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CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

VOL. VIII. TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1861.

No. 3.

CONSCIENCE.

Some have speculated about conscience. We take it to be the "mind of man having a particular reference to its own actions in censuring or approving them,"—or as it may be otherwise stated, "the testimony and secret judgment of the soul, which gives its approbations to actions that it thinks good, or reproaches itself with those that it believes to be evil." Among true christians there is no difference of opinion as to the existence of this monitor in the soul of man. Set there as a great preacher, its sermons are powerful, commanding attention so that it is often hard to sleep under the solemn appeals that are uttered, and forcing unwilling hearers to listen. Practical subjects are pre-eminently handled; the events of life are reviewed in this court, and sentences are carried out, for the executioner is at hand.

Conscience may be good or evil. In some respects, the operations of a man's conscience, even before he is truly converted, may be called good. When there are workings within which may issue in conversion. If a man has no sense of sin, he feels no danger nigh. Conscience however may be called into action, and from an event in providence, or some text of scripture, so press home a sense of sin on the attention, as to bring to true repentance. This is beyond question when the Divine Spirit is at work with the conscience. "The Spirit convinceth of the *fact* of sin, that we have done so and so; of the *fault* of sin, that we have done ill in doing so; of the *folly* of sin, that we have acted against right reason, and our true interests; of the *filth* of sin, that by it we are become odious to God; of the *fountain* of sin, the corrupt nature; and lastly, of the *fruit* of sin, that the end thereof is death." There are operations of conscience which may be viewed as good, but which are not to be trusted in as involving necessarily the salvation of the soul. It is a preparatory part of conversion, not the end. Care should therefore exist, lest an individual rests satisfied with the beginning of religious feeling, concluding that all is well with him, for his conscience has been troubled on account of sin. It is a voice of warning, urging to flight from the wrath to come; but for safety, shelter must be found in Jesus the deliverer. A conscience checking and condemning leads to enquiry. On the day of Pentecost, the multitude when pricked in their hearts, cried out, "What must we do?" Alas then, that any should tarry on the threshold and fail to press into the temple of truth, since they are content to linger, because they were once concerned about their eternal interests.

There are "sparks of celestial fire," which slumber amid the ashes of our ruined nature. The darkness that fell on the soul of Adam by transgression, was rendered visible by that light, and hence the confession, "I was afraid:

of Thee." The presence and the mastery of conscience have often been felt. As a Judge refusing to be bribed, it utters sentences of condemnation. It goes with the culprit to the market, to the counting house, to the field; its startling words—"thou art the man"—come stealing through the silence of the night, force the bars of the deepest cell, and break in thunder tones over the head of the sinner when 'treading the valley of the shadow of death. Imaginary voices cry to the murderer, you are a bloody man. The lash of conscience drew from Judas, the confession, "I have sinned, in that I have betrayed the innocent blood." Guilt loads the conscience. With prodigious energy it heaps on the soul accumulated woes. "Conscience," it has been said, "once awakened by a ray of spiritual light, is an awful thing; and what tremendous power it may acquire, when it is quickened by the Spirit, may be inferred from the energy which it puts forth when it is called into action by the reproofs of mere human faithfulness. Let a man commit a secret sin, and so long as no human eye is supposed to be privy to his guilt, he may contrive to lull his conscience to sleep; but let a friend charge him with the fact, or even hint a suspicion of it, and the mantling check, the agitated look, the trembling frame, will at once evince how one's conscience may be quickened into tremendous action by a ray of light passing to it from another mind; and, successful as he may have been in quelling his own remorseful thoughts, by devising palliations of his guilt, he will no longer attempt to deny the sinfulness of the fact, but try to disprove the fact itself, as the only possible way of escaping from the sure decision of another man's conscience on his own case. This instructive and familiar example shows that all along conscience is alive in the sinner's breast—not dead, but asleep, and how easily it may be awakened into vigorous conviction by a single ray of heaven's light piercing through the veil of nature's darkness, by the power of the Spirit of God."

The conscience is at times defiled with vicious habits, so that it does not discharge its functions aright. Drinking greedily and long at intoxicating fountains, burns out the conscience. Seared as with a hot iron, all sense and feeling may depart, and holy things become a mockery. Gagged often, it loses its power of speech. Held down so long its strength is paralyzed. Yet after the utmost abuse, it may re-assert its dominion. The scales of the searing process may fall off. Instances have occurred of terrors rushing in on the soul like a mighty flood. The neglect of the great salvation is a terrible account to settle. Infidelity may, like the boy in the church yard by night whistling aloud to keep his courage up, try to pass heedlessly through the portal of death, but conscience often proves more than a match for its beguilement. The gnawings of the worm that never dies, begin after temporary torpor to be more acutely felt. The burning of the fire that cannot be quenched, though smothered for a time, will rage more fiercely.

A good conscience has two elements—purity and tranquillity. The one is connected with the other; both flow from Christ. The blood shed on Calvary purges the conscience from dead works to serve the living God. The heart is sprinkled from an evil conscience that looks up to the Lamb of God. The conscience of the comer to Jesus is made perfect; for by one offering he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified. The storm that raged in the soul while under a sense of guilt and condemnation, is hushed. At his command it subsides. He says peace, be still—fear not, it is I. Of him, as of the Eternal Spirit, it may be said—

“The troubled conscience knows thy voice ;
 Thy cheering words awake our joys ;
 Thy words allay the stormy wind,
 And calm the surges of the mind.”

The christian's conscience should be void of offence towards God and towards man. This is attained amid the engagements of a consistent christianity. An unreserved consecration of heart, and life, and all, brings with it the approbation of a good conscience. In religion a straightforward part is acted, while a hypocritical and time-serving policy is avoided, *then*, who can prevent the flow of peace as a river? The conscience beareth witness in the Holy Ghost. To the enjoyment of a good conscience a proper acquaintance with our rule of duty is necessary. In some lands the light of nature only shines—when the Gentiles, who have not the law, do by nature the things contained in the law, these, having not the law, are a law unto themselves: which shew the work of the law written in their hearts, their conscience also bearing witness, and their thoughts the meanwhile accusing or else excusing one another;—we however in this land, possess also the light of God's word. That light must shine into the soul. Ignorance, superstition, fanaticism, are no friends of a good conscience. In God's light we shall see light. He that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest, that they are wrought in God. Hence, in the absence of obedience to the truth, the terrible nature of those stripes with which an accusing conscience shall smite a conscious and an immortal being—self-reproved and self-condemned. We read of being beaten with few and with many stripes, and that according to the knowledge of the Lord's will. How utterly inconsistent that with soul-sleeping and soul-annihilation: errors with which the consciences of men are drugged in this age. Since there are few and many stripes, it cannot be true that nothing happens to man's soul from death to the judgment, and then at the judgment a common lot of annihilation to overwhelm the wicked. No,—the light of mercy, the privileges possessed, these affect man's weal or woe for time and for eternity. This is the condemnation, that light has come into the world, and men have loved darkness rather than light. Yet this light shines to the joy of the righteous: for them light is sown, and gladness for the upright in heart.

The possession of a good conscience implies further, the use of the precious light of God's truth to educate and guide. That word must be brought to bear on all the duties of life. Its influence will arouse to the performance of what has been omitted. What is wrong it will remedy. “Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.” Its guidance will especially bring us to Jesus, with whose presence no thorn can pierce the heart or wound the conscience.

Commending the truth to every man's conscience as in the sight of God, we close these remarks; imploring any whose consciences tell them that all is not right with them for eternity, to flee without delay to the cross of Christ.

THE DEPUTATION TO ENGLAND.

Our readers will be glad to learn that the Rev. F. H. Marling, and those of his family who accompany him, arrived safely in England by the *Great Eastern*, after a voyage of nine days. Letters from him to his friends in Toronto were placed on board the *Hibernian*, which left Liverpool just as the

Great Eastern arrived. Our brother and his family enjoyed the society of many Canadian friends, and the exemption from sea sickness which renders the great Steamer so attractive to those who can appreciate this, not the least of her excellencies. In some future issue we hope to be able to give particulars of his proceedings at home, from his own pen.

SOME THOUGHTS ON PUBLIC PRAYER.

Those who have worshipped amongst various denominations, will have observed that each, as it has a certain method of presenting truth from the pulpit (traceable through varieties of ministerial style), has also a certain method of offering public prayer. Not consciously, perhaps, nor of design, is it that such modes have grown up (the reference of course being mainly to those who use no liturgy), but it is certain they exist; and having been led to reflect upon that which characterises ourselves, we have thought there may be room for improvement.

In making this statement, we shall not, we are sure, commit an unpardonable sin. As a body, whatever may be our defects, we are somewhat tolerant of criticism. It is not our habit to indulge in perpetual self-laudation; for though we value our "order," there is a sense in which we believe ourselves "not to have attained, neither that we are already perfect." Things that are good, honorable, and praiseworthy we strive after, and wherein we come short, we are not sorry to have pointed out, though perhaps not so quick to amend as might be.

It is perhaps going back to elementary principles, and presuming on the patience of our readers, to remark, that public prayer differs from private prayer in this: that in the one, a believer addresses his Almighty Father directly; in the other, the minister leads—as we phrase it—the devotions of the people. It is the congregation who are to be chiefly thought of; and that prayer is wisest, truest, best, which engages *their* attention, leads up *their* thoughts, excites their confidence in God, manifests and expresses the hidden longings of their heart. The minister who prays before the congregation must forget himself, except as one of many; and—from general knowledge of human nature, which is essential; and from special knowledge of his people, which is important—must have the faculty of seizing their average condition, and presenting it as a whole before God.

Now, when we reflect upon what this average condition, in most cases, is; and reflect further upon the truth laid down above, that the minister must lead up the thoughts of his people,—it becomes evident that even were the object prayed for the same, there would need a great difference in the method by which that prayer would be directed; when in the one case the minister prays for himself, and in the other, prays with, and on behalf of his people.

In the former case, taking it for granted that the prayer is earnest and real, he goes to the throne of grace, having his mind occupied with certain conceptions of the power, majesty, and grace of God; and, remembering what things he has need of, and what promises have been given for his encouragement, he asks, directly, for their bestowment. But when he stands before the people, not to pray on their behalf, for this would be to fall into Romish error, but by suitable words to draw out their desires to express themselves through him, it will be needful, in order to this, that he put those conceptions of Divine power

and grace, and those promises, into words, that so the people may be raised to the level he himself occupies.

To illustrate this point clearly, we cannot do better than refer to the different methods in which a supplication may be presented for Divine mercy. The sorrowing penitent, praying for himself, as we have it in our Lord's parable of the Pharisee and Publican, goes directly to the throne of grace, with the supplication "God be merciful to me a sinner." But when the petition of a congregation has to be presented, how appropriate seems the putting in front of the petition the *truth* respecting the Divine forbearance, long-suffering, and desire to forgive! "Oh, God! merciful Father! that despisest not the sighing of a contrite heart, nor the desire of such as be sorrowful!" "Oh! Lamb of God that takest away the sin of the world!" "Almighty and everlasting God, who hatest nothing that thou hast made, and dost forgive the sins of them that are penitent;"—with such prefaces do those prayers of the Church of England commence which we must acknowledge, however we may deprecate the constant use of a form, to breathe a spirit of profound devotion. And this setting forth of truth, previous to direct petitions, we may observe as very general in the examples of prayer in the word of God. Nay, it is evident, from the amount of space occupied by, and the importance given to, the devotional breathings collected under the generic name of Psalms, that prayer is intended, not merely to have efficacy with God, but to give instruction to the people.

In the New Testament there is but one example of the prayer of a congregation, and that one we find in the 4th chapter of Acts, on the occasion of Peter and John's release by the Sanhedrim, with threatening. They went, we are told, to their own company and reported what had been done. Then the congregation lifted up their voice with one accord, and said: "*Lord, thou art God; which hast made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and all that in them is; who, by the mouth of thy servant David, hast said, Why did the heathen rage, and the people imagine vain things? The kings of the earth stood up, and the rulers were gathered together against the Lord, and against his Christ. For of a truth, against thy holy child Jesus, whom thou hast anointed, both Herod and Pontius Pilate, with the Gentiles, and the people of Israel, were gathered together, for to do whatsoever thy hand and thy counsel determined before to be done.*" And now Lord behold their threatening, and grant unto thy servants, that with all boldness they may speak thy word." Mark the long and elaborate preparation, occupying far more space than the prayer itself. Is it not plainly intended to lead up the thoughts of the people toward the Divine power and faithfulness, that with a full assurance of faith they may join in the concluding supplication? The prayer of faith—and no prayer beside prevails—must have a foundation. That foundation it is most important to present before the minds of the people; and hence the rule—if we may apply the word to so solemn and spiritual an act as prayer—that in public prayer, before supplication, the reason, the foundation of that supplication should be stated.

Our readers will permit two other observations, which, though they seem to involve consequences which at first may be demurred to, will bear examination, and can be defended by argument:

First, That ideas on religious subjects, which are not to be found in the word of God, are more likely to be incorrect than otherwise.

Second, That for the expression of Scriptural ideas, no language is so adequate, and none so exact, as the language of scripture itself.

Now, it is of supreme importance to avoid error, either in confession, adoration, thanksgiving, or supplication; yet it is almost impossible to avoid it in using continuously language other than that of Scripture. For, though it is not impossible to present scriptural (*i. e.* true) ideas in other than scripture language, yet such language being the most fit, the most adequate, the most exact, the ideas will naturally seek this form of expression. Unscriptural language, therefore, will probably involve unscriptural ideas, and hence is to be avoided in religious ministrations.

It may be worth while to give an example or two of unscriptural language.

1st. Familiar and conversational expressions. The language of scripture we must allow to be that of men who had as intimate a communion with God as has been vouchsafed to mortals. No language of earthly love breathes more ardent affection than that of the Psalms of David. God, to him, was the nearest, dearest, and most constant of friends; yet we may search in vain through the Psalms for examples of that free and talkative style in which some presume to approach the Mighty One. If there is aught trying to the feelings, and offensive to the taste of a devout man, it is to hear the Lord of the Universe, the Father of all, addressed as if he were a somewhat respectable member of the congregation. Profound reverence and intimate communion are perfectly compatible:—if any doubt, let them study the only recorded private prayer of our Lord, as given in the Gospel of John;—but profound reverence and small-talk are utterly incompatible.

2nd. The use in prayer of the technical terms of theology, biblical criticism, mental or moral science, and generally, of words conveying abstract ideas. Men do not like to hear the language of the “shop” brought into general conversation; neither is it seemly to use the language of the “school” in public prayer. These technicalities are but the scaffolding by which the edifice is built, and should be taken down when the purpose is accomplished.

3rd. Incorrect quotation of scripture, and jumbling of texts together which have no connection in God’s word. Accuracy, perfect and absolute, is surely attainable in quoting scripture; and if it is attainable, it ought to be sought after. We could not bear to hear Virgil or Shakspeare quoted in the slipshod style in which the word of God is sometimes repeated; and amongst numerous sources of error, this must be reckoned as one. As to the jumbling together of passages, it is an offence but one degree removed from that “wresting of scripture” which some men pursue to their own destruction.

The claims of Scripture language to constant use are sometimes rested on its simplicity, pathos and beauty, and it does undoubtedly merit regard on these grounds. These, however, are all inferior, and appeal merely to our æsthetic faculty. They are not worthy of a moment’s thought, when compared with the claim which scriptural language has because of its truth, accuracy and fitness, and this in our translation.

These remarks have force, principally in reference to the presentations of truth which should form a prelude to our supplications. As to the supplications themselves, and also the thanksgivings, it will undoubtedly be necessary to mention matters of which no counterpart exists in Scripture. These depend in some degree, on time, place, and circumstances; and we have abundant Scripture precedents for going into detail with regard to them. Yet even in such cases, one familiar with the whole Bible, may often find forcible and right words from thence to express the ideas. And no one, having tasted this “old wine,” will straightway desire new, for he will say “the old is better.”

Worship has a powerful effect in the education of our children ; it prepares the mind of the believer for the reception of the word ; it tends, if wisely entered upon, to break up the "fallow ground" of the careless heart : moreover, the prayer of those who agree in asking, prevails with God, and brings down untold blessings. Indeed one hazards little in asserting, that the right conduct of public worship, including the service of song, the reading of the word, and the offering of prayer, is a matter so little inferior to that of preaching the word that it is hard to measure their relative importance. Both for teaching and for exhortation, for comfort and for quickening, for the edification of the believer, and for the conversion of souls, the preparatory service is of high importance in these days. when the general principles of Christian doctrine are understood, and little information is needed respecting them, even by the young.

If this be so, it follows that public prayer, like public preaching, is a matter upon which observation, reading, and study, may be well bestowed, and that no minister can be "thoroughly furnished to all good works," nor be esteemed "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed," who neglects it.

H.

THE ABIDING UNION.

At a time when commotion or signs of commotion, ruptures, and conflicts are agitating the world, it would be a relief if Christians could turn to each other and say : " We, however, are at peace ; our's is the only abiding union." But notwithstanding that we have had religion and revivals of religion, prayer meetings, anniversary meetings, and various other christian combinations, all intended to unite us, the result, as it appears in daily life, seems only to have made still more apparent the truth, that, "as the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, no more can ye except ye abide in me," for, after all, we really fail to discover more than a very partial development of this vital union with Christ. Have we been animated, as it were, by the impulse of one heart ? Are we indebted for all our activity to nothing but our union with Christ ? Is it He, and only He, that has been working in us to will and to do all this ? Must we not confess, that though we have drawn our life blood from the Saviour, it has often flowed so feebly as to have been kept in circulation almost entirely by some such influence as party feeling or a worldly competition—so feebly indeed, that the world has been unable, at times, to decide whether we were living, reviving, or about to expire.

It is, however, a hopeful symptom when we are not unconscious of the state to which we have been reduced, and are yearning for closer union and more wholesome co-operation ; when we are no longer content to shine as isolated stars, affording only light enough for the season of slumber and inactivity, but are struggling to collect ourselves into one great medium for the diffusion of light and life. The cross is our only rallying point. Amidst the shaking of the nations we may distinctly hear the voice of Christ sounding an alarm in tones no doubt intended to warn and rally his church, and bring us nearer to himself and to each other, so that come what powers there may against the citadel of our faith, we may all be abiding in Jesus. "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."

G. A. H.

DICK'S ACCOUNTANT AND DISPATCH PATENT.

Having purchased the right to use this invention, our Subscribers who receive the *CANADIAN INDEPENDENT* by Mail or Express, will receive, with their address, a statement of account, by which each will see at a glance how matters stand between him and the Publishers, "as concerning giving and receiving."

It is important to premise, that these statements of account refer *only* to Volumes VI., VII. and VIII. (the last being the current volume of the Magazine, which commenced in July.) And, further, that for the present, our Subscribers in Great Britain will be advised of their indebtedness in another way.

This, then, being understood, a very few words of explanation will suffice. When a Subscriber finds after his name a sum stated, he will please observe that the transmission of this amount will discharge his obligation to us to the close of the current volume, in June, 1862. As monies are received at our Office, the sum named is reduced by the amount received: if a partial payment has been made, the sum is reduced to that extent: if payment *in full* is received, the sum is removed altogether. When, therefore, the name stands alone, the subscriber has paid to the close of the current volume, or the subscription claim has been satisfied in some other way. If an amount is placed at the *left* of the name, that sum stands to the credit of the subscriber for the volume commencing July, 1862. When a note of interrogation (?) follows a name, uncertainty exists as to the indebtedness of the subscriber.

The arrears still due for Volumes IV. and V., we shall be happy to receive and acknowledge.

Our friends will confer a special favour by remitting the amounts due in the course of this present month. Letters, registered and post-paid, are at the risk of the Publishers, if addressed "*Canadian Independent*, Box 468, P. O., TORONTO."

We continue the liberal offer to *Canvassers for new Subscribers*, of six copies, addressed singly, for \$5. And friends who collect the subscriptions of those already on our list, and remit, will find us ready to make suitable acknowledgments for their valuable services.

It gives us pleasure to inform our readers that we have already added about *fifty* new names to our subscription list, and we anticipate further accessions before many weeks. To all who have contributed to this gratifying result (their names are already recorded), we offer our cordial thanks.

Trans-Atlantic Retrospect.

Nearly two hundred years ago there was born in Southampton, one whose name has become inseparably connected with Christian Worship, who did more than any other man before or since, to give a proper basis for the "Service of Song" in the house of God, by writing those sublime psalms and hymns, which, as the Earl of Shaftesbury said, in all lands where the English language was spoken when they performed any act of worship and sat down

to an open Bible, were called in to aid the work of devotion. The name of Isaac Watts is musical with the tones of the tens of thousands who have trod the heavenly road singing the "Psalms and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs" which God enabled him to write for the benefit and blessing of his Church to all time. And now, at this long interval, one hundred and twenty-three years after his death, a period which the writings of one man out of a hundred do not survive, the admiration and love for Watts has culminated in a noble statue to his memory, which his native city has done itself the honor to erect in its public park. Churchmen and Dissenters joined together and vied with each other, in celebrating the service rendered to the Christian Church by a nonconformist Minister; the old lines of demarcation had faded out, and christian men looking back upon the great poet of the Sanctuary could see only the Christian man. The Earl of Shaftesbury accepted the invitation to inaugurate the Statue, and the whole ceremony appears to have been interesting and imposing. The *Hampshire Independent* says—

It was meet and proper that such a benefactor of his race should have a statue in this his native town, and there was an additional appropriateness in having the good and benevolent Earl of Shaftesbury to take the chief part in the inaugural ceremony. No man could have been more in his proper place than he was in Wednesday's proceedings. We congratulate our fellow-townsmen, of all classes, from our worthy and esteemed Mayor downwards, on the signal success which attended the inauguration of this noble work, and for their hearty co-operation in carrying out all the details. It was a most gratifying event to see men of various opinions in religion and politics uniting cordially together to celebrate the services rendered to the world by a Nonconformist minister, and we chronicle the fact with more than ordinary pleasure. The speeches were all to the purpose, and the interesting festivities at the Mayor's residence at Woolston will long be remembered. Of the Committee we need only say that they have every reason to feel proud of their labours. They have, by the aid of a generous public and the sculptor's genius, erected a monument worthy of the man and the town, and we trust it may remain undimmed from age to age, a perpetual proof that the works of the great, the wise, and the good shall be held in everlasting remembrance.

The statue thus inaugurated has been erected in the western public park, and forms a beautiful ornament to that picturesque part of the town. The whole monument is rather over 19ft. high, and is of the finest white Silician marble. There are three basso-relievos, also in Silician marble, on three sides of the shaft of the pedestal. The pedestal itself is of the finest polished grey Aberdeen granite, and has been executed by Messrs. Macdonald & Co., of Aberdeen. The statue and basso-relievos are by Mr. R. C. Lucas, an artist residing at Chilworth, a few miles from the town. The statue is an expressive likeness of Dr. Watts, obtained from the most authentic sources, and represents him in the attitude of a preacher of the Gospel proclaiming its divine truths. The monument is erected at a total cost of about 850*l.*, raised by voluntary contributions from the inhabitants of Southampton and other parts of the kingdom.

The following is the inscription on the Statue :—

A.D. 1861

Erected by voluntary contributions,
IN MEMORY OF ISAAC WATTS, D.D.,
A Native of Southampton.
Born 1647; Died 1748.

An example of the talents of a large and liberal mind
wholly devoted to the promotion of Piety, Virtue, and Literature.

A name honoured for his sacred hymns wherever the English language extends.
Especially the friend of children and of youth, for whose best welfare
 he laboured well and wisely, without thought of fame or gain.

“ From all that dwell below the skies,
 Let the Creator’s praise arise ;
 Let the Redeemer’s name be sung
 Through ev’ry land by ev’ry tongue.”—WATTS.

A purse of £5 was offered for the best poem in connexion with the event; twenty-one were sent in, but if we may judge of the remaining twenty from the one which obtained the prize, we fear that the mantle of Watts has not fallen upon any of the aspirants. We cannot refrain from quoting a short estimate of the poetry of Dr. Watts, also from the *Hampshire Independent*.

“ The writings of this sweet and gentle poet were not for an age, but for all time, and it is impossible to exaggerate their effect in leading the youth of our land into the paths of piety and virtue. Coming into the world just as the mighty Puritan bard of the Commonwealth was about to pass out of it, we may say that the mantle of the author of “ *Paradise Lost* ” was left behind with Watts, whose special mission it was to popularise in sweet-flowing numbers the grand theme of man’s disobedience and redemption, which had been sung in more majestic measure by his glorious predecessor. We do not claim for this noblest of Southampton’s sons to have been a poet of as high an order as Spenser, Shakspeare, or Milton. The verse of these great master-minds will continue to flow like some noble river down the course of time, exciting the wonder and admiration of future ages, while the psalms and hymns of Dr. Watts will be like the refreshing spring that came gushing forth from the rock of Horeb when touched with the wand of Moses, to cool the parched lips of a multitude ready to perish. One touch of nature makes the whole world kin, and the Divine songs of the sweet “ *Poet of the Sanctuary* ” will ever be popular, because, while proclaiming the blessed future that awaits the just in another and a better world than this, he is always true to nature. In those “ *sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,* ” he tells us in language that comes home to every heart alike, and that is drawn from the pure well of English undefiled, that the true and faithful Christian shall be rewarded far beyond all our ideas of earthly bliss, “ *when suns shall rise and set no more !* ” We go to the poetry of Watts for hope and consolation, as a weary traveller is delighted to discover in the desert a pure and life-sustaining spring where all around is barren.”

From the Annual Report of THE ENGLISH CONGREGATIONAL CHAPEL BUILDING SOCIETY, we get a glimpse of the efforts put forth to provide church accommodation for the people of England. It says—

“ During the eight years of its existence, besides preparing a small manual on Chapel-Building; adopting an improved form of Trust Deed; preparing plans; and giving much practical guidance by official visits and correspondence; the society has voted, in grants and loans, £31,570 in aid of 132 Chapels, the aggregate entire cost of which may be estimated at £200,000; and the accommodation at 70,000 sittings. Of these chapels, 107 are completed; eighteen are building; and seven are to be commenced forthwith.”

And this it must be remembered, is but a small portion of the work being done. Among Churchmen and Dissenters of all classes, there is an earnest desire that the spiritual accommodation shall bear something like a decent proportion to the population, and that the opportunity for worship shall be brought as it were, to every man’s door.

THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE met this year at Newcastle. The Rev. John Rattenbury was chosen President. The following are the statistics of the body:—

“Members in society, or communicants, 319,778; increase, 9,540; on trial for Church membership, 23,138; ordained ministers, 1,127, exclusive of the Irish and Missionary Departments.”

Two reports of apostasy from the faith of Christ, have each received a full contradiction: the first was, that the Duchess of Sutherland had gone over to the Roman Catholics, which is now authoritatively denied. This is satisfactory, for the perversion of the noble Duchess, remembering the position she has so long occupied, would have been very injurious. The other is that of Dr. Davidson, who from having attended, as a visitor, a Unitarian Assembly, was said to have joined their ranks. He formally contradicts it in a letter to the *Manchester Examiner*, which concludes as follows:—

Meanwhile, I am still in connection with the Independent denomination, whatever I may think of its present tendencies and tone; and occasionally preach the same Gospel in substance as my anonymous accusers probably do. But my sincere endeavour then, and always is, to speak religious truth in the spirit of the Master, who said, “Judge not, that ye be not judged.”

THE JOHN WILLIAMS, missionary ship, sailed for the South Sea Islands on the 18th with a number of missionaries recently arrived by her from England. She was accompanied to the Heads by the Pelican steamer and a large concourse of friends to bid them “God speed.”—*Letter from Melbourne.*

REV. MR. PUNSHON.—The degree of D.D. has been conferred on the Rev. William Morley Punshon, the celebrated Wesleyan preacher.

THE FORTHCOMING MEETING OF THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE AT GENEVA.—A large and influential meeting of the South London Subdivisions Committee (which has continued its operations and its growth from the first establishment of the Alliance) was held on Friday evening last, the 9th Aug., at the house of C. Gabriel, Esq., Streatham. In the course of the proceedings the Rev. James Davies, one of the secretaries of the Alliance, said he had just returned from Geneva, where he had had a consultation with the Members of the Alliance on the subject. They anticipated great spiritual benefits from the intended gathering. Not only were the sympathies of the Christian citizens deeply stirred, but the villagers had met on their mountain sides to implore the divine blessing upon the assembly, to which it is expected not a few of them will resort. There were also many of the house of Israel who desired to embrace some opportunity of holding converse with the Christians congregated there during their visit—a remarkable sign of the times. The managers of the Railway lines had shown every consideration for the visitors to the conference. The people at Geneva were arranging to show large hospitality, and there was every reason to look for great and happy results from the deliberations and prayers of the conference. A vote of affectionate sympathy with the Rev. Dr. Steane (whose health is greatly impaired) and his family was unanimously adopted, acknowledging the obligations under which the Alliance had been laid by his devotion to its interests, and expressing the hope that his restoration to health might enable him for years to come to help and rejoice in its growing prosperity.

GARIBALDI AND THE PAPACY.—Garibaldi has addressed the following letter to the Countess d’Ora d’Istria, *née* Princess Ghika:—

Caprera, July, 16.

Madame,—I have read with admiration and gratitude your charming letter. You are right, madame; the Papacy is the most horrible plague that my poor

country is afflicted with ; eighteen centuries of falsehood, persecution and burning at the stake, in complicity with all the tyrants of Italy, rendered the plague incurable. At present, as heretofore, the vampire of the land of the Scipios supports its body, which is corrupted and eaten up by gangrene, by means of discord, reaction, pillage, and civil war ; and it affords a pretext for keeping permanently in Italy a foreign army which, by its influence prevents a generous nation from constituting itself. When nations shall love each other and be in accord, as required by the laws of Christ and of humanity, they will realise the dreams of happiness in which I have indulged at all the epochs of my life.

G. GARIBALDI.

THE CENSUS RETURNS FOR IRELAND have been published. The total population of the sister island on the 7th of April was 5,764,543, less by 787,842 than it was in 1851, which is a decrease of 12.02 per cent. on the last decennial period. The decrease is owing mainly to emigration—no less than a million and a quarter having left the Irish shores during the last decade. Ireland was the only division of the kingdom in which a “religious census” was taken this year. The returns yield the following results:—Roman Catholics, 4,490,583; members of the Established Church, 678,661; Presbyterians, 598,992; all other persuasions, 8,414; Jews, 322. The total number of Protestants in Ireland is 1,273,960, giving the Roman Catholics a majority of 3,216,623; or about 3½ Roman Catholics to one Protestant. In Ulster the proportions are—Established Church, 390,130; Presbyterians, 511,371; Roman Catholics, 963,687. In 1834, when a special census was taken, the Catholics were 6,436,060; the Protestants 1,518,700. The former have consequently much more largely decreased than the latter, owing chiefly to the exodus to America. The preponderance of Catholics is still so overwhelming as to make the existence of a dominant Protestant Church practically as great a grievance as when denounced by Macaulay a quarter of a century ago.—*Noncon.*

THE CHURCH TEST IN SCHOOLS.—We met with a little fellow, scarcely eight years old, a pupil in a parochial school under Government inspection. We asked him whether they learnt the Church catechism in his school. He replied that they had learnt it, but that they had now left it off, as they were learning the Articles. Imagine a poor boy, eight years old, learning the Thirty-nine Articles! As he stated that he knew his catechism, we asked him what was his duty towards his neighbour, to which he answered, “My duty towards my neighbour is to believe in him, to fear him.” Well, perhaps it might be so, but we reminded him that that was his duty towards God, according to the catechism; and we added that his duty towards his neighbour was to love him as himself; on which he added, “To love, honour, and succour my father and mother; to honour and obey the Queen, and put all authority under her”—which was as far as we allowed him to go; and we did not test his knowledge of the Thirty-nine Articles. In the name of common-sense, we ask, what has such a boy as this to do with the Thirty-nine Articles, at any time of his school-life, but especially at eight years of age?—*English Churchman.*

DR. ROWLAND WILLIAMS IN THE ARCHES COURT.—On Friday the first formal proceedings in the suit instituted by the Bishop of Salisbury against Dr. Williams, for his “Essay” in the now notorious volume, were taken in the Arches Court, before Dr. Lushington. It is alleged in the citation which has been served, and the articles which will be filed, that he has thrown contempt upon the prophetic books of the Old Testament, and otherwise to have depraved the Scriptures. Mr. Toller exhibited a proxy under the hand and seal of the Bishop, constituting him his proctor in the case, and Mr. Dubois was duly constituted proxy for the Rev. Dr. Williams. It was announced that the articles had been laid before counsel, and that a day would in due course be appointed for the hearing. It is generally understood that the defence of Dr. Williams will be that in the article complained of he has merely set forth in detail the leading views of Baron Bunsen, as ex-

pressed in his leading theological writings, especially in his "Egypt's Place in Universal History," and his "Gott in der Geschichte" (i. e., "The Divine Government in History"), and that in his own commentaries upon these he has not laid himself open to any charge which will subject him to ecclesiastical punishment.

DISSENT often shows itself now-a-days in high places. The Attorney-General is a Wesleyan Methodist. The Earl of Zetland, who was decorated by the Queen on Monday with the insignia of the Grand Order of the Thistle, is also a Dissenter, having been a regular attendant all his life at the chapel in Essex Street, Strand (Unitarian).—*London Correspondent of the Cambridge Independent.*

Official.

SPECIAL PRAYER FOR THE COLLEGE.

Pastors and churches are requested, in accordance with a resolution unanimously passed by the Subscribers to the College, to observe the second Sabbath in October as a day of special prayer for the blessing of God upon the Institution. The observance of this day in past years has been attended with manifest tokens of the Divine favour; and it is hoped that this year simultaneous supplications will be presented by *all* the churches. It is desirable that in the sermons of the day prominence should be given to the subject of the Christian Ministry.

It is also considered both appropriate and expedient that the annual collections in aid of the College Funds should be then taken up. The financial year is henceforward to close at the end of May,—a month earlier than usual, this arrangement will form an additional reason for making the "gatherings" at the above named period.

Congregational College B. N. A.
August, 1861.

ARTHUR WICKSON
(for the Secretary).

Correspondence.

TRUST DEEDS FOR CHAPELS.

To the Editor of the Canadian Independent.

Toronto, 21st August, 1861.

DEAR SIR,—I fear it is not generally known that unless a Trust Deed for Chapel property is registered, in the County where the property lies, within twelve months from the day of its execution, it is absolutely void. Within the past two years I have had to prepare new deeds in six cases where the duty of registration has been neglected. I take this means of calling the attention of the Churches, and of Trustees, to this important matter. as the Legislature have passed an act last Session extending the time for registering Chapel Deeds to the 17th day of May, 1862. Let every Deed then be at once examined to see that it has been duly registered, and if not, let it be done at once.

By way of a spur to the performance of this duty, it may not be amiss to remind Trustees that the duty of registration rests upon them; and should they neglect it, they become *personally responsible* for all the loss that may be sustained by the omission.

.Yours sincerely, PATRICK FREELAND.

THE WESTERN ASSOCIATION.

The semi-annual meeting of the Western Association will be held, *Deo Volente*, at London, on Monday, the 7th October, convening for Divine Worship, in the Congregational Church, at 7½ P.M. Rev. E. Ebbs, preacher; Rev. R. G. Baird, alternate.

The following exercises were appointed for private sessions, viz :

An Exposition, by Rev. R. G. Baird.

A Sermon, by Rev. C. P. Watson.

Plans of Sermons, by Rev. D. McCallum and Rev. J. Armour.

Review, "Bushnell's Christian Nurture," by Rev. J. Wood.

Essay, "On the essential characteristics of the Being of God," by the Secretary.

Paris, 16th August, 1861.

EDWARD EBBS, *Sec'y.*

News of the Churches.

Our Brother, Rev. W. F. Clarke, of Guelph, passed through Toronto on Thursday, the 29th instant, on his way to Great Britain, to sail from Quebec by the *Bohemian*. Mr. Clarke, with Mr. Marling now in England, will represent the Congregational Union of Canada, at the Autumnal meetings of the Congregational Union of England and Wales.

RECOGNITION SERVICES AT BARTON.

The Rev. A. McGill having received a unanimous call from the United Church in the Township of Burton, in the County of Wentworth, Canada West, the following services were held there in connection with his installation, on Thursday, July 4th. The Rev. Thomas Lightbody, of Churchville, N. Y., commenced the exercises by giving out a hymn, reading a portion of Scripture, and invoking the Divine blessing on the union about to be formed. The Rev. Stephen King, of Glanford, put the usual questions to the Pastor, which were answered by him. The recognition prayer was offered by the Rev. John Wood, of Brantford, who also gave the right hand of fellowship. The Rev. Thomas Pullar, of Hamilt'n, gave a faithful and appropriate address to the Pastor, from 1 Cor. iii. 10-15; and the Rev. Edward Ebbs addressed the Church, in a very earnest and affectionate manner, from John ii. 8. The benediction was pronounced by the Rev. A. McGill. It was a very interesting occasion. All present appeared to enjoy it very much. We trust the presence of the Great Master of Assemblies hallowed the union then so auspiciously formed.—Mr. McGill's P. O. address is Ryckman's Corners, C. W.—*Com.*

ENTERPRISE IN PALESTINE.

An editorial correspondence of the *Presbyterian* states that another Palestine movement in behalf of the Jews is that recently set on foot by Dr. Barclay, and of which he is the most active promoter. The title, somewhat quaint, "The Abrahamic Coalition for the Restoration of the Jews," will indicate its main idea.

It proceeds on the presumption of a literal restoration of the Israelites to their ancient land, and, as a preliminary step, proposes to provide the means of agricultural employment to the numerous Jews already in Palestine, most of whom are poor and greatly in need of help; and also to invite Jewish emigrants from all parts of the world. In order to do this it is proposed to buy land on the Plain of Sharon, in the neighbourhood of Jaffa, to be divided out to the Jewish applicants on certain conditions, but without any stipulation as to their becoming Christians, leaving this point to the providence and Spirit of God. Contributions are invited from all friends of the Israelites in all parts of the world. Dr. Barclay has already purchased various small tracts of land near Jaffa, to be used for this work. Whatever may be the views of any one as to the interpretation of prophecy in reference to the future of that once illustrious but fallen and deeply injured race, no true friend of humanity can fail to wish well to whatever may tend to meliorate their condition; whilst all who regard Scripture history or Scripture truth with interest, should be happy to aid in restoring fertility and fruitfulness to this dreary and desolated land. It is to be hoped that Dr. Barclay's numerous friends in America will furnish him with ample means for carrying out his admirable designs.—*Canadian Baptist*.

CHRISTIANS AND THE PUBLIC SERVICE IN TURKEY.

Two Christians have just been placed at the head of important services at Constantinople. One of them, Franco Poassa Effendi, has been appointed Director of the Telegraphs, as already announced, in place of Daoud Pasha, the new Governor of the Lebanon. The other, Polatis Mussurus, brother to the Ottoman Ambassador at London, has been named to one of the highest posts in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. These two appointments are looked on as undeniable symptoms of the new Sultan's favorable feelings towards his Christian subjects.

REVIVAL IN THE SOUTH SEAS.

The tide of revival has reached the South Sea Islands. In a communication addressed to the *Missionary Chronicle*, the Rev. George Gill says:—

The Rev. W. Wyatt Gill, my friend and former colleague in Mangaia, says:—“Our work here is going on very well. True, indeed, we have not all sunshine, nor is it all shade. Our grounds for encouragement are very great indeed. A few days hence I hope to admit twenty-four to the church at Ivirna and Oneroa. At Raratonga a great revival has taken place; upwards of eight hundred individuals have joined the classes.”

In confirmation of this statement I will translate a portion of a letter I have just received from *Russe* and *Tindmana*, the native teacher and chief at Arorangi. They say, “This is a season of great joy on Raratonga. Multitudes of men and women, and young persons, have been led to abandon their former evil practices, and their back-sliding, and have with all their heart believed upon Christ, and have been admitted into the fellowship of the church. You will rejoice, and perhaps also you will fear; you will rejoice truly with fear and trembling on this thing which has recently grown up amongst us; because they who have thus come to the church have been notoriously wicked in their past lives. It was in the month of August last that this thing grew, and gave us such joy. I have not time to tell you more; the ship is going away soon, but I write to tell you that it is well with us and the church of God here. *Isaia* has been very ill for six months, but he is better now. Blessings and peace rest ever with you.”

Russe, the native teacher writes, “More than seven hundred have returned from evil and believed. You will rejoice to know that Makea, the son of Tinomana, has been admitted a repentant and humble disciple of Christ. In *Ngatangia* 200, in *Avarua* 220, and in *Arorangi* more than ninety are now seeking for peace and life; yes, I do greatly rejoice to tell you that we are in peace and prosperity here. *Isaia* has been ill and has not been able to attend to his duties as formerly, but he has recovered now. I write to you now Gilie, that you tell the society to hasten and send us help. We are waiting for more help. We are anxiously waiting and hoping that more missionaries may soon be sent out for us.”

CHINA.

The *Christian Intelligencer* gives the opinion that "recent and concurrent advices from China dissipate altogether the hopes of an increased progress of the Gospel in that kingdom, through the agency of the insurgents. Time has revealed the true character of these rebels. Whatever of the truth they have possessed, and whatever of friendliness for Christianity they have professed, the actual result has amounted to nothing. They hold the truth in unrighteousness, or mix it with blasphemy, and welcome evangelical teachers only in appearance, and for sinister ends, while their own progress over the land is marked like the sweep of the tornado. Doubtless even this bloody and ruinous insurrection will insure the Gospel's triumph, but it will be in spite of the aims and efforts of its leaders." The same paper also remarks "that China is now admitted to be substantially opened throughout, to the introduction of the Gospel, there being no obstacles save such as may be expected to give way before a very slight continued pressure. Yet there is at present, counting all the protestant labourers there, but one missionary to every four millions of people. That is just as if there were only eight ministers in the whole United States, and no schools, societies, or institutions of any kind for the conversion of souls. Surely, if we could bring home to our minds what it is to be without God and without hope, we should, even in these trying times, feel constrained to do and give and pray more for the teeming millions buried in the shadow of death."

CATHEDRAL OF MEXICO.

The gorgeous Cathedral in the city of Mexico is the largest religious structure on the Continent of America. It is 500 feet long, 420 feet wide, and capable of holding 30,000 persons. The high altar, raised from the floor on an elevated platform, exhibits a profusion of candlesticks, crosses, and other ornaments of solid gold or silver, and is crowned by an image of the Virgin, decked in jewels estimated at the value of more than \$2,500,000; and all other parts of the church are a perfect wilderness of columns, statues, shrines, founts, &c.

TURKISH AID.

The Turkish Mission Aid Society in England is making an effort to help the American missionaries in Turkey this year more than heretofore, to avert a painful reduction in the available force of the American Board there, in consequence of the falling off of their receipts.

EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE AT GENEVA.

Among the passengers in the *Fulton*, for Europe, is the Rev. Dr. Baird. He goes to attend the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance at Geneva, in September. He is to present to that important meeting a paper on the "Influence of civil and religious liberty on Roman Catholicism in the United States." He will also, it is expected, give an exposition of the American Sunday-school system, at the session of the Conference devoted to that subject.

FASTING AND PRAYER.

The President of the United States, in accordance with a resolution of the two Houses of Congress, has issued a Proclamation, appointing the last Thursday in September as a day of Fasting and Prayer.

NUMBER AND DISTRIBUTION OF THE JESUITS.

There are reported to be 7144 Jesuits altogether, an increase 2292, in 14 years. In France, which is divided in three provinces, they number 2181; 1335 of them are at Paris. Their influence must be great, as they own no less than 4 day schools, 21 Institutes for education, 16 Religious Seminaries, 7 houses for novices, 36 private houses, and Mission stations. In the 5 provinces of Italy there are 1742; in Rome 300, of whom 155 are engaged at the *Collegium Romanum*. The remainder are distributed as follows: 631 in Belgium, 205 in Holland, 630 in

Spain, 455 in Austria, 527 in Germany, 379 in England, 444 in America. About 1000 are engaged in foreign missions, in the service of the Propaganda.—*N. Evang. Kirchenzeitung.*

THE CHOCTAW MISSION BROKEN UP.

The following account of the destruction of the Presbyterian missions is taken from the *Home and Foreign Record* for August. It will be recollected that these missions were secure till the fall of 1858, under the care of the American Board which withdrew its support from them and turned them over to the O. S. Presbyterian Board. This transaction took place in consequence of the force of public opinion at the North against sustaining missions involved in slave holding. But now it seems that even the extreme conservatism of the missionaries on the subject of slavery is no protection against the rebel violence of the South. The *Record* says:

We have seldom had to report more discouraging news than what is here given concerning the missions among the Choctaw Indians. The suspension of the mission schools was mentioned in our last number as probable; this, we now learn, has taken place. Over four hundred interesting children and young persons, lately enjoying the best kind of christian instruction, are now deprived of this great advantage. Besides this, many of the missionary laborers have been compelled to leave the Indian country; some of them were ordered to leave by self-appointed "Vigilance Committees," consisting chiefly of lawless persons from Texas, joined by some of the Indians.

Rev. Messrs. Hobbs, Edwards, and Ainslie; Messrs. Wiggins, Lee, and Ives; Mrs. Hobbs, Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Wiggins, Mrs. Lee, Miss Wiggins, Miss Diamond, Miss Davidson, Miss Hitchcock, and Miss McBeth, have reached their homes in the North. Most of the other laborers will probably have to withdraw, some of them having been warned to leave by the lawless Committees. Those above mentioned, who were not forced to withdraw by those violent men, considered it a duty to come away, on account of the disturbed state of the Indian country rendering their residence in it unsafe, and their being unable to carry forward their missionary work.

We look with some solicitude for further accounts of the Indian missions in the Southwest—among not only the Choctaws, but the Creeks, Chichasaws and Seminoles. It is probable they will all be suspended; but we trust the personal safety of the missionaries will be secured. They are in the keeping of God. We ask for them a special interest in the prayers of our readers.

We regret to add, that Mrs. Young, wife of Mr. R. Young, teacher at Spencer, was so ill that her recovery was not expected, when Messrs. Lee and Wiggins left that station. The Rev. C. C. Copeland, of the Choctaw station at Bennington, was also suffering from sickness, so that he could not comply with the order of the lawless Texans, to leave the country within ten days, and was allowed a month. He has a wife and seven children, and is compelled by wicked men to leave a work in which he has been faithfully engaged for many years. "Lord, how long shall the wicked, how long shall the wicked triumph?"

DEATH OF DR. JOSEPH S. CLARK.

We are pained to learn from the *Boston Journal* of Monday evening, that Rev. Joseph S. Clark, D. D., Secretary of the Congregational Library Association, and one of the editors of the *Congregational Quarterly*, has departed to his final rest. He died at Plymouth, Ms., his native town, on the 18th inst., aged about 60 years. He graduated at Amherst College in 1828, studied theology at Andover in the same class with us, and after a short pastoral life became Secretary of the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society, which office he held some fifteen years. Dr. Clark was one of the most valuable men in the Congregational ministry of New England. He was distinguished for his consistent piety, ardent devotion to the cause of Christian benevolence, and to whatever tended to advance Puritan faith and character, for his sound practical judgment, his executive abilities, and his

untiring diligence in the service of his Master. His history of the Congregational churches of Massachusetts, and his numerous reports and essays have given him a high reputation as an able and useful writer. In common with all our brethren who had the pleasure of his acquaintance, we are afflicted that we shall see his face no more.—We know not a man whose death is a greater apparent loss to the practical interest of Congregationalism in New England.—*Congregationalist*.

ANDOVER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

The anniversary at the Andover Theological Seminary occurred during the week ending August 10th. The examination, as usual, occupied Monday and Tuesday.

On Tuesday evening, Rev. Dr. Thompson of New York gave an address before the Society of Inquiry respecting missions. On Wednesday morning the venerable Dr. Storrs of Braintree, who left the Seminary more than half a century ago, preached the annual sermon to alumni, and in the afternoon, Rev. Prof. Haven of the Chicago Seminary discoursed before the Porter Rhetorical Society. At evening, addresses were made before these Societies by students about to leave the Seminary.

Bills from the Fountains of Israel.

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.—No. 7.

SIMPLE, SLOTH, AND PRESUMPTION.

By REV. JOHN WOOD, Brantford, C.W.

MARK V., 18-20.—“Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee.”

The man thus charged by our Lord, had been delivered, only a short time before, from the power of Satan. A Legion of devils had been cast out of him, and he had been transformed by the almighty word of Jesus from a raving madman into a chilk-like, rational, humble believer, whose chief delight it was to sit at the feet of his Saviour, and learn of him. There he wished to continue to sit, for two reasons, first, he probably feared lest the demons should return and repossess him; and, secondly, he desired to enjoy still further the instructions of his Divine Teacher. But Jesus said, No! “Go home to thy friends and tell them” what the Lord hath done for thee! Our Lord had need of his testimony, and therefore sent him to his home and kindred first, where the marvellous change would be most appreciated.

Now, although the Lord is in no sense dependent upon us for the means to carry on his work, or to publish his gospel, he has chosen, for our good, to employ human instrumentality in doing so. Our first obligation, after we have been brought to his feet as believing and loving disciples, is to “go home to our friends, and tell them,” as Andrew did to Simon, and Philip to Nathaniel, (John i. 41, 45.) of the Saviour we have found; and having humbly and prayerfully endeavoured to fulfil that commission, to take up the wider one, and “go into all the world, and publish the gospel to every creature.” This is no less the first impulse of the renewed soul, than it is its first duty. Hence Bunyan represents Christian as embracing the first opportunity that presents itself, after his own emancipation from doubt and fear, of endeavouring to rescue the souls of the perishing around him. No one needs travel far to find such, and Christian had not got farther than the bottom of the hill upon which the cross stood, when he found three men, “Simple, Sloth and Presumption, fast asleep, with fetters upon their heels.” Yes! in the very shadow of that cross, one believing look to which would have saved them! Christian, affected at the sight, went to them in hope of being able to arouse them from their gilty slumber, and cried aloud, “You are like them that sleep on the

top of a mast—i.e. in the most perilous of all places in which sleep could overtake a man,—for the Dead Sea is under you, a gulf that hath no bottom; awake, therefore, and come away; be willing also and I will help you off with your irons. He further warned them that they were in danger of falling a prey to “him that goeth about as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour.” But all his efforts to arouse them, and impress them with a sense of their danger were in vain. For a moment they looked up at the disturber of their slumber, and made answer in the shortest possible manner, Simple replying “I see no danger;” Sloth begging “a little more sleep;” and Presumption, more hardened than the rest, sullenly muttered, “Every tub must stand upon its own bottom,” or in other words, “mind your own business!”

These three men are types of three different classes of gospel hearers—Simple, of the thoughtless; Sloth, of the procrastinating; and Presumption, of the practical Universalist. The first class is largely made up of the young. They are, it may be, amiable and intelligent; pure in morals, and regular and respectful in their attendance upon the public ordinances of religion; but they are giddy and vain. They are not Christians, and they know it; but then, they say, when such a thought disturbs them, “I see no danger,”—I have youth and health on my side,—no one ever sought the Lord in vain, and I will seek him when I am older; and they fall asleep again. Or, it may be, they belong to a different class of character, they are immoral, and irreligious, retaining but few of the early salutary impressions received from their parents, or teachers, or ministers; they are theatre-goers, instead of church-goers,—always on the look out for a public dinner, or a dance, or a chance at the gaming table. Still they “see no danger.” There are many, they think, worse than they are; and many who sowed their wild oats in youth, as they are now doing, who have turned out sober and virtuous men and women, Christians in fact—and so will they before they die; and, quieted by these good intentions, they fall asleep again. Oh! that they knew that

“Delay is danger; sleep disease;
And few that slumber wake!”

There is danger, dear friends, to every one not yet a believer in Christ; danger that in an hour when they think not, the Son of man may come. There is danger, too, that if the devil has influence enough over you now to induce you to reject Christ, that he will have *more influence still* in after life. What likelihood is there even if you should not die young, that religion will present greater attractions for you, five, ten, twenty, or fifty years hence, than it does now? If you can now so easily get rid of the impressions of a faithful sermon, is there any, even the remotest probability of such a discourse producing any more permanent, or saving impressions upon you *hereafter*?

It is worthy of note that Simple did not say there is no danger, but only that *he saw none*; he was not bold enough for that yet. He forgot, however, that dangers *unseen* are always *greater because we do not see them*! It is not the craggy precipitous coast, or the foaming breakers which make themselves seen and heard miles away that the mariner fears most; it is *the sunken rock* upon which the gallant ship may run, notwithstanding the utmost diligence and watchfulness of those in charge of her. The fact, therefore, supposing it to be a fact, that impenitent sinners “see no danger,” is no proof that there is no danger; on the contrary, it may be the most dangerous symptom in their spiritual condition. Their blindness may be accounted for in a variety of ways. They may hide their eyes in presence of danger, as the ostrich that buries her head in the sand, thinking she has escaped it, because she no longer sees it; or they may disbelieve the plain declarations of God’s word concerning the end of the impenitent; or they may be so misled by the flatteries of the devil, and the deceitfulness of their own hearts, as to be ignorant of the wrath that “abideth upon them.” The great aim of the adversary is to conceal from men their lost condition, so that they may persist in their rejection of Christ. Were he to permit the entrance to the “broad road” to be marked by the flaming superscription which God has written over it, “the way to *destruction*,” but few, perhaps, would enter it. The devil is therefore

continually endeavouring to obliterate the original inscription, and to write over it "the way to *pleasure—to wealth—to influence*," and men "see no danger," and enter it to escape from it no more. "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death."

The replies of the other two indicate the same spirit of carnal security. Sloth loved present ease and quiet, and chose rather to risk his eternal all, than to have it disturbed. He was, perhaps, conscious that there was danger in his procrastination, but not, he thought *very great or immediate*. So he asks for a little more sleep, not to be permitted to *sleep forever*, for who does that? but to be let alone a little longer. "Go thy way *for this time*." Presumption regards Christian's warning as next thing to an insult, he doesn't wish any one to concern himself about *his* soul, he can take care of himself. He intends Christian to learn that speaking to him makes him more indifferent than ever. He hates what he pretends to consider officiousness, especially when it assumes the shape of religious zeal. So, without enquiring whether there is reason for alarm or not, he lies down again to sleep in a huff, and Christian, sad at heart doubtless, and grievously disappointed at the result of this his first attempt to warn the wicked of his danger, went his way. He had probably thought, as most christians do in their first efforts to win souls to Christ, that he had but to faithfully set the truth before them, to induce them to follow his example, and begin to serve God. But he soon discovered, what Bunyan has put into a marginal note at this point, that there is no persuasion will do, if God openeth not the eyes. True indeed! And *even when their eyes are opened, their will is so controlled by the evil One, that Almighty grace alone can remove the fetters which the devil has forged, and rivetted upon them, and set them free.* Such a discovery, however, instead of discouraging us in our efforts to be useful, should rather stimulate us to renewed effort and prayer, in the assurance which he has given us that in due season we shall reap, if we faint not. Let us therefore, not be weary in well-doing.

Christian had not journeyed far from the spot where these three men lay sleeping, before he fell in with two others of a different class, but in a condition not less dangerous—Formalist and Hypocrisy. These "men came tumbling over the wall" into the narrow way, instead of entering by the wicket gate, and when remonstrated with for their violation of the plainly expressed will of the Lord of the way, pleaded, as their reason for doing so, that the gate by which Christian entered was too far about; and further, that since they were *in the way* it mattered not how they had got in. It was in vain that Christian expostulated with them concerning the manner of their entrance, for when they could no longer reply to his arguments they bade him as Presumption did before, to look to himself, and then looked at each other and laughed. And so they parted company. Formalist and Hypocrisy are readily recognised as church-members of the *Moderate* school, as it is sometimes called, in whose esteem a *profession* of religion answers as good a purpose, in this world at least, if not better, than piety itself. *Piety* in their view, stands rather in a man's way in this world, demanding of him too much attention to things future and spiritual—interfering with business, and making conscience over-sensitive; while on the other hand, a *profession* of religion, where it does not exact too much of a man's time and means, raises a man in public esteem, helping, rather than hindering him in his worldly interests, and satisfying conscience, when without such profession, it might become troublesome. Thus Formalist and Hypocrisy seem to have reasoned, and hence climbed over the wall into the sheepfold, or in other words, got into the visible church in the easiest way they could.

Such a profession may answer the purpose for which it is assumed; it may satisfy the conscience, and secure the good opinion of those around; but the Searcher of hearts is never deceived by it. "The foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, the Lord knoweth them that are his;" and without that seal, the most plausible profession of piety, and the confidence of the best and most discerning among the Lord's people, will not gain a man admission into the celestial city. Rather does such an one "eat and drink damnation unto himself" by his avowal of an experience to which he is an utter stranger! "He lies, not

unto man, but unto God." We know of no more hopeless case under the sun, than that of the unconverted who has deceived first *himself* and then the *church*, and under such a delusion, sits down regularly at the Lord's table! Simple, Sloth, and Presumption will enter the kingdom of heaven before him!

The Fragment Basket.

INFLUENCE OF THE BIBLE.—When we reflect how large a part of our present knowledge and civilization is owing directly or indirectly to the *Bible*; when we are compelled to admit, as a fact of history, that the Bible has been the main lever by which the moral and intellectual character of Europe has been raised to its present comparative height; we should be struck, methinks, by the marked and prominent difference of this book from the works which it is the fashion to quote as guides and authorities in morals, politics, and history. In the Bible every agent appears and acts as a self-subsisting individual; each has a life of its own, and yet all are one life. The elements of necessity and free-will are reconciled in the higher power of an omnipresent providence, that predestinates the whole in the moral freedom of the integral parts. Of this the Bible never suffers us to lose sight. *The root is never detached from the ground*; its God is everywhere. I can truly affirm of myself, that my studies have been profitable and availing unto me, only so far as I have endeavoured to use all my other knowledge as a glass, enabling me to receive more light in a wider field of vision from the word of God.—*Coleridge*.

THY MOTHER.—Young man! Thy mother is thy best earthly friend. The world may forget you—thy mother never; the world may wilfully do you many wrongs—thy mother never; the world may persecute you while living, and when dead plant the ivy and the nightshade of slander upon your grassless grave—but thy mother will love and cherish you while living, and, if she survive you, will weep for you when dead, such tears as none but a mother knows how to weep. Love thy mother!—*American Paper*.

"THAT WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH."—O glorious word "whosoever." You cannot escape from it. Wherever you fly it follows you. It expostulates with you. In the darkest corner of the dungeon of despair it whispers in your ear, "Whosoever!" It is heaven's great bell, summoning all men to the feast of salvation. *Whosoever! Whosoever!* Its boom swells throughout the whole earth, and breaks in as a reply to all your objections. "I have many doubts." *Whosoever!* "I'm a victim of necessity." *Whosoever!* "I'm a creature of circumstances." *Whosoever!* "I'm not one of the elect." *Whosoever!* "I fear Christ did not die for me." *Whosoever!* "I was never struck down with sorrow for sin." *Whosoever!* "I've been the greatest of sinners." *Whosoever!* "I've been a drunkard." *Whosoever!* "An adulterer." *Whosoever!* "A scorner of religion." *Whosoever!* "A thief and a murderer." *Whosoever!* "I've quenched the Spirit." *Whosoever!* "I've crucified the Son of God afresh." *Whosoever! Whosoever!* Heaven and earth shall pass away but this word of Jesus shall not pass away. *Whosoever!* O then, "seek righteousness, seek meekness, *it may be ye shall be hid in the day of the Lord's anger.*"—"*Plain Truths,*" by *Newman Hall*.

LOOKING TO CHRIST.—Let this thought, that God cannot lie, keep in conscious safety the heart of every one who looketh to Jesus. They who look shall be saved. The sun in the firmament is often faintly seen through a cloud, but the spectator may be no less looking at him than when he is seen in full and undiminished effulgence. It is not to him who sees Christ brightly that the promises are made, but to him who looks. A bright view may minister comfort, but it is looking (to Christ) which ministers safety.—*Chalmers*.

CHRIST'S CONFIDENCE OF HIS ULTIMATE TRIUMPH.—This, then is the state of the case, as a mere matter of history :—A young man destitute of resources, of patronage, and of influence, commits himself to an enterprise which, so long as he lives, is not appreciated or even understood. He is persecuted and scorned, deserted by his friends, betrayed by one of his disciples, falsely accused, and condemned to a disgraceful and torturing death. But, alone, with death before him, and without one earthly support, he calmly believes that the enterprise shall triumph, and that *he* shall reign in the minds and hearts of men!

Can this have been only human? Was there ever a manifestation of *mere humanity* like this? Can anything short of the union of divinity with this humanity account for the acts and states of Christ's mind?

This is not all: the narrative offers some additional facts. At the Last Supper Jesus told his disciples, as they sat around him, that the time of his death was near at hand. Were his confidence and courage shaken by the prospect? Did no fear disturb him—fear of the effect that his death might produce on the opinion of the world? Did no feeling of uneasiness rise within him as if, after all, he might fail? At all events, was he not anxious that the ignominious termination of his course might be concealed after he was gone? No, he was not; but with perfect composure he made provision that not only his death itself, but all its agony and its shame, should never be forgotten while the world lasted. "He took bread and gave it to his disciples, saying, This is my body broken for you; this do in remembrance of me. In like manner he took the cup, saying, This is blood shed for you; this do in remembrance of me."

Was ever serenity like this? Can anything more touching, more sublime than this be conceived? Was it ever heard of before or since, that a person in the position of a malefactor took pains to preserve the memory of his disgraceful death? Jesus Christ, about to be crucified as a felon and a slave, commanded and provided that the fact should be remembered to the end of time—did so in the full confidence that he should at last triumph. And the fact *has been* remembered. This is the mystery—if he be not all that he claimed to be—this is truly more miraculous than any thing ever so called, more inexplicable on all natural principles. The fact has been remembered for eighteen hundred years; it is remembered at this day; and it has been and is remembered, not as a form, a time-honored custom, but minds have been won to Christ—human hearts have been and are inviolably attached to him.

Christ's assurance of triumph is a historical fact; his actual triumph for nearly two thousand years is no less historically certain; the two combined lead to one conclusion only. It is this—he was, as he claimed to be, divine; his religion is divine, the only religion which contains the indubitable proof, and presents to the world a real incarnation of divinity—God in man.—*Young's "Christ of History."*

THE FIRST EDEN.—"To dress it and to keep it," That, then, was to be our work. Alas! what work have we set ourselves upon instead! How have we ravaged the garden, instead of kept it—feeding our war-horses with its flowers, and splintering its trees into spear-shafts!

"And at the east a flaming sword." Is its flame quenchless? and are those gates that kept the way indeed passable no more? or is it not rather that we no more desire to enter? For what can we conceive of that first Eden, which we might not win back if we chose? It was a place full of flowers, we say. Well; the flowers are always striving to grow wherever we suffer them; and the fairer the closer. There may, indeed, have been a fall of flowers, as a fall of man; but assuredly creatures such as we are can now fancy nothing lovelier than roses and lilies, which would grow for us side by side, leaf overlapping leaf, till the earth was white and red with them, if we cared to have it so. And Paradise was full of pleasant shades and fruitful avenues. Well, what hinders us from covering as much of the world as we like with pleasant shade, and pure blossom, and goodly fruit? Who forbids its valleys to be covered over with corn, until they laugh and sing? Who prevents its dark forests, ghostly and uninhabitable, from being

changed into infinite orchards, wreathing the hills with frail-floretted snow, far away to the half-lighted horizon of April, and flushing the face of all the autumnal earth with glow of clustered food? But Paradise was a place of peace, we say, and all the animals were gentle servants to us. Well, the world would yet be a place of peace, if we were all peacemakers; and gentle service should we have of its creatures, if we gave them gentle mastery. But long as we make sport of slaying bird and beast, so long as we choose to contend rather with our fellows than with our faults, and make battle-fields of our meadows instead of pasture—so long, truly, the flaming sword will still turn every way, and the gates of Eden remain barred close enough, till we have sheathed the sharper flame of our passions, and broken down the closer gates of our own hearts.—*Ruskin*.

CHRISTIANITY.—The defensive armour of a shrinking or timid policy does not suit her. Hers is the naked majesty of truth; and with all the grandeur of age, but with none of its infirmities, has she come down to us, and gathered strength from the many battles she has won in the many controversies of many generations. With such a religion as this there is nothing to hide. All should be above board; and the broadest light of day should be made fully and freely to circulate throughout all her secreties. But secrets she has none. To her belong the frankness and simplicity of conscious greatness; and whether she grapple it with pride of philosophy, or stand in front opposition to the prejudices of the multitude, she does it upon her own strength, and spurns all the props and all the auxiliaries of superstition away from her.—*Chalmers*.

PAPER, PEN AND INK.—“When paper, pen, and ink have made the tour of the world, and have carried everywhere the acknowledgment of brotherhood between people and people, and man and man, and the Song of Bethlehem, fulfilled to the full, has enlightened every intellect and softened every heart, their great mission will be ended. And let us not complain that our writing materials are *one* and all so frail and perishable, for God himself has been content to write His will on the frailest things. Even His choicest graphic media are temporal and perishable. The stars of heaven are in our eyes the emblems of eternity, and they are the letters in God’s alphabet of the universe, and we have counted them everlasting. Great astronomers of old have told us that the sidereal system could not stop, but must forever go on printing in light its cyclical records of the firmament. But in our own day, and amongst ourselves, has arisen a philosopher to show us, as a result simply of physical forces working as we observe them do, that the lettered firmament of heaven will one day see all its scattered stars fall, like the ruined type-setting of a printer, into one mingled mass. Already the most distant stars, like the outermost sentinel of a flock of birds, have heard the signal of sunset and return, and have begun to gather closer together, and turn their faces homewards. Millions of years must elapse before that home is reached, and the end comes, but that end is sure. God alone is eternal, and they who through His gift are partakers of his immortality.

“It is wonderful to find a patient, mechanical philosopher, looking only to what his mathematics can educe from the phenomena of physical science, using words which, without exaggeration, are exactly equivalent to these:—‘Thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth; and the heavens are the works of thy hands; they shall perish; but thou remainest; and they all shall wax old as doth a garment; and as a vesture shalt thou fold them up, and they shall be changed; but thou art the same, and thy years shall not fail.’—Heb. i. 10, 11, 12. If God’s paper, pen and ink are thus perishable, shall we complain that ours do not endure? *It is the writer that is immortal, not the writing.*”—*Dr. Geo. Wilson*.

WATCH FOR SOULS.—“Watch for souls.” Chrysostom says that he never read those words without trembling, though he preached several times a day. Baxter says: “Brethren, if saving of souls be your end, you will certainly be intent *out* of the pulpit as well as *in* it.” “Watch for souls.” How? “As those who must give account.”

FRUIT FOR GOD.—Oh, what a holy spectacle is a christian standing in the garden of God, like a tree laden with fruit, of which he, in his simplicity, knows nothing! Ah no! instead of taking praise to ourselves, we should continually praise Him who has made us vessels of his mercy. In all the works of love which I may be able to accomplish, I seem to myself but as the gardener, who presents to his master an offering of flowers gathered from his own garden, which the master graciously receives. And this is pure *grace*, for he might have refused my offering, and might also have deprived me of the office which has yielded me so much pleasure.—*Tholuck*.

THE DIFFERENCE.—Starr King said once that Universalists and Unitarians differed in this: Universalists think that God is too good to damn them; Unitarians think that they are too good to be damned.

Poetry.

AN INVALID'S LONGING.

“The Wings of the Dove and the Eagle.”—PSALM lv., 6; ISAIAH xl., 31.

As I lay upon my bed,
Weeping and complaining,
Turning oft my weary head,
Hope and help disdaining;
Lo! before mine eyes there stood,
Vision of an ancient wood,
Full of happy birds, pursuing
Each the other with keenest zest;
And I heard the plaintive cooing
Issuing from the turtle's nest,
Till I murmured at the sight,
And forgot God's high behest;
“Had I but your wings I might
Fly away and be at rest.”

Then the low, sweet, plaintive cooing
Of the fond, maternal birds,
Seemed itself with thoughts imbuing,
And at length flowed forth in words.

“Plumes of doves and fluttering wings
Are but vain and feeble things,
Timidly the air they fan;
Scarcely would they serve to raise thee—
Need the truth at all amaze thee?
O'er this earth a little span.
Look thou there!” and, lo! an eagle,
From his nest amid the stars,
Stood before me with his regal
Front, and venerable scars.
In a moment, wide extending
His great wings (so seem'd my dream),
He was in the air ascending,
With a wild, exulting scream.
Fiercest winds, and rude blasts blowing
Could not stop his bold careering,

Higher still and higher going
He kept ever upward steering,
Till I lost him in the zenith,
Far above the mid-day sun,
Where he seemed like one that winneth
Rest in Heaven, whose work is done.

“Judge thou, then,” the voice said, “whe-
This or that's the better thing— [ther
Rainbow-tinted dove's soft feather,
Or the eagle's ruffled wing?”
“That's the better!”—Rest then still!
In thy heart of hearts abase thee;
Lose thy will in God's great will.
By and by he will upraise thee,
In his own good time and season,
When 'tis meet that thou should'st go,
And will show thee fullest reason
Why he kept thee here below.

Wings of doves shall not be given,
But to lift thee up to Heaven;
Thou shalt have entire dominion
O'er the eagle's soaring pinion,
Thou shalt mount to God's own cyrie,
And become a crowned saint,
Thou shalt run and not be weary,
Walk, and never faint;
Therefore utter no complaint.”

Now I lie upon my bed
Saying, “Be it even so,
I will wait in faith and hope
Till the eagle's wings shall grow.”

DR. GEORGE WILSON.

Family Reading.

A LESSON FROM THE DUST OF SUMMER.

On an excursion into the country during the hot days of summer, Gotthold discovered that the clothes of the party were thickly covered with dust, which they had not perceived as it fell, but which now gave them trouble enough to brush and shake off. From this occurrence, said he, let us reap a useful admonition on the subject of sin and its properties. At the present season, when the weather is fine and undisturbed by showers, dust is easily raised, and falls plentifully. In like manner, it is when flesh and blood enjoy fair weather and sunshine, that sinful lusts are most apt to be excited, and drop most thickly in actual sins.

As dust consists of many minute particles, and falls imperceptibly, so that we scarcely perceive, till we are bespread with it; so do many small sins combine to form a great one, which is called habit and security, and is the nearest stage to hell. As dust injures clothes, and sometimes sticks so fast that it can by no means be removed from them, and as no one likes it, but labors, as we are now doing, to brush it off; even so sin makes us hateful in the sight of God, and disreputable in that of men; so that we ought to take all pains to purge our conscience and amend our life. No one who travels in weather like this can escape the dust; and just as little, upon the pilgrimage of this transitory life, can any boast of being unsullied by sin. In fine, as the dust settles, and lies as quietly as if it had no existence, but is stirred and raised by the slightest breath of wind; so it sometimes seems as if sin no longer dwelt within us, but was vanquished and annihilated, and we freed from all restraint to serve God in a pure and blameless life;—no sooner does opportunity occur than sin makes its appearance, and we discover that we have much more of the world in our hearts than we had ever supposed.

Alas! thou righteous God! how abominable and defiled in thy most holy sight are my garments and walk! No doubt from day to day I brush the dust away, but ah, me! how little good it does! Forgive me, O my Father, forgive me! and do thyself cleanse and purge me, granting grace that my walk may be habitually circumspect, and that, at last, I may enter pure and unsullied into thy city.—*Gotthold's Emblems.*

“A LAUGHING STOCK.”

He was a good man that Deacon L. I knew him well. He was my kindred and my friend. He stood over six feet high, and was proportionally large; a farmer, “well to do” always moral and upright. When about forty years old, he became deeply interested in personal religion. Naturally very, *very* diffident, he said little or nothing to any one about his feelings. Months rolled on, and still he was anxious, distressed; while yet he had regular seasons of secret prayer, read his Bible, and was doing all he felt he could and ought to do, save *one thing*. He was the head of a family. He had a lovely wife and four children, all impenitent, but they were his, and conscience urged him to do the duty of erecting the family altar. But the cross, O it was too great for his timidity! So it was put off, and new duties discharged in other directions as an offset, but he grew nothing the better, nay rather the worse. At length one morning, in his field, he solemnly resolved that that night he would, come what might, make the attempt, at least, to pray in his family. A seamstress was at his house, from whose ridicule and scorn he shrank—but his mind was made up. And here I give his own language,

“When I went to dinner, she told me she wished to go home that afternoon. Never did I carry a person from my house so gladly before. She was now out of my way, and one great obstacle was removed. Night came on, and I seemed to gain strength for my duty. But just as I was about to get my Bible, and tell my family what I intended then and thereafter to do, who should knock at my door but the youngest brother of my wife, a mirth loving, captious young man, a member of college, just the last person in the world I then wanted to see. What shall I do! what! what! my heart cried, and my agony seemed to me more than

I could bear. But my vow had been made, and there could be no going back. I arose, got my Bible, and told them what I was about to do. My wife looked as though she would sink. My children looked one to another, at their mother and at me, not knowing what was to happen. My brother-in-law seemed greatly amazed. But rallying all my strength I read a Psalm, and knelt down, and at length said, 'O Lord'—and could not utter another word; and there I was a great, stout man, on my knees a *laughing-stock* for my dear family. There I was, I could not speak, and there my proud heart was humbled, and there my Heavenly Father met me, and my soul was filled with unutterable peace. When I arose, my poor wife was mortified, and hung her head to conceal it. My brother said nothing, soon retired, and the next morning left for college again."

The family altar has not ceased to burn with daily incense, though the priest thereof has ministered unto it for forty years.

Now mark the result of that attempt at prayer, when the good man was, in his own esteem, a "laughing-stock." In about a week he received a letter from that brother-in-law-student, which began with these words:—"Rejoice with me, brother Daniel, for I have found the Saviour, and that scene at your house the other evening, God has blessed to the salvation of my soul." This young man studied divinity at Andover, but when about to be licensed to preach the Gospel, was taken with bleeding at the lungs, and soon went to his rest. That wife, those children, and many others under the same roof, have found the Saviour through the instrumentality of this praying man. He bore the cross and received the crown. He lives still in a green old age, waiting for his summons to go up higher.

Be sure it is always best to obey God! Nothing is gained, but much is lost, by shrinking from duty. They are difficulties *overcome* and *conquered*, upon which we rise. The Christian is a soldier. He must not *fear* when executing a command. The anxious lose, oh how much they lose! sometimes the immortal soul—by failing to *do* the right thing, that *one* thing, to which God evidently calls. Many a head of a family has stumbled at the cross of family prayer, and lost all. What though for once, or a hundred times, he may be a "laughing-stock!" It matters nothing, when such interests are in peril. Take care of the soul is the great care. Who can—or will—neglect it?—*Cong.*

BARON ROTHSCHILD.

Lady Fowell Buxton, in one of her letters, gives an account of a dinner at her husband's house, at which Baron Rothschild, the millionaire, was present. He sat at Lady Buxton's right hand; and his whole discourse was of money and money-making, and of the way in which he had trained his sons to persevere and expand his colossal fortune. Lady Buxton expressed the hope that he did not allow them to forget that never-ending life so soon to begin, for which also preparation must be made. "Oh!" replied he, "I could not allow them to think of such a thing. It would divert their minds from business. It would be fatal to their success. To get and keep a fortune is a very difficult thing, and requires all one's time and thoughts."

The remark, though a melancholy proof of an utterly worldly mind, yet contained a great truth. It turned on the same point with that declaration of Christ: "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." Baron Rothschild had made up his mind to serve Mammon. He did not attempt nor pretend to serve God at the same time. He served Mammon with his whole heart. He devoted his children, too, at the altar, and educated them to his service.

And Mammon brilliantly rewarded his whole-hearted service. His wealth became so enormous, that it has been said that the monarchs of Europe could not make war without his consent. At the marriage of a niece, whom he portioned with a dowry which no king in Europe could have equalled, the supper service was of pure gold, and the dessert was served in a set of porcelain which belonged to Queen Marie Antoinette, and for which Rothschild had given \$12,000.

But it came to pass that this rich man died; and then, of all this wealth and splendor and luxury, what remained to him? Not one farthing. Who would wish to spend a whole life of care and toil, and throw away an eternity of happiness, for that which must be lost so soon and so utterly?

"I counsel thee," says Christ, "to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayst be rich." That "gold tried in the fire," will stand unharmed and undiminished in the last fires. All else will be utterly consumed, when "the earth and all things that are therein shall be burned up."

The price of this "gold," this incalculable and imperishable wealth, is the heart, the whole heart. Christ asks no more; he will accept no less. "My son, give me thy heart."

The world, as you see, and Christ, demand the same price—the heart; the one for the decaying and transitory possessions, every farthing of which must pass from your grasp in the moment of death; the other for the "true riches," which, at death, you will go to enjoy in "everlasting habitations."—*Standard*.

A FAULTY LINK.

"I can't see it so; and it can't be so," said the blacksmith. He was leaning at his ease against his forge chimney, for it was past six o'clock, and he had knocked off work for the day. His shirt sleeves were still tucked up, however, and his arms were folded carelessly over his broad chest. He was strong of limb and voice; and the words he had just uttered had rolled out in firm, deep tones. Parsons the blacksmith was not by any means an ill-tempered man, but he was positive in a slight degree; perhaps his consciousness of superior power made him peremptory.

"But it is so, Parsons," said the carpenter, who also had finished his work, and had looked in at the blacksmith's shop about a job he wanted done on the morrow: "you can't go against Scripture any how."

"I should think not," interposed the village shoemaker, who had brought in his tea-kettle to boil his water for tea at the yet unextinguished forge fire, seeing that it was summer-time, and his own kitchen fire was unlighted. "It would be as bad as being an infidel at once to contradict what the Bible says."

"Ah, but," added Everest the tailor, who, seeing Wicks the carpenter entering the blacksmith's shop, and Rands the shoemaker following him, had determined to make one of the party, and, nimbly leaping off his board, had stepped across the road in time to join in the good-natured argument. The carpenter had set it on foot, and it took its rise from a sermon they had all heard on the previous Sunday. It may be premised that the tailor liked to side with the blacksmith, if possible, in all disputes; as if he had a feeling of security in going with the stout and firm Tom Parsons. "Ah, but," said Everest, "there are different ways of looking at a thing, and various interpretations of Scripture."

"I don't know," rejoined Mr. Wicks, doubtfully; "we are told, you remember, that no Scripture is of private interpretation."

"Which does not mean that we are to have no thoughts about the Bible for ourselves, I suppose, neighbor Wicks; and that we are to leave it all to ministers to put what interpretation they like upon different parts of it, and we to have ne'er a voice of our own in the matter. Why, man," the blacksmith went on, "that's just like Roman Catholics. If the priests in England let the people read the Bible (because in a free country they can't very well hinder their doing it), they take care to say, 'Don't think about what you read, good folks: we'll do all that sort of thing for you.'"

"Well, well, I don't hold with that either," said Mr. Rands, hurriedly. "Free inquiry is every man's birthright—every Englishman's at any rate."

"And so it brings me back to what I said," continued the blacksmith: "I can't see it in the light Mr. Gresham does. Why he made out, or tried to make out, that a man might be next to an angel."

"Stop, Parsons; he didn't say that a man might be, exactly; he said, if it were possible for a man to be so and so," interposed the carpenter.

"It comes to the same thing, Wicks; but put it your way if you will, that if it were possible for a man to be perfect in everything, and yet should commit one sin in all his life, he would be on the same level with the terriblest sinner as ever lived and breathed on the earth. Wasn't that it?"

"Yes, pretty near it, Parsons. On the same level, he said, as wanting salvation by grace, and not earning heaven by works. I think these are pretty nearly Mr. Gresham's own words," replied Wicks.

"Uncommon hard lines, though," cried the tailor; and so, because a man makes a slip or two as he goes along, he is to be put down with the biggest rogues. This may suit Mr. Gresham, but—"

"But what does the Bible say, Everast?" demanded the shoemaker in some haste. "You know, Mr. Gresham is not the preacher to say anything at random, without having Scripture to back it; and you remember the texts he brought out to prove his words, such as, 'Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them;' and, 'Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all.' You can't say that Mr. Gresham said more than this, any how."

"That's all very well, Rands; I know the Bible says that, and I don't mean to go against the Bible; but, to my way of thinking, those texts must have a different sort of meaning than he puts upon them. It does not stand to reason that—" and then the blacksmith repeated the objection he had before urged, in pretty nearly the same words.

"I don't see, however," said the carpenter, in reply, "that it makes much difference to us, Parsons; because I fancy we are not among the almost perfect ones who don't need salvation by grace, as you seem to think. May be the whole don't need a physician, but only such as are sick, as the Lord Jesus Christ said; but then we aren't whole, you know."

"That's neither here nor there, Wicks; I am standing up for the principle of the thing; and, according to my views, there's a hitch somewhere."

"And what is the hitch, friend Parsons?" The voice was a grave, pleasant voice; and when the disputant looked round, behold, Mr. Gresham himself was at the open door. The men looked rather confused at first; they did not know, while they were engrossed with their dispute, that the living subject of it was so near them.

"May be you have heard what we were talking about sir," said the blacksmith rather suspiciously.

"Not a word of it, my friend, till you said, 'There's a hitch.' I should not have heard that but for your strong voice, Parsons."

"I beg your pardon, sir I am sure, sir," returned the blacksmith, apologetically, "I did not suppose you had been intentionally listening."

"Thank you for your good opinion of me. I certainly was not listening: I came about my well-chain. Shall you be able to make a job of it?"

"Yes sir, there is very little the matter with it; there's only one link defective. It will be ready to-morrow, sir."

"And quite safe, then, you think, for the man going down the well to venture his life upon it?"

"I'll warrant it to bear the weight of three men when that link is set right," replied the blacksmith. "But about this hitch, sir; if you would not mind spending five minutes," added Parsons, who was, after all, partial to his minister, and knew that, though he was the rector of the parish, Mr. Gresham had no pride about him, as he often said, and would as readily stop to give a word of counsel or advice, or comfort or instruction to a poor man or woman, or even a child, on the highway, as to Squire this or Lady that in their drawing rooms.

So, in short, Mr. Gresham stepped freely into the blacksmith's shed, and heard all about the "hitch" plainly and manfully stated by the doubter.

"You have done me great honour and kindness by speaking so freely to me about my sermon," said Mr. Gresham, when the explanation was finished. "If hearers would do that oftener, and in the kind spirit you have shown, ministers would often be the better for it, and they would very likely preach better sermons

into the bargain. Well, now about this 'hitch.' But, first of all, I want a few more words respecting my well-chain. Business first, you know," and he smiled pleasantly.

The blacksmith was all attention.

"You say you have examined it, Parsons?"

"Yes sir, link by link."

"You see, it is necessary for Diver to go down the well to clean it out: and being a reckless sort of man, I determined to have the chain well examined before he ventures his life upon it."

"A good thing you thought of it, sir; for the faulty link was almost asunder; and the weight of such a man as Diver would have finished it."

"And only one link in the whole chain is faulty, you say, Mr. Parsons?"

"Is it not singular, though?"

"There's no accounting for such things, sir," said the blacksmith, speaking confidently on a matter connected with his daily calling: "it is seldom that a chain like this"—and he put his foot on a huge coil on the floor—"is of the same quality of iron throughout. There are mostly some links weaker than others, and that wear out first, or may be break when there is too much stress. The wonder is that in a chain of this length there are not more faulty links than one."

"True: it is a long chain; and my well is a deep well."

"Two hundred feet or more, sir: I ought to know, for I have plumbed it, and have been down to the bottom of it before now, sir, into the bargain."

"And how many links to a foot, Parsons?" Mr. Gresham asked quickly.

The blacksmith took out his foot rule and measured—"Eight, sir," said he.

"There will be sixteen hundred links in the chain then," rejoined Mr. Gresham, who seemed absorbed by this matter of business with the blacksmith, while the three other men stood looking on.

"Over sixteen hundred, sir: nearer eighteen, reckoning the overplus."

"True, I had forgotten. Well; and every one of those sixteen or eighteen hundred links is perfect, Mr. Parsons? You are quite sure."

"All but one sir, as I said before. Yes, sir, as sure as can be."

"You will be kind enough, then, to send the chain back to-morrow."

"Yes, sir; as soon as I have taken out the faulty link, and made the chain safe."

"O never mind about one link being faulty, Parsons," said Mr. Gresham.

"Sir!"

"What is one link? What can it signify that one link in sixteen or eighteen hundred is wrong, if all the rest are right?"

The blacksmith rubbed his head. He saw the drift of Mr. Gresham's question, but he did not like to own it. "I should think it would make all the difference, sir, if I were in Diver's place, and had to trust my life to the chain."

"Do you mean that you would not go down my well at the end of a chain that had, let us say, seventeen hundred and ninety-nine strong, sound and trustworthy links in it, capable, as you said just now, of bearing the weight of three such men as you in perfect safety?"

"Not if there was one weak link in it, sir, that I felt sure would not bear half my own weight: as well all be faulty as one, every bit as well, sir, for any safety there would be in the chain."

"If you really think so—"

"I certainly do, sir; I am sure of it."

"Well, being sure of it, perhaps you may as well set the chain to rights after all. And now, to change the subject, we will go back to this hitch of yours, my friends, if you please."

The carpenter smiled; the shoemaker rubbed his two hands; the tailor put his into his pockets; the blacksmith rubbed his forehead; and then he said, in a subdued tone, "You have beat me, sir. I see what you mean; and looking at it in the light you put it in, there's not any hitch, sir, that I can see."

"Ah, I fancied you would say so," replied Mr. Gresham, kindly "and I think

you can understand how it must be that though we may keep the whole law of God—the good and perfect law—seventeen hundred and ninety-nine times, or seventeen million times, and fail only once, we can no longer depend on our uniform obedience for eternal safety; but, if we are saved, must be saved by grace alone, as much as though every link in the chain of obedience were rotten throughout."

"I see it, sir; I see it now," said the blacksmith, frankly.

"And yet," said Mr. Gresham, after a moment's thought, "The two cases do not agree in all points, as generally happens when people try to illustrate great truths in figurative language. Do you see where the difference is, either of you?"

"I thing I do partly, sir; but I would rather you should say where it is," said the carpenter.

"Well, our friend Parsons can repair the defect in my well-chain, and make it as good and serviceable as ever; but one single transgression of the divine law cannot be repaired. The link is broken, and the poor soul, depending on that faithless chain, is already falling—falling."

"I see, sir: I see," said the blacksmith, almost with a shudder, as the idea presented itself to his mind of a man falling down a well. He had been down a well, and could realize the horror of such a situation.

"But then the almighty arm of divine mercy plunges down, reaches to the lowest depths of human misery and hopelessness, and— But perhaps, you would not lay hold on that gracious hand, my friend, seeing that only one link had broken, while all the rest were sound?"

"Wouldn't I, sir? wouldn't I grip it? Yes, sir; and you have beat me out and out," said the honest, hearty blacksmith,— "and I see now that salvation must be of grace."

"And 'not of works, lest any man should boast,'" added Mr. Gresham; and then the little group thoughtfully dispersed.—*Tract Magazine.*

WHAT THE LORD SHOWED ME.

I HAVE been lately, and methinks I still am, at the foot of Mount Sinai; and I heard a voice, and the voice spake of wrath; the wrath of God, which is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men. God thundered with his voice—who thundereth with a voice like Ilim? I heard the sound of a trumpet and the voice of words, concerning which the Scripture saith, "So terrible was the sight, that Moses said, I exceedingly fear and quake."

And the Lord showed me a *biography*; a biography written defectively in the memory, which at the best is ever treacherous, but written perfectly in the book of God's remembrance. And the voice said, "Come and read this biography."

I said, O Lord, how can I read it! "I have read it," said God, "and you must, you must." And when I had looked, still the voice came, "Turn ye yet again, and I will show you greater abominations than these."

And not a biography only—He showed me a *heart*. "There are seven abominations in a man's heart"—seven being the Scripture number for completeness. And my eye was fixed on that with horror. I speak not now of godly sorrow and repentance, but of horror; and with something that is surely worse, with shame. For it was not simply my eye fixed on the heart, but God showing me his own eye looking on it. "See thy sin under my eye; see, my eye sees that." God be merciful to me a sinner!

Now I heard a voice, at first distant and mysterious; but it came nearer, a still *small voice* publishing peace, proclaiming salvation. A voice which came from Zion, the city of our solemnities, the city of our God. A voice publishing peace, proclaiming the salvation which came from Zion. A voice proclaiming, as salvation, so also a Saviour. "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, for unto you is born in the city of David, a Saviour." And not merely a Saviour, and a Saviour on earth—Emmanuel, God with us, God among us, God for us—but a Saviour slain.

Methought then I stood on *Calvary*, and heard these words, "It is finished." God said, "Look into the heart of Christ," and behold him in his vicarious death. Behold him, and know the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich." The greatest depth of this poverty being not in his incarnation—though that was a wondrous depth—look at it in his death.

Then methought also that God said, Come by the blood to the *mercy-seat*. And I heard a voice speak from the mercy-seat, from between the cherubims. And what voice was that? "This is my beloved Son (not merely with whom, but) in whom I am well pleased; hear him!" said he from the mercy-seat, from between the cherubims. "The Lord is well pleased for his righteousness' sake;" said he from the mercy-seat, from between the cherubims. "I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions, and will not remember thy sins;" said he from the mercy-seat, from between the cherubims. "Return unto me for I have redeemed thee;" said he from the mercy-seat, from between the cherubims. Sweet invitation to me, a departer, "Return unto me;" God assigning to the sinner the saving cause, "for I have redeemed thee."

Then methought the Lord said, "I know heart secrets." And I said, Lord show me a heart which thou knowest. And methought the Lord showed me a heart. Whose it was he did not say, and I do not know; but a heart which God knows. He showed me something of it.

It was a heart into which he had put a *new song*. The soul was making melody, attempting to make melody to the Lord. Where it was I do not know; but I heard it singing about the middle of its song. It had been singing other songs before this. It had been singing, "What profit is there in my blood when I go down to the pit?" It had been singing the 51st Psalm; and Jehovah had put a new song into its mouth; He had done it, and it was trying to sing; and I heard it in the middle of its song. It had been reading Rev. v.; and trying to sing some of its numbers; and now it was at these words, "For thou wast slain." And O how it was sobbing and breaking; how it was melting and breaking with a joyous grief, and a grievous joy! It could not get its song sung, though it would have liked it. O how it faltered when it tried to sing, "and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood!"

It was the song of a soul known to God; and many such there are. It was the song of one to whom much had been forgiven, and who therefore loved much; and many such there are. But it was the song of the chief of sinners; of the one to whom *most* had been forgiven, and who loved *most*.

Yet it *faltered* and made wrong music; it jarred, and there was discord; and it grated on its own ear and pained it. And God was listening to it; the omniscient God, who knows all things. But the song was presented through and by the Mediator of the new covenant; and if here was discord, it was removed by grace in atoning blood, by the sweet accents of intercession; for it came up as music in Jehovah's ear, melody to the Lord. It was not discord in heaven.

I would know, O God, what soul that is! O God, let that soul be *mine*! Why tell me of it? Let it be mine! Put a new song into my mouth; teach me to sing it on earth; and to sing it when earth shall be no more.—"*What the Lord Showed Me,*" by Rev. Dr. Duncan.

"I COULD NOT GO WITHOUT JESUS."

Captain R—, of the Sailors Home, was recently speaking of a pious sailor, one of their boarders, who spends much time in trying to do good to his brother seamen in their boarding houses and other places. One morning he noticed him coming out of his room and going forth into the street. Shortly after he returned to his chamber, and after remaining there some time he again came down to go out. Captain R—having observed something peculiar in his manner, inquired after the reason of his movements. He replied, "After I got out I found Jesus was not with me; I could not go without Jesus, so I went back to my closet to find him. Now he is with me and I can go."

How simple and beautiful the lesson!

Minister of Christ! do you feel that Jesus is with you when you issue from your study to enter your pulpit or to visit your people or neighbours at their homes? If not, do you feel that you cannot go without him?

Labourer for Jesus! how is it with you when you go to your class, or to hold your prayer meeting, or visit your district! Is it ever said after such meetings with them, or with each other, "Did not our heart burn within us while HE talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures?"

THE DESTROYER AND HIS VICTIM—BY THE REV. JOHN TODD, D.D.

On a hot summer day, a gentleman sat down to think over a subject on which his mind was greatly troubled. He was wondering how it was that so many of the young men of his acquaintance had yielded to temptation, and been destroyed. He was wondering how the great Tempter could so soon get them entangled in his nets, and never let them loose again till they were ruined.

While he was thinking over the subject, he saw a worm moving along softly in the footpath. He moved quietly, and without any fear. "Now," said the gentleman to himself, "that poor worm can go safely though it has no reason to guide it. There lies in wait no destroyer to entangle it, while our young men, with reason and conscience, are destroyed by scores!" Just then he saw a spider dart across the path, about a foot in front of the worm. She did not appear to be thinking of the worm, nor the worm of her. When he got quite across the path, she stopped, and stood still. The worm kept on, but soon was brought to a stand by a small cord, too small for our eyes to see, which the spider had spun as she rushed before him. Finding himself stopped, the worm turned to go back. The instant he turned, back darted the spider, spinning a new cord behind her. The poor worm was now brought up a second time, and twisted and turned every way to escape. He seemed now to suspect some mischief, for he ran this way and that way, and every time he turned, the spider darted around him, weaving another rope. There gradually was no space left for him, *except in the direction of the hole of the spider!* That way was left open, but on all other sides, by darting across and around, the space was gradually growing less. It was noticed, too, that every time the worm turned towards the hole of the spider, he was instantly hemmed in, so that he could not get back *quite* as far as before. So his very agony continually brought him nearer to the place of death! It took a full hour to do all this, and by that time the worm was brought close to the hole of his destroyer. He now seemed to feel that he was helpless, and if he could have screamed, he doubtless would have done so. And now the spider eyed him for a moment, as if enjoying his terror, and laughing at her own skill, and then darted at him and struck him with her fangs. Instantly the life began to flow out. Again she struck him, and the poor thing rolled over in agony and died. Mrs. Spider now hitched one of her little ropes to her victim, and drew him into her hole, where she feasted at her leisure, perhaps counting over the number of poor victims whom she had destroyed in the same way before!

When I see a boy who goes with bad company, and who listens to their profane and licentious conversation, I think of the spider and her victim.

When I see a boy breaking the Sabbath, by going off to fish, to swim, or to play;

When I see one disregarding his father and mother, and doing what he knows will grieve them;

When I see one occasionally going to the oyster cellar, and to the drinking saloon in company;

When I see one going to the theatre where nothing good, but all evil, is displayed;

When I have reason to suspect that he takes money from his father or his employer, which is none of his, but which he *hopes* to replace;

Why, I always think of the spider and her victim, and mourn that the great Destroyer is weaving his meshes about every such boy, and is drawing him towards his own awful home! The dead are there!