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THE GOSPEL TRIBUNE,

FOR ALLIANCE AND INTERCOMMUNION

THROUGHOUT

Evangelical Christendom.

VOLUME I.]

MARCH, 1855.

[NUMBER 11.]

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

The Topic for the Month.

Having promised to comply with the request of several parties who were present at the Orono debate, to publish the connected chain of argument, which then proved an invincible bulwark against all the assailing strength of universalism, I now proceed to redeem my pledge, by presenting the leading features of the argument, with its introduction, in the form of a single lecture, although in the actual delivery it extended through some sixteen half hour addresses:

THE ORONO DEBATE.

AUGUST 8th, 9th AND 10th, 1853.

Worthy Chairman, and much respected friends,—With heartfelt gratitude, I this day acknowledge the protecting and guiding hand of the Lord, in that I am enabled to meet you here at the appointed hour, for the purpose of again asserting, maintaining and vindicating, the ETERNAL 'SANCTIONS OF GOD'S HOLY LAW.

It is well known to you, that to certain teachers in the days of Ezekiel, the Most High addressed the following fearful rebuke:—"Ye have strengthened the hands of the wicked, that he should not return from his wicked way, BY PROMISING HIM LIFE"!!!—I need not inform you that here, in Orono, *life! eternal life!!* has been promised to *all men*, even to the most wicked and abandoned, irrespective of their repentance and reformation. These promises, too, have been proclaimed with amazing boldness and assurance—yea! with a temerity and recklessness that falls little short of appalling blasphemy. Endless misery, we have been told, is an idea "that could have originated only with a fiend!" And the actual consignment of ANY intelligent being to it, has been caricatured in this place, as an action fit for a demon!!!—If then, it be true, as God asserts, that the hands of the wicked are strengthened by promising him life, it is only too evident that this appalling work has been executed in Orono with a vengeance. And now, as the twelve

hour's discussion, lately here maintained against the Maker of these promises, resulted in greatly deepening a general conviction of the solemn truth of the eternal retributions of God's law, let all pray that this renewal of the argument may result, in rendering this conviction so Scriptural and permanent, as to plunge every soul into the necessary depths of contrition and self-abasement, before God, that each seeing the necessity of a Saviour in his own case, all may be led to commit themselves, as lost and ruined sinners to the *Mercy and Grace* of God. Pray! Pray earnestly; that thus the law may become to each a school-master, leading all to Christ. While earnestly warning all of "*the wrath to come*"—to the trembling culprit flying from that wrath, it is ours to cry, "behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world."—That none may remain blind to impending danger, it now devolves upon me to sustain the affirmative of the following:—

QUESTION:—

Is it in accordance with reason and Scripture, that man should incur endless misery by the violation of the Moral Law, and that the infliction of the penalty, (upon the transgressor,) should be inevitable unless he here repents and believes.

Having been taught by the experience of the past, that universalism, when no longer able to maintain its peculiar position against the stern arguments, which uphold the affirmative of the question just stated, never fails to entrench itself anew under other issues, I deem it wise to cut off all such retreat, in this instance, by first meeting those issues so as to render falling back upon them impossible. These issues, are, all of them, resolvable into two;—*first*: If man must incur endless misery by violating the Divine law, is it reasonable that he should have been created with power to break such a law?—*Second*: If reasonable, could man be so created, by a Being of *infinite* benevolence, seeing it must have been posi-

tively foreknown, that man, when created, would transgress, and entail upon himself an existence of eternal unutterable misery? Taking these issues in their order, let it be observed,—

(1.) That the whole intrinsic value of all that God has formed in the boundless empire of his universe, centers in the virtue of the moral intelligences where-with it is peopled. Remove these intelligences, and the physical universe resolves itself into a gigantic meaningless plaything; the whole wisdom of its construction resting entirely in its adaptation to the development of moral intelligences, as affording them a field of action, in which to establish their claim to the awards of the virtuous.

(2.) That the movements of the physical and moral universe differ simply in one *essential* particular:—in the first class of movements there is no choice—everything done is the result of stern irresistible necessity; the power of moving otherwise than is witnessed, not being, in any sense or in any degree, an attribute of the whole or of any part of the physical universe; while, in the moral universe, movements are *never* the result of irresistible forces brought to bear upon the actor—indeed the bare supposition of such an act, places it at once beyond the limits of the moral law—which, in every such case, relieves the actor, alike fully and completely from praise and blame; the law holding each individual responsible for his conduct, in just and fair proportion to the degree of intelligent control which he possesses, *or should have possessed*, over his own actions.

(3.) But while it is true that God's created universe, in all the complexity of its evolutions, must be viewed as an empty plaything, if bereft of its intelligent inhabitants—inhabitants, whose intrinsic value, as compared with the physical universe, rests wholly in those endowments which enable them to choose one course of action in preference to another,—a choice by which they demonstrate the possession of an intelligent control over their own movements,—a control from which may accrue to them praise or blame—all this being true, it is further necessary to observe, that, if all the courses of action submitted to the choice of these intelligences, were all in themselves equally good, then, as a matter of course, no blame whatever could attach to any of these intelligences, let their choice of a course of conduct be what it might—inasmuch as every course chosen must be good of necessity, where the choice of a wrong or improper course is impossible; but movements, good, right and proper of necessity, furnish no key to the moral character of the actors; and hence are as valueless in a moral point of view as the evolutions of a wheel or the movements of a planet; and hence we arrive at the conclusion that evil courses of conduct as well as good must be submitted to the choice of moral intelligences, before either virtue or vice can be attributed to them as consequences of action; so that it is as absolutely impossible to secure moral conduct from a being destitute of the

power to do wrong as well as right, as it is to obtain motion from machinery that is not subject to the impediment of friction. To have a machine in motion, is to have friction—to have a moral being in action, is to have a responsible intelligence possessing power to do wrong and therefore the sage wisdom of framing man without the power of violating the Divine law, is simply the consummate folly of peopling this earth with inhabitants of no more value than itself, instead of with beings, any one of whom is of infinitely more value than ten thousand worlds.

To these deductions of reason, we will now add the teachings of Divine truth.

All admit, that man, at his creation, was placed under a penal law by the God of reason. (Gen. 2:17.)

A God of reason, could not enjoin a penal law upon a being who did not possess power to break it.

Hence, it must have been known to God, that in creating man, he had endowed him with powers to break the law which he enjoined upon him.

Glancing from man upwards to angelic orders, the Scriptures definitely teach that the first estate of certain angels was lost to them *by transgression*; as their transgression brought punishment upon them, it involved a violation of penal law.—(2nd Pet. ii. 4 and Jude, 6.

Without the power, angels could not have infringed on such a law, and therefore they as well as men, were formed with power to violate the Law of God. And thus we find that facts, in the case of both angels and men, go to sustain our general position, that the power of doing wrong as well as of doing right—the power of breaking law as well as of keeping it, is ABSOLUTELY INDESPENSABLE, in constituting a moral intelligence of any grade that shall be capable of acquiring the character of virtuous, or of becoming worthy of praise or blame.

On thus discovering the defenceless character of its first issue after flying from the open field, universalism is wont to immediately fall back into the intrenchments of its second issue, and to contend,

That a God of infinite benevolence could not be so cruel as to create man, with the positive foreknowledge, that he, on being created, would certainly sin, and entail upon himself endless unutterable misery.

As in this issue universalism throws itself upon the reasonableness of a deduction from Scriptural facts, it is necessary to test its soundness by reason, taking care that no important fact is omitted.

Let it be observed, then, that in this issue, the only parties whose interests are taken into consideration, are those who wickedly entail upon themselves endless misery! But is it true that these are the only parties interested in the question of man's creation? Is it right to keep entirely out of view, in such a question as this, that "MULTITUDE, which no man could number"? Are they not interested in the question of man's creation? Is their eternal glory and inf-

nite bliss a fact that is unworthy of consideration. The magnitude—the immensity of these interests none can question; their connection with this issue none can doubt. Infinitely great however, as these interests are, they stand in the estimate, simply as a drop to the ocean, when compared with the grand aggregate of interests which seem necessarily to cluster around this issue; and which universalism is careful to conceal as far as possible, the fact of such interests existing never being so much as named. These interests must now be considered.

If it be assumed as unreasonable to create man a responsible moral intelligence, seeing he cannot be so formed without intrusting him with the power of doing wrong, as well as of doing right—of violating the divine law, as well as of keeping it—then it follows as a deduction perfectly parallel, that it is unreasonable to create any moral intelligence whatsoever, seeing no such being can be formed without being intrusted with the proscribed power; and thus far it is perfectly obvious that the creation or non-creation of man, affects the creation or non-creation of the intelligent universe.

If it should now be asked, might not man have been omitted in the great scheme of creation without affecting the state of other intelligences? I answer, that the quieriest might ask with equal propriety, might not this earth have been omitted in the great scheme of the physical creation, without affecting the present condition of the other planets and systems of the material universe? He cannot require to be told that such an omission would prove fatal to the nicely adjusted equilibrium of the solar system, plunging it into confusion and inevitable ruin, a fate in which system after system would speedily participate; then would be seen the stars shaken from heaven, even as a fig tree casteth her untimely figs, when she is shaken of a mighty wind; involving all physical systems in common ruin! I say, as well might the quieriest ask,—for if the physical universe could not remain as it is, our earth being omitted, no more could the moral universe remain as it is, man being omitted, and his influence unfelt in the development of the scheme, for;—

The existence of man is now known to the angels; also the incidents of his fall and its consequences. This knowledge must exert an influence of some kind upon them—indeed we are plainly told that there is joy among them “over one sinner that repenteth,” and as we have good reason to believe, that these angels, who are in such constant communication with the inhabitants of earth, do also maintain similar intercourse with every class of their Sovereign’s intelligent subjects, there seems little room to doubt that the influence which man exerts upon the angels is felt, even now, upon the mind of the remotest subject of God’s moral empire. But if not now, it is absolutely certain, that the events of man’s creation and history, will be powerfully felt at the great judgment day; wherein the government of God in the case of each son and daughter of Adam, will be made to appear

so honorable to God, and so condemnatory to the impenitent transgressor, as to make brasen faced presumption and unblushing effrontery, stand abashed in the presence of the universe; while the proud contemptuous traducer of God and his laws, will stand beside them, mute and speechless as the lifeless marble. In view of these scenes, who can contemplate the creation and history of man, and not be constrained to admit, that the influence of the whole must be immense, producing deep and imperishable impressions on the moral consciousness of every individual intelligence in the whole universe of God. Those influences will certainly then have their bearing on the minds they impress; and who can tell how many spirits or worlds of spirits, will thereby be “confirmed in good,” and saved by the example of man, from reaping the bitter fruits of transgression.

Is it not obvious, then, that the production of all those influences, the result of the creation and history of man, if to be obtained without man, involves the necessity of important changes in the constitution of the moral universe; every member of which, however, must still be formed with power to do wrong. These changes might result in the loss of vastly greater numbers than now perish under existing arrangements, so that the universe would suffer loss by the changes, instead of being benefitted thereby.

The true question, therefore, is not, was it reasonable to create man, seeing it was foreknown that he would sin?—but was it reasonable to create the moral universe, it being known that man would sin?—in other words, would the foreknowledge of man’s wilful forfeiture of happiness, have made it necessary for reason to protest against the creation of the moral universe? Or, more simply, would reason decide against offering happiness to the immensity of the moral universe, because it was foreseen that man would wilfully throw his away? that is, is it reasonable to balance the happiness of the family of man, against that of all the other families of the universe?

Here we might rest this enquiry, satisfied that the reason of every man must already be prepared to decide in favour of the creation of the moral universe, even in view of the whole family of man rendering themselves miserable; but as such a course would be treating our subject very unfairly, we proceed to view it in the light of man’s having granted to him a dispensation of grace, through which life, eternal life, is again rendered accessible to him; offered to him without money and without price; and pressed—pressed earnestly and even beseechingly upon his free and unmerited acceptance. Let us contemplate our subject in the triumphant light in which it is clothed, by the glory of the character and results of this amazing exhibition of Divine benevolence.

Mark the development of this scheme. Its foundation is laid in the mission, to earth, of the SON OF GOD, that he, in the nature of man, might magnify and make honourable every jot and tittle of that law, the honour of which man had trampled in the dust; to uplift that law, to give it honour, and infinitely augmented power to bind the consciences of all the subjects of God’s moral empire. He, the Lord of Glory, became a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief—again and again he weeps over the sin created miseries of our race—he groans in his spirit and is troubled—his sweat is great drops of blood falling down to the ground! Lo! it is done! His blood shed like water upon the earth, the last mountain of

woe rolls over the Omnipotent Sufferer. Dying! He exclaims, "IT IS FINISHED," and gives up the ghost. The atonement is made—now, God can be just, and the justifier of him that believeth on Jesus. "Save," saith the Almighty, "Save from going down to the pit, for I have found a ransom." Now, "the Spirit and the Bride say, Come; and let him that heareth say, Come; and let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." And thus all who have understandings to be addressed, are definitely informed, that to them the fountains of life are open and freely accessible. In relation to the rest of our race, it hath pleased the Holy One to proclaim from heaven this cheering announcement, "The son shall not bear the iniquity of the father;" "The soul that sinneth IT shall die." The death named in this proclamation cannot be that of the body, for it is known to God and to men, that there is no discharge in this war—no son of man is exempt; in this respect God visits the iniquity of the father upon the children, not only to the third and fourth generation, but through all generations.—The infant suffers in body even unto death, but in soul, it is exempt from the pains of sorrow and remorse—these pangs, the precursors of the second death, exist only as the fruit of actual sin. "The soul that sinneth IT shall die," and no other: as then the soul of the son shall not die for the iniquity of the father, it shall live; for, "behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world!" And hence, as one third of all that are born into the world, die in infancy, we are enabled to claim as saved by this dispensation of sovereign grace, as the *first item*, one third of the whole human family.

Of the remaining two thirds, we find that when Jesus was on earth, there were but few that found the narrow path, while the great multitude, were travelling in the broad way that leads to death. And the same has been but too true, of many other generations. At other times, however, as in the early periods of the Christian church, immense multitudes walked with God, and even sealed their testimony with their blood; so that at times, the wicked could not kill the faithful as rapidly as they multiplied. Add then, all the martyred myriads to the infant throng; then, again to these, add all the faithful, that in all ages past have walked with God—to these still add again all that shall believe, up to the dawn of the millenium; and finally, add the millions of the thousand years, wherein all shall know the Lord from the least even to the greatest; and who can doubt that in the grand aggregate the saved of our race, will ultimately far outnumber the lost; to the praise and glory of God's free and sovereign grace.

Let us now suppose the general judgment come,—the heavens have been rolled together as a scroll to make room for the hall of judgment—the arrangements are all completed—all things that offend and that do iniquity, have been gathered together out of God's kingdom—the transgressors of our race are before the bar, they stand collected in one group, and opposite to them the infant host, perhaps more numerous far, yet much increased by all the millions of the martyred saints; augmented more by all the other hosts who truly worshipped God of every name. View now this glorious host of infants, martyrs and all other saints, each one with title clear to all the endless joys of heaven;—with these, now view the lost, each one of whom CHOOSE death instead of life—the death, which they by *proud rebellion* earned, is now upon them—the life they *spurned* is now beyond their reach; they lived for pleasure all their days, and took delight in planting

thorns along the pathway of the just; and all yon glorious throng of martyred ones, was by them slain, and trampled in the dust!

Now, then, let *reason* lift her head, and clothed in her official robes, stand forth in burning light—and as she hates a lie, and loves the truth, let her proclaim in presence of her God—let reason answer yes, or no; shall all this mighty host of infants, martyrs and all other saints be crushed to naught? shall all the joys of heaven be stolen from them? Shall the eternal anthem of their song be never heard in heaven? Shall all the fond anticipations of the Martyred Millions be forever disappointed? Shall all be made an empty dream?—Say, Reason! as thou dost love the truth and hate a lie—say, shall the eternal joys of all the blood-washed throng be stolen from them? be lost to them and to the universe, and they reduced to naught as though they ne'er had been? Say, shall the Judge himself who now the throne of universal empire fills, be stript of his resplendent form, in every lineament so full of matchless grace, impressed with majesty supreme, which still conceals not *strange—deep, touching* wounds, of scourge, and thorn, and nail, and spear; a form so fraught with moral power, as to have made unnumbered millions proof against temptations power. Say, Reason, say! shall all the eternal joys now named, with all the influence of the Saviour's life and death, be blotted out and lost forever to the universe, that this dark group of proud rebellious men, might now be saved from reaping what their wicked hands have sowed?

If there be one who doubts, that reason's answer is a deep emphatic no! let such an one now view the judgment in its wider scope. Behold the wicked ranged upon the left; outnumbering them, the righteous stand opposed—round these the universe of mind, in circling ranks assemble; wave on wave the ascending circles form; until from the remotest worlds—from farthest east and west, and north and south, the last inrolling surge of bright ethereal forms hath gently as a zephyr's touch embraced the inner circles of this amphitheatre vast, which now completed, far o'erleaps the bounds which mark the largest orbit of our solar scheme. Now give to thought full sweep, and let imagination grasp as best she may, the number found *in but one circle only* near the outer verge—compute upon the largest scale, the number of our fallen race, that from the first till now, have lived on earth; then see how small an arc of the one circle named would furnish room for all—look at them as they stand collected in one group, arraigned before the bar, inside the first encircling wave of living bliss—look at them, and the vast surrounding circles filled with holy life; above which float, on poised wings the messengers of God—the gathering angels now returned to form, while further mandates they await, a canopy of waving bright effulgent glory—a cloud of witnesses, so dense unbroken, vast, as to appear in numbers equal unto those who robed in grace and beauty, fill the swelling circles round the judgment seat. All these around, above, are full of bliss and glory, and still to be forever blessed. Should all this universe of life, with all its living streams of constant, deep, eternal holy love be cast aside? Let reason speak, can it be claimed by thee, that God's empire should have been left by Him a universal blank, and all the joy, the bliss and glory that has been, and yet will be, forestalled because it was foreseen a fraction of our race would madly spurn the grace of God, and die unsaved? None need await the answer; each conscience echoes no!

Having attended to all that is really necessary, in the way of cutting off the retreat of Universalism; we are now prepared for the GENERAL QUESTION.

Moral and Religious Miscellany.

DR. DUFF GROWING IN GRACE.

Much as he had previously attained of that which constitutes the fulness of the Christian character, it is delightful to mark his recent progress, as stated to George H. Stuart, Esq., of New York, in the following

LETTER.

BIARRAT, BASSES PYRENEES, FRANCE,
January 24, 1855. }

MY DEAR FRIEND,—About this time last year I was in Edinburgh, in the midst of preparations for crossing the Atlantic, and not without the fond expectation that by this time, I should be addressing you from the banks of the Ganges. O, the short sightedness of man! Instead of being in the high places of that field, helping to lay siege, under the unfurled banner of our adored Immanuel, to the stupendous citadel of the hoariest and most consolidated of this world's heathenisms, here I am, a helpless exile in one of the most secluded corners of old Christendom, sore wounded in my most vital organ—the organ of thought and feeling—and consequently, for the present, bereft of the power of action and utterance. But as you already know the very peculiar nature of my case, I shall say no more. It is the Lord's will, and naught remains for me but, by faith and prayer, to enter into the heart of the sublime expression of resignation, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight."

In my present situation, I daily look out and gaze at the waters of the mightiest bay of that ocean which severs—no, rather as a highway, unites—the Eastern with the Western worlds. I never look at them without thinking of my strange passage across, and of the strangely extraordinary reception given to me by the warm-hearted people of God on the other side. And by a sort of unconscious instinct, I find myself everlastingly musing and conning in words like these, "O, that I had the wings of a dove, that I could fly over these rolling billows, and mingle, were it but for a moment, with the gathering throng, and be cheered by the kindly smiling countenances of yonder beloved friends." But the wish is vain. It is so, however, the sentiment whence it springs. O, no. The sentiment is one of deepest, intensest gratitude to God, and under God to his devoted servants of every denomination in America, who were pleased to receive me with a cordiality as unexpected as it was wholly unprecedented. And I only mourn that hitherto it has not been in my power to manifest the ineradicable feelings of my heart, in any way either worthy or commensurate.

The scene, especially in your house, on the night of my arrival—truly a night of storms—grows on me in wondrousness the oftener I look back upon it. To all the friends who there met, please present, as opportunity offers, my warmest and most grateful remembrances. Tell them that my unceasing prayer is, that "grace, mercy and peace" may be increasingly "multiplied unto them all."

Fain would I now go on, and write you at length about many subjects of absorbing interest in connection with the cause of the Redeemer throughout the world at large. But, as yet, I dare not venture. As yet, I feel very much like a disabled man attempting to walk on a single toe. For, though much better than I was months ago, and, through God's blessing, slightly though slowly convalescent, I am still unable to take any liberties with my head. It has been a

terrible conflict and struggle with me to learn absolute submission to the will of God—to be content to stand still, be dumb, and wait on in silence. But the conflict has been beneficial—praised be God—to my own soul. It has brought me into nearer contact than ever with the High and the Holy and the Sovereign One. It has given me some awful glimpses of his holiness, and supremacy—some frightful glimpses, at the same time, of the venomousness of sin, and the horrible abominableness of my own heart by nature, and of the remains of "the old man" still there in so far as they are not yet subdued by grace. I now see more clearly than ever, how every soul in its fallen, unregenerate state, carries about with it all the elements of a terrible hell—elements which, if only let loose, without restraints of Providence or grace, would tumultuate it into all the restless tossings of the fiery lake. And I can now enter more than ever into the burning significance of the Apostle's words, "O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death? I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

And thus trembling with very amazement and joy, on account of the *complete deliverance through Jesus Christ*, I begin to feel in a way I never did before, the momentousness of the obligation under which I am laid, to be, to do, to suffer whatever His will may be. I begin to perceive, or rather to feel, a newness as well as fulness of meaning in the Apostle's exclamation, "And ye are not your own; for ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, WHICH ARE GOD'S."

Alas, alas, how little is this solemn exhortation heeded in our day, even by the great bulk of professing Christians! What a spirit of innate selfishness, self-pleasing, self-indulgence, self-luxuriating is abroad? Where, O where is the self-denying, self-sacrificing, self-crucifying spirit that brought the Lord of glory to the cross—and breathed and burned through the souls of apostles, martyrs, and confessors in the primitive ages! Would to God, that in your great country, and in mine, one and another, and another would rise up in every congregation, of such self-consuming zeal in the cause of Christ, as to energize the surrounding myriads into self-denying action—and thus speedily constitute a great army, before whose onward march the hosts of Satan in every land would be scattered as chaff before the whirlwind!

The world, as a whole, is still in possession of the arch enemy. There he has been entrenching himself for ages, aided with all the enginery which a superhuman sagacity, set on edge by superhuman malice, could devise. And is the Christian Church so drenched in the Lethæan pool as to suppose that this gigantic foe is to be scared or driven from his more than adamantine entrenchments by the feeble and almost random blows of a few straggling soldiers, isolated and scattered at vast intervals around his frowning battlements? O, that all who profess to love the Saviour, would rise up as one man, and swear by him that liveth for ever and ever, that at whatever cost, whether of personal service or sacrifice of substance, they would, in the name and strength of their living head and king, go forth, and rest not day nor night till the earth resounded with songs of deliverance.

But, however reluctantly, I must pause; as certain distressing sermons are beginning to remind me that my fragile bow has already been bent too far.

And now, dear friend, remember me most affectionately to Mrs. S., Mrs. D. and all the young members of your family, not forgetting the domestics who ministered so kindly to my wants when under your

hospitable roof; also, your excellent pastor—my noble-minded fellow traveller, Mr. P., if within reach—with the whole circle of beloved friends, whose acquaintance I was privileged to make when amongst you, and whose Christian demeanor has left indelible impressions on my memory; including the indomitable persevering ladies who would have me plead the cause of their city mission, in the prosperity of which I shall ever take the deepest interest. Fare you well, dearly beloved friend,

Yours ever affectionately,
ALEXANDER DUFF.

From the New York Evangelist.

THE PULPIT OF THE 17TH CENTURY.

RICHARD BAXTER.

But here comes, with quick step and nervous motion, one with the frail frame and the pale face of an invalid, but with a restless eye that seems to burn and blaze with a quenchless light in its socket. Mark those sharp features—those pressed lips—that open brow;—it is Richard Baxter, who declined priestly hands to make him a Bishop, for he knew God had made him one;—a man whose life seemed a seventy years' death-bed and who did a giant's work as it were in his shroud—looking sharp into Eternity, with one hand on its great doors; while he spoke as one that, like the Apostle of Patmos, had not only looked into the mouth, and seen the great pillars of smoke of the bottomless-pit, but had been with the Saviour transfigured on the mount, and had found it good to be there. To him life is an errand, and he is hurrying through it "with his might," to go home. You see no smile upon his face, but when he looks up; and then it is a sort of Stephen-smile—a death-glance into glory. You cannot find, in all the scores of volumes that he wrote, one sentence that bears marks of the file. And yet the grandeur of the thought, and nervous energy that flung it—not like the dying Turnus, though with a dying hand—but with a force worthy of Milton's fleshless angels—direct at the heart, burst open its locked and bolted door, and there the great blazing truth lay, burning its way down into the chambers of imagery, till every Sodom plague-spot was charred and cindered, and the heart purified for God. That was more than eloquence. A dying man cannot wait to order a golden pen, before he writes his last farewell to his distant home.

JOHN BUNYAN.

And now we have plain John Bunyan—a stout, burly, genuine Englishman—quite a good tinker once, though possibly a little negligent, pausing at his work too long, and gazing absent-mindedly in the fire, dwelling on what "it minded" him—till his irons burned; and preaching a little; and for this sits twelve years, musing and dreaming in prison for it; and says he will stay there, if God spare his poor life so long, "till the moss grows upon his eyebrows," rather than not preach. Noble heroism! And yet he did preach there. Those stone walls were his sounding-board to a world-wide audience chamber. Little did he think the tones of his silent thought had then begun their echoes, travelling at once toward the Ganges and the Mississippi. Cowper may name him now. Scholarship, learned critics, and poets laureate would be proud of the tinker's genius. It was a God-consecrated, Columbus genius. It charted out the route of the pilgrim to a Paradise, such as never bloomed on the shores of tropical seas.

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.

And now passes by us a thoughtful, calm, and saintly man; an honest, simple-minded earnest devotion marking his every feature—Bishop Leighton—son of that plain-spoken Scotch Presbyterian whose talk about Bishops brought down upon him the tender mercies of the Star Chamber,—the whip and pillory, crooked ears, slit nose, branded cheek, fine, and a long, tedious imprisonment; and now the son, with more liberal feelings towards all sects and churches, settles down in his humble Scotch parish at Newbottle, quietly and earnestly striving to guide his flock towards heaven, saying little of the "Solc'mn League and Covenant," and while his brother ministers urge upon him to "preach up to the times," replying that "he hopes one poor brother may be allowed to preach for eternity," and so preaching on till the violent measures of some of his brethren force him, in his love of quiet, to relinquish his cure.

Soon chosen Principal of the University of Edinburgh, giving prelections as glowing with devotion as replete with varied learning; preaching to the students himself,—he dreams of no higher promotion, and wishes none; unsuspecting that his Roman Catholic brother, a courtier of the second Charles, had whispered with worldly wisdom in the ear of the returning exile, and as a help to his plan of rooting Presbytery from Scotland, to make Robert a Bishop. But the good man casts back the proffered honor, till the king ordered him to submit to what he calls a thing pressed on him, "to which his aversion is stronger than he ever had to anything in all his life,"—and so in company with Sharp and his other mitred friends, whose known rottenness his virtues must mantle; he goes, not like them, to tear and persecute, but to preach and pray. And for years does he toil on, not a lordly Bishop, but a brother sinner, humble as the humblest, teaching love to all; yet, in the National Assembly daring to maintain justice for the persecuted Presbyterians, hunted by mountain and glen; until worn out by toil and years, and weary of the noise of strife, he goes up to London and gains a reluctantly granted release from his too onerous burden, a four years' season of repose; until a second visit there to converse with a nobleman on his death-bed brings him to his own, breathing his last just as he had said he wished he might—at an inn—an old man past his three score years and ten, but hale and hearty yet, his hair not yet gray, though his heart was ripe for heaven long ago.

Leighton was the English Fenelon, mild, persuasive, affable, with a mind enriched from all the stores of learning, ancient and modern, from large observation of travel, and from experience of men and things. Burnet says, with a sort of extravagance perhaps natural to him: "He had the greatest parts as well as virtues, with the most perfect humility which I ever saw in man. * * * I never once saw a wandering eye where he preached, and have often seen whole assemblies melt in tears before him. I never knew him say an idle word, in free and frequent conversation with him, for above twenty-two years." What a privilege to have heard the saintly man! but his commentary on First Peter, his sermons and theological lectures, have so little of the drapery of style, so little of artistic covering in their expression of thought, that we see the very loveliness of the speaker in the very pathos of the argument, giving new force. Some of his sayings are admirable. "The church is the jewel in the ring of the world." "If you would have my likeness," said he to one who asked for it, "draw it with charcoal." "The Romanists, in their zeal for making proselytes, fetch ladders from hell to scale heaven." His works

throughout flow in an easy style, almost colloquial, sparkling with unstudied but pleasing imagery, always deeply tinged with a devotional spirit. They are frequently highly suggestive. Strong minds have loved to pore over them,—Coleridge did. But while he passes from notice, our lingering eye follows him, and his name is sweeter to our tongue.

From the American Missionary Herald.

SKETCHES OF NATIVE PREACHERS.

BY THE REV. MR. CLARK.

Margos.—Margos, the teacher, was formerly the head-master of the large Armenian school. He is our principal native preacher in this city. He goes from house to house; and wherever men or women can be found, he raises his stentorian voice, and preaches the gospel. He can preach as well in the street as in the chapel. In the shop, the khan, the market, he makes good use of his privileges; and those who have ears to hear, must hear. He is a man of great influence with the people, bold, daring, mighty in argument; and there is not a man in the city who dare engage with him in controversy. He has frequently challenged the Vartabed to a discussion; but to no purpose. When the former goes into the village, we put this Boanerges upon an ass, and send him in pursuit, hoping that an opportunity will be offered for a meeting; but the Vartabed always avoids him. The teacher goes to the village where the Vartabed stops, and in some conspicuous place opens his mouth; and then, most certainly, all the villagers, as well as the Vartabed, for once at least, are brought within the sound of the gospel. On such an occasion, if the Vartabed does not leave during the service, he is sure to do so immediately afterwards.

This teacher has for years preached the gospel in the shops and streets of this city; and probably he has done more to enlighten this people than all the other Protestants combined. Previous to our coming hither, he had at times preached to large congregations on the Sabbath; and for this he had suffered much persecution. He has also a wonderful knowledge of the Scriptures; and I have no doubt that he could repeat more than half of them in the ancient language even. He is a preacher of great power. He brings his audience up to a high state of excitement, and then pours out the great truths of the gospel, like successive abrupt discharges of artillery, or rattling peals of thunder. He is thoroughly versed in all the artifices and machinations of the priests, and lays them open with a masterly hand. God has evidently used this man as one of the principal agents in the work of the Lord in this city.

Kevoik, "the Apostle to the Gentiles," our second native helper, resides in a village half an hour from Arabkir, and is decidedly one of the most remarkable men I have seen in this land. Four years ago, he was violently driven from his native village, because he would preach to the villagers the gospel of Christ. For a long time he was subjected to the most cruel persecutions. When beaten, stoned, and even obliged to flee to save his life, he would go up into the mountains, dwelling for weeks alone among the caves and rocks, subsisting entirely upon a few scanty roots and herbs. Here he would read his Testament, weep and pray, till the thought would come into his mind, "Perhaps they will listen now." Then down to his village would he go, and hear their taunts and cruelties, be rejected, and driven back again to weep and pray in his lonely mountain-home. Thus he continued for many months, going back and

forth, till he says it seemed to him that his people were determined not to receive Christ. Then said he, "Lo, I turn to the Gentiles." From that time to the present, he has been travelling among these mountains, preaching Christ to Turks, Koords, and Armenians, wherever found. Repeatedly has he visited the numerous villages scattered throughout this region, watering his way with his tears, and making it vocal with praise and prayer. In this way, a vast amount of light has been diffused among these mountain tops. A large number of Turks and robber-Koords have listened to his preaching, and become acquainted with the truth. Frequently do Turks and Koords entreat him to come to their villages and breach the gospel. It is his firm belief that there are some renewed persons among them.

Would that I could describe the perfection of this man's Christian character,—his deep, living spirituality,—his mature, comprehensive, clear views of Scripture truth,—his faith, his hope, his love, and joy, and these all filled with Christ! It would seem as though, in these mountains, he had conversed with God, face to face. What he has learned has come directly from the fountain-head. He has been faithfully taught by the Spirit, and now there is no life to him but what is spiritual. His whole soul is on fire. All his thoughts, words, and acts,—they are spirit, they are life. To hear him speak of Jesus, one would almost imagine it was the beloved disciple describing those heavenly interviews which he had enjoyed on earth. Christ fills his soul; and, with tears running down his dark, sun-burnt, Arab-like face, he most eloquently speaks of a Saviour's love. He speaks of the delightful communion season he had with Christ when alone in the mountains. "I took a piece of bread," he says, "and some of the pure juice of the grape, and I sat down alone among the wild mountains to sup with my Saviour; and, indeed, it was to me a real and a blessed communion." What a spectacle! The only spiritual Christian, perhaps, in a region extending hundreds of miles in every direction, celebrating this ordinance alone among the mountain tops in the centre of Asia Minor! "Christ travelled with me, as I went from village to village, speaking to every one of salvation by the cross. Christ comforted me when I wandered about, beaten, stoned, and persecuted, having no place where to lay my head." Such is his testimony. "Whenever I see perils," he says, "I am seized at once with an uncontrollable desire to throw myself into the thickest of them." For four years I have been going from village to village, with my head, as it were, half cut off, preaching Christ to Armenians, Turks, and Koords, and at the same time praying continually to the Lord, that I might be worthy to have it cut entirely off for Christ's sake."

From the Christian Guardian.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

DEAR SIR:—In writing on business matters, I feel inclined, with your leave, to say a few words to your readers on the above topic; as a want of Christian union, wherever manifested, is an evil of such magnitude, that it cannot be compensated by any of the results that are looked for from cherishing it. It is true, sectarian interests may be promoted by it in some instances, but it is also true, that the interests of vital Christianity always suffer where it exists; to show this, where sectarianism leads to alienation and uncharitableness between different religious communities, (which is the evil of which we complain,) it in the first place, disgraces religion; for, the common sense of mankind teaches them, that

religion is intended to promote love and benevolence in the world instead of hatred and distrust; so that, where the latter are seen, as the fruits of a religious profession, the ungodly look upon it as a thing unamiable and repulsive.

2ndly. Sectarian intolerance, brether's that very spirit, which murdered Christ and his martyrs, and instigated those bloody persecutions which have disgraced the very name of humanity. I would ask bigots of every sect, who can see nothing to admire out of their own pale, would they really wish to reenact the "Uniformity Act" and compel all to adopt their creed? their manifested spirit says, yea.

3rdly. It is offensive to God, for by his servant Paul he condemns that contentious spirit, which by party attachments, leads his avowed followers to say, one, I am of Paul, another, I of Apollos, and another, I of Cephas.

4thly. It destroys that love which leads to obey the divine commandment, "do good unto all men, especially to them who are of the household of faith."

5thly. It idolizes self. The uncharitable bigot looks upon himself as the standard to which all men should bow, and we should suspect that he would, like the "Pope," be glad if all men would come to him as the only exponent and fountain of truth.

6thly. Its operations here would seem to indicate, that more than one heaven was necessary, to contain the "jarring sectaries" when death shall force them into contact with each other. Oh! that religion were divested of the corruptions of humanity; then would Christians "love as brethren."

On the other hand if we will but take a view of the excellence and advantages of Christian charity, we can not fail to fall in love with it, and press it to our embrace.

1stly. It creates a fraternal Christian love amongst all the truly godly, which, seen by the world, makes it feel, that religion has that strength which union ever gives; (and that it is not merely a watchword under which parties rally to see who can stand pre-eminent;) and thus the armies of the cross are as one man prepared to go forth to the assault of Satan's kingdom, instead of turning their arms against each other, for mutual destruction.

2ndly. It is pleasing to God, for by the Psalmist, he has said, "how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

3rdly. Infidelity would be stripped of its chief weapon, if professed Christians manifested that love which would lead them to cooperate in all measures having for their tendency the present and eternal good of men.

4thly, and lastly. It is indispensably necessary, to be felt and cherished on earth, as a pledge of unity and love in heaven, where no discordant elements can enter or exist, and hence we must give each other here the cordial hand, if we would shake glad hands and bid each other welcome in the skies.

P.

(From the Christian Miscellany.)

CHRISTIANITY IN TURKEY:

[Not among the Turks, who are killed if they profess faith in Christ, but among the Armenians in Turkey. We are indebted to the Rev. Cuthbert Young, Secretary of the "Western Asia Missions' Aid Society," 7, Adam Street, Strand, for the following heart-cheering intelligence. Such intelligence we are now constantly receiving.—Eds.]

Kerrab is an Armenian village of two thousand inhabitants, far up Mount Casius, twelve miles from

Antioch. The work thereon only commenced four years ago, and has been carried on entirely through native instrumentality.

In Kerrab and the neighboring villages this work has gone forward with unrivalled power. One of the four Priests with fifteen men came over together to the cause of truth; and, not long after, six more followed. "They visit the villages, and talk, and search the Scriptures, and it spreads like a prairie-fire." There has been fierce opposition, however. After the conversion of the Priest, a night attack was made on the house of the keeper, to find the "renegade;" and after this they cut down the trees of the Protestants and destroyed their vineyards: but still the work goes on. The community now consists of not less than three hundred. There have been twenty-two additions to the church, making its present number thirty-four. They have a school of thirty scholars, supported by themselves.

From Antioch, an English lady writes,—"I have now a very large class of young women and girls, who come here to sew, and to whom I am teaching the Arabic alphabet, and a few words of English. Some Turkish girls, who can speak a little, have begun the twentieth chapter of St. Matthew. I should tell you, there are Turkish, Jewish, and Christian girls, at the same time, and they get on very well. We are making clothes for some who are very poor; but in this way we shall also need a little help."

At Arabkir, situated on the head-waters of the Euphrates, a remarkable opening has occurred.

"Mr. Clark arrived in Arabkir, with his family, on the 1st of October, 1853. Shortly after, and when he had studied the language only six months, he commenced a service in a private house with the assistance of his teacher: eight or ten were present. A room fitted up for a place of worship was opened December 18th, with a congregation of thirty-two. In a month this number doubled, and, the place having become too strait, a larger room was with some difficulty obtained, and now the hearers have increased to more than one hundred, which fills the place, the largest that can be obtained. It is the general feeling that a place of meeting is needed that will accommodate three hundred. The preliminary measures have been taken for the organization of a community, in which every desirable aid has been received from the Turkish authorities. Indeed, such has been the course pursued by the Pasha, and others under him, that Mr. Clark says, 'Many a time have we been affected to tears in thinking of the good hand of God that has so wonderfully provided for our personal comfort and protection, as well as for the success of the cause of our dear Redeemer.' More than three-fourths of the Armenians of the city, it is believed, are enlightened with respect to the errors of their Church; and yet they cling to them. There is a strange mixture of intelligence, independence, and maturity of opinion, with an inconsistent practice." Progress, however, has been very rapid. A year ago Protestant books could not be circulated. Not a Bible or Testament from the Protestant press could be read. But now very many copies of the Bible have been sold, even to leading Armenians of the old Church; and the demand continues. Tracts are scattered throughout the whole city, and not a day passes without calls for them and other books. Prominent men in the Armenian Church are making efforts in various ways in behalf of truth. Some of great influence are advising their friends to join the Protestants, saying, "We will wait a little. Now we have access to all. We will persuade as many as possible, and then bring up the rear." Persons of this class often visit the Missionary, but never come

to the public services. They appear deeply interested in the work.

The truth has made great progress at Mashkir, a village six hours from Arabkir. Fifteen families, the wealthiest in the village, containing about fifty individuals, have separated themselves from the old Church, as Protestants. The priest preaches the Gospel every Sunday. The teacher is secretly a Protestant. The whole village is enlightened.

In Tschemerbgesch, a large town east of the Euphrates, ten hours from Arabkir, the truth has made some progress. The champion of the truth in this wild region is a Koord, a Chief of the Koords in all that section. He rejects the Koran, and preaches the Gospel to Koords, Turks and Armenians. He owns many villages, has several thousand men under his authority, and is very desirous that a Missionary should visit that region.

(From the Citizen of the World.)

"THE RAUHE HAUS" IN HAMBURGII.

In no city that I have visited in Europe, is human kindness more extensively and minutely organized, than in the commercial capitol of Northern Europe. In the first place, you find here hospitals for all ages, and all conditions of bodily affliction; houses of correction, refuge and rescue. Then the out-door benevolence is administered after the most perfect system of order and activity. This department of charity is managed chiefly by the ladies; and no nook of poverty or wretchedness escapes the vigilance and visitation of their loving kindness. It would be impossible to do more than name all these institutions and operations of philanthropy in one letter; so I will occupy this with the account of one of the number, which seems to embody the spirit of all the rest, in the most interesting and striking manifestation. This is the "*Rauhe Haus*," established in 1833. The literal meaning, as near as it can be given in English, of this appellation is, "*The Rough House*," or a house of refuge for the rudest, most hopeless little vagabonds of beggary and vice that can be found in the lowest lanes and sewers of poverty and sin. In this Institution, these young beings, whose every day of life has been a year of wretchedness and crime, are brought under the action of two cardinal principles—the law of kindness and the influence of family society. As an illustration of the power of these principles in transforming what would seem to be the very mistletoes of humanity into trees bearing the best fruits of virtue, this Institution is yet unequalled; although several of the kind have recently sprung up in different countries. A cursory glance at its history will suffice to delineate the principle features of its character.

On the 1st of November, 1833, J. H. Wichern, an earnest man, whose heart is a living gospel of Christian love to his kind, took possession, with his family, of a small, one story, straw roofed house, fronting on a narrow lane leading out of the village of Horn, about three miles from Hamburg. This little building itself was a vagabond house; having been what would have been called in America a "*rum hole*"—a resort for the lowest and noisiest kind of drinkers and smokers. About an acre of land, covered with sprawling bushes, ditches, hillocks, &c., formed, with the smutty cottage, the foundation of the new institution, which was to solve another great problem in the mysteries of humanity. No great palace or prison-looking building had been erected by the State for the experiment of benevolence. None was contemplated or desired. From the beginning to the end, it was to be a cottage establishment; and this one by the lane-side, with its rum-

soaked, tobacco-smoked walls, and roof of black mouldering straw, was all the heroic founder asked, for the working out of his scheme of philanthropy. After the lapse of a week, spent in purifying this little cottage and preparing it for a home for the little unfortunate beings who were to be gathered to its hearth, three were brought in from their lairs on the frosty pavements or door-stones of the city. In the course of a few weeks, fourteen of these young vagabonds were introduced within the fold of that family circle, varying from five to eighteen years of age, yet all old in the experience of wretchedness and vice. Each had become a hardened veteran in some iniquitous practice or malicious disposition; and as such had been pronounced or regarded as incorrigible. Nearly all of them had been left and trained to beggary, lying, stealing, and to every vicious habit. Some had the organ or disposition of destructiveness developed to such a frenzy, that the first thought of their life seemed to be the mutilation of every thing they could reach; others had acquired a ferocious force and obduracy of self-will. One of these adepts of crime had been convicted by the police of ninety-three thefts, and yet he was only in his twelfth year. They had been treated or regarded as a species of human vermin, baffling the power of the authorities to suppress. They had slept under carts, in doorways, herding with swine or cattle at night when the begging or thieving hours were past. Such were the boys that found themselves looking at each other in wonder, and surprise, the first evening they gathered around the hearthstone of that cottage home. There was no illusion about this sudden transformation of their experience. There was that bland, benevolent man in their midst, with his kind eyes and voice, looking and speaking to them as a father to his children. And there was his mother, with the law of kindness on her lips, in her looks, in every act and word; and he called her mother, and they called her mother; and, the first evening of their common life, she became the mother of their love and veneration, and they—ragged, forsaken, hopeless castaways, conceived in sin and shapen in iniquity—became the children of her affection. As far as the east from the west, was their past life to be separated from their future—to be cut off and forgotten. And this cottage, away from the city and its haunts, with its bright fire by night, and the little beds under the roof, with its great Bible and little psalm-books, was to be their home, and the great chestnut tree that thrust out its arms over it; and all the little trees, and the ditches, hillocks, and bushes of that acre were their own. Some hymns and sweet-spirited ballads were sung, after the frugal supper; and then the mother of the circle told them some nice stories with her kind voice; and the father with his kind eyes, asked their advice about some little plans he had in his mind for improving their farm. The feeling of home came warming into their hearts, like the emotions of a new existence, as he spoke to them, with his kind voice and eyes, of *our* house, of *our* trees, of *our* cabbages, turnips, potatoes, pigs, and geese, and ducks, which *we* will grow for *our* comfort.

That night, the boys went up to their beds under the roof, wondering if all this would be real in the morning, or if they should wake up on the frosty door-stones of the city, or under the carts, and find it all a dream, that they had experienced in the few hours of that new life. The morning came, and with its first ray of light, the kind eye and voice of the family father; and they gathered around the breakfast table, and then for a little while around the fire, and a hymn was sung; and then they all went out together to commence the work they had agreed on.

in the council of the fire-side the night before. It had been unanimously voted that a sprawling wall of earth, half surrounding their garden, should come down first; and at it they went in earnest, with such tools as they had. And no small job was this for fourteen boys from five to eighteen years of age; for it was 500 feet in length, and six in height and breadth. That first day's work was a triumph to them; and when they grouped around the fire at night, the ambition of new ideas came into their hearts. There were tools wanted for rooting out the briars and bushes, and there were boys of the circle that would undertake to make them. They went so far as to speak of making a tool house: nay, even a shop, where they would work in the stormy weather. The oldest boys were sure they could build it alone. At the end of the first week, they had made a year's progress in this new life, and its hopes and expectations. The earth-mound gradually disappeared; and the faith that they could do something, be something, and own something, grew daily with them; and they sung cheery songs at their work; for almost every evening they practised on some ballad, under the instruction of the mother of the circle. "So eager did they become to accomplish the undertaking," says the first report of this Institution, "that they frequently worked by lantern-light in the evening, rooting up bushes and trees, in spite of snow and rain."

The winter days and nights came, and when they could not prosecute their out-door work, their united genius contrived employment within. The family-mother taught them to knit and sew, and other arts of domestic industry; and in the long winter evenings, after recreating for an hour in reading, writing, or ciphering they gathered into a circle on the floor—a little band of cross-legged tailors—and plied their needles of every size, on thick, coarse stockings, frocks, trousers, &c., and some the awl on shoes, half wood and half leather, for the future inmates of their home, who might be brought in from such places as they themselves once inhabited. This was a work and a thought that brought kind feelings into their hearts; and many a one of the group wondered how such and such a boy, who used to cuddle down of a frosty night on a door-stone in the city, would feel in the frock or trousers they had under way. This was their singing time; and just in proportion as they loved to work, they loved to sing; and they did both on these occasions with the happiest zest. They were taught the most lively and joyful tunes first, and these took the precedence in their music and labour concerts of the winter evening.

Then came the Spring, with its music and beauty, and birds and bees, and all things green and glad-some: and with it came to the boy-family of the *Rauhe Haus* a new life of labour, hope, expectation, and plans. During the winter, their number had been increased, and their beds were too thick under the roof; and their ideas had taken a house-building turn during the winter evenings; and some of the older boys had tried their hands at the model of a cottage; and all had come to the faith that they could build a house large enough to live in. The plan was drawn out, first on the floor with chalk, then with ink on paper; and they longed for the winter to be gone, with its frost and ice, that they might break ground with their spades and picks for the cellar. As soon as the snow-banks disappeared, they fell to, with an ardour which took hold of the youngest of them, to build a house for themselves all alone. As soon as daylight came, and as long as it lasted, they were seen and heard singing at their labour. "On the 11th of March," says the first Report, "the foundation of this, the first *Kinderhaus*, (*Chil-*

dren-house;) was laid with prayer and singing, in the presence of several friends of the Institution, favoured with the most beautiful spring weather. All the earth work on this '*Swiss House*,' as it was named, had been performed by the boys. They dug the cellar, carted the bricks, prepared the mortar; and now the walls began to rise, and their joy to rise. Every boy, great or small, held on to the work, longer and later, until, on the 16th of April, the whole company, with the jubilee of song, hung a wreath of triumph on the gable of the house. A few more busy days, and the building was completed, and ready for the reception of the first colony from the old *Rauhe Haus*. It was hung from top to bottom with evergreens and wreaths of flowers; and, on the 20th of July," says the Report, "on a bright Sabbath morning, it was dedicated, in the presence of seven hundred friends, to the good Shepherd, through whose love and help already twenty-seven boys have taken up their residence therein."

This event opened a new chapter in the social economy and moral character of the Institution. The affections, hopes, sympathies and enjoyments of these boys all clustered around this family life. They had lived, laboured, slept, eaten and sung together for many happy months; they had built them a home together; and now they took possession of it with joy and exultation. An earnest young disciple of the law of love, who had come from a distance to discipline his heart and life to the régime of kindness, and who had lived in their midst as an elder brother, accompanied them to their new dwelling, to live with them still as a fatherly brother and companion in labour, study, play and in all their enjoyments. Another young man, of the same spirit, entered the old live, or *Rauhe Haus* where a new family of little vagabonds from the different parts of the country began to form. In the course of time, this also colonized in the same way as the first, and took up their abode in a cottage-home, built mostly by their own hands, taught and assisted by the elder family of the "*Swiss-House*."

Thus has this most interesting Institution expanded gradually into a little cottage village of boy-families, each having their own separate house and home; and their fatherly brother, a young man of twenty or twenty-five years of age. Feeling at a loss how to spend "Thanksgiving Day" properly in a foreign land, I determined to spend it in this establishment. So I walked out to it from Hamburg, a distance of about three miles, and was most kindly received by one of the young men of the Institution. He took me through all the workshops, and dwelling houses, their little chapel, the wash and drying houses, their printing-office, bake-house, &c. It was truly a beautiful spectacle to see these young beings, once so hopeless, wretched and vicious, now sitting clothed in a regenerated mind, so full of hope, and gladness, and salvation. There they were, parcelled into little groups, with one of the "*brethren*" in the centre of each, busy at every species of utilitarian handicraft. They are all shoemakers, tailors, blacksmiths, and carpenters, &c., by turns. For a certain length of time, a troop of them, with a "brother" at their head, may be found mounted on shaving-horses, and showing themselves a brave little band of coopers; then they may be seen sitting cross-legged in a ring on a large platform, plying their needles to the same tune on garments for the whole community, and for future comers. For it is the motive of this economy, not only to teach them all kinds of handicraft, but also to discipline their minds to the habit of working for each other.

There are now about seventy boys and twenty-five girls in this establishment, who constitute four boy-

families and two girl-families, both sexes varying in age from eight to sixteen years.

There are from thirty-six to forty "brothers," and eight "candidates," or theological students preparing for the ministry, by taking lessons in the law of love, as here put in force. Thus, not only these young creatures are rescued from ruin, and transformed into a new life, but scores of earnest young men are trained for superintendents and founders of similar institutions in other countries.

The moral and religious development of these children would form a history by itself, which would be deeply interesting to every benevolent mind. First among the influences that opened their hearts to a Christian culture, was that of music. "Especially at first," says the Report, "it happened almost daily that some of the larger as well as the smallest boys broke forth in sobs, and wept aloud during the singing in our morning devotions; and on one occasion the whole were so deeply affected as to be obliged to give it up. 'We cannot hold out singing,' they were accustomed to say, 'without thinking of what we have been.' On one occasion, when they were by no means learning and practising church melodies, (to which a special hour on the Sabbath was allotted,) one of the boys stood as if out of his mind. On my speaking to him, he said, 'During singing, I forget everything here, and think only of my former life.' On another occasion, two brothers fell into each other's arms, and were so affected, that I was obliged to send them into the garden; for they had thought of their unfortunate mother while engaged in singing. Especially with the Spring increased their joy in this exercise. In the evening, after their work was done, they gathered of their own accord around a tree, or laid down on the grass, or walked arm-in-arm, whole hour long, in the garden, and sung their beautiful songs; or they climbed at vesper-time, with their bread, to the highest branches of the beautiful chestnut and lime trees that overshadowed the *Bauhe Haus*, and mingled their songs with those of the feathered songsters."

I have been able to give but a cursory glance at the history and principal features of benevolence; but I hope enough has been said to demonstrate the fact, that no human being can sink below the reach of human kindness, when breathing with the love of God and man.

From the Missionary Herald.

THE EXTINCTION OF INFANTICIDE IN INDIA.

A kind friend in Montreal, has pointed out the propriety of publishing in the *Tribune*, the following paper on the progress of civilization in India. It is conceived that its perusal, must cause the soul of every reader to be lifted up in thanksgivings to God, that the rule of Briton has been spread over these eastern climes, where the moral influence of her power is now extinguishing the forms of horrid cruelty, which, for so many ages, have brutalized the millions of the people:—

The subject of infanticide in India has lately excited deep attention among the authorities there, and the "Friend of India," has contained of late several articles upon it, and of which we shall make a free use in the following observations.

Few persons in this country, except those who, in some sort, have made Indian affairs their study, can duly estimate the great difficulty which has arisen from the government having had to contend with crimes which are national customs. Suttee, infanti-

cide, and thuggee are among the most remarkable, and in the course of years they have spread over whole races, and have become part of the daily life of organized communities. The efforts of government wholly to put them down, have not failed because of the magnitude of these crimes, but because there are no common aids to authority. The entire people is guilty; and consequently, if information be sought, no one will give it, since no one thinks anything evil is to be disclosed.

In this country natural affections are stronger than social prejudices, and proofs of good character and great criminality are not often united in the same person. Hence European experience is of little value in dealing with these anomalies. "A respectable Rajpoot, who governs his estates with an ability which extorts the admiration of the collector, has murdered his female children, and would have assisted to burn his mother alive, but for the law. The wife who would kill herself rather than allow a European to see her face, and towards whom her sons express the deepest respect and affection, has consented to the slaughter of her own children. The manner in which a native retains occasionally, amidst great virtues, a criminal side to his character, might form one of the most curious chapters in phychology."

In consequence of the inquiries set on foot by the government in 1851, infanticide was found to prevail, more or less, in the Umballa, Ferozepore, Jallunder, Hooshempore, Lahore, Mooltan, and other districts; in fact, over a tract of country as large as an European kingdom. It was not found to be practised by the inhabitants, but chiefly by men of great wealth and influence, and by the Rajpoots, generally very poor, but among whom the custom is one of immemorial antiquity. The higher the rank, the more certain are the female branches of destruction. It is believed, however, to have affected all classes. Among the higher ranks, the motive is simply pride. They must marry their female children, and to their equals. They must also give very large fortunes. It was found that one chief gave his daughter seven lakhs of rupees, another ten, and another gave a niece one, she being married to a poor Brahmin of the plains. A lakh of rupees is equal to £10,000 sterling. To avoid this inconvenience, they slay their female children. It is a question between the father's wealth and the daughter's life.

Moreover, the principle of consanguinity is pushed to the wildest extreme. Almost every Rajpoot is a relative of every other, and those descended from a common ancestor consider themselves blood relations after the lapse of centuries. Down to the last degree of relationship marriage is forbidden. "Every Rajpoot Campbell considers himself not only kinsman of the Duke of Argyie, but within the prohibited degrees."

Among the Bedees, the descendants of Durm Chund, the grandson of the great Nanuk Gooroo, who are the Levites of the Punjab, a different set of motives prevails. They murder on tradition, and occasionally add a shocking ceremony to the crime. The child is buried; a piece of sugar is put within its lips, and a hank of cotton in its hand, and the father cries—

"Eat your goor and spin your thread,
But go and end a boy instead."

Whatever may be the motives, it is now a well ascertained fact that in hundreds of families in the Punjab there has been no daughter brought up for generations: that in thousands, infanticide is a custom to which no member would hesitate to allude, and that all over the district there is a disproportion

in the number of females not to be accounted for by our ordinary causes, and in certain parts of it this disproportion rises to a height which implies the extinction of the female sex.

Taking advantage of the new feeling of abhorrence of the crime springing up among the people, the government have made it generally known that they regard infanticide as a crime, and one which must be abolished. They have in some districts summoned all the chiefs, and induced them to pass formal resolutions respecting marriage. In others a census is to be taken of births, distinguishing between males and females; and we learn, by recent intelligence, that "the warfare against the darker crimes is everywhere proceeding, and everywhere successful. Even from Orissa, where the practice of offering human victims was once as prevalent as in Carthage, its almost entire suppression has been effected.

Hitherto the difficulties in the way of the government, the editor of "The Friend of India" justly remarks, have been almost entirely moral. The moral sense and the natural affections are alike dead among the Hindoos. Thuggee and infanticide flourished because their perpetrators did not regard them as crimes. In Bombay, the criminal races, like the gipsies in Europe, looked upon theft and fortune-telling as their natural occupations, which they were born to do. In Orissa, there were not only these moral difficulties, but a formidable physical one. The guilty parties inhabited fastnesses which could scarcely be penetrated. They laughed at law, for they were without its pale. They despised threats, for they could not be enforced by any army. To offer them money was useless, for they believed the crimes to be the highest earthly gain; and moral suasion is vain among a people "who would consider a missionary an acceptable offering to their gods." In spite of these difficulties the government has triumphed by bringing the moral influence, derived from irresistible physical power, to bear upon the crime.

In this last-named territory the infected district stretches down the coast from the Orissa mountains far into Madras, over a country as large as Wales. It was formerly semi-independent, and a part of two presidencies: but in 1845 was created a separate agency. From that moment the practice of human offerings rapidly declined. Every clan obeys its own chief, and each was informed that his future welfare depended entirely on his efforts to repress crime. The majority consented, but many broke their promises. In some districts the people became turbulent; but their chiefs were protected. An armed force was sent through the jungle. Others feared if children, purchased for slaves, were saved, they would incur the wrath of their deities. Their fears were quieted; and when guarantees were obtained for the lives of the children, they were left to labour. In others, young women, retained as concubines to be afterwards sacrificed to the gods, were married to the chiefs, and thus saved from all danger to their lives. In only one instance, and that to repel an attack, did troops actually fire, and this act of severity produced the best effects. In Boad, where the slaughter of children was carried to an enormous extent, and bits of their flesh, cut from the living body, were strewed on the fields, as a sort of miraculous manure, the practice has ceased to exist. In Chinna Kedy mountains, the present public sentiment is thus recorded:—

"Each chief was invited freely to express his sentiments. Many did this without hesitation, saying that when we first came among them they were like beasts in the jungle. . . . They now saw that our only object was to stop human sacrifice, not

a fowl nor any thing else was taken, not even a fence injured, by the people of the camp. . . . It was no use resisting the orders of the great Sicar. . . . In two or three places it was asked, 'What are we to say to the deity?' They were told to say whatever they pleased. Spokesman said, 'Do not be angry with us, O goddess! for giving you the blood of beasts instead of human blood, but vent your wrath on that gentleman who is well able to bear it. We are guiltless!'"

Here, then, the very source of the crime has been attacked. The people have been relieved of a severe money pressure caused by the purchase of victims.

They are enlarging commerce, and are cultivating yearly more ground. The natural instinct which forbids the shedding of unnecessary blood, and the natural affection of parents for their offspring, are recovering their force. In eighteen years, the period over which the operations noted above has spread, a crime, the worst known, has been unproved, nearly thirteen hundred human beings have been saved from a horrible death, and an entire people have been induced to give up a practice sanctioned alike by antiquity and superstition.

It is not possible to say how much missionary labours have rendered the praiseworthy efforts of government more easy of success. Let it never be forgotten that while Orissa has been for ages, and still is the stronghold of the worship of Juggernath, it was one of the first districts into which the Serampore brethren carried the gospel. Some account of their early labours, and of the native brethren they sent there, we endeavoured to set before our readers in recent papers. They could not have been in vain. One thing is certain, that all over India the progress of law social order, commerce, civilization, has kept pace with the spread of Christianity; and it is not too much to say that in all those districts where the missionary has most laboured, the government has found their measures to improve the people most successful. We rejoice that the government is now pursuing a course which candid minds must approve; and the contrast between what India was and what India is now, is not greater than between the spirit of the government now and the spirit of the government in the days of Fuller, Garey, Marshman, and Ward.

THINK YOUNG MEN: THINK.

Want of thought is one simple reason why thousands of souls are cast away for ever. Men will not consider—will not look forward—will not look round them—will not reflect on the end of their present course, and the sure consequences of their present ways—and awake at last to find they are damned for want of thinking.

Young men, none are in more danger of this than yourselves. You know little of the perils around you, and so you are heedless how you walk. You hate the trouble of sober, quiet thinking, and so you form wrong decisions, and run your heads into sorrow. Young Esau must needs have his brother's pottage, and sell his birthright; he never *thought* how much he should one day want it, Young Simeon and Levi must needs avenge their sister Dina, and slay the Shechemites. They never *considered* how much trouble and anxiety it might bring on their father Jacob and his house. Job seems to have been specially afraid of this thoughtlessness among his children. It is written, that when they had a feast, and "the days of their feasting were gone about, Job sent and sanctified them, and rose up early in the morning and offered burnt offerings, according to the

number of them all: for Job said, "It may be that my sons have sinned, and cursed God in their hearts. Thus did Job continually." (Job 1, 5.)

Believe me, this world is not a world in which we can do well without thinking, and least of all do well in the matter of our souls. "Don't think," whispers Satan: he knows that an unconverted heart is like a dishonest tradesman's book, it will not bear close inspection. "Consider your ways," says the word of God—stop and think—consider and be wise. Well says the Spanish proverb, "Hurry comes of the devil." Just as men marry in haste, and then repent at leisure, so they make mistakes about their souls in a minute, and then suffer for it for years. Just as a bad servant does wrong, and then says, "I never gave it a thought," so young men run into sin, and then say, "I did not think about it—it did not look like sin." Not look like sin! What would you have? Sin will not come to you saying, "I am sin;" it would do little harm if it did. Sin always seems "good and pleasant, and desirable," at the time of commission. O! get wisdom, get discretion, Remember the words of Solomon, "Ponder the paths of thy feet, and let thy ways be established." (Prov. iv. 26.) It is a wise saying of Lord Bacon, "Do nothing rashly. Stay a little, that you may make an end the sooner."

Some, I dare say, will object that I am asking what is unreasonable; that youth is not the time of life when people ought to be grave and thoughtful. I answer there is little danger of their being too much so in the present day. Foolish talking, jesting, and joking, and excessive merriment, are only too common. Doubtless there is a time for all things; but to be always light and trifling, is anything but wise. What says the wisest of men? "It is better to go to the house of mourning than to go to the house of feasting: for that is the end of all men; and the living will lay it to heart. Sorrow is better than laughter: for by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better. The heart of the wise is in the house of mourning: but the heart of fools is in the house of mirth." (Eccles. vii. 2, 3, 4.) Matthew Henry tells a story of a great statesman in Queen Elizabeth's time who retired from public life in his latter days, and gave himself up to serious thought. His former gay companions came to visit him, and told him he was becoming melancholy. "No," he replied, "I am serious; for all are serious round about me. God is serious in observing us—Christ is serious in interceding for us—the Spirit is serious in striving with us—the truths of God are serious—our spiritual enemies are serious in their endeavours to ruin us—poor lost sinners are serious in hell; and why, then, should not you and I be serious too?"

O! young men, learn to be thoughtful. Learn to consider what you are doing, and whither you are going. Make time for calm reflection. Commune with your own heart, and be still. Remember my caution. Do not be lost merely for want of thought.—*Rev. C. J. Ryle, B. A.*

EARN BEFORE YOU SPEND.

Boswell, in his Life of Johnson, tells a story of a Mr. Langton, an acquaintance of the great lexicographer, who maintained a household in a style of elegance and even luxury, apparently far beyond his means, simply because he never purchased anything until he had the money to give for it. The celebrated John Randolph is well known to have said, that there was one maxim worth more than all others, for the conduct of life, and that it was "pay as you go." As the experience of every man, who has lived to the age

of forty, coincides with this opinion, it seems, at first, astonishing that so many people fall into pecuniary difficulties, in consequence of spending before they have earned. But, in the flush of youth, present enjoyment is nearly all that is thought of; the future is dismissed with a shrug; every effort is made to forget the cold counsels of wisdom. It requires, therefore, that the great truth which we have placed at the head of this article, should be constantly obtruded on the public mind, and should be enforced again and again. Not only individuals, indeed, but states, nations and communities of every size suffer by neglecting this golden maxim.

Why is so much specie now going to Europe? Because the country at large has been spending money for French silks. French wines and other foreign luxuries, before it had earned the solid cash to pay for them. If we had waited until we had sold enough grain, cotton and provisions; in other words, if we had kept our importations within our probable exports, we should not now be compelled to send such enormous quantities of gold abroad. Why are so many persons complaining that money is "tight?" Because they have either been spending what they have not earned, or have debtors who, having done so, are unable to "pay up." In short, all our existing evils can be traced back, directly or indirectly, to the violation of this golden maxim. There is no touchstone to prevent extravagance like that of paying cash for everything. If a housekeeper divides her income into weekly sums, and spends daily no more than that day's proportion, she is sure never to get behindhand. If the merchant, mechanic, operative, or retired gentleman estimates what he can afford to spend annually, and rigidly pays cash, there is no danger of his becoming bankrupt through excessive expenditure. What the safety-valve is to the steam engine, that is the maxim, "earn before you spend," to commence life. If you "pay as you go," you will always be independent, always your own master, because never in debt.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

From the New York Chronicle.

AN INCIDENT IN A COAL-PIT—THE POWER OF RELIGION ILLUSTRATED.

Not long since, while visiting McKeesport, Pa., an incident was related to me by my friend, Doctor P——, which most strikingly illustrates the truth and power of religion. Early one morning, the Doctor was called on to visit a man who had been hurt in a coal-pit, not far from the village. Accordingly, he hastened to comply with the request, and on reaching the spot, he found a man lying on a pallet of straw, fearfully mangled by the fall of a large block of slate from the roof of the pit in which he was labouring.

The man had been at work in a section of the pit apart from the other hands, when the accident happened, and as he was known to labour early and late, no one thought of looking after him.

The slate fell on him just at night, crushing him to the earth, breaking one of his thighs in three places, falling with such weight on his chest, that nearly all his ribs were broken, and his head was bruised and bound down so that he was not able to speak.

The slate was so heavy that he could but just move it, yet not sufficiently to relieve himself. In this condition, he heard the other men leave the pit, but was unable to make known to them his horrible situation. He listened to their footsteps, in hopes that some one would turn aside to relieve him, until the last sound died away in the distance, and then gave himself up to a stern necessity.

He was a wicked, profane man. Imagine, therefore,

the soul-harrowing thoughts which must have thronged his mind like so many devouring serpents! How vividly must all his past life have appeared to him! The next morning some of the hands went to his cabin (for he boarded himself at the entrance of the pit) to light their lamps, but found that he had not been there during the night. Being alarmed, they went in search of him, and found him in the situation above stated, still alive. On examination, Dr. P— found that he was cold, and beyond the reach of medical skill.

While standing by, looking on the unfortunate man, the Doctor remarked upon the horrors of a night spent in such a situation. The poor man lay as if insensible to what was said, but when the Doctor ceased speaking, he opened his eyes and said, calmly, "That was the happiest night of my life." How can that be? asked the good Doctor. "That night," said the man, "I made peace with my God." A half hour after, he was in eternity. Does this not speak volumes for the truth of religion, and its power to sustain the mind, though the body be crushed, mangled, and dying?
C. H. B.

From the Christian Guardian.

A PERIOD OF HUMAN LIFE.

M. Flourens, the distinguished French physiologist and Perpetual Secretary of the Paris Academy of Sciences, has just published a book, in which he announces that the normal period of the life of man is *one hundred years*. The grounds on which he comes to this new philosophic conclusion may be briefly stated. It is, we believe, a fact in natural history that the length of each animal's life is in exact proportion to the period he is in growing. Buffon was aware of this truth, and his observations led him to conclude that the life in different species of animals is six or seven times as long as the period of growth. M. Flourens, from his own observations and those of his predecessors, is of opinion that it may be more safely taken at five times. When Buffon wrote the precise period at which animals leave off growing, or to speak more correctly, the precise circumstance which indicates that the growth has ceased, was not known. M. Flourens has ascertained that period, and thereon lies his present theory; "It consists," says he, "in the union of the bones to their epiphyses. As long as the bones are not united to their epiphyses the animal grows; as soon as the bones are united to their epiphyses the animal ceases to grow." Now, in man, the union of the bones and the epiphyses takes place, according to M. Flourens, at the age of twenty: and consequently he proclaims that the natural duration of life is five times twenty years. "It is now fifteen years ago," he says, "since I commenced researches into the physiological law of the duration of life, both in man and in some of our domestic animals, and I have arrived at the result that the normal duration of man's life is one century. Yes, a century's life is what Providence meant to give us." Applied to domestic animals M. Flourens' theory has, he tells us, been proved correct. "The union of the bones with the epiphyses," he says, "takes place in the camel at eight years of age, and he lives forty years; in the horse at five years, and he lives twenty-five years; in the ox at four years, and he lives from fifteen to twenty years; in the dog at two years; and he lives from ten to twelve years; and in the lion at four years, and he lives twenty." As a necessary consequence of the prolongation of life to which M. Flourens assures man he is entitled, he modifies very considerably his different ages. "I prolong the duration

of infancy," he says, "up to ten years, because it is from nine to ten that the second detention is terminated. I prolong adolescence up to twenty years, because it is at that age that the development of the bones ceases, and consequently the increase of the body in length. I prolong youth up to the age of forty, because it is only at that age that the increase of the body in bulk terminates. After forty the body does not grow, properly speaking; the augmentation of its volume, which then takes place, is not a veritable organic development, but a simple accumulation of fat. After the growth or more exactly speaking, the development in length and bulk has terminated, man enters into what I call the period of invigoration, that is—when all our parts become more complete and firmer, our functions more assured, and the whole organism more perfect. This period lasts to sixty-five or seventy years; and then begins old age, which lasts for thirty years." But though M. Flourens thus lengthens man's days, he warns him, more than once, that the prolongation of them can only be obtained on one rigorous condition, "that of good conduct, of existence always occupied, of labour, of study, of moderation, of sobriety in all things." To those who may be disposed to ask, why it is, that of men destined to live a hundred years so few do so, M. Flourens answers triumphantly—with our manners, our passions, our torments man does not die, he kills himself!" and he speaks at great length of Cornaro, of Lessius, and mentions Parr and others, to show that, by prudence and above all, *sobriety*, life can easily be extended to a century or more. Such is an outline of M. Flourens' singular argument.

ENDOWED AND UNENDOWED CHURCHES.

The principle argument for a State-endowed or established Church is, that it is an important, if not an essential means of providing religious instruction to the people, and that such an instrumentality is especially required in a new country. This prevailing modern illusion is being rapidly dissipated by undeniable statistical facts.

The census of the United States, although taken in 1850, has only lately appeared, owing to the official derangement created by the new appointments under the Pierce Presidency. From that work and the census of England and Wales, some interesting facts and comparisons have been drawn, remarkably favorable to the working of the Voluntary Principle. There are in the United States, 38,061 Churches or Buildings for public worship. Of these the Methodists have 13,280; the Baptists, 9,375; the Presbyterians, 4,824; the Congregationalists, 1,706; the Episcopalians, 1,459; the Roman Catholics, 1,221; and the Lutherans, 1,217. The *Christian Spectator* shows that the United States furnish Church accommodation for 61 per cent of the entire population, while England and Wales, with a Church Establishment sustained at an annual cost of about \$50,000,000, provides only for 57 per cent of its population. Dr. Chalmers reckoned that Church accommodation was required for 62½ per cent of the entire population of a country, but Mr. Horace Mann reckoned 58 per cent if provided according to its density. From this it appears that while the United States are 4 per cent in advance of England and Wales, they only fall short of the highest computation regarding Church accommodation, 1½ per cent. Reasoning from the foregoing data, the same writer calculates that in England and Wales, as compared with the United States, 730,000 persons are virtually deprived of Church sittings and religious privileges in consequence of the existence of a Church Establishment!

Looking at the whole religious statistics of both countries, the following conclusions are drawn:—

“1st. Church establishments are condemned by four-fifths of the religious portion of the Anglo-Saxon race.

2nd. That nine-tenths of the same class are attached to the pure faith and doctrine.

3rd. That Protestant Episcopacy is upheld by only about 28 per cent of the Churches.

4th. That Congregationalists (i. e. Independents and Baptists), number 31 per cent of the Churches.

5th. That Roman Catholics form just 2½ per cent of the population.”

These facts are deeply interesting to the friends of truth and freedom. To find the United States in their comparative youth and monetary weakness; while the receptacle annually of a vast immigration of the poor and ignorant from Europe and the British Islands, doing more by voluntary means, to provide for the religious instruction of the masses than England and Wales, with the richest endowed hierarchy in the world, is a fact which should be universally known. It is more especially important in this and all the Colonies where the clergy of that Church are disturbing the peace of society in their mercenary and infatuated pursuit of state support, as a thing essential to the diffusion of religious knowledge. The peculiar privileges demanded by the Hierarchy, viz: State support and religious tests in the National Universities;—while professedly designed to subserve the interests of pure christianity, are, in reality, only sectarian instrumentalities, designed to build up and sustain the Clergy as an agency of power, just as it is found in most heathen lands. The great law of the Christian Church recognizes no such alliances: they are essentially anti-christian.—*Exchange.*

ALONE AT THE JUDGMENT.

There is no escape alone or in the crowd at the judgment-day. It is not a multitude amid which we may hide ourselves and escape notice. At that solemn tribunal, each man will be as transparent before the searching eye of the Son of God, as if that man and Jesus were the only twain in the whole universe: such will be the intense light of that day, that one reason why the lost will call out for the hills to cover them, and the mountains to overshadow them, will be, that they cannot bear the intensity of that searching and unutterable splendor: and such will be the dread silence of that moment, that each man will hear the very pulsations of his own heart, and if that heart be unregenerate, each pulse will sound a death-knell to his hopes and prospects forever. There is no escape by wealth: there is no escape by talent; there is no escape any way: for “how, if we neglect so great salvation,” says the apostle, as satisfied that there is no escape whatever, “shall we escape?”

CHARACTER FOR THE YOUNG.

Character is every thing to the young, as it is the surest means to success in life. It is better than the most ample fortune; it is better than the patronage of rich and powerful friends. A young person of established character, virtuous principles, of good conduct, though he be poor, and left to his own unaided efforts, will rarely fail to make way for himself in the world. He may be assailed by misfortune; he may lose his health or fall into adverse circumstances, and so be embarrassed and oppressed in his course; but, as a general rule, it cannot be questioned that a fair character, a character for intelligence,

virtue and worth, is the surest pledge of success in life. For many years I have been accustomed to watch with great interest the fortunes of the young in their progress in life; and long since I have come to the settled conclusion, that in so far as success is concerned, whether in the learned professions, or in the ordinary business of men, character, virtue, a well-regulated mind and heart, is of higher value than heirship to the richest estate—than all outward advantages whatever. Such an estate, such advantages, are apt to inflate with pride, to lead to imprudence, to idleness and vice; and where this is the case, it takes but a short time to squander a fortune and bar every door to respectability and happiness. But character, I repeat, never fails. It makes friends and subdues enemies, creates funds, opens the gates of opportunity, draws around its possessor patronage and support, makes him a sure and easy way to wealth, to honor and to happiness.—*Exchange.*

From the Journal of Commerce.

RELIGIOUS WORSHIP IN JAPAN.

The streets are wide and straight, and the better class of houses two stories high, plastered and roofed with elegant tiles. The interior is very clean and neat, and the rooms covered with mats, and separated from each other by sliding screws, that are closed or removed at pleasure. There are no chimneys in Japan. A charcoal fire is built in a little sand pit in the middle of the floor, around which the family are usually found, seated on their knees, drinking tea, and smoking their pipes. Not a chair, or any other piece of furniture, can be seen. Tubs of water are kept in front of each house, as well as on the roofs, in readiness against fire, for conflagrations are so frequent and extensive, that whole towns are sometimes burnt down.

The temples, chiefly Buddhists, are beautifully situated in the suburbs. The entrance to them leads generally through rows of elegant trees and wild camelias. They are large, plain structures, with high, peaked roofs, resembling the houses pictured on Chinese porcelain. In the space immediately in front, is a large bell, for summoning the faithful, a stone reservoir of holy water, and several roughly hewn stone idols. The doorway is ornamented with curious looking dragons, and other animals carved in wood.—Upon entering there is nothing special about the buildings worth noting, the naked sides and exposed rafters having a gloomy appearance.—The altar is the only object that attracts attention. It so much resembles the Roman Catholic, that I need not describe it. Some of the idols on these altars are so similar to those I have seen in the churches in Italy, that if they were mutually translated, I doubt whether either set of worshippers could discover the change.—The priests count beads, shave their heads, and wear analagous robes, and the service is attended by the ringing of bells, the lighting of candles, and the burning of incense. In fact, except that the cross is nowhere to be seen, one could easily imagine himself within a Roman Catholic place of worship.

NEW VIEWS FROM A CATHOLIC.—A Roman Catholic member of the French Academy, occupying a high literary and political rank, has recently written an article to prove that Protestantism is a strong, moral religion, more conformed to the wants of modern States than Romanism. He shows that the different sects of Protestantism, instead of being a reproach, are an evidence of life and sincerity.

Views and Doings of Individuals.

For the Gospel Tribune.

THE STORM KING.

BY THE FOREST BARD.

The Storm King came in his hurricane car,
Dashing his bolts anigh and afar,
Sweeping along in frantic mirth
Over the lowly sons of earth;
Wild were the snorts his coursers gave,
Sweeping the air like a tempest wave,
While at the roar of his chariot wheels,
Fleam earth aghast to its centre reels.

His robes were the folds of the midnight cloud,
His voice was the thunder deep and loud,
His song was the shriek of the sweeping gale,
With the dismal dirge of the night bird's wail;
And the lamps of his car thro' the cloudy mazo
Was the crooked lightnings lurid blaze.

Onward he sweeps with a hurricane pace,
Urging his steeds in the maddening race;
Dashing across the rough mountain's brow,
Sweeping the valley still and low.
Terror is out on her midnight tour
Striding away o'er the dreary moor,
Sitting anon on the boisterous breeze,
Crushing the limbs of the bending trees,
Over the hamlet and over the plain,
Mowing the loaded fields of grain;
Tossing the breast of the silver lake,
Lopping the leaves of the tangled brake.
Next down the mountain gorge she wheels,
Where the crystal brook from its fountain steals,
And the rill so gentle till she came there
Hurries away with a foamy fear,
(Leaping along the fleecy cloud,
Tearing apart the tempests shroud,
Darting along like a thing of life,
Mocking in mirth the aerial strife.)
See the bright lightnings twist and twine
Like a serpent huge round the Storm King's shrine,
And the thunder booms like the mighty tread
Of the God of the globe thro' the home of the dead.
And wild is the wail of the tempest's song,
As with staggering steps it reels along,
While the Storm King pours in his wrathful pride,
The blood of the cloud down the mountain's side.
'Tis a crystal tide that is wetting the plains,
Pour'd from the wounds in old nature's veins,
Bathing the vales with the bath of life,
Balm to the wounds of the tempest's strife,
Life—new life to old nature's breast
Life from the storm clouds snowy crest,
Gladly the thirsty earth has quaff'd,
Life and health from the limpid draught,
Life to the hills—to the valley's clod
Four'd from the cup of the living God.
And a still small voice from the earth wells up,
As it quaffs the draught from the crystal cup;
From ten thousand tongues it swells above,
In a song of praise to the God of love.
Creation's tongues in a transport raise
An universal song of praise,
And thus in a mighty hymn they swell,
To God the Great—the Invisible.

Our God is the God of the evening mild,
Our God is the God of the tempest wild,
Our God is the God of the summer warm,
Of the winter's cold and the tempest's storm.
He holds in his hands the wind's wild breath,
The threads of life and the bolts of death;
He speaks and the Storm King bows in peace,
He speaks and his dreadful thunders cease.

He waves his hand and the lightnings bright,
In the sable cloud enconce their light;
He binds them all with a rainbow band,
And holds them at bay with his strong right hand.

Or when for awhile he gives them way,
(Round his chariot as he rides forth) to play;
'Tis then with the strength of his mighty arm,
He guardeth his works on earth from harm.

Then why should we fear the tempest's wrath,
When we know that our God directs its path;
Oh let us not fear the element strife,
But join in adoring the Giver of life,
And remember that He who controls their pow'rs
This Great, this Almighty God is ours.

For the Gospel Tribune.

The following article is the production of a young friend of mine; its publication in the *Tribune* would oblige me, should the editor deem it worthy of a place in his columns. WILLIAM McCULLOUGH.

DIVERSITY OF RELIGIOUS OPINION.

In contemplating man, the intelligent observer has no difficulty in discovering in his nature three prominent features—the sensual, the intellectual and the spiritual. The sensual is that which we possess in common with the brute creation, and in which we are manifestly inferior to many of them. The intellectual is that which gives man his superiority over the beasts which makes him "lord of creation;" it is the *progressive principle*, the germ of which is naturally within man, but which it requires experience and education to enlarge: the spiritual is the connecting link between man and his Maker; it is the germ of immortality, which is naturally within him also, and accordingly it is as much above his intellectual nature as his intellectual is above the sensual, and it should act as their earthly governor. When this spiritual nature is united to God through Christ, man is then enabled to keep his body (his sensual nature) under, and bring it into subjection to the law of God; "imagination's" are also cast down, and "every thought" is brought into *captivity* to the obedience of Christ. During the primitive Christian age, man's spiritual nature predominated, and Christianity was pure; during the reign of Rome, man's sensual nature predominated, and Christianity was lost; at present, man's intellectual nature predominates, and threatens also to exclude Christianity.—That the senses should be governed by the intellect, is readily admitted; that the intellect also requires a governor, is not so readily admitted, although it has often given us ample proof that it does. Human reason, they say, free and unfettered, is the very thing to elevate man, but *how* it is to do this, is a question it will puzzle many to answer; it has led thousands to say in their heart, "There is no God;" it led Bishop Berkeley and his disciples, to doubt the evidence of their senses, and deny the existence of a material world; it led a great philosopher (Des Cartes), to doubt his *own* existence; it converted *La belle France* into one vast den of cannibals; you cannot find it the same in one individual from manhood to old age; you can not find it the same in two individuals in the

universe. It is often to be found, (we say it in pity,) turned upside down in an asylum; it is indeed a precarious guide through life, it is nearly always absent in the hour of death, and yet, this is to enlighten and reform and *elevate* man, and through time to convert earth into Eden. "Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world." And it is human reason thus acting, as if there was no power higher than itself, that has brought the churches to their present deplorable state of confusion; and unless some plan is adopted by which church unity can be established and preserved, our intellectual preachers, like the workmen of Babel, will soon have to leave off building. At present each one is advocating his own doctrine and denying all others, with a zeal that shows that there is some fearful influence at work, which has made nearly all forget that the unity of the church, is one of the most essential requisites for ensuring the progress of Christianity. O, that our teachers, would suffer the words of the great apostle of the Gentiles, to find a place in their hearts; "Now I beseech you, brethren, by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no divisions among you; but ye be perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment;" 1 Cor., 1 chap., 10th verse. And again in the 17th verse, "For Christ sent me not to baptize but to preach the Gospel, *not* with *wisdom* of words, lest the cross of Christ should be made of none effect." Can any professing Christian read the three first chapters of this epistle, and not be led to do something for the restoration of church unity, and see at once the folly of substituting our intellectual wisdom for the things which are "spirit and life." In that day when we shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ, how shall we account for the neglect of a duty which the Scriptures so plainly and strictly enjoin. It will be of no avail to plead then, that we mistook the things of intellect, for those of the spirit, that we were trying to penetrate by our wisdom, into those things which God has declared his Spirit alone can reveal to us; for "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." But to discern them by earthly wisdom, is the point which man in his vain glory is aiming at; by that wisdom, says the skeptic, we must understand the Word of God, or, by that wisdom we will prove it false. By that wisdom, says the sectarian, we must decide every controverted point of doctrine, and open up the true way to eternal life and bliss; and that wisdom, saith, Jehovah, I will destroy, and will bring to nothing the understanding of the prudent. The whole aim of the world at present, is to make men wise, by a certain process, called education, which is, indeed, a noble aim, if exercised within proper bounds; if we could but seek *first* the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things would be added unto us. The aim of Christianity is, first to make man good, and by so doing she is taking the first great

step towards making man wise. 'Behold the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding;' Job 23: 28th verse. The apostle Paul says, "Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss, for the excellency of that knowledge which is in Christ Jesus my Lord;" and, doubtless, the apostle included his education among the rest. In the 2nd chap. and 8th verse of his Epistle to the Colossians, he says, "Beware lest any man spoil you, through philosophy and vain deceit." But alas! the church of Christ upon earth is well nigh spoiled through these very things. Geology, says one sect, (Swedenborgians) proves to a demonstration that there never was a flood; and geology, say their opponents, proves conclusively, that there has been a flood. Now, if I am to be guided by geology, what am I to believe? I can not devote my time to the study of geology, and I see those who have devoted their time to such pursuits unable to decide one great point. I am naturally led to conclude, that geologists know nothing at all about it; that they can neither prove one thing nor the other, and that I must either choose some other guide or grope my way in the dark. And so it is with all our doctrinal differences. Philosophy and logic says one thing for one sect, and denies the same for another, and then upsets both for a third. There, then, we are at a stand, and we must believe one of two things, either that philosophy is a humbug, or the Bible is untrue. The latter we have seen its fruits, they are the best upon earth; therefore we choose it. The former, we have seen *its* fruits also, and we dread its influence. Philosophy, &c., can do no more towards deciding the great truths of the gospel, than a lighted candle can do towards proving to a man who has been deprived of his sight, that the sun still rules by day and the moon by night. There is but one way by which their truth can be decided, and that is the way which God himself has appointed. "If ye do the works ye shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God." Otherwise, all the wisdom of the universe can neither prove it false nor true; its truth stands in the fiat of the eternal. Doubtless, God has permitted the present state of things in order to prove to us the folly of leaning too much to our own wisdom; and so sure as that wisdom has exalted itself against God, so sure shall it again be brought low, "The Lord of Hosts has purposed it, to stain the pride of all glory; and to bring into contempt all the honourable things of the earth." He is also, at the present time opening the eyes of many to see the folly of attempting, by learning alone, to establish any form of religion upon earth. God is not the author of confusion, therefore it is not his Spirit that has divided us thus. But, next comes the question, how is it to be remedied? We reply, the work is already begun; many eminent men are at its head upon earth, and the idea of a union of the churches is beginning to pervade the minds of all ranks and classes, and as the true christian has before looked down, upon the squabbles and turmoil of the sensual world, unmoved,

except by pity; so, when the Spirit is touched by the word of Divine truth, and

"Treads the aerial highness of the crystal climes,"

we must look down calmly upon the uproar and confusion of the intellectual world, and, "rejoicing evermore;" "praying without ceasing" endeavor to preserve the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.

(For the Tribune.)

SABBATH DESECRATION BY MINISTERS.

In hope that some one competent to the task, and alive to the importance of the subject, will, at an early date, furnish through the *Tribune* an essay adapted to awaken the minds of brethren, who, through mistaken views, are deemed culpable in the matter, the writer begs to state, that he has often been grieved to hear it mentioned as a flagrant inconsistency on the part of many preachers of the Gospel, that they frequently ratify the marriage contract on the Lord's day, a practice which complainant could not justify or defend, simply because he believes it to be a desecration of that hallowed day; exposing religion to the scorn and reproach of the world.

22, PICKERING.

NORTH EASTHOPE, MARCH 5TH, 1855.

MR. DICK.

DEAR SIR,—Perhaps the accompanying piece of poetry might be acceptable for the *Tribune*. The author is unknown to me:—

LINES WRITTEN BY A MOTHER, ON VIEWING THE BODY OF HER DEAD INFANT.

Anticipated, beauteous flower,
And must thou wither in an hour,
Seized on by Death's resistless power;
My lovely Babe.

Must Thou so soon be torn away,
Could no kind hand prolong thy stay,
Must worms on thy sweet features prey,
My lovely Babe.

Fondly I gaze upon thy face,
But ah, thou heeds not my embrace,
Yet in my heart thou shalt have place,
My lovely Babe.

Thine eyes shall ne'er behold the day,
Those tender limbs shall never play,
Thy silent tongue shall never say,
My Mother.

Kind tears; ye bring a sweet relief,
To assuage the anguish of my grief,
Some gentle voice soft whispers peace,
'Tis Jesus.

While weeping o'er thy beauteous clay,
Methinks I hear the Saviour say,
You shall behold some other day,
Your lovely Babe.

Yes; dearest Lord; I can believe,
The soul reviving truth receive,
That Jesus died—He died to save,
My lovely Babe.

Sweet thought, how soon the conflicts o'er,
Soon reach'd that happy, blissful shore,
Where sin, and death, are known no more,
My lovely Babe.

Kind Angels smiling bade thee come,
The heavenly mansions made The room,
And Jesus sets thee near his throne,
In realms of bliss.

Shall I indulge in mournful strains,
While on those peaceful happy plains,
Of heavenly bliss, where Jesus reigns,
There lives my Babe.

Oh gracious God, my grief forgive,
Bless, bless the tender plants that live,
Thy grace to them, thy glory give,
Oh God of Love.

Wash'd in the precious crimson tide,
May they with all the glorified,
Sing, sweetly sing, that Jesus died,
In realms of bliss.

There is so much piety and pathos in the above, and it has proved, and may prove, so melting and consoling to pious parents, when placed in the circumstances which first called it forth, that its circulation is desirable.

I am Dear Sir,
Yours, in Christian affection,
WALTER MILNE.

BUNYAN.

The creative genius of the persecuted Puritan has given to Bedford and its environs high historic fame. Bunyan, in his early days, was the merriest lad in Elstow. His fiery fancy, and burning wit, and ardent spirits, ruled the circle of boyhood. John led the game. The green and the belfry were the dominions he claimed. His domineering profanity was felt and feared. So Bunyan rose to manhood. He married early. The young wife was the very companion the youthful blusterer required; she had sufficient charms to keep John at home. They read together. The tinker's impiety was checked.—He now rarely joined in the village sports. His imperious soul was sad. John said little, but thought much. Mighty and mysterious musings filled his spirit. At "Elstow Church" Bunyan and his wife were constant attendants. Clear light dawned on the half superstitious worshipper. He was introduced to Mr. Gifford, the first pastor of the Baptist church at Bedford. Gifford has been considered as the "Evangelist" of "Pilgrim." By this holy man was the young disciple "taught the way of God more perfectly." At the age of twenty-six, Bunyan was united to the church under Gifford's care. Mr. Gifford died. He, then preaching-deacon, was unanimously requested by the brethren of the church to be their pastor. With much diffidence, and no little reluctance, the humble man acceded. The fame of the preacher spread.—Crowds listen. His addresses are full of vivid appeals. His opening ministry arouses many a slumbering conscience by the loud thunder of its alarms. The sermons of the Sabbath are clothed in all the royal drapery of his princely imagination. Bunyan itinerates. When the provincial Puritan appears in London, the illustrious Dr. Owen listens, and freely says that he would readily relinquish all his learning, if he could but preach like the Bedford tinker.

GODS MADE TO ORDER.—A queer expression, but it only describes a line of business carried on extensively in heathen lands. Here is the translation of a Chinese advertisement:—"I will execute to order idols from two feet high to the size of a marmoset monkey, or the biggest and most hideous monster that can inspire the human mind with awe and reverence for religion. If the idol is the size of an ourang outang the price will be \$700; one of sphinx size will be turned out for \$400; one the size of a bull dog with horns and hump \$650; a buffalo size \$800; a dog size \$200, and the size of an ass in the attitude of braying \$1000."

Movements of Organizations.

CONVOCAATION.

The Ministers and other Representatives of the Baptist Denomination in Canada, are called to assemble in the City of Toronto, on Wednesday, the 13th of June, 1855. The authority for this announcement is embodied in the answers returned to the following Circular, which, in itself, sufficiently explains the lamentable necessity of the Meeting:—

CONSULTATION CIRCULAR.

To _____

DEAR SIR,—With as little delay as possible, be kind enough to unreservedly communicate your views of the various points brought under consideration in what follows—reviewing the facts, so far as you know them—the spirit in which they are stated—the propriety of calling the proposed Meeting on the 13th of June, &c., &c.; taking care to have your answer in Toronto by the 18th of this month, if possible.

“THE BAPTIST DENOMINATION” AND “THE REGULAR BAPTISTS.”

Public attention having been awakened by the article of “*Inquirer*,” which lately appeared in the *Examiner*, anent the omissions in the List of the Ministers of the Baptist Denomination, given in the *Canadian Almanac* for 1855, as compared with that List as given the previous year; and these omissions having been construed as proof that the sixteen ministers to whom they refer, *have all been deposed* from the office of the Gospel Ministry, it is deemed advisable to publish the facts in the case, that the Ministers in question may be freed from the suspicions which these omissions have originated. And this is done the more joyously, inasmuch as the facts in the case of the omissions, *fully and completely* exonerate the Regular Baptists from all blame in the matter; as the list furnished by them to Maclear & Co., was not headed The Baptist Denomination, but “*The Regular Baptist Denomination*.” From a list thus headed by their own distinctive name, all must be aware that it was not only their right, but *their duty* to exclude the name of every minister who did not belong to them. The whole difficulty thus resolves itself into an erroneous printing of the heading, which grew out of the general instructions given to the printer, to set up all the headings as found in Scobie’s *Almanac* of the previous year.

As the sending of the list officially by the “Regular Baptists, as above stated, severed the last and only remaining ligament, which perpetuated their connection with the Baptist Denomination in Canada, it is now necessary to record the fact and the steps which have led to its consumation.

Up to the year 1845, general harmony reigned among the Baptists of Canada—those limiting the communion of the Lord’s table to Baptists, and those

extending it to all true Christians, agreeing to walk together as the “*Baptist Denomination*,” after the example of their English brethren, among whom the same differences of opinion on the communion question have always existed. Under this reign of forbearance the Baptists of Canada were prosperous; they had a healthful missionary establishment, an excellent weekly journal, and an efficient denominational College in Montreal. About the time above specified, the Baptists, limiting communion to themselves, began to withdraw their co-operation from those who extended it to other Christians, till they ultimately refused to receive the annual visits of the agents of the College and Missionary Society, and carried their limitations of right to the communion table, to the singular extreme of denying it to all Baptists who agree not with them in refusing the ordinance to all who are not Baptists. This extinction of forbearance on their part, and withdrawal of co-operation, proved fatal to the weekly Register and the Montreal College. The party thus withdrawing from the others, attempted to sustain a weekly paper in London, which they continued to keep in existence for some years, at a sacrifice to those personally responsible; which at length becoming too heavy, their Pioneer paper died. A monthly was next tried in Toronto, which maintained a feeble existence for three years, and then ceased to appear. And thus every denominational enterprize among the Baptists has been hampered, if not rendered abortive, by that want of co-operation which began to separate the Body in 1845. During the ten years which have intervened, the one party has been as constantly widening the distance between themselves and the others, as those others have been constant and faithful in pursuing an opposite course; still, in all the public records and statistics of the Province, both parties have always been invariably classed together as constituting “the Baptist Denomination.”

From their old established position, the Baptist Christian communicants have neither moved nor expressed a wish to move; while the Baptist communionists have done so, not only by repudiating the fellowship of every Baptist who maintains communion with *other Christians*, but by proclaiming themselves a Body, which they are pleased to designate, “THE REGULAR BAPTIST DENOMINATION IN CANADA.” In proof that this appellation was long since assumed by them, all the circulars, pamphlets and periodicals, of every kind, which they have published during the past four years, might here be brought forward as witnesses. It is purposed, however, to confine the references on this occasion to a single document, bearing an earlier date than the *Canadian Almanac* for this year. The document is entitled,—“*Proceedings of the Meeting of Subscribers to the endowment fund of the REGULAR BAPTIST THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL IN CANADA, held January 19th, 1853.*” The Minutes of Proceedings commence on page 5th, in these words:—“At a meeting of subscribers to a

fund for the purpose of establishing a Theological School in connection with the REGULAR BAPTIST DENOMINATION IN CANADA." The existence of this denomination must, therefore, have been proclaimed prior to January 19th, 1853.

On page 10th we read,—“Whereas, at the First Annual Meeting of the REGULAR BAPTIST *Missionary Society of Canada*, held in Toronto on the 12th day of October last.” This quotation gives us October, 1851, as the date of the organization of this “*Regular Baptist*” institution, and, it is certainly warrantable to assume, that the Body which gave it birth had a prior existence.

On page 15th commences a purely legal document, a constitution of 18 articles, drawn up and adopted for the legal management of large sums of money, a document admitting of no ambiguity in the designation of individuals or communities, but requiring in every instance that the *legal* designation be accurately and truly given. This constitution, then, commences thus:—

I. “That this meeting hereby constitutes itself into a society in connection with the REGULAR BAPTIST DENOMINATION IN CANADA.” This determines what is the legal denominational name, of the exclusively Baptist communionists of Canada. Again.—

II. “The said society shall be called the “*Regular Baptist Theological Education Society of Canada*.” This determines the legal name of one of their institutions.

III. “Donors to the said endowment of twenty-five pounds or upwards, shall have power to dispose, by will, of their membership in this society, BUT ONLY to parties, *members of Regular Baptist Churches*, holding the religious sentiments, after expressed in Article XV; and the parties to whom they shall so bequeath their votes, shall be entitled to all privileges possessed by the original donor, including the power to bequeath; failing such bequest, the interest of the donor or devisee, shall become vested in the *Regular Baptist Church* in the Province of Canada, holding the religious sentiments aforesaid.”—This quotation determines the legal name of each local church, also the legal name of all the local churches viewed collectively as one church, and points the finger definitely to where may be found in legal terms, the specific words which express the distinctive peculiarity of the “*Regular Baptist Denomination in Canada*.” The words referred to, as found in article XV, are these: “that parties so baptised,” (meaning by immersion) “are ALONE ENTITLED TO COMMUNION AT THE LORD’S TABLE,” a doctrine so strong, that it certainly is *not overstrained*, in addressing all those who defend it, as *exclusively Baptist communionists*; especially since by reason of maintaining it, they have adjudged themselves worthy of assuming the name of *Regular Baptists*.



It must now be considered as proved, not only that certain Baptists in Canada, have withdrawn themselves from the fellowship of their brethren, with whom they were formerly associated as constituting the Baptist denomination, and proclaimed themselves

a body distinct from them, and from all other christians, to be known in law by the peculiar name of the “*Regular Baptist Denomination in Canada*,” but, it must also be admitted as proved, that for this their specific name, the denomination has manifested the most remarkable attachment—scrupulously and jealously bestowing it upon all their public institutions, and also upon all their local churches, as well as upon those churches viewed collectively as one, to which they give the name of the “*Regular Baptist Church in Canada*.” And here it is worthy of remark, that the name itself was adopted by them, in the first instance, against the earnest entreaties and remonstrances of the others, with whom they had previously been associated, inasmuch, as it branded the whole of them by implication as *Irregular Baptists*. The name, however, they would have, and adopt it they did, against the expostulations of their brethren, who certainly had then, a right to expect, that they would as promptly cause themselves to be known by the name of their choice in the Provincial Records as elsewhere; two suits of names being no more necessary for the attainment of legitimate ends, in the case of a denomination than in the case of an individual. Indications, however, go far to show, that a reluctance has been felt on their part to appear under their legal name in such records as the *Canadian Almanac*, the true cause of which reluctance, as evinced on their part, may probably be found to rest in the activity of that particular sentiment or feeling which first induced them to proclaim their own estimate of themselves, and to throw reproach upon their brethren, when they deliberately assumed the name of “*Regular Baptists*.” In this remarkable act of self-congratulation, the costs, as frequently happen in such cases, were not, all of them, duly estimated. The gains compared with the costs were satisfactory enough, so long as they had nothing in view but a comparison of themselves with their *irregular* (?) brethren. For all such purposes their self-appropriated name of “*Regular Baptists*” is continually upon their lips—it is paraded upon the banners of all their societies—it is deeply inscribed on the lintels and door-posts of all their public institutions. But while all this was being done, it would seem that the Provincial Records and Statistics had not been taken into the account; and when it became necessary that they should appear among the denominations in a Provincial classification, what were they to do? To appear among them, bearing their now and *legal* name of “*Regular Baptists*,” was to range themselves in order *after* the “*Baptist Denomination*,” so long and familiarly known throughout the whole province. This old name, they saw, was clearly in the possession of some twenty ministers, who perseveringly refused to go with them, or to be known by any other than their *old name*; and hence their claims to appear in the provincial records, as ministers of the Baptist Denomination was unquestionably beyond all dispute. But for “*Regular Baptist*” ministers to allow their names to be enrolled along with the names of those

they had reproached as *irregular* Baptists, as being members, with them, of the same denomination, was to wound deeply that particular sentiment or feeling, which had prevented them from perceiving the folly of extolling themselves at the expense of their brethren,—while, to allow their names to follow in the wake, or even to fail without the circle of so comprehensive a name as the *Baptist Denomination*, was to throw away much more than their self-complacency had gained, by all the uses which they had been able to make of their peculiar name of "Regular Baptists." Under these circumstances what were they to do? what could they do? If these questions are unanswerable, it is well known what they, in the first place, did do—they allowed their names to appear in all Provincial records, along with the names of their reproached brethren, as though they remained, *with them*, members of the Baptist Denomination. And latterly, without duly considering the wrong involved, they, at least some of them, seem to have thought it desirable to dispossess the ministers of the Baptist Denomination of their name, in order that they might be enabled to use it in such Provincial Records as the Canadian Almanac, and be saved the acknowledgment of a denominational connection with those, whom they wished the world to regard as *Irregular* Baptists. This is considered, by the writer of this sketch, to be the cause why, several years ago, the experiment was tried of quietly excluding from Scobie's Almanac the names of the most practical Christian communionists; and I may remark, personally, that on discovering this, I called upon Mr. Scobie, and requested him to send me in future years a proof of his list of the Ministers of the Baptist Denomination before he sent the sheet to press. This Mr. Scobie did, so that I was furnished with the means of noting the progress of this scheme, and of frustrating the plans of its promoters from year to year. In 1852, however, the experiment appearing on a more extended scale than usual, I took the proof, personally, to the house of the Rev. Dr. Pyper, for the specific purpose of ascertaining if he had made himself a party to these wrongs; feeling satisfied that if he had done so, he would defend the course pursued, in my presence, and enable me to understand definitely what was their aim, and what course would be necessary to adopt. Instead, however, of attempting to justify the wrongs sought to be inflicted by the omission of the names to which I called his attention, he seemed as ignorant of their cause as though the subject had never given him one thought, and sat down pleasantly with me, and assisted me to replace every name that had been excluded from the list. This interview satisfied me, that the omission scheme had not been endorsed by the Pastor of the Regular Baptist Church in Toronto—that, in fact, the denomination as such knew nothing of the matter; and hence the wrong, in this instance, should not be charged to the Body, but to the manoeuvrings of a few unworthy men who have unfortunately found a place in the "Regular Baptist Denomination in Canada." Especi-

ally may this view of the omission scheme of past years, be entertained, seeing the denomination has rebuked its abettors by officially authorising Maclear & Co., to announce to all whom it may concern, that their legal name is not The Baptist Denomination, but instead thereof "*The Regular Baptist Denomination in Canada*."

There being, then, no longer, any denominational connexion between the Baptists and the "Regular Baptists" in Canada; and the Baptists having allowed their Regular brethren ample time to settle down in the denominational limits of their own free and deliberate choice, wish now to have it fully understood by all, that they are fully convinced that it is now incumbent on the Baptist Denomination in Canada, to resume its own appropriate work and position, taking no other name than it has always borne, and proclaiming itself fully prepared *practically* to promote the fraternal alliance and intercommunion of all evangelical and truly devoted Christians, till all such become one through successive acts of visible incorporation, matured and consummated, from time to time, as circumstances render them practicable, and that, too, in such a manner as to make them all so truly and obviously one, as to force the fact upon the attention of unbelievers, so that, seeing it, "the world may believe."

In accordance with the convictions just stated, the writer is authorized to announce, that a meeting of the ministers and members of the Baptist Denomination, will be held in the City of Toronto, on Wednesday, the 13th of June next ensuing, for the purpose of deliberating on a variety of deeply-interesting propositions, now in readiness to be then submitted. At this proposed meeting, all the Baptists in Canada, who object to being classified with the "Regular Baptist Denomination," are invited to represent themselves by delegation, or otherwise, in order that the Baptist Denomination may resume its former activity, with all the unanimity that can possibly be secured. As the meeting will probably continue several days, the friends in Toronto have determined to provide a comfortable home for every one who shall, by letter, intimate his intention now, or by the 10th of June, of being present as a member of the proposed convention; such letters, and all communications intended to be laid before the meeting, to be addressed,  PROVISIONAL COMMITTEE, P. O. Box, 986, TORONTO. 

Let each one, invited as above, call at the Committee Room, Temperance Hall, immediately on reaching the city, where he will find parties in waiting, prepared to conduct him to a hospitable home, or to the place of meeting, as he may require.

Those interested in the meeting now announced, who may find it impracticable to represent that interest by a personal attendance, are cordially invited to do so by a written communication to be addressed as already specified.

That the knowledge now possessed by the Publishers of the *Canadian Almanac*, respecting the

Baptist Denomination, is such as will enable them to guard their interests in future, is rendered so clearly apparent by the following correspondence, as to make explanatory observations perfectly unnecessary:—

TORONTO, Jan. 22nd, 1855.

MACLEAR & Co.—

Gentlemen,—In relation to the remarkable omission of the names of the Rev. Mr. Landon, of Woodstock, Rev. Mr. Gilmour, of Peterboro', Rev. Mr. Marsh, of Quebec, Rev. Dr. Davies, Professor in Magill College, Montreal, and of twelve others, so observable in the list of Baptist ministers of Canada, which you give in the *Canadian Almanac*, as compared with the same list as given by Scobie the previous year; it is now desirable to know, if, on pains being taken to furnish you an accurate list of the omitted names, together with the names of such other accredited ministers as desire to be enrolled with them under the leading head of "The Baptist Denomination," without the prefix of "*Regular*," whether you will publish that list in the denominational order in which it has always heretofore appeared.

Your answer will be duly communicated to those interested, by the subscriber.

Yours, respectfully,

ROBERT DICK.

16, KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

23rd January, 1855.

Rev. R. Dick, Toronto:—

Dear Sir,—In reply to your letter of yesterday, we beg to state that we shall be most happy to publish your list of the "Baptist Denomination" in the *Canadian Almanac* for 1856. We regret exceedingly that exception may be taken to that published this year, and may add, that it would not have so happened had we known that there were two parties among the Baptists.

We remain,

Yours respectfully,

MACLEAR & Co.

In acknowledgement of the preceding note, a list of the names of twenty ministers, was on the 11th of February, lodged with the firm of Maclear & Co., for publication in the *Canadian Almanac* for 1856. All ministers in the Province, who prefer to be classed as constituent members of the Baptist Denomination, in distinction from the body known as "*Regular Baptists*," are invited to communicate that preference, by letter, addressed ROBERT DICK, Toronto, with as little delay as possible, in order that the list of the ministers of the Baptist Denomination, may be satisfactorily completed, and rendered reliable as a source of information.

ANSWERS to the foregoing Circular have been returned with much promptness; and did space and circumstances permit, those, not obviously confidential, would be here inserted, one, however, must be given, that those interested may know the nature of the communications, and the spirit in which they are written. The one selected is chosen because sent by an esteemed servant of God, who has probably been more severely tried and wounded, by the exclusiveness of Baptist communionists, than any other minister now in the Province. He writes.—

MY DEAR BROTHER,—

I have received and perused your Circular with much interest. Your statement of facts I believe to be entirely correct. All hope of the union and co-operation of the whole Baptist family in Canada, must

be regarded as Utopian. That part, therefore, not embraced by the self-styled "Regular Baptists," must submit either to such ignominious annihilation as their self-complacent brethren would subject them to, or else maintain such organizations, and perfect such plans, as shall appear to them best adapted to promote the honour of our loved and exalted Lord in the salvation of a ruined world. To the former of these alternatives we have already submitted too long: let us now, in the name of our God, try the other. The plan you propose has my entire approbation. I pray fervently that the whole proceedings may be so conducted as to secure the approbation of God. I hardly need say, that nothing but impossibility will prevent me from being present.

I hope and pray that all who are or shall be concerned in this movement, will be richly imbued with that spirit of humility, of meekness, and of Christian love, which shall be in keeping with the lowly, and loving, and unostentatious spirit of our great Master. We have been reviled, but we must not revile; we have been wounded, but we must not wound; we have been persecuted, but we must entreat; we have been envied, but we must love. Our object must be not to wound, but to heal; not to kill, but to cure; to evince a spirit as much opposed to that which we have encountered, as the latter is to the mind of Christ. I feel that we shall all need to be much on our guard here, lest in our efforts to vindicate ourselves we be actuated by a spirit of retaliation, instead of by the meekness and gentleness of Christ. May the Lord direct us all that we may promote the advancement of his glory, and the extension of his cause, in all we do, and say, and write!

Your affectionate brother,

In the kingdom and patience of Jesus,

March 12th, 1855.

What space remains will be devoted to a sentence from each, of a few, of the other answers received.

"March 19th.—Dear Brother:—I received your Consultation Circular, and fully concur in the plan of action. If I can be present at the proposed Meeting in Toronto, I shall."

"March 16th.—My Dear Brother:—In reply to your Circular, I have to say that I most cordially enter into it, and that I shall, if possible, meet with the friend in Toronto at the time appointed."

"March 13th.—Dear Sir:—I wish, by all means, to be known simply as a *Baptist*, and without any other handle to my name to distinguish me from other sincere followers of Christ. Should you have a Meeting in June, I would like to attend it. I cannot promise."

"March 16th.—Dear Brother:—To your Circular I respond with all my heart! Count me."

"March 16th.—My Dear Sir:—In relation to the movement in Western Canada, I do most heartily sympathise with it. If I can do anything to aid, I shall not be wanting to the extent of my ability."

All the communications addressed to the PROVISIONAL COMMITTEE, and obviously intended to be laid before the June Convocation, will be duly presented as soon as the Meeting is organized. Meantime, let every one intending to be present, notify the Committee at once of that intention, by letter, that due preparations may be made.

Political and General Miscellany.

ROYAL VISITORS.

Those of our readers who have been interested in the question, "Have we a Bourbon among us?" may be gratified to know that our city is favoured with the presence of certain representatives of royalty, whose pretensions are much better authenticated, and whose adventures are no less romantic than those of the venerable missionary to the Indians. The following facts are certified to us in a way that entitles them to credit.

About 18 years ago, a young man named Robert Mills, came to this country from the north of Ireland, and settled in Gilboa, Schoharie Co., N. Y. Having a natural fondness for ocean life, he visited Nantucket, and sailed for the Pacific ocean on board a whaling vessel, in the year 1839. He had spent about nine months in the Southern Pacific, when, in pursuing a whale with five of his shipmates, he lost sight of his vessel, night soon came on, and before the dawn of the following day they had drifted so far from the position where they had parted from the vessel, that they despaired of again finding her. Having a compass and a few biscuits in their boat, they determined to reach, if possible, the Marquesas Islands, which they supposed were not more than 200 miles distant. After much labor they succeeded in reaching Ohivahoa, the largest of the group, containing about 6000 inhabitants, and were kindly received by the natives, and there they remained together about eight months. They kept a constant lookout, in the hope that they might signalize some passing vessel, by which they could escape from the island. Each in his turn repaired to an eminence, which commanded a view of the ocean, and spent the day in watching. At length Mr. Mills, being on duty, had the satisfaction of signaling to his companions the joyful intelligence that a vessel was in sight. With all haste they made ready their boat, while he hastened down to the shore to embark with them. The natives, comprehending the movement, endeavoured to prevent their departure. The companions of Mr. Mills, however, succeeded in launching their boat, and hastily pushing off from the shore. He was intercepted by the natives, and compelled to remain. With a heavy heart he saw his shipmates slowly receding in the distance, till they disappeared beyond the horizon. He is now a solitary captive, in the hands of the savages, on an unfrequented island, in the vast Pacific. Perhaps years will elapse before a vessel will visit the island, and then he will not probably be permitted to depart. Hope dies within him. He is a prisoner for life.

Gradually, however, he became reconciled to his condition. The natives regarded him as a valuable prize, and treated him with much kindness. He soon formed an attachment to the daughter of the principal Chief, and was united to her in marriage. This alliance with royalty gave him great influence with the natives, and he determined to employ it for the introduction of the customs of civilized life. He acted as mediator between the tribes that were at war, and peace was soon restored. Finding that the island was occasionally visited by whale ships, he explored the principal harbor, and by the proffer of his own services, as pilot, he encouraged commanders of whaling vessels to resort thither for supplies.—Plantains, bananas, bread-fruit, yams, tara, coconuts, and other tropical fruits, which are abundant on the island, became important articles of commerce. A code of regulations was prepared, by which the introduction of intoxicating liquors, and immoral in-

tercourse of foreigners with the natives, were prohibited; and these restrictions were vigorously enforced by Mr. Mills, with the concurrence and aid of the Chief and the people. In one instance twenty-two sailors, who persisted, contrary to the statute, in spending the night on shore, were bound hand and foot, and were released the next morning, on the payment, by the Captain, of two dollars a head for their lodging.

At length the Chief was removed by death, and the son of Mr. Mills, though an infant, became Chief by hereditary right. The influence of the father now became greater than before. Feeling the need of assistance in his efforts to elevate the people, he wrote to the American Missionaries at the Sandwich Islands entreating them to send one of their number, or at least a teacher, to share with him his responsibilities and labors. Whether his letters reached their destination, he does not know. No answer was ever received. He then determined to visit the English settlements of Australia, in the hope of persuading some of the missionaries, or other English families, residing there, to take up their abode on his island. Accordingly, in October, 1853, he took passage, with his wife, for Sydney, which is distant from the Marquesas about 5,000 miles. Failing to accomplish his object here, he proceeded to New Zealand, where he met with no better success. Unwilling to abandon his purpose, he finally resolved to visit the United States—confident that here he would find sympathy and encouragement. After some delay he obtained a passage to Salem, Mass., where he arrived on the 17th of Nov. last.

He has made application to the Prudential Committee of the American Board, to establish a mission on Ohivahoa; but it is understood that this is rendered impracticable by an understanding which exists with the English Missionary Board, that the American missions shall not extend south of the Equator. He is therefore advised to visit the Sandwich Islands, and lay his application before the Hawaiian Missionary Society, which has already established a mission on Fatahiwa, one of the Marquesan group.

Mr. Mills, with his wife, is now in this city, endeavouring to procure the means of prosecuting his praiseworthy undertaking. His resources, which would have been ample for the journey which he originally contemplated, are exhausted, while his embarrassments and expenditures have been increased by the recent accession to his family of another son of royalty. Their immediate wants have been supplied by several benevolent individuals, and subscriptions to a small amount have been made, to further the important object of his mission.

Mrs. Mills is liberally tattooed in the style royal of her nation, and is altogether an interesting specimen of Polynesian nobility. She is modest, well-behaved, and moderately intelligent, though she has but an imperfect command of the English language.

Mr. Mills, at the suggestion of friends, has visited New-Bedford, Mass., where he found several masters of whaling vessels, who have known him at the Marquesas, and who certify to the truth of the foregoing narrative.—*N. Y. Evan*

AMETHYST. This is a precious stone of great value, and one of those that were on the high-priest's breast-plate. It was so called from the superstition that it would cure drunkenness. It means not intoxicated; and it was supposed that if this stone was put into a drunkard's cup that it would cure drunkenness. Hence the name that was applied to it.—*Cumming's Scripture Readings.*

From the Globe.
CANADIAN INSTITUTE

MEAN METEOROLOGICAL RESULTS AT TORONTO
DURING THE YEAR 1854.

Professor Cherriman, of University College, read a very interesting paper at a late meeting of the Canadian Institute on the "mean meteorological results at Toronto, during the year 1854." The February number of the *Canadian Journal* will contain a full report of the address; in the meantime, we present to our readers the following facts:—

The mean temperature of the year 1854 was above the average of the last 14 years by 0.87, due chiefly to excess of heat in July and October, but reduced by the fall in December; the months from May to November being above their average temperature; the rest, with the exception of March, below.

The year is the hottest on record, with the exception of 1846.

The hottest month was July, and the coldest February, which is in accordance with the normal march of the temperature; the climatic difference is 51.4, which is 7.9 above the average.

July was the hottest month ever recorded, being 5.75 above its average temperature, and no less than 3.6 above the next inferior, which was July, 1850.

The hottest day was July 3d (81.3), and the coldest January 28th (1.6), the difference between these being 79.7.

The greatest daily range occurred on July 4th, amounting to 44.5, and the range on the whole year is 110.0, between 99.2 on the morning of August 24th, and 10.8 on the afternoon of February 3d, the former being by 4.9, the highest temperature ever recorded.

The year presents a remarkable instance of conformity with Col. Sabine's law of "permanence in the mean annual temperature, combined with great variability during the year."

The summer is the hottest recorded, and the autumn is only exceeded by that of 1846.

The thermic anomalies for the respective seasons are—Winter—11.2; Spring—8.2; Summer X0.9; Autumn—3.7.

The mean humidity of the year is .79, having attained a maximum in February and a maximum in July. The lowest humidity (.27) occurred on August 7th, at 2 p. m.

The mean direction of the wind was from N. 42 deg. W., with a mean velocity of 6.02 miles per hour, making the most windy year of the series of 8 years. In all the months except September and October, the velocity was in excess of the average, and in November and December particularly so.

The depth of rain fallen has been 27.76 inches which is 3.586 inches less than the average: and if to this we add 4.95 inches for the amount of rain equivalent to the fall of 49.5 inches of snow, we have a total of 32.71 inches.

Frost occurred in every month except June, July, and August, the latest in Spring being on May 22d, and the earliest in Autumn on September 21st. The last snow of Spring was on April 29th, and the first of Autumn on October 16th. Toronto-bay was clear of ice on April 8th, and frozen over on December 2d; being crossed on foot on the morning of the 8th, this being unusually early. Only a few days about 26th October gave ill-defined indications of the Indian summer.

The number of thunder-storms during the year has been 58, more numerous than usual. Of these none occurred in January and February, one in March; the number increasing up to 16 in July, and then again descending to none in December. The most violent

occurred on April 25th and 26th, May 17th and 20th, July 4th and 8th, from 19th to 22d, August 13th, and September 6th. That of July 4th was a complete hurricane, the wind for some minutes reaching a velocity of 60 miles per hour.

During the year there have been 203 nights, the state of which would have permitted Aurora to be seen if it existed. On 55 of them Aurora was actually observed. Only two displays of the first magnitude occurred, on March 27th and April 10th, both accompanied by great magnetic disturbance. On July 10th and September 10th perfect Auroral arches were formed, but without active features.

CONSEQUENCES OF WAR.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

At this present hour, Asia Minor, the Aland Islands, the Danube, Tchernaya, the White Sea, and the Black Sea—see cities, a few months ago flourishing, now lying in ashes and smoke. At this hour Sinope is burned, Bomarsund is burned, Silistria is burned, and Sebastopol is burning. At this hour, by thousands, the French, the English, the Turks, the Russians, butcher each other. The Arab comes to be killed by the Tartar; the Cossack comes to be slain by the Scotchman. Batteries thunder against batteries, powder magazines explode, bastions crumble, redoubts give way, balls perforate vessels, entrenchments are bombarded, bivouacs are under showers of fire. The typhus, the plague and the cholera, come down with the grape shot upon the besiegers, upon the besieged, upon the camps, upon the fleets, upon the garrison. Shells destroy hospitals; a hospital takes fire, and two thousand sick are "calcined," says a bulletin. And storms, too—it is their season. The Turkish frigate Bahira founders under sail, the two Egyptian boats engulfed with seven hundred men. Four war steamers founder. Thirty-two transport ships run aground and are lost. On land the conflicts become every day more savage. The Russians beat the wounded to death with their muskets. Extermination is the cry of this war. Rivers of human blood flow; a river of blood at Alma, a river of blood at Balaklava, a river of blood at Inkermann. Armies are sent, and they melt away. After each battle, are horrible crowds of wounded. Neglected wounds become frightful. The mutilated men see the worm of the grave come from their broken limbs, their wounded sides, their cloven skulls, their opened bowels, and under this horrible screaming they become corrupt before they are dead.

CHANGES OF VEGETATION IN PALESTINE.

The grassy meadows of Palestine are very unlike those in our country. Our grass looks fresh in Spring, luxuriant in Summer, and at the close of the year withered and yellowish; but still under all circumstances there is grass. In Palestine, on the contrary, the grass grows only so long as the ground that is adapted for it is moistened by the winter rains. The traveller who passes through these tracts in spring is ravished with the luxuriant vegetation and the multitude of flowers; the whole country seems to say to him, see, now, and behold, are not the hills and valleys, as the Scripture saith, a land flowing with milk and honey? But scarcely have the latter rains ceased, and the storms of the vernal equinox subsided, than an almost vertical sun withers up the grass and flowers, a scorching south-east wind comes up from the wilderness, and the traveller, who to-day has passed over a verdant and variegated carpet of herbage and flowers, will three weeks after, at the same place, not meet with a

single blade of grass; all vegetation he will then find scorched to death; and if during that interval the sirocco has been more than ordinarily powerful in its blast, then the grass, after being shrivelled into hay, will have been swept far away, and the surface of the ground will have assumed a dingy, yellowish copper color. Hence it is that travellers often give such totally opposite accounts of the same place.—*Van de Valde's Syria and Palestine in 1851 and 1852.*

From the Morning Star.

"LIFE OF HORACE GREELY."*

We have only taken a sort of vacation ramble through the leaves of this book; of course, are not prepared to enter upon a critical notice of their contents. We should have concluded that the editor was an admirer of Greely, if he had not told us as much in his preface. There are some things that might have been omitted, and others indifferently said, and still it is, on the whole, quite a readable book, and if perused by our young men, with due caution, is well calculated to do them good.

Horace Greely is a remarkable character—a man by himself—self-made and self-reliant—destined to leave his mark on the age, and is at this time exerting a wider influence over men's opinions and conduct, perhaps, than any living American.

His success in business has been rapid and complete. In 1831 he visited New York for the first time, with ten dollars in his pocket, clad in the coarsest and homeliest attire. He took lodgings in an Irish squalid boarding house, combined with a low groggery, and after wandering about the streets three days in search of honest employment, entered a printing office and went to work. In 1854, we find him at the head of a printing establishment, which commands the labor of from 300 to 400 persons, and the editor-in-chief of a newspaper whose entire circulation amounts to some 180,000, running ahead of any like periodical in the known world, and increasing at the present time at the rate of 5,500 per week, having had added to its list during the month of January just closed 22,000 subscribers.

Such extraordinary success, however, is not fortuitous. It is not to be attributed to good luck, in the common acceptance of that phrase—it has been wrought out by a mind of ample capacities, impelled into service by indomitable energy and perseverance. His labors have been immense; and during some of the exciting political campaigns, in which he bore a large share, almost incredible, he has been able to bear up under these burdens by the resources of a firm constitution, connected with simplicity of life, and strictly temperate habits. He uses no spirituous liquors, no tea or coffee, eats meat sparingly, hates public dinners, and abominates late suppers, like a reasonable and common sense man!

He is one among a million, upon whom city life, city manners, city extravagancies and city nonsense, have made no impression.

Plain in habit, and rustic in manners, he bobs about in the surging tide of Broadway silks and satins and fopperies and fancies, sometimes with his coat out at the elbows, and sometimes with straw hanging from a slouched hat, as if feeding the cow had been among his last chores, before leaving home for his office or church!

These habits and manners do not seem to be the result of affectation, but spring partly from negli-

gence, and partly from sympathy with the toiling millions for whom he professes special friendship.

His writings on moral subjects have undergone, at least in tone, a decided change for the last few years. He always hated slavery; this hate was bred in the bone; it is naturally allied to a generous and noble constitution like his. Yet in 1834 he thought the agitation of the subject was due to an unjustifiable aggression of the North, and held and expressed opinions on the subject highly conservative, whilst now the doctrine of slavery restriction, and slavery extinction has not a bolder or more radical champion. In 1835 he doubted the expediency and practicability of a law prohibitory of the sale of ardent spirits; now a more decided and strenuous advocate of the Maine Law can nowhere be found.

On the whole, Greely is one man of an age, and all will do well to study his character and career by buying this book—and still better by taking the "Tribune," the cheapest and best periodical for general news and intelligence in the world.

J. F.

THE PLOUGHBOY AND THE PRESIDENT.

The President of a well known college in Kentucky, was one morning, while sitting in his study, astonished by the entrance of a single visitor.

The visitor was a boy of some seventeen years, rough and uncouth in his appearance, dressed in coarse homespun, with thick, clumsy shoes on his feet, an old tattered felt hat on his head, surmounting a mass of uncombed hair, which relieved swarthy and sunburnt features, marked by eyes quick and sparkling, but vacant and inexpressive from the want of education. The whole appearance of the youth was that of an outright, uncultivated ploughboy.

The president, an affable and venerable man, enquired into the business of the person who stood before him.

"If you please, sir," said the ploughboy, with all the hesitancy of an uneducated rustic, "if you please, sir, I'd like to get some learning. I heard that you had a college in these parts, and I thought, if I would work a spell for you, you would help me now and then in gettin' an education."

"Well, my young friend," replied the president, "I scarcely see any way in which you might be useful to us. The request is somewhat singular."

"Why, I can bring water, cut wood, and black boots," interrupted the boy, his eye brightening with earnestness. "I want to get an education—I want to make something of myself. I don't keer how hard I work, only so as 'to get an education. I want

_____"

He paused, at a loss for words to express his ideas; but there was a language in the expressive lip and glancing eye; there was a language in his manner—in the tone in which these words were spoken, that appealed at once to the president's feelings. He determined to try the sincerity of the youth. "I am afraid, my young friend, I can do nothing for you. I would like to assist you, but I see no way in which you can be useful to us at present."

The president resumed his book. In a moment he glanced at the ploughboy, who sat silent and mute, holding the handle of the door. He fingered his rough hat confusedly with one hand; his eyes were downcast, and his upper lip quivered and trembled as though he were endeavoring to repress strong and sudden feelings of intense disappointment. The effort was but half successful. A tear emerging from the downcast eyelid, rolled over the sunburnt cheek, and with a quick, nervous action, the ploughboy

*LIFE OF HORACE GREELY: 459 pp. 12 mo. Illustrated Price \$1.35. J. Norton, Editor. Mason Brothers, Publishers. No. 23 Park Row, New York.

raised the toil-hardened hand, and brushed away the sign of regret. He made a well-meant but awkward mark of obeisance, and opening the door, had one foot across the threshold, when the president called him back.

The ploughboy was, in a few minutes, hired as a man of all work, and boot-black to ——— College.

The next scene which we give the reader, was in a new and magnificent church, rich with the beauties of architecture, and thronged by an immense crowd, who listened in death-like silence to the burning eloquence of the minister of heaven, who delivered the mission of his Master from the altar. The speaker was a man in the full glow of middle age—of striking and impressive appearance—piercing and intellectual eye, and high intellectual forehead.

Every eye is fixed on him—every lip is hushed; and every ear, with nervous intensity, drinks in the eloquent teaching of the orator.

Who, in all that throng, would recognize in the famed, the learned, the eloquent president of ——— College, Pennsylvania, the humble boot-black of ——— College, in Kentucky.—*Exchange.*

From the Morning Herald.

FICTION OUTDONE.

This is the third anniversary of that famous *coup d'état* from which so many results have flown, and are still in embryo. It seems but yesterday when the deed was done, and Paris looked on in stupid amazement. I saw, on that day, Napoleon ride through the large masses of cavalry, which, lining the great avenue of the Champs Elysees, were drawn up to receive him. His flushed cheek and fevered eye were witnesses of the fiery commotion which burned within that silent soul; and, as boldly and right martially he galloped up the lines, I saw, too, in my mind's eye, some of those tracks of blood which are since visible on the map of Europe. Lord Palmerston was the first to applaud the deed, and thereby lose his place. And on Monday last, within four short days of this anniversary, Lord Palmerston, the hope of England, and once more in powerful place, was witness to a similar scene in the Champs Elysees. But how changed the circumstances. Then the burning volcano was limited to the breast of him who had taken alike his pledged oath and public opinion by the beard, and, flinging himself on the magic charm of his name, had perilled body and soul on the cast of a die. Now, the fiery element is everywhere but with him; the world is in flames, while he, calm as a philosopher in his studio, paces his war horse through the ranks of that splendid Imperial Guard, which, in richness of caparison, in brilliancy of discipline, is unequalled in Europe, and is the mark of his own hand. From palace windows the eye of his beautiful Empress watches the chivalrous array, and Napoleon the adventurer, the oath-breaker, the gentlest, but most resolute of despots, strides his handsome charger, and receives the salutations of his legions, like some hereditary prince, the elected of God, and the ordained controller of his creatures.

Verily romance is bereft of its wand in the presence of the realities of the latter half of the nineteenth century.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE MORNING STAR.

The present condition of Continental Europe is most alarming. Many are the causes which have produced the emasculation of Southern Europe, and which have especially so impetuously urged their

decline since the middle of last century. But foremost among these enfeebling and relaxing causes must be placed *superstition*. It was not their climate, nor their luxury, that enfeebled the Romans, and made them give back before the sword of the barbarians; it was their Paganism. So long as that Paganism was a living belief, and powerful enough to sway the conscience, it preserved the public virtue of the Roman: he was temperate, brave, patriotic, and conquered for his country in every region of the earth. But when Paganism began to lose its hold over the belief,—when it passed—as a false religion ever will pass—into infidelity,—then there followed a flood of private and public corruption, in which valor, honor, and empire were all lost. When conscience had no restraint, the law had no basis, and the empire which the hardy virtue of the Pagan demon-fearer had won, was lost by the immorality and cowardice of the Pagan free-thinker. The false religion of modern Europe has run the same course with the false religion of ancient Europe, and with the same moral and social effects upon its nations.—It has ended, like Paganism, in infidelity, the fruit of which is to be seen in relaxed laws, deteriorated virtue, suppressed liberties, and social and political disorganization. The nations of southern Europe are again as completely in the power of the northern barbarians as ever their predecessors were; and, by a demoralizing and corrupting superstition, they have exposed themselves and others to the fearful calamity of a second northern inundation. Britain, in her present expenditure of money and life, is now paying the penalty of her remissness to maintain the virtue and liberties of the Continental nations, by diffusing amongst them that pure faith which has been the fountain of her own liberties and virtue. She would not evangelize them for their benefit; and now she was obliged to fight their battles for her own safety.

PLASTERING OF ROOMS IN DWELLINGS.—The frequency of deaths of persons removing into and occupying newly plastered houses, has led me to suggest an inquiry as to the use of hair in the mortar. I have very frequently noticed when passing mortar beds, that the hair mixed with the mortar to produce adhesion to the laths, gave out a most nauseating and sickening effluvia. The rooms plastered with such mortar would for years be unfit for sleeping in. Hair used for mixing in mortar should be thoroughly washed—rewashed and dried and thus deprived of the putrid matter that often adheres to it. The lime in mortar is not sufficient to cleanse the hair. It will generate an unpleasant sickly effluvia whenever the room is heated, until after a long time, the mortar is converted into nitrate of lime, or so much of it as is mixed with the animal matter is incorporated in the mortar.—*Journal of Commerce.*

PROTESTANTISM versus POVERTY.—The scenery along the Elb continues to be pretty, but the transition from Saxony to Bohemia, with regard to the aspect of the people, of their dwellings, and of their agriculture, rather resembles the change from English to Irish landscape; not that Saxony is so well dressed as England, or Bohemia so ill dressed as Ireland. How are we to distribute the causes of this difference—what to government? what to creed? I think I may take credit to myself for wishing to look at all things with an unbogoted eye; but true it seems to be, that as soon as you come to the crucifix on the high knolls, and in the little groves, often most picturesque in effect, the appearance of comfort and well being among the people is on the wane.—*Lord Carlisle's Diary.*

A correspondent requests a place in this number, for the following communication cut from the *Christian Guardian* of Feb. 3d.

THE MORMONS AT UTAH.

We have been favoured with the following letter from a former resident in Manchester, who, like too many others, was induced to leave his home by the representations of Mormon missionaries, and to take up his residence at Utah:

Great Salt Lake City, November 30, 1854.

Dear Sir,—I am happy to inform you that the persons you sent a letter by, arrived here in safety; and that it was so ordered (shall I say providentially) that I happened to see your letter. I will now proceed to answer your questions as distinctly as you have asked them. In the first place, we have not heard anything of your father; but still we shall do our best to obtain tidings of him, and should we be fortunate enough to do so, I will be sure to let you know immediately. In the next place, I will tell you the truth, which, alas! is so seldom told. Things are as different here from what they are represented in England as darkness from light. People dare not say their souls are their own; in other words, they dare not give their opinion upon anything in opposition to what the authorities say. If they do, it is at the risk of their lives; in fact, I am writing this at the risk of my life, which would be forfeited if they found me out. But although the risk is great, I will encounter it, because I don't want any to be deceived as I have been. Although I know that the saints in general would not believe it, I know you will; because I see you have a mind of your own. It is a regular money-getting system. The elders who go on missions to England, only go to line their pockets. That sanctimonious look which they have is all assumed; when they get upon the plains coming back, they swear like troopers, and laugh at the English for being such fools. When the English get here, and go and ask for relief they treat them like dogs, and tell them that potatoes and salt are good enough for them. The very elders whom they have treated well in the old country (as England is termed here), and in many cases have turned out of bed for, that they might turn in,—when the English arrive here, half-starved, penniless, and destitute, these very elders do not know them. It is very easy to get here; but getting away is quite a different matter. We are upwards of 1,000 miles from the United States on one side, and 600 from California on the other—the road each way through a desert country; and, as a matter of course, they who wish to leave, must have a good outfit, and when they have spent all their money in coming here, how are they to get an outfit. Hundreds die crossing the plains, through hard work, exposure, and the small quantity of food. There is not the least ceremony made in burying them. A hole is dug, the bodies put in, and left there. Tea is 6s. to 12s. per lb; butter, 2s. 7d. per lb; coffee, 1s. 8d; meat (beef,) 5d. to 6d. per lb. Labourers get 6s. a day, paid in whatever the employer likes to give them; and if they don't like that they may go without anything. Cash is out of the question; it is in a few hands, and they take care to keep it. Oh! if I could but induce the English people to serve God at home—for they can serve him a great deal better there than here! If I could only persuade them to do this, and keep their money in their pockets, instead of supporting a parcel of artful impostors, I should be glad. But they are so infatuated, the wool is so effectually drawn over their eyes, that they cannot see and would not believe. There are hundreds here who would like to get back to the States or to England;

but they cannot, they dare not say so. As they are caught in the trap, they are obliged to remain. In the old country the elders say that as soon as the people arrive here they have land given to them; but it is a downright falsehood. They will have no land, unless they pay a good price for it; and if they can't pay for it, they must go without. Will you be so kind as to show this letter to the —'s, the —'s, and all the folks, in fact give it all the publicity you possibly can. We should like to hear from you how things are in England, &c. When you write direct to him who brought your letter—you know his name. Direct to him at Great Salt Lake City, Utah Territory. Will you be so kind as to send a letter to Mrs. —, Kensal Green, near London. Tell her to tell her son J—, and Brothers —, not to come to the valley; for its all a take-in and a humbug. Tell them to be sure and keep their money in their pockets. Tell them it is a voice from the mountains, and put any other remarks you may think proper. If you will favour me by doing this you will oblige the writer of this. TELL TRUTH.

P.S.—You need not put your name in the letter, unless you like. Your friends have not tasted either butter or sugar since they came to this valley.

From a Tract Re-published in Toronto, by A. Hamilton Esq.

CHURCH BUILDING.

The corruptions of churches will prove exceedingly injurious to those ministers who have taken part in promoting them. This is clearly set forth in 1 Cor. iii. 10—18. where this work of corruption is represented by the figure of a man building in the same house, "gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, and stubble." The first three of these, form a class of valuable and durable materials, representing believers, as suitable for building a house for the King, the Lord of hosts; but the other three form a class of perishable materials, very unsuitable for that purpose. These figures also set forth the extreme folly of those who attempt to build a house for God with such materials. There is not a man on earth, who would not be counted fit for bedlam, were he to set about building a house of hay and stubble, for man. Yet many who profess to build a house for God of material equally unsuitable for the purpose, are counted very wise and learned. Such is the blindness of men in things pertaining to God. "But every man's work shall be made manifest: for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is. If any man's work abide which he hath built thereupon, he shall receive a reward"—a reward of his whole work, given unto him "as a crown of rejoicing in the presence of the Lord Jesus Christ." But if any man's work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss; and surely the loss will be great. It will be the loss of all his labour—the loss of all his vain hopes of acceptance—the loss of expected reward—and the loss of many precious souls, deceived and ruined through the unfaithfulness of his ministry! O is not this enough to awaken and alarm those who are making merchandise of souls?

But some will say the case is not so alarming, seeing it is added, "But he himself shall be saved yet so as by fire." Now this implies the bare possibility of salvation. It reminds us of the passage, "Others save with fear pulling them out of the fire." The salvation of such can have no connection with their work; which tends to destruction, according to what is stated, verse 17. "If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy." Yet such may be saved, if they repent. But if they are saved, it will be as

Lot was saved, with the loss of his staff, or as the thief on the cross was saved without rewardable works, and notwithstanding of their hay and stubble building having merited destruction.

Some of this class of builders who, for obvious reasons, cannot relish this view of the passage, have alleged that it refers to building true or false doctrine or good or bad works on the sure foundation. But it is of building a church that Paul here speaks, for he begins the discussion by saying, "ye are God's building," verse 9; and towards the conclusion, he says, "the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are," v. 17.

Others have endeavoured to quiet their consciences in this work of corruption, by alleging that they stand exonerated by warning their people of the guilt and danger of unworthily communicating. Now Eli tried this plan long ago, but did not succeed in it. He warned his sons of the guilt and danger of their conduct: and this seems to have pleased himself, but it did not please God, for he complained of him to Samuel, that "his sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not:" and for this iniquity, he and his house were visited with terrible things in righteousness, see 1 Sam. ii. iii. iv. Now what will be the probable effect of warning without restraining. A minister tells his people, that "He that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's body," but "he restraineth them not." Many are allowed to eat and drink, who are known to be in a natural condition, and therefore incapable of discerning the Lord's body or any of the things of the Spirit of God. And this is very like as if a Physician should hold out a phial of poison to his patient, warning him faithfully that death would be the consequence of drinking it, and yet assist him in drinking it. Now, what effect is this likely to produce on a mind having any capacity or concern to think of it? He must conclude either that this man has no care for his soul—that he is just as willing that he should die as live, or that he does not believe one word of all the strong things he has said about the guilt and danger of eating and drinking unworthily. It is vain to talk about preparation for the Lord's supper, without discipline. The scripture plan is, "Purge out therefore the old leaven, that ye may be a new lump, even as ye are unleavened. For even Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us. Therefore let us keep the feast, not with the old leaven of malice and wickedness: but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth," 1 Cor. v. 7, 8. It is impossible to keep this feast in faith, without mutual confidence as to godly sincerity, and truth, and brotherly love. Hence it is commanded, "If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath ought against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way, first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift," Mat. v. 23, 24. A whole week, a whole month of preaching-days will avail nothing without purging out the old leaven. Nor will the most learned arguments justify the most respectable clergyman in this work of corruption. He may reason, and labour, and prosper, and gain, in his own way, but in the end, "he shall suffer loss," and be in danger of losing his own soul also, except he repent.

FACTS FROM THE MORNING STAR.

PASTORAL DUTY.—The Christian Witness, in an article on "parochial labor," says: "The people require good sermons. Some persons are unwise enough to ask for great sermons—and some preachers are unwise enough to attempt to gratify these wishes. The call is for sermons which contain thought, which

abound with instruction, and give evidence of attentive study and careful labor—these are what is demanded, and what an educated ministry must supply. Ministers, like other teachers, must keep up with their classes."

A PERTINENT REPLY.—A clergyman once traveling in a stage-coach, was asked by one of the passengers if he thought that pious heathens would go to heaven. "Sir," answered the clergyman, "I am not appointed judge of the world, and consequently cannot tell; but if ever you get to heaven, you shall find them there, or a good reason why they are not."

SCRIPTURES IN FRANCE.—An admirable religious work is going on in the camp of Boulogne. The Bible Society has appointed an old soldier there as a colporter, who sells Bibles and Testaments for small sums. He mentions having already sold 9,000 copies of the Scriptures, and 30,000 Tracts.

LONDON CITY MISSION SOCIETY.—This is the largest Society of the kind in the world. It employed last year no less than 297 missionaries, who were constantly engaged in domiciliary visitation. The number of visits they made during the year was 1,240,318, and they distributed 1,766,121 religious tracts. In their visits they read the Scriptures on 379,687 occasions; they held 20,417 social religious meetings; they induced 2,317 adults to attend public worship, and 6,783 children to attend Sunday schools.

INTERESTING RELIC.—The church and the doors of the church upon which Luther hung up his 95 propositions against the church of Romé, are still in existence. The altar has been removed, and the pulpit from which Luther often preached is erected in its place. The bodies of Luther and Melancthon are buried within the church.

HOPE FOR SPAIN.—In the recent revolution in Spain, the popular feeling took a direction against the Jesuits. The first act of the junta of Public Safety at Valladolid, was the expulsion of the Jesuits from that province. There are also calls for the suppression of all other religious houses, which characterized as "foci of conspiracy against the national liberties."

The oldest preacher in the world is Rev. George Fletcher, of London, who is 107 years of age the present month.

WORTHY OF PRAISE.—A gentleman of Hartford, Conn., has erected a fine brick building, containing twelve comfortable tenements, which he calls the "Home for Widows," it being intended for the accommodation of poor women of that class, he merely requiring of each tenant the nominal sum of \$10 a year, to pay repairs, insurance, and taxes.

BAPTISTS.—There were in the United States in 1853, 10,131 Calvinistic Baptist churches, 6,475 ministers, and 808,754 members. There are also 5,800 Anti-mission Baptists, 51,775 Free-will Baptists, 2,189 General, 5,351 Seventh day, 8,000 Tunkers, 13,500 Church of God, and 225,000 Reformers.

So idle are dull readers, and so industrious are dull authors, that puffed nonsense bids fair to blow unpuffed sense wholly out of the field.—[Colton.

So THEY Go.—Three hundred and twenty-six Revolutionary pensioners died during the past year. The number now on the pension roll is one thousand and sixty.

Ten thousand human beings were killed or maimed during two hours' fighting at Alma.