than ever.—*Rev. Dudley A. Tyng.*

Poetry.

FEAR NOT.

O cling not, trembler, to life's fragile bark,
It fills—it soon must sink!
Look not below, where all is chill and dark;
'Tis agony to think
Of the wild waste. But look, O, look above,
And see the outstretched arm of love.

Cling not to this poor life. Unlock thy clasp
Of fleeting vapory air:
The world receding soon will mock thy grasp.
But let the wings of prayer
Take heaven's own blessed breeze and flee,
And life from God shall enter thee.

Look not so fondly back on this false earth,
Let hope not linger here,
Say, would the worm forego its second birth,
Or the transition fear
That gives it wings to try a world unknown,
Although it wakes and mounts alone.

But thou art not alone; on either side
The portal friends stand guard;
And the kind spirits wait thy course to guide.
Why, why should it be hard
To trust our Maker with the soul he gave,
Or Him who died that soul to save?

Into his hands commit thy trembling spirit,
Who gave his life for thine,
Guilty, fix all thy trust upon his merit:
'Tis him thy heart resign.
O give him love for love, and sweetly fall,
Into his hands who is thy all.

JOSIAH CONDER.

PATIENCE TAUGHT BY NATURE.

“Dreary life!” we cry, “O dreary life!”
And still the generations of the birds
Sing through our sighing, and the flocks and herds
Serenely live while we are keeping strife
With Heaven's true purpose in us, as a knife
Against which we may struggle. Ocean girds
Unslackened the dry land; savannah-swards
Unweary sweep: hills watch, unworn; and rise,
Meek leaves drop yearly from the forest-trees,
To show, above, the unwasted stars that pass
In their old glory. O thou God of old!
Grant me some smaller grace than comes to *these*;
But so much patience as a blade of grass
Grows by contented through the heat and cold.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Family Reading.

“LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION.”

The following affecting incident presents one important lesson to parents and guardians. It shows that we are not to tempt children in order to test their honesty. From this incident we further see that the young barrister acted prudently when he appealed to the Bible in behalf of his juvenile client.

“Law though framed for the protection of society, for the individual benefit of its members, often admits of a construction adverse to the design of its framers, and, in its application, frequently defeats the object which it was intended to sustain. We have, however, numerous instances wherein honest juries have given their verdicts conformable to the promptings of justice; and happily, when such decisions have not been two widely different from the expressed rule, they have escaped from the appeal.

“We take great pleasure in relating an incident which greatly enlisted our sympathies, held us spell-bound by its interest, and finally made our heart leap with joy at its happy termination.

“A few years ago, we were spending a few days during the spring, in a beautiful inland country town in Pennsylvania. It was assize week, and, to relieve us from the somewhat monotonous incidents of a village life, we stepped into the court-house where the assizes were being held.

“Among the prisoners in the box, we saw a lad about ten years of age, whose sad, and pensive countenance, his young and innocent appearance, caused him to look sadly out of the place among the hardened criminals by whom he was surrounded. Close by the box, and manifesting great interest in the proceedings, sat a tearful woman, whose anxious glance from the judge to the boy, left us no room to doubt that it was his mother. We turned with sadness from the scene to inquire of the offence of the prisoner, and learned that he was accused of stealing money.

“The case was soon opened, and by the interest manifested by that large crowd, we found that our heart was not the only one in which sympathy for the lad existed. How we pitied him. The bright smile of youth had vanished from his face, and now it seemed more to express the cares of the aged. His young sister, a bright-eyed girl, had gained admission to his side, and cheered him with the whisperings of hope. But that sweet voice, which before caused his heart to bound with happiness, added only to the grief which his shame had brought upon him.

“The progress of the case made us acquainted with the circumstance of the loss, the amount of which was but a shilling—no more!

“The lad’s employer, a wealthy, miserly, and unprincipled manufacturer, had made use of it for the purpose of what he called ‘testing the boy’s honesty’. It was placed where from its very position, the lad would oftenest see it, and least suspect the trap.

“A day passed, and the master, to his mortification, not pleasure, found the coin untouched. Another day passed, and yet his object was not gained. He was, however, determined that the boy should take it, and so let it remain.

“This continued temptation was too much for the lad’s resistance. The shilling was taken. A simple present for that little sister was purchased with it. But, while returning home to gladden her heart, his own heart was made heavy by his being arrested for theft, a crime, the nature of which he scarcely knew.

“These circumstances were substantiated by several of his employer’s women, who had been parties to the plot. A barrister urged upon the jury the necessity of making this ‘little rogue’ an example to others by punishment. His address had great effect upon all who heard it. Before, I could see many tears of sympathy for the lad, his widowed mother, and faithful sister; but their eyes were all dry now, and none looked as if they cared for or expected aught else than a conviction.

“The accuser sat in a conspicuous place, smiling as if in fiend-like exultation over the misery he had brought upon that poor, though once happy trio.

"We felt that there was but little hope for the boy; and the youthful appearance of the counsel, who had volunteered his defence, gave no encouragement, as we learned that it was the young man's maiden plea—his first address. He appeared greatly confused, and reached to a desk near him, from which he took the Bible which had been used to solemnize the testimony.

"This movement was received with general laughter and taunting remarks, among which we heard a harsh fellow, close by us, cry out, 'He forgets where he is; thinking to take hold of some ponderous law book, he has made a mistake and got the Bible.'

"The remark made the young barrister flush with anger, and turning his flashing eye upon the audience, he convinced them it was no mistake, saying, 'Justice wants no other book.'

"His confusion was gone, and instantly he was as calm as the Judge upon the bench.

The Bible was opened, and every eye was upon him as he quietly and leisurely turned over the leaves, and amid a breathless silence, he read to the jury this sentence: '*Lead us not into temptation.*' A minute of unbroken silence again followed, and again he read, '*Lead us not into temptation.*'

"We felt our heart throb at the sound of these words. The audience looked at each other without speaking, and the jurymen mutely exchanged glances, as that appropriate quotation carried its moral to their hearts.—Then followed an address, which, for its pathetic eloquence, we have never heard excelled. Its influence was like magic. We saw the guilty accuser leave the room in fear of personal violence. The prisoner looked hopeful, the mother smiled again, and before its conclusion, there was not an eye in court that was not moist, the speech affecting to that degree which causes tears, holding its hearers spell-bound.

"The little time that was necessary to transpire before the verdict of the jury could be learned was a period of great anxiety and suspense. But when their whispering consultation ceased, and those happy words, 'NOT GUILTY,' came from the foreman, they passed like a thrill of electricity from lip to lip; the austere dignity of the court was forgotten, and not a voice was there that did not join the acclamations that hailed the lad's release.

"The barrister's first plea was a successful one. He was soon a favourite, and now represents his district in the councils of the nation. The lad has never ceased his grateful remembrances, and we, by the affecting scene herein attempted to be described, have often been led to think how very much greater is the criminality of the tempter than that of the tempted."

THE SIMPLICITY OF CHRISTIAN RITUAL.

"Beauty, it is true, is not hostile to goodness: on the contrary, the Beautiful and the Good, ever closely akin, blend ultimately in the one glorious unity of the Divine nature. The highest perception and keenest relish for the Beautiful, therefore, is that which is possible only to the pure and holy mind.

Yet there is a lower sensibility to Beauty which is attainable apart from the moral condition of the heart, and which is often felt most keenly by the most unspiritual and irreligious of men. A refined bodily organization, a susceptible nervous system, a strongly emotional temperament, especially if these be combined with a mind of some measure of intellectual culture, will render a man extremely sensitive to the beauty of the outer accompaniments of religious worship.

The faculties which qualify their possessor for the pleasures of taste, which enable him to take delight in art or nature, in poetry or painting or music, in scenic effects or dramatic exhibitions, are identical with those which an elaborate and poetic ritual calls into play. And there is, therefore, a semi-sensuous delight in religious worship imposingly conducted, which may be felt by the least conscientious even more than by the sincerely devout.

The soul that is devoid of true reverence towards God may be rapt into a spurious elation, while in rich and solemn tones the loud-voiced organ peals forth His praise. The heart that never felt one throb of love to Christ may thrill with an ecstasy of sentimental tenderness, while soft voices now blending, now dividing, in com-

bined or responsive strains, celebrate the glories of redeeming love. And not seldom the most sensual and profligate of men have owned to that strange, undefined, yet delicious feeling of awe and elevation that steals over the spirit in some fair adorned temple on which all the resources of art have been lavished, where soft light floods the air, and mystic shadows play over pillar, and arch, and vaulted roof, and the hushed and solemn stillness is broken only by the voice of prayer or praise. Christian thought and feeling may indeed appropriate to its own high uses these outer things. All that is noble in taste and beautiful in art it may lay hold of, and, by the inner transforming power of devotion, enoble and spiritualize. Nay, Religion, in one sense, asserts its right to all that is beautiful, and noble, and lovely on earth, and by its regal touch confers on earthly things a heavenly dignity. There are ways in which all the treasures of genius, all the creations of poetry, all the resources of art, may be made tributary to this cause of Christ. Still it should never be forgotten that, if largely introduced into the act of religious worship, the refinements of art may become to multitudes, not the means, but the end. Instead of walking by the light you kindle, many, gazing on the beauty of the lamp, will stumble in the Christian path. For one that can take hold of the angel's hand, there are multitudes who will content themselves with gazing artistically on the splendor of his vesture. It is easy to admire the sheen of the sapphire throne, while we leave its glorious occupant unreverenced and unrecognised. Banish from the service of God all coarseness and rudeness, all that would distract by offending the taste of the worshipper, just as much as all that would disturb by subjecting him to bodily discomfort, and you leave the spirit free for its own pure and glorious exercise. But too studiously adorn the sanctuary and its services; obtrude an artificial beauty on the eye and the sense of the worshipper, and you will surely lead to formalism and self-deception. The meretricious attractions of form may bring numbers, but it will not add true strength to the Church. The artistic splendor of ritual may kindle many hearts with emotion, but it will be with unhallowed fire. Better that the world should stay away than join Christ's rank on false pretences; better that the hearts of men should remain utterly cold, than that warmed by spurious feeling, they should deem themselves inspired by a pure and holy flame."—*Rev. John Caird.*

GIVE GOD HIS DAY.

Reader, do not be a robber. He that steals breaks God's eighth commandment. Above all do not rob God. Sunday is God's property. *Give God His Day.* I do entreat you for your soul's sake not to profane the Sabbath, but to keep it Holy. Do not buy, or sell, or idle your time on Sunday. Let not the example of all around you, let not the invitation of companions, let none of these things move you to depart from this settled rule, that *God's day shall be given to God.* The Sabbath is one of the greatest blessings which God has given to man. Do not make a bad use of this blessing. He that cannot give God his Sabbath is unfit for heaven. Heaven is an eternal Sabbath. Oh! while you live *give God his day.*

Once give over caring for the Sabbath and you will give over caring for your soul. The steps which lead to this conclusion are easy and regular. Begin with not honouring God's day, and you will soon not honour God's house; cease to honour God's house, and you will soon cease to honour God's Book, and-by-and-by you will give God no honour at all. Let a man lay the foundation of having *no Sabbath*, and I am never surprised if he finishes with the topstone of *no God.* Reader, resolve by God's help that you will always remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Honour it by regular attendance at some place where the gospel is preached. Settle down under a faithful ministry. and, once settled, let your place in church never be empty. *Give God His Day.*—*Rev. J. C. Ryle.*

YOU MAY SAVE A SOUL.

O, what a happy thing it is to be the means of saving *one* soul! What joy did the first missionaries in Tahiti feel, when after sixteen years of toil, they first heard the voice of prayer from a Tahitian's lips! All their weariness was forgotten; their joy made amends for all those sixteen years of labour and danger; and they shed tears of grateful happiness, for—a soul was saved.

What was it made the dying missionary, Boardman, so happy, though on a journey in the Karen wilderness, where he had not a roof to shade his aching head from the fiery sun by day, nor to shelter him from the cold and fog by night? What was it? It was the unspeakable joy of seeing the converts, who were coming forward to confess their Saviour. It was to witness their baptism, and speak his last words to them, that he had undertaken his journey, carried all the while on his bed; and, though death overtook him before he reached his home, he felt nothing but joy—he was surrounded by *saved souls*.

Children! would you not like to save a soul? “Ah,” you say, “if we were grown up.” No, you need not wait till you are men and women. I can tell you of one soul that I am sure can be saved, and just now. And you may have something to do with it. That soul is your own! I am sure of this; for one of the last verses of the Bible is, “Whosoever will, let him take of the waters of life freely;” and Jesus himself says “Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.”

THE SUNDAY MORNING DREAM.

My first day of returning health, after many weeks of severe illness, was a bright Sunday in June. I was well enough to sit at an open window in my easy chair, and as our house stood in a pleasant garden in the suburbs of London, the first roses of the year scented the soft breeze that fanned my pale cheek, and revived my languid frame.

The bells of our parish church were just beginning their chimes, and the familiar sound awakened in me an intense longing to be with the family once more, a Worshipper in the house of God.

I took up my Bible, and Prayer Book, which had been placed ready on the table beside me, intending to begin to read when the hour of the eleven o'clock service should be announced by the ceasing of the bells; in the meantime I closed my eyes and soothed my impatient wishes by picturing to myself the shady avenues of blossoming limes that led to our church, and the throngs that would now be entering it for the public worship of the day.

All at once I seemed to be walking in the beautiful churchyard, yet prevented from gratifying my eager wish to enter the church, by some irresistible though unseen hand. One by one the congregation, in their gay Sunday dresses, passed me by, and went in where I vainly strove to follow. The parish children in two long and orderly trains, defiled up the staircases into the galleries, and except a few stragglers hurrying in, as feeling themselves late, I was left alone.

Suddenly I was conscious of some awful presence, and I felt myself addressed by a voice of most sweet solemnity, in words to this effect:

“Mortal, who by divine mercy has just been permitted to return from the gates of the grave, pause before thou enterest God’s holy house again; reflect how often thou hast profaned his solemn public worship by irreverence, or by inattention which is in His sight, irreverence; consider well the great privilege, the unspeakable benefit and blessing of united prayer, lest by again abusing it thou dost the patience of thy long suffering God, and tempt Him forever to deprive thee of that which hitherto thou hast so little valued.”

Seeing me cast down my eyes, and blush with conscious guilt, the gracious being continued in a milder tone: “I am one of those angels commissioned to gather the prayers of the saints, and form them into wreaths of glorious incense that they may rise to the throne of God. Enter thou with me, and thou shalt for thy warning, be able to discern those among the emotions about to be offered, which are acceptable to Him, and to see how few in number, how weak and unworthy they are.” As he ceased speaking I found myself by the side of the angel still, but within the church, and so placed that I could distinctly see every part of the building.

“Observe,” said the angel, “that those prayers which come from the heart, and which alone ascend on high, seem to be well uttered aloud. They will be more or less audible in proportion to their earnestness: when the thoughts wander, the sounds will grow faint, and even cease altogether.”

This explained to me why the organist though apparently playing with all his might, produced no sound, and why, presently after when the service began, though the lips of many moved, and all appeared attentive, only a few faint murmurings were heard.

How strange and awful it is to note the sort of death-like silence that prevailed in whole pews, in which as was thus evident, no heart was raised in gratitude to Heaven; even in the *Te Deum* and *Jubilate*, the voices sometimes sank into total silence. After

the *Credo* there was a low murmuring in the versicles and then distinct and clear above all other sounds, a sweet childish voice softly, reverently repeated the Lord's Prayer. I turned in the direction of the sound, and distinguished among the children a very little boy. His hands were clasped together as he knelt, his eyes were closed, his gentle face composed in reverence; and as the angel wrote on his tablets the words that fell from those infant lips, his smile like a sunbeam illuminated the church for a moment, and I remembered the words of holy David, when he said, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."

Presently I was again reminded of a scripture passage—the prayer of the publican. A wretched looking man who swept the crossing near the church, lounged into the centre aisle during the reading of the lesson, his occupation for the hour being suspended.

The second lesson was the 24th chapter of St. Matthew; some verses attracted his attention; he listened with more and more seriousness, until he at length put his hand over his face, and exclaimed aloud, "What will become of me at the day of judgment; Lord, have mercy on me a sinner." That prayer was inserted on the angel's tablets. O may it not stand alone, but be an awakening of better things. May God indeed have mercy on such poor neglected ones as he, and raise up some to teach them, and care for their immortal souls. After this, growing accustomed to the broken murmurs and interrupted sounds, I followed many a humble Christian through large portions of the *Litany*; though often when I was listening with hopeful attention, a sudden and total pause showed but too plainly that the thoughts of the kneeling suppliant had wandered far away, and that he who had appeared so earnest in his devotions had become languid and silent like the rest of the congregation.

"Thou art shocked at what thou hast observed," said the angel. "I will show thee greater abominations than these. God is strong and patient; he is provoked every day. Listen now, and thou shalt hear the thoughts of these people; so shalt thou have some faint idea of the forbearance God continually exercises toward those who draw near to him with their lips, while their hearts are so far from him."

As the angel spoke, my ears were deafened with a clamour which would have been shocking at a public meeting, but which here in God's holy house, was awfully profane. The countenances remained indeed as composed and serious as before; the lips moved with the words of prayer, but the phrases they uttered were of the world and its occupations.

"How shamefully late Mrs. Slack always comes," said one woman, who, looking over the edge of her Prayer Book, saw her neighbour and a train of daughters bustling into the next pew. "What an example to set to her family, thank goodness no one can accuse me of that sin."

"New bonnets again already!" exclaimed the last comer, returning the neighbourly glance from the other seat, ere she composed herself to the semblance of devotion. "How they can afford it Heaven only knows, and their father owing all his Christmas bills yet. If my girls look shabby, at least we pay our debts."

"Ah! there's Tom Scott," nodded a young man to his friend in the opposite gallery, "he is growing quite religious and respectable: he has been at church two Sundays running: how much longer will the devout fit last?"—These were shocking and striking examples of irreverence; there were hapily not many such; the involuntary wanderings of the thoughts were more common.

I was much interested in a young couple near me, whose attention for a considerable part of the service had been remarkable. From the dress of the young man, I judged him to be a clergyman; the lady wore deep mourning; they were evidently betrothed; they read out of one book. Gradually he forgot the awful presence in which he stood, his eyes wandered from the Bible to her gentle face, and fixing there, called off his thoughts from heaven.

"How good she is, he began to say; how attentive to her prayers, as to all other duties! What a sweet wife she will make! How happy I am to have won her love."

By this time the countenance of the young girl wore an expression which showed that she felt the earnestness of his gaze; her eyelids trembled, her attention wavered; and though she looked at the book some moments longer, she began to murmur of earthly things, and I heard her say, "O how he loves me—even here he cannot forget that I am beside him." It was many minutes before either of them returned in spirit to their devotions.

As the service proceeded the attention of the congregation flagged more and more—the hubbub of the worldly talk increased. One man composed a letter he intended to

send, and even altered whole passages, and rounded elegant periods, without one check or recollection of the holy place where he stood. Another repeated a long dialogue which had passed between him and a friend the night before, and considered how he might have spoken more to the purpose. Some young girls rehearsed scenes with their lovers—some recalled the incidents of their last ball. Careful house-wives planned economy, gave warning to their servants, arranged the turning of a gown, or decided on the most becoming trimming of a bonnet.

To me, conscious of the recording angel's presence, all this solemn mockery of worship was frightful. I would have given worlds to have raised this congregation to a sense of what they were doing; and to my comfort, I saw for the involuntary offender a gentle warning was provided. A frown from the angel, or the waving of his impatient wings, as if about to quit a place so desecrated, recalled the wandering thoughts of many a soul, unconscious whence came the breath that revived the dying flame of their devotions, their self blame, tears of penitence and bitter remorse, of which those kneeling nearest knew nothing, wrung the heart shocked at its own careless ingratitude, wondering at and adoring the forbearance of the Almighty, while more concentrated thought, and I trust more fervent prayers, succeeded to the momentary forgetfulness. In spite of all these, however, the amount of real devotion was small; and when I looked at the angels tablets, I was shocked to see how little was written there. Out of three hundred Christians, thought I, assembled after a week of mercies, to praise and bless the Giver of all good, are these few words, the sum of what they offer.

“Look to thyself,” said the angel, reading my inmost thoughts. Such as these are, such hast thou long been. Darest thou, after what has been revealed thee, act such a part again! O could thy mortal ears bear to listen to the songs of the rejoicing angels before the throne of the Almighty, thou wouldst indeed wonder at the condescending mercy which stoops to accept these few faint wandering notes of prayer and praise. Yet the sinless angels veil their faces before Him in whose presence man stands boldly up with a mockery of worship as thou hast seen this day. Remember the solemn warning, lest hereafter it be counted to thee an aggravation of guilt.”

Suddenly the sweet solemn voice ceased, the glorious angel disappeared, and so oppressive was the silence and loneliness, that I started and awoke. My watch pointed to the hour of eleven; it must have been the stopping of the bells that interrupted my slumbers and all this solemn scene had passed before my mind in the short space of a few minutes. May the lesson I learned in those few minutes never be effaced from my heart; and if this account of them should recall one wandering thought in the house of prayer, or teach any to value more highly and cultivate more carefully the privileges of joining in the public worship of our church, it will not have been written in vain.—*English paper.*

HOLD ON, OR LET GO.

Many months after I had an opportunity for conversation with my persevering friend, I made another attempt to learn (as I had sometimes tried to learn before), what it was that kept her in her unbelief for so long a time in those dark days of her wearisome seeking.

“You have asked me that,” she said, “more than once before, and I never could tell you. I have often thought of it, but it always seemed mysterious to me. I believed the Spirit had led me, but I did not know how. But awhile ago, in one of my backslidings, I thought I found out something about it.”

“Well, how was it?”

“I was in a cold state,” said she; “I had lost all the little light I ever had. I knew I had done wrong, I had too much neglected prayer, my heart had become worldly, and for a good many weeks I was in trouble and fear, for I knew I had wandered far from God. Then I thought I felt just as I used to, before I had any hope, when I was coming to your house so much. And then I tried to recollect what I did to come to the light at that time, so as to do the same thing now. But I couldn't remember anything about it. However, while I was trying, one thing came to my mind which did me some good. You know your sermon that you preached just before I came to have any hope—I don't remember the text—but it was about wandering sinners lost on the mountains.”

“No, indeed, madam, I have no recollection of it.”

“Well, I can't tell you what it was; I can't repeat it; may be I can tell enough to make you remember. I know you represented us in that sermon as lost sinners, lost

in the woods, wandering over mountain after mountain, in dark and dangerous places among the rocks and precipices, not knowing where we were going. It grew darker and darker—we were groping along, sometimes on the brink of a dreadful precipice, and didn't know it. Then some of us began to fall down the steep mountains, and thought we should be dashed to pieces. (I know I thought so.) But we caught hold of the bushes to hold ourselves up by them; some bushes would give way, and then we would catch others, and hold on till they gave way, broke, or tore up by the roots, and then we would catch others, and others. Don't you remember it, sir?"

"Partly. But go on."

"Well, you said our friends were calling to us, as we hung by the bushes on the brink, and we called to one another '*hold on—hold on.*' Then, you said this cry, '*hold on—hold on,*' might be a very natural one for anybody to make, if he should see a poor creature hanging over the edge of a precipice, clinging to a little bush with all his might—if the man didn't see anything *else*. But you said there was another thing to be seen, which these '*hold on*' people didn't seem to know anything about. You said the Lord Jesus Christ was down at the bottom of the precipice, lifting up both His hands to catch us, if we would consent to fall into His arms, and was crying out to us, '*let go—let go—let go.*' Up above, all around where we were, you said they were crying out '*hold on—hold on.*' Down below, you said, Jesus Christ kept crying out '*let go—let go;*' and if we only knew who He was, and would *let go* the bushes of sin and self-righteousness, and fall into the arms of Christ, we should be saved. And you said we had better stop our noise and *listen*, and hear *His* voice, and *take* His advice—and '*let go.*'"

"Don't you recollect that sermon, sir?"

"Yes, only you have preached it better than I did."

"Well when I remembered that sermon last spring, in my dark, back-slidden state, I tried to obey it. I '*let go everything*, and trusted myself to Christ; and in a little while, my heart was comforted—my hope came back again. And afterwards, when I was wondering at it, I thought, perhaps it was just so, when you preached that sermon a great while ago, when I was first led to have a hope of salvation. But I never thought of it before; I don't know how I found peace and hope the first time, if this was not the way. I suppose we have to make our choice whether to '*hold on*' to something which can't save us, or '*let go,*' and *fall into the hands of the Lord.*'"

The efforts of a legal spirit are directly the opposite of an evangelical faith. By nature every sinner resorts to the law. It cannot save him. He must let go that and fall into the arms of Christ. *Faith* saves, and Jesus Christ is the sole object of faith.

AN HONEST TURK.

A poor man at Smyrna claimed the property of a house, which a rich man had unjustly seized. The poor man held his legal documents to prove his rights, but wanted the means of corroborating their evidence by the testimony of witnesses. The rich man was able to *buy* as many witnesses as he chose; and in order to make room for the effect of their depositions at an impending trial, he presented the Cadi who was to decide the cause with five hundred ducats. On the day of the trial the poor man simply presented his documents and narrated his story; and he was followed by the rich man who, after having brought forth an array of witnesses, made a triumphant flourish about their being the only witnesses in the cause, and urged the Cadi to give sentence in his favour. The judge kept silence for some minutes, and then calmly drew out from beneath his seat the bag of ducats which had been given him, gravely saying to the rich man, "You have been much mistaken in the suit, for, though the poor man has not personally been able to produce any witnesses in his favour, I myself can produce no fewer than five hundred." He then threw away the bag with reproach and indignation and decreed the house to the poor plaintiff.

The sturdy honesty of this Turkish Cadi is well worth the consideration of professing Christians. Every member of society is more or less frequently called on to exercise in some sense, the functions of a judge. One of the most common occasions is when, from either choice or necessity, an opinion or sentence is pronounced on the character of a neighbour; and seldom does such an occasion happen, without some bribe being offered to pride, or interest or passion, with a view of influencing the decision. A person for some reason which he does not state, wishes to have the character of an individual condemned; he thinks my opinion on the case of considerable importance; he comes to me and repeats charges, vague stories, or inuendoes, which he thinks, should

determine my sentence; but suspecting that he has not all, or not sufficiently drawn my concurrence in his representations, he tells me that the individual complained of has spoken evil of myself, made me the subject of some foolish jest, or cast some unmerited reflection on my fair fame. If I am true to human nature, if I act as the mass of persons do in similar circumstances, how do I behave now? O shame! I greedily pocket the bribe which is offered to vanity or purblind self-esteem. I readily, perhaps warmly, join in giving sentence against the supposed offender, and I am probably so foolish as even to take his wily and unopposed accuser to my heart. What contemptible injustice in judging of my neighbour! Yet how usually do men practise this behaviour,—enslaving their feelings to a slanderous bribery of their pride, and perpetrating a dishonesty which contrasts vividly with the noble conduct of the Cadi of Smyrna.

Sheffield, N. B.

R. W.

JESUS CHRIST MEN.

Read and Ramsey, two American missionaries to Bombay, say in their Journal of a Missionary tour in India; “The people in Ankola, as well as in Rajocora, call us Jesus Christ men, no doubt from the fact that they hear us make use of the name so frequently. In passing along through the streets to-day, the boys would frequently call out, in our hearing, ‘Jesus Christ!’ The name is yet an offence to many, but it shall be the glory of all the earth.” How happy would it be if “they who are without”—whether heathens in a heathen land, or indifferent onlookers among a christian population—always heard such conversation, and witnessed such conduct among the friends of the Saviour, as might lead them to call the latter “Jesus-Christ men,”—to “take knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus,”—to distinguish them by their “naming the name of Christ,” as at once the reason of their appellation and the spirit of their character! If, in what are called christian lands, the professing followers of Jesus suffer reproach from infidels and the ungodly, they often suffer it far less for the sake of Christ’s name, than on account of their own inconsistency. Such as are honestly, however, reproachfully called Jesus Christ men,—“happy are they!” To bear *one’s own* reproach, is to suffer in consequence of sin: to bear “Christ’s reproach,” is to enjoy an evidence of the divine grace, and a foreshadowing of the heavenly glory.—*Ibid.*

THE SUNDAY STONE.

In a coal mine in England, there is a constant formation of limestone, caused by the trickling of water through the rocks. This water contains a great many particles of lime, which are deposited in the mine, and, as the water passes off these become hard, and form the limestone. This stone would always be white, like white marble, were it not that men are working in the mine, and as the black dust rises from the coal, it mixes with the soft lime, and in that way a black stone is formed.

Now, in the night, when there is no coal dust rising, the stone is white; then again, the next day, when the miners are at work, another black layer is formed, and so on alternately black and white through the week until Sabbath comes. Then, if the miners keep holy the Sabbath, a much larger layer of white stone will be formed than before. There will be the white stone of Saturday night, and the whole day and night of the Sabbath, so that every seventh day the white layer will be about three times as thick as any of the others. But if they work on the Sabbath they see it *marked against them* in the stone. Hence the miners call it “the Sunday stone;” and do you not think they must be very careful how they observe this holy day, when they would see their violation of God’s command thus written down in stone?

Perhaps, many who now break the Sabbath, would try to spend it better if there were a “Sunday stone,” where they could see their unkept Sabbaths with their *black marks*.

But God needs no such record on earth to know how all our Sabbaths are spent. His record is kept above. All our Sabbath deeds are written there, and we shall see them at the last.

Will you not, dear readers, be very careful to keep your Sabbath pure and white, and not allow the dust of worldliness and sin to tarnish the purity of that blessed day? It is our heavenly Father who says, “Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy.”