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The Christian Instructor,

AND

MISSIONARY REGISTER,

OF THE

Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia.

MARCH, 1857.

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THE
CHRISTIAN INSTRUCTOR.

MARCH, 1857.

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" THAT THE SOUL BE WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE, IT IS NOT GOOD."—PROV. XIX. 2.  
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LOCALITIES IN PALESTINE.

NO. IV.

MOUNT GILBOA AND THE ADJACENT SCENERY.

THIS region has some claims to be regarded as one of the most interesting in Palestine. It is uncommonly rich in historical recollections, highly exciting and eventful; the scenery around is in the highest degree beautiful and picturesque; and the exuberant fertility of the soil sufficiently confirms the flattering account given us in early times of the abundance and luxuriance of the Promised Land.

A general sketch of the locality will help to illustrate the many stirring incidents associated with this part of the country. There is first the great plain of Esdraelon, a magnificent tract of table land, lying without a single obstruction in the form of an irregular triangle, and comprising more than eighty square miles. The great central road leading to Nazareth and the other cities of Galilee forms the base or eastern side of the triangle. Whilst the whole of this unbroken plain lies on the west of the northern road, there are three arms or branches of the great plain that shoot up through the mountains on the east of that road and run towards the river Jordan. These minor plains are simply so many extensions of the great plain; and what is very remarkable, whilst the one on the south, bordering on the Carmel range of hills, and the other running up on the south of mount Tabor, preserve the same slope as the great plain, and so send their waters west to the Mediterranean,—the centre plain slopes eastward, and sends its waters to the Jordan with a more rapid descent than exists towards the west. This plain is the celebrated valley of Jezreel, and is distinguished from what was called the Great Plain on the west. It is nearly four miles broad, and running down all the way to the Jordan, in some respect, it is not less than twelve or thirteen miles long. The other two extreme plains on either side lose themselves in the hills on the west of the Jordan, and are not more than six or seven miles long, and about three miles broad. These three plains are separated from each other by two long parallel ranges of mountains about three miles broad, six or seven long, and about four hundred feet high. The norther-

most of the two is Little Hermon, and the other on the south is the celebrated mountain of Gilboa. The valley of Jezreel of course lies right in between these two mountains; and the general course of the whole is south-east in the same line with the Carmel hills.

The city of Jezreel—never large—is situated on elevated ground on the northwest corner of mount Gilboa, at the entrance of the valley, and commands a vastly extensive prospect, as charming as the eye has ever rested on. In the valley directly under Jezreel there is a considerable fountain of fine water, and about a mile farther down the valley there is another much larger where the water gushes out from under the mountain, and called by the Arabs Ain Jalud. This fountain is greatly celebrated. From time immemorial it has been the gathering place of armies and marauding nomades. Attracted by its copious and refreshing streams, they have gathered round it and pitched their tents in that luxuriant and capacious plain. Endor, the residence of the necromancer, was situated in the other plain on the north of Little Hermon. Shunem, the residence of Elijah's Shunamite, is situated in the great plain on the west of Little Hermon, and about five or six miles from Jezreel. And Aphek, where the Philistines encamped during the night before the fatal battle on mount Gilboa, was probably about half way between these two cities.

The region thus delineated has been to some extent the great battle-field of nations, and the scene where the destinies of Palestine have several times been decided. The decisive battle that proved so disastrous to Saul and his family, and opened up so clear a path for David's accession to the throne of Israel, was fought on mount Gilboa. The simultaneous mustering of large hostile armies in those parts would presage a dreadful conflict. In the last chapters of 1 Sam. we are informed that the Israelites took up what would be considered a highly advantageous position on mount Gilboa, by the fountain of Ain Jalud, and that the Philistines pitched in Shunem, by a similar fountain there. In those positions the armies were not more than six or seven miles apart. Coming by the highway of travel from their country across the Carmel hills right past Megiddo, the Philistines would first muster their forces at Shunem, for it lies in the direct line of march. On the day before the battle the Philistines moved a few lines nearer the scene of action in the direction of Jezreel, and took up a position at Aphek. In this movement they marched right past the opening of the valley of Jezreel fair in view of the Israelitish host posted high on the summit of Gilboa. It would be principally during this movement that the army of the Philistines would strike such terror into the heart of Saul, as the columns defiled before his eyes not more than three miles distant. And it was during the same movement that David and his men were challenged and sternly discarded by the haughty lords of the Philistines. "Make this fellow return, and let him not go down with us to battle, lest in the battle he be an adversary to us: for wherewith should he reconcile himself to his master? should it not be with the heads of these men?"—(The happiest illustration the Bible affords of the real nature of the Scriptural doctrine of reconciliation.) This was a highly fortunate interposition of Divine Providence in David's favour, extricating him completely out of the perplexing dilemma into which he had been drawn by the connexion with the generous Achish. It relieved his hand too and sent him home at the precise moment of time to avenge the outrageous assault on Ziklag and to recover the captives.

Whilst the Philistines slumbered in peace at Aphek, unhappy Saul spent that dismal night in anguish and great horror of mind, With sad dismay

and painful forebodings he beheld the storm of war fast approaching, with the certain prospect of a very unequal contest. Firm trust in the God of Israel could still have saved him. But in the palmy days of his prosperity he had lived without God, and made his own will the rule of his life; and now in the hour of sore trial he is hopelessly abandoned to his fate. In a moment of despair he rushes to a necromancer in the hope of being able by her arts, according to the prevailing superstition of the times, to call up Samuel from his rest, in the expectation of obtaining some counsel in the hour of his calamity. Under the cloud of night he fled across the valley of Jezreel and over the eastern and lower ridge of Little Hermon to Endor, a distance of eight or nine miles. His strange expectations of an interview with Samuel were not disappointed. Samuel arose, not by the arts of the necromancer, but by the will and power of the Almighty; for it was Samuel *himself* (an important word dropt by the translators) that spoke. At the dismal tidings he communicated Saul's spirit died within him, and he fell supine on the earth. His crimes and his godless life began now in reality to bear their natural fruit. The burdens of old sins pressed heavy on his soul. The blood of God's slaughtered priests cries not to heaven in vain. Samuel's counsel was rejected when it would have been of any avail; but now it is given only to aggravate his misery, and to rebuke his sin and folly in forsaking God and seeking to familiar spirits. He returned to the camp more dead than alive, in the worst possible condition to fight a battle.

The issue of the battle, which was fought next day, is told in a few words. David rose early in the morning and went away home with his men; and the Philistines went up to Jezreel with the evident design of ascending the mountain on the slope above Jezreel, and of going forward to attack the Israelites in their elevated position on the summit of the mountains. Saul and his army, deserted by the Strength of Israel, became an easy prey to the Philistines. Israel was completely discomfited and Saul and his sons were slain. Next day the Philistines carried off their bodies and had them gibbeted on the walls of Bethshan, a town still in existence, situated at the lower end of the valley of Jezreel, near the river Jordan. But the inhabitants of Jabesh-Gilead, gratefully remembering Saul's seasonable interposition in their behalf forty years before—the first and only honourable achievement of Saul's long reign—crossed the Jordan by night, took their bodies away, and gave them honourable burial. The noble and generous Jonathau was among the slain on mount Gilboa, and David, in composing the touching and beautiful lamentation entitled the Song of the Bow, on receiving the tidings of their death, does equal honour to the sacred ties that bound the loving friends so closely together, and to the delicate susceptibility of his heart, that drew tears from his eyes at the death of a fallen rival.

This region was a place of great resort in the days of Ahab, King of Israel—a theatre of stirring and tragical transactions, that told, on the one hand, the sad degeneracy of Israel at that period; and, on the other, the certainty with which an evil work is followed with swift and dreadful retributions. Ahab was a very bad man, lost to all sense of religion, who not only rejected the salutary counsels of the prophets, but eagerly sought their extermination. He had besides married Jezebel, a noted idolater, wedded to the worship of Baal, and a dreadfully unprincipled woman. This woman was a great snare to the king. Although the ordinary residence of the kings of Israel at this period was in Samaria, yet Ahab had a palace in Jezreel also, where he and his family spent much of their time, doubtless on account of the unrivaled beauty of that charming spot. The king cast a covetous

eye on Naboth's patrimonial vineyard, which lay contiguous to the palace, conceiving a design of having it converted into a garden of herbs. This was neither very criminal nor very uncommon; but his excessive grief and chagrin at being refused displayed a very weak mind. But what Ahab's entreaties failed to effect his base and unprincipled wife quickly accomplished, but that by an act of almost unparalleled atrocity. She sent letters under the royal seal to the nobles and elders of Jezreel desiring them to call a public feast, and to procure false and unprincipled witnesses to accuse Naboth of treason and blasphemy. And thus by a sentence as false as it was ignominious she accomplished the poor man's condemnation and destruction: he was stoned to death! One is horror-struck at the recital of such a transaction! How debased must the rulers of Jezreel have been to lend their aid for the accomplishment of a plot so infamous.

Naboth having been put to death for treason his vineyard of course lapsed to the king. Ahab gave his assent to what was done, and made haste to take possession of the field. But he was speedily taught that this horrid crime had not been perpetrated without being noticed by the all-seeing God, and that it would not pass unpunished by his justice. Ahab was instantly met on the very spot by the prophet Elijah with a message from God, the most tremendous, perhaps, ever denounced against mortal man. But this must be given in the inimitable language of Scripture. "Thus saith the Lord, in the place where dogs licked the blood of Naboth shall dogs lick thy blood, even thine. I will bring evil upon thee and take away thy posterity. And of Jezebel also spake the Lord saying, the dogs shall eat Jezebel by the wall of Jezreel. Him that dieth of Ahab in the city the dogs shall eat; and him that dieth in the field shall the fowls of the air eat." Such an appalling sentence sunk deep into Ahab's heart, and procured from the exercise of God's forbearance and his regard to a repentance arising even more from fear than from sorrow for sin, a suspension of the sentence for a time; and thus Ahab was spared the anguish of witnessing the slaughter of his own children.

Notwithstanding, Ahab's end drew near. Three years after he was tempted by his evil genius to renew the hereditary war with the Syrians on the east of the Jordan. Uneasy in his mind on account of the prediction of Micah he entered the battle completely disguised; but a man drew a bow at a venture, and an invisible hand that no precaution can elude, carried home the arrow with unerring precision and mortally wounded the conscience-stricken king. He was carried home a dead man; and his gory chariot having been washed in the pool of Samaria, the dogs licked up his blood, and so partially fulfilled the prediction of Elijah.

One day not long after, when Joram, Ahab's second son, was securely seated on the throne of Israel, and his kinsman, Ahaziah, king of Judah, was down on a visit of friendship and condolence, the watchmen on the towers of Jezreel descried a cavalcade furiously posting up the long valley of Jezreel. It was the bold and intrepid Jehu, accompanied with a chosen band of followers from the camp at the seat of war. He had been anointed king of Israel by a prophet and proclaimed with a shout of acclamation by the army. Resolving that his own presence at Jezreel should be the first announcement of the revolution, he instantly mounted and posted for the city with all speed. The appearance of a troop of bold warriors, seen so distinctly from the heights of Jezreel driving so furiously up the long valley, awakened uneasy suspicions. Joram despatched two messengers to meet Jehu, and then rushed out himself accompanied with Ahaziah: they met in the vineyard of Na-

both. To the inquiry, is it peace, Jehu? Jehu thundered out this astounding reply: "What, peace, so long as the whoredoms of thy mother Jezebel and her witchcrafts are so many." This completely opened Joram's eyes and with the exclamation of treason on his lips he turned to flee. But Jehu drew a bow with his full strength and shot him through the heart. Abaziah was wounded and died at Megeddo. The artful Jezebel appeared at a window studiously arrayed for effect, and with great presence of mind accosted Jehu in a way that might have shaken a man of weaker nerves. But his only reply was,—throw her down! In an instant this wicked woman lay a blood-stained corpse on the ground, and was trodden under foot by the horses. When they returned to bury her they found the prediction literally fulfilled—her body was devoured by the dogs!

Jehu executed his commission with more zeal than judgment. Of course he utterly exterminated the seed of Abab and Jezebel, together with all their ministers, guilty associates, and priests of Baal. But in all this he was prompted more by a spirit of self interest and State policy than a desire to punish idolators and restore the Theocracy. He subverted the grosser idolatries, but spared and still patronised the baneful system of Jeroboam,—the root of all their troubles. Hence God denounced Israel by Hosea with a special reference to the defects and abuses of Jehu's policy: "I will break the bow of Israel in the valley of Jezreel."

The destruction of the Midianites by the simple stratagem of Gideon—another memorable event—took place in the valley of Jezreel. They had just made their annual marauding visit. Having crossed the Jordan at the upper fords, they came up the valley of Jezreel as grasshoppers for multitude. In answer to the cry of his repenting people it was God's design to make a clean end of that old and inveterate enemy; and the present was chosen as the fittest time when they were crowded together in one mass.—Gideon, an excellent character, collected a large army, designing to attack the Midianites in obedience to the Divine instruction. But their destruction must be the work of God and not the achievement of man. This large army must therefore be greatly reduced. This was accomplished by subjecting it to two successive tests till only three hundred remained. First at the well of Herod, so called because there the people *hared*, *i. e.*, trembled—Judges vii. 3—were "afraid" at the great host of Midian. And again, by the lapping of water at the brook or stream. Lest Gideon should be utterly dispirited by this excessive and unexpected reduction, the Lord directed him to go down to the host and he would hear words that would strengthen his hands. He and his servant crossed mount Gilboa—for the Midianites in the valley of Jezreel were on the *north* side of Gideon—and heard the report of the dream and the interpretation. This was enough. Gideon instantly proceeds to put his little band in order. And, by means of a stratagem unequalled in the art of warfare, approached the host at the dead of the night, threw them into confusion, and it is emphatically said, that "the Lord set every man's sword against his fellow, even throughout all the host. Thus was Midian subdued before the children of Israel, so that they lifted up their heads no more."

EXTRACT OF AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE SYNOD'S
MISSIONARY MEETING "ON THE CHARACTER AND EARLY
LABOURS OF THE FATHERS OF OUR CHURCH."

BY REV. JAMES WADDELL.

THE review of the life, times and operations of our fathers opens up a wide field of contemplation, and affords subject for much profitable reflection.

Our fathers, where are they? Oh! sir, there are tender and affecting reminiscences called up by this enquiry, to which I dare not trust my feelings even to allude.

They have gone to their reward. Their toils are ended. Their conflicts are closed. All their labours and all their endurancee have been realised as nothing, and less than nothing, when compared with their great recompense of reward. They rest from their labours, but their work is not done. The Church which they were privileged, and at the same time burdened, to plant in the wilderness has not reached its maturity. The legacy which they left to those on whom their mantle has fallen is the furtherance of the gospel where they introduced it, and the enlargement of the Church where they founded it.

While they have put off their armour and entered into rest, they may, for aught we know of their state of being, look back upon the scenes of their conflict, and watch the operations of those who have entered into their labours. They may rejoice at our successes in the service of Christ, and blush, if holy spirits may, for our follies, and grieve for our transgressions. At all events, though dead, they yet speak, loudly speak, and say, "Follow us, as we followed Christ."

Details of our fathers operations I may not on the present occasion largely supply. Let me rather group together some of the leading features of their common character and select a few of such incidents as will exhibit them in their true light.

Our fathers were men of unusual self-denial.

Look at them leaving the land of their nativity—the homes of their affections—the country in which they were fitted by native talent and superior attainments to rise into conspicuous positions and high places of usefulness—and expatriating themselves to found a temple for the Most High in a distant, and, at that time, an unknown land.

Dr Robertson, whose visit, in company with his highly esteemed associates, to our Churches, we so much love to remember, in his afterwards published account of what he saw and heard among us describes what he calls the "Mission of the Presbyterian Church to Nova Scotia." Sir, it is a libel upon Missions to call us a Mission Church. It is a stigma upon the memory of our fathers to style them missionaries, in the modern acceptation of the term.

What, sir, is a missionary? Is he not one selected of the Church, as possessing peculiar adaptation for the work to be performed in a chosen field of operation? Is he not outfitted—furnished with all suitable equipments for his interesting service? Is he not cared for, prayed for, cherished and sustained, by the sympathies, affections and exertions of the Church he represents?

Where is there a single feature of the missionary in our fathers character? In some instances, indeed, they were missioned in so far as being *sent out* is concerned. I have heard father Ross tell of what he was accustomed humorously to call his *banishment* to America.

According to his account, when he and father Brown were students of two years standing at the Hall—having been lectured for two sessions on heresy and superstition—they expressed a willingness to respond to Father McGregor's earnest appeals for help, and to go, if they were ready, to his aid.

This proposal of theirs having reached the ears of the Presbytery of the bounds, they determined to make them ready and ordered them on trials for license at once. Their trials were sustained, and they were licensed to go abroad.

They were men well adapted for the work to which God called them, but they were not greatly indebted to the Church for their training, their appointment, or their outfit. I know not with what means they were furnished to meet the expenses of their transit from the old world to the new, but I have heard that Father McGregor was indebted to a sister of his own for the use of a couple of guineas, which she borrowed to help him on his way; and that he laboured for years in this country before he was able to repay them—which he afterwards did with usury.

Look at Father McGregor *alone* for so many years in this wilderness, often so disheartened that he would gladly have returned to his native land. True, he remembered Zion while he sojourned in Mesech. Many a stirring appeal did he send to the Churches in the Fatherland; but they met with no fitting responses. Year after year did he toil on, in hope and fear, cheered, it may be, at distant intervals by a letter of sympathy and affection from some personal friend; but at no time effectively aided by the Church he had left.

Sir, there are few, if any, of the brethren who have a more intimate acquaintance than I with one loved brother who has gone for us to a distant heathen land. There is not one to whom I will yield in affection to his person, and in admiration of the noble heroism which he has displayed.—There is not one who speaks of him with higher respect and greater honour than I. I hold him to be the most highly honoured of all Nova Scotians—the hero of Kars not excepted—and yet, the heroism of our dear brother Geddie will not bear comparison with that of our honoured father McGregor and his early associates.

When our brother left his early home and his early associates he possessed, he well knew, the sympathies of the Church, whose representative he is. He knew how ready we would be to supply to the very utmost all his necessities; and to make his sojourn in a heathen land as comfortable and happy as the nature of the case would admit. He knew that when a Joshua went to contend with Amalek, Moses, Aaron and Hur would go up to the top of the hill; and when Moses' hands became heavy Aaron and Hur would stay up his hands, the one on the one side, and the other on the other side, till Amalek should be discomfited. He knew that when a Carey went down into the mine there were many above who would hold the ropes. He knew that what affection and money and prayer could accomplish would be secured to him in the prosecution of his enterprise, and with implicit faith in the Church, as well as in God, he went out not knowing whither he went. He knew that when his work should be begun, and his supplies should require to be enlarged, he had but to ask and receive; and hence his confident appeals to us for means to enlarge his beneficent operations—and if he has encountered self-denial and sacrifice for want of ample supplies, it has been owing to the difficulty attending their transmission, and not to any lack of disposition or ability, on the part of friends at home, to provide them for his use.

How widely different the situation of the fathers of our Church!—There was behind them no organization in the Fatherland responsible for their maintenance—no body of christians to whom they could appeal for the help they required. They could,—they *did* appeal to personal friends; but in how many instances were their appeals made in vain! Individual friends loved them—lauded them—prayed for them—yet they struggled on long, unaided and alone; and none of the Churches from which they individually came out ever came to their aid. What they endured amid the privations of the wilderness, the low condition of society, and the scanty means of the scattered population among whom they laboured, let such tell as remember—and there are yet among us such as do remember their snow-shoe peregrinations—their nocturnal encampments in the forests—their perils by sea and by land—their multitudinous labours and ill-supplied necessities.

I speak not of what my own boyish memory recalls of endurances with which my own childhood was familiar, but I may speak of more recent recollections of self sacrifices that are imprinted on my heart as proofs of the greatness of soul and oneness of aim in those whom we all delight to honour.

Methinks I can see good old Uncle Graham, as we children loved to call him, forcing his way on horseback, through the drift and the snow, to attend the February meeting of the Presbytery, with his tartan plaid flaunting in the wind, no matter how severe the cold nor how high the wind. I can remember the humble employments to which Dr McCulloch, with all his dignity, which ever commanded the respect and esteem of those about him, was accustomed to stoop, to furnish means of instruction in the higher walks of science to the young men under his charge. I have known him toil day and night in the preparation of chemicals to illustrate his lectures, that now a few pence would supply from the Chemist's or Druggist's shop, and with the preparation of which our dignified Professors have no need to be concerned, nor even to know how they are prepared.

And what shall I more say. Had the toils, the perils, the sacrifices of our fathers been endured under the light of modern missionary enterprise, in some of the high places of foreign operations, they would have been chronicled as martyrs, and, if not canonised, they would at least have been made immortal.

They rest from their labours.

SIR GEORGE SINCLAIR'S LETTERS ON SCOTTISH ECCLESIASTICAL AFFAIRS.

WE conclude our notices of those letters by giving a few extracts from the fifth and sixth, which, though longer than the others, do not contain much new matter.

* * * * *

It is very possible, that I have formed an exaggerated estimate of the advantages which might accrue from such an union as I have for so long a time been wistfully contemplating. But it is to me a subject of deep concern that such an object should be frustrated by considerations of precedency and punctilio, to which I find it impossible to attach any value or interest. Let us suppose for a moment, that the source of a majestic river had been discovered about the year 1560, and that during nearly two centuries it had steadily flowed in a continuous and unbroken stream.

A violent storm in 1733 may have caused a small sundry portion of its waters to detach itself from the parent channel, and pursue its course onwards amidst sundry subdivisions and re-unions. In 1843 a still more violent tempest occasions a still more dreadful convulsion—the principal volume is separated into two distinct streams of nearly equal dimensions. It is surely a question of little practical moment which of these rival branches shall be regarded as the great "national" river, since they both trace their origin to the same spring. A philanthropic projector need not be accounted officious or visionary, who is engaged in an anxious endeavor to render that branch, which he deems incomparably superior to its rival in point of purity and importance, still deeper, more useful, and more navigable, by diverting into its bosom the stream that separated from the main trunk about a century before, and has not only been constantly increasing in magnitude, but preserving, without the slightest diminution or defilement, the virgin purity of the fountain, from which the waters originally issued. Might not an engineer, who was intent on the accomplishment of such a scheme, if informed that the undertaking must prove abortive, until the controverted genealogical question had been settled, have been excused for exclaiming—"I am doing a great work; why should the work cease, whilst I leave it, and come down to you?" and would not the difficulty as to this recognition be not a little enhanced, if in every map, published by authority, the branch, whose claim we denied, was invariably indicated as the parent river, although, in our estimation, far less salubrious or beneficial.

There is, in my judgement, one striking contrast between the Dissenting bodies and the Establishment. Many aged and pious members of the former travel ten or twenty miles every Sabbath to hear from the lips of a beloved pastor "all the words of this life,"—whilst not a few decent, devout parishoners walk as great a distance for the purpose of avoiding the frigid or flippant ministrations of a careless and unpopular stipendiary. I believe, also, that infidels are sooner and more strongly influenced by the addresses of a congregation-paid than by those of a State-paid minister. They are much more inclined to believe in the disinterested earnestness of the former, in whose case they think that there is less probability of his having been actuated, when resolving to study for the Church, by secular and sordid considerations. They are unwilling to acknowledge, as the successors and representatives of Paul and Peter, such pastors as look for the enforcement of their rights to the Court of Session, and for the augmentation of their incomes to the Court of Teinds. To such an exhorter they would be inclined to say, "*unus es orfevre,*"—you are only an ecclesiastical tradesman; they regard all his labours as professional rather than spontaneous. They "cannot away with" such "grievous wolves," as, neither sparing the flock, nor the sheep which does not belong to it, and to which their voices are the voices of strangers, covet every man's silver or gold or apparel, whether he does or does not enter in and out their fold to find pasture, and give all diligence (I mean all legal diligence) to enforce the erection of churches which they cannot fill, and effect the augmentation of incomes which they do not earn.

I must be pardoned for once more expressing my regret that there should be so much importance attached on our part, not merely to our own assumption of this appellation of "national" church, but to the unqualified acquiescence in our claim on the part of all other denominations. We ourselves object strenuously to the epithet "catholic," as usurped by the Romish apostasy, because such a title implies an unmerited and exclusive supremacy, and virtually debars all other churches from being comprehended within the "universal" pale. The adjective "national," as applied to a particular body, is not less grating and offensive to the feelings of all other communions, inasmuch as it substitutes pre-eminence for parity, and may be construed into a pretension on the part of those who appropriate it, to be acknowledged as the "nation," since they expect to be regarded as being alone and exclusively the members of the "nation's" church. I must reiterate my conviction that such a title ought not to exist at all in any country where the "nation" is split up into sects and parties, any more than, in the House of Commons, any faction would be justified in expecting to be exclusively designated as forming the "national" representation.

At the commencement of the sixth letter, Sir George gives some addi-

tional illustrations of his views on the compulsory support of religion and in reference to the position of the Free Church to the State, and the propriety of an incorporating union between them and the unendowed Presbyterian denominations.

I might pursue this subject at much greater length, in regard to both reasoning and illustration; but in order that I may not unduly trespass upon your columns, I now proceed to reiterate, for the last time, the expression of my anxious hope, that the Free Church, of which I account it a very high honour to be an office-bearer, may never renew that connection with the State, which would entangle its ministers again in the manœuvres and meshes of legal procedure; and, although it might augment and secure their incomes, would, I think, detract from their reputation, as well as from their usefulness. If a majority, or any large proportion, of its adherents dissent from this opinion, let them (as I have formerly observed) lose no time in entering upon negotiations, not only with the Established Church, but with the highest secular authorities, and ascertain whether such conditions can be agreed upon between the parties, and acceded to by the Legislature, as shall close against any invasion of their spiritual immunities the doors of the Court of Session, and re-open the portals of the Court of Teinds to the enforcement of their claims, for new mares and augmented stipends, upon parties by many of whom they are either disliked or despised. But if this reintegration into their former position should be deemed inexpedient or unattainable, I must be pardoned for once more giving utterance to my strong and increasing persuasion, that incorporation with the other unendowed Presbyterian bodies would be the more dignified and desirable alternative.

To this auspicious consummation, there seems to be not only no insurmountable barrier but not even any very formidable impediment. Let every member of the united communion have full liberty to hold what opinion he pleases as to the relation which would subsist between the secular authorities and the Church, and I have no doubt that, if an amicable negotiation were at once commenced on this basis, all other matters might, without either delay or difficulty, meet with a satisfactory and lasting adjustment. Any deliverance, or even discussion, as to the rights or duties of the civil magistrate in ecclesiastical matters is, I conceive, altogether useless and anomalous, as he will in every case and in every country, be entirely guided by his own views of right or wrong; and his interference, whether for good or evil, will neither be prevented, promoted, or modified, by any principles which we may lay down, or by any views and wishes which we may entertain. I cannot here refrain from observing that, in estimating the relative efficiency of the voluntary and compulsory modes of upholding ecclesiastical institutions, it is wise to regard with especial care their respective workings, where each prevails to the greatest extent, and is exhibited in the highest degree. On this principle the former has, I believe, been only fairly tested in the United States of America, in which we are told by our acute and intelligent countrymen, Mr Baxter; and the respectable authorities cited by him in confirmation of his views, that Voluntaryism, unfettered and unaided, has furnished a more extensive and more liberal provision for the erection of churches, the support of the ministry, and the propagation of the gospel, than has been raised in Scotland under the combined influence of an endowed Church and the supplementary efforts of its numerous nonconforming denominations, that mutual rancour and recrimination (resulting often rather from pecuniary than polemical causes) are far less deadly and less durable in America than in lands where one sect is preferred and pampered, to the disparagement and depression of the rest, and that there exists, in few or no quarters, any desire after the benefits and blessings, hankerings which a Church Establishment is supposed to carry everywhere in its train. On the other hand, wherever any denomination is favored and fostered at the national expense, a spirit of persecution and pride is generated in the minds of its members and ministers; dissentients consider themselves, as a class, oppressed, insulted, and aggrieved—the increase of their numbers throughout entire continental Europe is only prevented by the strong arm of legalised tyranny and coercion,—there is war between the two parties, from generation to generation, all their days; and it is as common, in those countries where the compulsory system predominates, to find men of principle and piety longing for its

abolition, as it is rare to meet, on the other side of the Atlantic, with the advocates of sordid monopoly and invidious pre-eminence.

In regard to facilities for effecting such an union, Scotland possesses many advantages over the sister kingdom. "It," says a very eminent and accomplished correspondent of mine, "Scotland has her schisms in *discipline*, England has her schisms in *doctrine*—no less than thirty-five prominent sects, who hate each other, embarrass each other in all national acts, and fling contempt on each other with all the virulence of vulgar partizanship. In all these instances politics are the true pervading and perpetuating venom—the spinal marrow of schism. . . . The last prayer of our Lord on the night before the crucifixion was, that the disciples should continue *all one*—enforcing the precept by the highest of all examples, 'that they may be one, as Thou Father, art in me, and I in Thee, that they may be one in us' (John xvii.). for this striking reason, 'that the world may believe that Thou hast sent me.' Schism certainly makes it *hard* to believe, that, Christianity is from the God of Peace, and, in fact, the quarrels of Protestantism are a constant argument in the mouth of Popery. . . . The man, whether lay or cleric, would do an infinite service to religion, who would fuse all these angry diversities into one form, and make of the iron, and lead, and brass, and gold one consummate altar to the God of Divine love."

It is an auspicious circumstance for Scotland, that many of the most prominent difficulties, which, in England, would impede the progress, or even prevent *in time* the adoption, of any arrangements or negotiations for ecclesiastical union, do not exist among ourselves. All other Presbyterian denominations are perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgement, in regard to creed, discipline, and church government, and if such a scheme as I have presumed to propound should meet with general favour and acceptance, and be matured by the profound and prayer-guided wisdom of the distinguished and devoted men, on whose counsel and experience each communion chiefly relies, I fondly hope, and even confidently believe, that all our dissensions and divisions might ere long become a matter of history, and, I may add, of humiliation also; that our emancipated and united Presbyterianism would attain such a pre-eminence in point of strength, stability, vigour, vitality, and zeal, as no ecclesiastical body has ever exhibited in any previous era, and that Scotland would be regarded throughout the world as the most faithful and fearless depository of Protestant truth, and the most formidable and uncompromising antagonist of Popish error and usurpation.

A SERMON,

PREACHED IN THE COURT HOUSE, RICHMOND, ON TUESDAY, JANUARY 13, 1829:
BEFORE THE MAGISTRATES, JURIES, AND OTHER INHABITANTS,
AT THE OPENING OF THE GENERAL SESSIONS.

BY JOHN McLEAN, A. M.

(CONCLUDED.)

II. WHEN God has thus in a manner so explicit and alarming, expressed his displeasure against drunkards, allow me next to turn your attention to the second clause of the text, to the curse which he has denounced against those who designedly furnish them with drink to become so. "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, that he may be drunken also." Here is a passage in the book of God, which it becomes us to ponder no less carefully than the former. There are few, very few days in the year, in which there are not men intoxicated with drink, in this community. Let us pause here, and enquire who are chargeable, in the sight of God, with giving them drink, with putting their bottle to them, and making them drunken.

1st.—The Retailers of ardent spirits in this community, are certainly heinously guilty of this sin. Houses of entertainment are necessary as an accommodation to

society, but houses of riot and intemperance, are not; they are on the contrary, pests, and nuisances, which every good man should exert himself to suppress. Allowing the popular opinion to be correct, viz.—“That ardent spirits tend to support the human constitution under fatigue, and the extremes of heat and cold, and that they are, when used in moderation conducive to health, and of course to long life.” (all of which I disbelieve utterly, because all this is positively denied by the most skillful and experienced medical men both in Europe and America;) there is a vast difference between the person who supplies travellers and others, with what is consistent with sobriety, and the man who stands in his bar-room, or at his counter, and measures out to every hapless being, who can remunerate him for it, as long as he is able to stand and swallow it. And is not this the case with nearly every Licensed Retailer in this neighbourhood? Where is the tavern and dram-shop in which the most dissipated wretch that walks the streets, will be refused as much liquor as will make him drunken, if he has only money to pay for it? I know that those who are in the habit of supplying the intemperate with strong drink, in this way, as long as they can only compensate them for it, endeavor to quiet their conscience, with some such reasoning as this:—“Those unhappy beings will have drink from some quarter, and will give their money for it, as long as they have any to give; we, therefore, may as well take their money, and give them drink, as allow others to take it.” Pause, and consider seriously, you who reason and act in this manner; is this an apology for giving drink to your neighbor, to make him drunken, which will stand the scrutiny of the last day, when all your ill-gotten gain must be accounted for before the Judge of all the Earth? If a proportion of the inhabitants of this settlement were determined to destroy their lives, by swallowing poison, and you had a goodly stock of it on hand, and were aware that if you did not supply them with it, they would obtain it elsewhere; would you consider yourselves justified in taking their money, and weighing out to them the fatal drug, merely because you might as well have their money as allow others to have it.—while the houses around you were filling with the dying and the dead, the victims of your avarice? Certainly not. Doubtless, you would say, we cannot take money on condition of furnishing our neighbours with the means of self-destruction; whatever others do in the matter, our hands shall be free from the blood of these men. But here are men destroying themselves utterly, both body and soul, and are your hands free from their blood, while you are readily and deliberately, every day, supplying them with the means of accomplishing it?

Let me here ask you, do you believe that all the wretched beings who are reeling, and quarreling, and swearing and blaspheming among you, in your drinking-rooms, at your counters, are on the way to Heaven? You cannot. If you believe in the existence of a God and a future state of rewards and punishments, you must believe that their feet go down to death, and their steps take hold on hell. Let me ask you in the second place, are you then prepared to meet all these hapless and ruined beings at the judgment seat of Christ, [for there you must meet them,] and say, when you have cheerfully helped them down to everlasting perdition, for the sake of gain, that you are innocent of their blood? Can you read the curse here denounced, from generation, to generation, in the book of God,—“Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and maketh him drunken,” and then satisfy yourself that this curse is not denounced against you? Now is the time to ponder these things. There is yet room for repentance, and amendment, and forgiveness. The woe here denounced, is frequently begun to be experienced in the present world; and there is but too much ground to fear, that numbers here are already experiencing the commencement of it, though they know or regard it not. You will ask how? It is a part of the word of God verified in every day's experience, that “that evil communications corrupt good manners;” in other words, that they who associate habitually with the irreligious and depraved, are ever in danger of becoming irreligious and profane themselves. In this manner, God in his righteous providence frequently allows those who pollute, and poison, and ruin others, for the sake of gain, to be themselves polluted, and poisoned, and ruined, by the dissolute and profane company which their own avarice collects around them, and to have their children frequently, or other relatives, contaminated or ruined also. And is not this a curse indeed? Will not the woe here denounced be awfully realized, if you, by mingling with such company as you

are drawing around you, become yourselves regardless of religion and the concerns of eternity, despisers of the Gospel of Christ, and so familiarized with vice, as neither to hate nor to shun it; and find yourselves, at death, excluded from the Kingdom of Heaven, with the same companions with whom you so willingly associated on earth? And will not the woe here threatened, be still further realized in your unhappy experience, should you also, (which is but too probable,) see your own children at a future period, or perhaps your other relatives, drinking deep of the same cup, which you have measured out to others, and descending with them, besotted, into eternal misery. These are some of the ways in which a righteous God generally inflicts the curse here pending; but he can do it in a thousand other ways; and be assured, the judgements of Heaven will not always sleep. There is a time of retribution coming. Jehovah has said it, and it must come to pass. Woe must overtake, sooner or later, him who persists, in defiance of this proclamation, "in giving drink to his neighbour, in putting his bottle to him, and making him drunken," for in so doing, he is destroying his health, his character, his property, his usefulness, his temporal life, and what is of more value than all these, his immortal soul, for drunkards cannot inherit the Kingdom of God.

If we judge men by their fruits, or their conduct, which is the criterion given by Christ, there is certainly much ground to fear, that the retailers of ardent spirits here, are themselves experiencing a re-action of that moral pestilence which they are spreading around them? Is religion prospering among them? We have certainly no evidence of it; but much of a contrary kind. Many are becoming themselves the victims of intemperance; and who among all this class of persons, show anything like anxiety about the advancement of religion around them, in the community? Who comes forward with any degree of zeal or liberality, to devise and execute measures for furthering the Gospel of Christ—for training up the young in the fear of God, or for the advancement of any thing that involves the best interests of mankind? Surely it is none of these. Nor is this to be expected. The man who makes his house or shop the constant resort for the intemperate and profane, must be continually surrounded with reviling, and quarrelling, and drunkenness, and blasphemy. It would be wonderful indeed, if in such a situation, he either became, or continued long, a zealous friend and promoter of religion, or possessed of a desire, even to witness its advancement. He is not only exposed to the most contaminating example, but also, wilfully excluding himself from the benefit of the ordinary means of personal holiness and salvation. Can the man who has been all day measuring out drink to his neighbors, to intoxicate, debase, and ruin them, go to his knees at night, and supplicate a blessing on his worldly business? Can he, in the morning, ask the guidance of God and prosperity to attend him in the avocations of another day, when it is to be spent in the same employment? No—to pray for prosperity in such a business, is to pray for the temporal and eternal ruin of others. Can he pray with sincerity and fervency for the salvation of his own soul, when he has no regard or sympathy for the souls of his neighbours? Can he go with clean hands and a pure heart to the sanctuary of God, on the Sabbath, after a week spent in this manner, and pray with fervency for the progress of godliness around him, for the prosperity of the Church of Christ, or the salvation of sinners; when his whole conduct throughout the week, is utterly opposed to the interests of the Redeemer's cause, subversive of all religion, and only leading men down to perdition? It is impossible. Prayers from a person acting in this way, can only be a solemn mockery in the sight of that Great and Pure being who requires "truth in the inward parts."

2d.—Magistrates who grant Licenses to these Taverns and Retail Shops, are, to a certain extent, guilty of *indirectly* furnishing their neighbors with drink to become intemperate. Those who vend liquors to the inhabitants and others, in this indiscriminate way, vend under a license from them, which they could withhold at pleasure, and the instant any house is known by them to be disorderly, they have power to suppress it. Magistrates are the official and legal guardians of the public morals. Their commissions are granted to them expressly to authorize and empower them to devise and execute measures for the public good, and to punish and suppress whatever is opposed to the civil and religious interests of society, provided it be punishable by the laws of the country; and they have yet to render an account to God, of the way in which they discharge the duties of this important office. Among

all their varied duties there is probably none more difficult to perform aright, and at the same time so important—none of greater responsibility than that of issuing Licenses to persons to retail ardent spirits.

I am aware that there is a general persuasion that the present system is radically bad, that it is demoralizing and ruining many in this community; and that a reformation is intended by the Justices of the Peace in their present Session. This is so far good; it is what every good man—every man who really values the prosperity of this infant settlement, must rejoice to hear. Surely a change is much required. Let facts speak for themselves. For two miles and upwards, from the spot where we are now met, and that the most populous spot on the River, one house out of every three, or thereabouts, retails spirits. If this is not a proof that intemperance prevails to an alarming extent among us, I know not what will be taken as proof. Surely none will pay for licenses who do not find drinkers. Here is another fact deserving our consideration, and bearing upon the same point. It is computed that the Merchants of this Port, measure out from their stores not less than 10,000 gallons of ardent spirits, annually, and the purchasers pay in return, between £3000 and £4000 currency, yearly. Between £3000 and £4000 annually, for the means of intemperance! We are complaining of the want of roads, of public buildings, of schools, and similar important objects. Here is a sum, which, if devoted to such purposes, only for a few years, would raise us to vie with the most favored spots in the Province. Must not a community always remain poor which consumes so large a portion of its earnings in this manner; and have we not reason to anticipate shortly, a load of poor-taxes, which will be difficult to bear, when many of those who are pursuing a course of intemperance, with their families, are taken from that part of the population who pay poor rates, and are added to the number of those who are supported by them.

If the settlement be not prospering in worldly matters, under this system, how do religion and morality thrive under it? Take this part of it, where the system is carried to its greatest height—where nearly every third house is a resort for the intemperate and profane: how is the Sabbath spent as often as it returns? I pretend not to say, but certainly it is spent by the population generally, in this section of the parish, in any way but in the service of religion, and preparation for eternity. When all are invited on that sacred day, to leave the world and assemble in the House of God, to praise him for all his goodness and supplicate his mercy, and to hear the Gospel preached, which is the power and wisdom of God, to the salvation of sinners,—how many are found to attend? Few indeed. Here is an interesting group of forty or fifty children, formed to exist forever in happiness or misery, growing up amidst abounding wickedness, many of them with none to care for their souls; and where is the individual sufficiently interested in their immortal welfare, to assemble and instruct them a few hours on Sabbath, though a house and suitable books are ready provided, and though the children around them, in other quarters of the Parish, enjoy, every Sabbath, such instruction. Intemperance, and swearing, and Sabbath-breaking, they have always before them; but who is found to teach them the fear of God, the only effectual preservatives against these vices? These facts speak volumes upon the influence of the present system on religion and morals. This is certainly a state of things which calls loudly for a change. Indeed, while it is continued, it is almost useless to make any attempt to advance religion or morality in this quarter of the Parish. It is said by an inspired writer, that one sinner destroys much good, but truly, so many persons thus publicly, and by profession, contaminating the community, would destroy more good than we could all produce. And why are they tolerated? Why are shop-keepers who daily and unblushingly, violate the law respecting retail licenses, not treated as the law directs? Why is there not notice taken of those who openly convert their shops into drinking rooms and haunts of dissipation, when the law so expressly provides that no spirits are to be drunk in them? Are these shops, thus kept, an accommodation to travellers? Are they an accommodation to the sober part of the inhabitants? Are they of any other use but as a lounging place for the idle and dissipated? Are they not a degree worse than even the taverns, for two reasons—in the first place, because they afford a larger quantity of liquor for a smaller price, and are, therefore, a temptation to those who haunt them to drink more; and in the next place, because when night arrives, they who have spent the day in them,

and drunk away their money and their senses, are turned out, destitute, upon the streets, without a shelter from the weather, and perhaps without ability or means to procure one. Why, in the next place, is there halt the number of tavern licenses granted? Some will perhaps reply, that numbers are able to support themselves in this way, who would otherwise be on the Parish. Better, and cheaper far, would it be for the Parish to support every Retailer in it, than to permit the third part of the houses now selling spirits, to continue to do so. Were an appropriate sign to be devised, for these taverns and dram-shops, generally, as at present regulated, it would be this "BEGGAR'S MADE HERE," and underneath should be inscribed, "THIS IS THE WAY TO HELL, GOING DOWN TO THE CHAMBERS OF DEATH;" for how few who once become the habitual inmates of these haunts of dissipation, ever again return to the path of life!

3d.—The inhabitants, generally, of this Parish, are not guiltless of supporting the present system, and of thus *indirectly* furnishing their neighbours with the means of intemperance in this way; that they could do much to suppress it by giving information against those who keep irregular houses, or sell without license, and they do it not. It is impossible that Magistrates can see one of a hundred instances in which the laws are violated in this way. It is certainly the imperative duty of every good man, or every man who desires the prosperity of this growing settlement, to inform against those who transgress the laws and injure others in this manner, as readily as he would inform against a person he saw stealing his neighbors goods. The latter is not a worse member of Society, nor is he violating the laws of God and his country, more than is the former. Besides, the sober part of society here, or those who call themselves so, are blameable for appearing in such places, among the intemperate. It gives them countenance. It encourages the inconsiderate to believe that there can be nothing immoral and nothing dangerous in frequenting these haunts, when those who are looked up to as men of sobriety and respectability are found in them.

In prospect of that solemn hour, when we must all stand before a higher tribunal than any on earth, to account for our faithfulness or unfaithfulness, in the various situations which we now respectively occupy, I here conclude, by protesting, as a Minister of Religion, against this indiscriminate mode of issuing Licenses, and against these houses, as they are now conducted,—and I solemnly call upon you all. Magistrates, Parents, Christians, Church Members, and all good men, to unite, and sweep these nurseries of idleness, dissipation, and ruin, from the face of this community. As you love your neighbour, as you love your children, as you love the prosperity of your adopted country, as you love the Church of Christ, as you love the Saviour who died to Redeem you, as you love your own souls—spare them not. Let the practice of drinking in stores and shops, be utterly suppressed. Let there be fewer Tavern Licenses granted, a very few is sufficient for all the purposes of accommodation. Let those licenses be given only to those who will remember the Sabbath, to sanctify it, and to close their doors on that day, against all but travelers. Let them be given to none but those who will make their houses places of entertainment only, and not of rioting and drunkenness. Let the Magistrates make it their business, occasionally, to step into the taverns which they establish, and observe how they are conducted. Let every conscientious man promptly inform upon all who, in defiance of such regulations, attempt to retail without a license, or, having licenses, refuse to keep orderly houses,—let all offenders be indiscriminately and promptly treated as the law directs, and the moral aspect of society here, will, very soon, undergo a salutary change.

They who complain of, or oppose such measures, must be either persons who are themselves intemperate, and wish not to be deprived of their usual places of resort, or they must be persons who are now deriving gain from the intemperance of others; and certainly no attention should be paid to the voice of either the one or the other of these classes of persons, upon the subject. We cannot make men religious, but we can prevent them from systematically poisoning and ruining others, for the sake of gain. We cannot make drunkards sober men, but we can shut up the nurseries of dissipation, and thus prevent others from entering and becoming so. We cannot constrain men to sanctify the Sabbath, but we can prevent them from disturbing others, when endeavoring to keep it holy. We cannot save men who care not for their own souls from going down to perdition, but we can

block up some of the widest avenues which lead down thither, and thus prevent our neighbours—our friends—perhaps our own children, from entering and descending with them. In addition to all this, we can do our own duty, and save our own souls, whether others be profited by our exertions or not, and whatever others do in the matter.

My friends and neighbors!—I have done. Should the sin of following strong drink, with all its baneful attendants, increase among us, I stand acquitted before God and you, of having made an honest effort to arrest its progress. It has been the thing farthest from my wish or intention, to offend a single individual. I view you all as immortal beings, acting now the part which must ere long determine your everlasting allotment, and God knows my heart's desire and prayer for you all, is, that you may be saved. If, therefore, any thing wrong has been spoken, I entreat you to forgive it—but if any thing true and important, I charge you in the presence of God, to remember and profit by it, as you must answer for it at the judgement seat of Christ.

REVIEWS.

LECTURES ON THE LIFE, GENIUS AND INSANITY OF COWPER. By George B. Cheever, D.D. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers, 1856.

IN taking a short review of these Lectures, we at one time purposed to give a brief outline of the life of Cowper; and then to consider, what appeared to us to be, the principal object which Dr Cheever had in view in writing this book. But we found that to do so with effect would have required us to transfer to our pages a great portion of the book itself.—We have resolved, therefore, to give merely an outline of the impressions which the reading of these Lectures has left upon our mind; from which, after all, as correct an estimate may be formed of the book itself as by any other supposeable method. These impressions we shall state, as they occur to our mind, without concerning ourselves too much about their logical order.

The facts in Cowper's life are well stated. One of the principal objects, as we conceive, which Dr Cheever had in view in these Lectures, was to vindicate the religion of Cowper; and through him, to vindicate our common christianity from the aspersions which had been cast upon it. This he does most effectually and triumphantly. The reasoning which he employs is powerful; but the numerous and varied facts which he makes to bear down to this point, and to concentrate there, are irresistible. Every candid mind must come to the conclusion, after weighing these facts impartially, that christianity was not the cause of Cowper's melancholy; on the contrary, it once removed that melancholy; and it always soothed and calmed his mind, even when it did not entirely dispel his sadness. But while the facts which go to establish this position are numerous; in one form or another, almost all the facts of his life are introduced in Dr Cheever's own interesting and piquant manner; so that a careful and an attentive reader may rise, from the perusal of this volume, not only convinced of the truth which Dr Cheever labours so successfully to establish, but also well instructed in the leading events of Cowper's history.

A true estimate is formed of Cowper's mental constitution. Nothing, we conceive, is more difficult to form than a true estimate of any human mind, and to convey that estimate to the minds of others. Perhaps this has never been done yet with any thing like an approximation to perfection. It is easy to give an enumeration of the faculties of the mind, and some com-

mon characteristic of them; almost any body can do this. Speaking of the memory we may say, it is strong, or weak, or retentive; of the imagination, that it is lively, vigorous, or brilliant; of the judgment, that it is acute and discerning—seldom erring in its conclusions; and of the understanding, that it is clear, ready, and comprehensive. All this may be said of these faculties, and something similar of the other faculties; and yet they may give us no idea of one mind, as distinct from many other minds. To understand the mental constitution of a man we must know, not only the character of each faculty, but how it works—how it manifests itself in combination with others—in what particular modes it manifests itself—and finally, what appearance the whole, when in full play, exhibits. When a mind is strong in one tendency—as in the case of Sir Isaac Newton or John Howard—great though that mind be—it is, perhaps, not so difficult to communicate an idea of it as of one of less strength and approaching nearer to the common standard. Hence it is, that, after reading a lengthened biography, we have little or no idea of that mind's individuality—no just estimate of its distinctive excellence or defects.

The mind of Cowper appears to have been one of a class of which, a most difficult task it is, to form a clear and distinct conception; and, of course, a much more difficult task it is to transfer this conception into the minds of others. There was so much of strength and tenderness, of deep-toned piety and polished wit, of fun and melancholy, of affection and gentle, withering sarcasm, of humour and pathos, of the simple, confiding christian and the enquiring philosopher,—in short, of powers apparently the most opposite—that it requires no common effort to catch the true-likeness of his mind and paint it in words. But all this Dr Cheever appears to us to have done, and most efficiently. The whole mental constitution of Cowper he has endeavoured to measure, in all its heights and depths, its breadth and length, and he has succeeded well. No one can read these Lectures carefully and not form, in his own mind, a striking portrait of the mind of Cowper. Dr Cheever has one chapter which he entitles—“The Balance of Faculties in Cowper's Mind.” Almost naturally one would expect to find in that chapter such an estimate. But it is not so.—To us that chapter appears to be either a failure or a misnomer. The true estimate is to be found, not in any one chapter, but in the whole volume. By simple statements—by anecdotes—by similes—by an expressive term or two—Dr Cheever, if we may be permitted the expression, daguerreotypes some peculiarity of Cowper's mental constitution, or the whole mind at once, in some particular state of feeling, or under some striking and pressing influence. By this means each mental peculiarity stands out in bold relief.

A complete exposure of High Church views is given. High Churchmen have laid claim to Cowper as a poet of nature; but they have endeavoured to ignore his evangelical christianity. They have maintained that it was evangelical religion caused Cowper's insanity; that he would have been a much better poet than he is, if he had never known the gospel; that Newton and his friends ruined the peace of Cowper and added to his melancholy; and that, if the poet had been kept from these gloomy associates, he would have been both a happier man and a more interesting poet. Foremost among these men is Dr Southey, the poet. So late as 1836 he gave his biography of Cowper to the world, and repeats and repeats all that we have stated, and much more, even to surfeiting; and Dr Southey is but the type of a numerous class, who, in the present day,

both in Britain and America, entertain the same sentiments. To refute the calumnies, and show up the inconsistencies of this class, Dr Cheever lays out all his strength. The facts they adduce he meets with counter-facts; the reasonings they employ he meets with reasonings a thousand times more powerful and more logical; and the dates to which they refer he proves either to be inaccurate or wide away from the purpose they are intended to serve. Of these men Dr Cheever never loses sight throughout the whole volume; and man, a pungent lesson does he read us of the bitter enmity and the dire hostility High Churchism ever entertains towards Calvinism or true evangelical piety. Would that men would read these lessons for themselves and profit by them!

The melancholy of Cowper. As was to be expected Dr Cheever dwells not a little on this circumstance in the life of Cowper. The views which he takes of it are deep and dark; and the manner in which he gives expression to these views is sometimes strong and forcible. That madness, Dr Cheever repeatedly tells us, consisted in a persuasion on the part of Cowper that God, by an awful decree, had for ever excluded him from the enjoyments of heaven; and sometimes it is added—if we do not mistake our author—that decree was passed, because, at the command of God, he had not destroyed himself; while all this time he loved religion, his God and his Saviour. “His prevailing insanity,” says Dr Cheever, “so far as it could be called insanity at all, was simply the exclusion of a personal religious hope to such a degree as to seem like habitual despair. If Paul had gone deranged after being let down from his trance and vision in the third heavens, and the type of his derangement had been the despair of ever again beholding his Saviour’s face in glory, and the obstinate belief of being excluded by divine decree from heaven, though his affections were all the while in heaven, even that derangement would have been scarcely more remarkable than Cowper’s.”—Pref: P. 7 and 8.—Now this is strong, very strong language. Perhaps it may be literally true; perhaps it may be a little overcharged. Towards the end of the volume Dr Cheever informs us (p. 363), and lays much stress on the fact, that there was “seen at the bottom of all Cowper’s complaints some remnant still of hope, some persevering conviction, as obstinate as his despair itself, of the possibility that God might yet interpose in his behalf.” Taking these passages and many of the facts in Cowper’s life, with all deference to Dr Cheever, we are inclined to think that he looks upon the case of Cowper as much more uncommon, and “remarkable,” and “marvellous,” than it really was. He always speaks of it as an insanity quite out of the common course,—an insanity, a parallel to which has not been met with. This, at least, is the impression he has left on our own mind, and, we think, would leave on the mind of any one reading these Lectures. Our view of it is, it was a simple case of *monomania*. On every other topic Cowper was clear and sound and rational. It was at this, and this only, that he stumbled. How often have such sentiments deeply affected others in a similar manner! How often have dark views of the divine decrees, especially when personally applied, wrapped up the souls of some of the children of God in a midnight gloom as dark as that of Cowper!—There might be peculiarities in the case of Cowper; but every case, as well as that of Cowper, has its peculiarities. While, therefore, we are prepared to say that Dr Cheever gives us a most clear and distinct view of Cowper’s malady, we cannot go so far with him as to consider it a very “uncommon or remarkable case,” or that there was any thing peculiarly mysterious about it.

With the tenth chapter of this book we have been completely charmed. In it Dr Cheever discusses the subject—"The Mental Malady made subservient by Grace to a sweeter Poetry." In other words, it is Cowper's piety gives sweetness to his poetry. The chapter is short, but it is most beautiful. It is poetry itself. There seems to be a labouring on the part of the author to give full and emphatic expression to the simple fact—it is Cowper's piety makes Cowper's poetry. Metaphor is strung upon metaphor, and figure follows figure, till the simple, abstract fact, rises up in full personification before us. But, while we say there seems to be a labouring on the part of the author to give expression to this idea, we do not mean to say that the reader feels this, nor do we mean to state that there is any thing tawdry or superfluous about these metaphors. On the contrary, each of them, as it appears, gives a new touch to the picture, or like a kaleidoscope presents the same object in a variety of aspects. Thus: "His sweet religious experience was a quiet harbour, a serene and lovely nook, into which the shipwrecked mind was guided, that otherwise would, by the ragged reefs and waves, have been quite dashed in pieces. There in that undisturbed retirement he lived as a mental and spiritual Robinson Crusoe, cut off from the great world, in a solitude peopled mainly by his own affections."—P. 133. Again, speaking of the period of his melancholy: "All that while his sun was not withdrawn; but, though clouds and darkness intercepted its light, so that he had little or no comfort and joy of its direct shining, yet his life went on beneath its sanctifying influences, and the productions of his genius grew in its holy radiance. A gloomy day, though not a day of sunshine, is still a day of sunlight; a day, because the sun has risen and is running his appointed course; and, though the eye may not behold him, yet the life of nature plays beneath his power."—P. 134. Once more:—"His subjective despair, like some of the stops in a great organ, has communicated an undefinable charm to the strains of his melody, without changing either the combination or individuality of the notes. His genius, under the influence of his piety, was like a piano with the Eolian attachment, rendering the whole an instrument of a vastly higher order. Men of the world were attracted, without knowing what it was that peculiarly attracted them."—P. 136. This is good writing.

But after all we should have liked much, if Dr Cheever had given us a few specific reasons, as well as these beautiful illustrations, why Cowper's piety was the source of the sweetness of his poetry. It is a noble subject. It is as useful as noble. What a favourable opportunity for a specimen of acute christian analysis! It was the more necessary, that Franklin had attempted to do so on *rational* principles, but had failed; and he failed just because he had made the attempt on *rational* and not on *christian* principles.

In two short chapters Dr Cheever gives us a *brief view of the literary and religious character of the age*. It may be called a beautiful "bird's-eye" view. He fixed on the year 1762 as the central point from which to take this view, instead of the half-century year 1750. The reason he assigns is, it was more than any other year the central point of that literary, and especially of that religious revival, which took place in the 18th century. From this year he looks back to the authors who existed and the works they had published to about 1730; and forward to those who appeared till 1800. The very names of great men who figured during this time, occupy several pages—poets, historians, metaphysicians, philosophers,

divines. Warburton's "Divine Legation"—Johnson's "Dictionary"—Hume's "History"—Young's "Night Thoughts"—Blair's "Grave"—Butler's "Analogy"—Gray's "Odes"—Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World"—and Edward Burke's "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful"—these and many other illustrious works, were produced during this period. In looking at the mental excitement which took place at this time, who can help seeing in it a proof of the wisdom of God? Was it not a preparation for that great outpouring of the Spirit which took place under Whitefield and Wesley, and those of the same school? Men's minds were first excited by literature, and then attracted to religion. We do not say there was any *necessary* connection between the two circumstances; but no one will deny, who has studied God's providences, that stirring times and events have frequently been made subservient to the spread of the gospel. It was on the back of the revival of literature that the Reformation took place in Europe; it was during the first French Revolution—a time when men's minds were greatly excited—that our Bible and Missionary societies sprung into existence; and from all appearances, the late war with Russia will rather further than retard the onward progress of evangelical principles.

But it is in Dr Cheever's account of the religious Revival which took place during this period, that we feel most interested; for it was with one of the waves of this revival tide, that Cowper was swept away from the world and borne on high to his Saviour. Of some of the leading characters of this revival, most graphic descriptions are given—such as Lady Huntington, Newton, Scott, Madan, Thorpe and Dr Stonehouse. Two of those we must give, although somewhat abridged:—

"Mr Madan was a relation of Cowper, being the eldest son of Colonel Madan. He had been educated in the law, and was founder and first chaplain of the Lock Hospital, a situation which Thomas Scott, the commentator, afterward filled for a season. Mr Madan's conversion took place about ten years before Cowper's. The preaching of Wesley and the Methodists was then attracting crowds in London; and one evening Mr Madan, in the midst of a gay and careless circle at a coffee-house, was despatched to go and hear Wesley, and then come back and "take him off," (caricature him), for the amusement of his company. He entered heartily into the joke; but it happened that just as he took his seat in the chapel with that purpose, Wesley was repeating his text, *Prepare to meet thy God*, with an intensity of solemnity and awe that arrested Madan's conscience at the outset. The impression deepened as Wesley went on; and when Madan returned to the coffee-house, and was asked by his laughing companions if he had taken off the old Methodist, all the answer he could make was, "No, gentlemen, but he has taken me off." He then left the gay circle and never returned to it, but was soon ordained a minister of the Church of England."

It was he who, under the blessing of God's Spirit, was the instrument of converting Cowper.

The other sketch we give, is that of Mr Thorpe, who afterwards became an effective preacher of that gospel which he at first ridiculed. We abridge this also:—

"Mr Thorpe was one of Whitefield's most insulting opposers, and possessed an unusual talent for mimicry, he not only interrupted his sermons in public, but ridiculed them in private in convivial theatrical circles. On one of these occasions, he and three of his companions laid a wager for the most effective imitation and ridicule of Whitefield's preaching. Each was to open the Bible at random and preach an ex tempore harangue from the first verse that presented itself, and the audience were to adjudge the prize after hearing all. Thorpe's three competitors each went through the game with impious buffoonery, and then came his turn. They had a table for a rostrum, and as he stepped upon it, confident of his superi-

or ability, Thorpe exclaimed, "I shall beat you all." They handed him the Bible, and when he opened it, the invisible providence of God directed his eye at the first glance to the verse in the 13th chapter of Luke's gospel, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." He read the words, but the moment he had uttered them he began to see and feel their full import. The sword of the Spirit in that passage went through his soul as a flash of lightning, revealing and consuming. An instantaneous conviction of his own guilt as a sinner against God seized hold upon him, and conscience was aroused. He proclaimed the truths of guilt, death, eternity and the judgment to come, but with no mixture of grace. His fervour and fire increased as he went on, and the sentences fell from his lips with such intense and burning imagery, that it seemed to him as if his own hair would stand erect with terror at their awfulness. It was a blast from the lake burning with fire and brimstone. Yet no one interrupted him. His companions sat spell-bound, listening and gazing at him; and when he descended from the table, a profound silence reigned in the whole circle; and not one word concerning the wager was uttered. Thorpe instantly withdrew from the company without uttering one word, and, it is needless to say, never returned to that society."

Several other sketches are given, but these must suffice, at present, as specimens.

The effects of Cowper's poetry.—The effects which Cowper's poetry has produced upon the world, are numerous and striking. To these Dr Cheever frequently alludes, and his allusions are appropriate and instructive. But unquestionably we did feel disappointed, that these were not gathered up and presented in one chapter by themselves. What an interesting chapter would it have formed! We are scarcely aware of a reader of Cowper, who has not felt produced upon his mind, when perusing his poetry, a very peculiar and pleasing impression. Franklin was one of these. He was quite delighted, but he could not tell how or why. So it is with many others. Perhaps on a close investigation, the chief causes might be detected. We could mention some of these as they appear to us; but the field is so wide and the subject so inviting, that we dare not venture upon it. This, however, is a subject different from the one to which we now refer. It is not to the *causes*, but to the *effects* of his poetry, that we now allude. These effects might be recognised from the impressions his poetry made, when his works were first published; from the impressions it is making now; from the aid it gave to evangelical religion; from the taste it generated for a simple love of nature; and from the conviction which it did produce on the minds of some who stood high in literary circles, that poetry and religion could, with the most exquisite taste and the most delicate propriety, be combined. To illustrate these and many other effects, perhaps more important, scores of incidents and anecdotes could be produced. A chapter of this kind would, in our estimation, have greatly enhanced the value of Dr Cheever's already valuable work.

But let us not be fastidious. Dr Cheever did not make this part of his plan, and therefore we have no great reason to find fault. What he has done, he has done well. He has made his book not only interesting, but highly instructive. Those who loved Cowper's poetry before, will love it much better after reading Dr Cheever's lectures; and those who have not read Cowper—and the number must be small—should read Dr Cheever; and if after reading him, they can refrain from reading Cowper himself, their minds appear to us to be of a construction, so new, so uncommon, that it would be difficult to find a *genus* in which to class them. It is unnecessary, perhaps, to add, after what we have said, it is a book well-fitted for Bible Class and Congregational Libraries. No such library should want it. It combines christian literature with literary christianity, and tends to foster a taste for both.

GEMS FROM THE CORAL ISLANDS; Vol. 1; Eastern Polynesia. Philadelphia Presbyterian Board of Publication.

GEMS FROM THE CORAL ISLANDS; Vol. 2; Western Polynesia Same Publishers.

We have already noticed both these publications at some length in our columns, and given our warmest commendation to them both. We have only now to refer to the republication of them by the Presbyterian Board of Publication. The first volume we can unhesitatingly recommend. It is in paper, type, &c., almost an exact fac simile of the British edition.—It contains all the plates in a style which seems to us quite equal to that of the British edition, the binding we think is rather stronger, and it is sold at 3s. currency, being somewhat cheaper than the British edition.—The same remarks as to typography, &c., may be made regarding the second volume, and we were about giving it a similar recommendation when, having occasion to consult it, what was our surprise to find that the last two chapters, which we considered the most important in the volume, had been entirely omitted. We were the more surprised as there was no hint thrown out any where that the volume did not contain the whole of what was in the British edition. While, therefore, we hope that the first volume will be circulated largely by our colporteurs, we certainly recommend the British edition of the second volume in preference.

THE WEDGE OF GOLD; or Achan in El Dorado. By the Rev William A. Scott, D.D. Philadelphia Presbyterian Board of Publication.

THE author of this work is a highly esteemed minister of the Presbyterian Church in San Francisco, and it is therefore a voice to us from the other side of the continent. "And," as the author remarks in the preface, "it is possible that a San Francisco book may find readers, when one from New York or London would not. Local associations or circumstances may give it an interest that does not attach to another. It may be, there are some who will listen to a voice on the Pacific who would not hearken to a better one from the Atlantic." Independent however of these local circumstances the book, both from its subject and the mode in which it is treated, is fitted to excite attention. It consists of a series of discourses on the history of Achan, originally preached to the author's own congregation, especially for the benefit of young men. As may be supposed it is particularly directed against that excessive love of money which is drawing thousands to that land of crime and death, and which seems the "besetting sin" of our age; but, in connexion with this, the author points out with the earnestness of a faithful watchman some of the other sins so prevalent in that country, particularly gambling, dissipation and profaneness. "I have endeavoured," he says, "in this series of discourses, after the example of the Great Teacher himself, to strike at some of the evils of the times, and remove, as far as possible, some of the obstructions that are in the way of salvation in a money loving age. My earnest wish has been to furnish instruction and warning of such a kind and in such a way as might be most needed, and especially to *prevent* the young from entering upon the way of vice, or to call them back if they have fallen on the way of temptation, and to break the bread of life to those that may be hungering for righteousness amid the great race for riches."

The work consists of seven discourses, the first being introductory. c

"The Life and Times of Achan." The second is entitled "The Crime Committed," while in the third, under the title "The Lot—the Arrest," we have an admirable discussion of the whole question of the lot and its application to all games of chance, in which the author argues with great force in favour of the good old view, that the lot was a sacred ordinance, and that all games of chance involve an irreverent appeal to Providence. The remaining chapters are severally entitled, "The Confession and Execution," "Facts and Principles," "Achan's History Teaching," and "The Conclusion."

The following will give a specimen of the work, and also afford an idea of the state of society in which it has been called forth:—

"What multitudes from all countries hastened hitherward, winged with speed, when the cry of 'gold, gold!' was first heard from these shores. It was only equalled by the rush of the Crusaders against the Turks. Thousands gave up home and kindred, and submitted to every species of hardship, to dig for gold. The sons of strangers from afar and the sons of christian sires have swept our seas, and ransacked our shores and rivers, and creeks and islands—and all for gold. Led on by the cursed lust for money, multitudes have lost purity of character and happiness here and hereafter. Nothing seems to be too heaven-defying and cruel—nothing that men will not try to do—for the sake of making themselves rich in a short time. It is in this hastening to be rich that we find the frauds, falsehoods, thefts, forgeries, violations of confidence, robberies, assassinations and murders, that do so exceedingly prevail in our day."

In conclusion we heartily commend this work, and wish that a copy of it were in the hands of every young man who is leaving our shores with the view of bettering their circumstances in foreign lands.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO-DAY? A Question for Sabbath Morning.

THIS forms Tract No. 187 of the Presbyterian Board of Publication, is a faithful warning to those who are in the habit of neglecting the public ordinances of religion against many common modes of Sabbath desecration, with a kindly invitation to the house of God. In the conclusion of the tract there is an examination of some of the common apologies for Sabbath travelling.

HINTS TO PARENTS. By a Committee of Sabbath School Teachers.

THIS is a highly important tract, forming No. 189 of the same series. There is some reason that, with the many advantages of Sabbath Schools, there is one incidental evil in connexion with them, viz., that they tend to render parents remiss in the duty which God has specially committed to them of instructing their children in religious truth. The present is a well timed appeal on the subject.

Religious Miscellany.

A WEAK BUT WILLING CONGREGATION.

MR. EDITOR.—The following interesting incident is from an American pe-

riodical, and has not, as far as I know, been copied into any British publication. It presents a striking picture of the difficulties and privations with which the

missionary pioneer is often called to struggle in his self-denying efforts to rear up in the wilderness a church, in which the ordinances of the gospel may be dispensed to those who would otherwise be utterly destitute of them. It affords also an instructive illustration of what christian willinghood can accomplish when God's people zealously and prayerfully set themselves about it. And it may perhaps teach some of our small and struggling congregations, whose circumstances are not very dissimilar to those of the church referred to in the anecdote, useful lessons as to the benefits of self-exertion in overcoming obstacles which indolence might be apt to think insuperable.

In introducing this story to your readers, it may be mentioned, that the Rev Mr Smith, the subject of it, appears, from all accounts of him, to have been a person of no ordinary worth. Dr Hodge of Princeton, in his valuable "Constitutional History of the Presbyterian Church of America," mentions him on several occasions, and always accompanies his name by some honourable commendation. In recording his admission, in 1769, into the Synod of New York and Pennsylvania, he uses the following terms—"In 1760, John McCreary and Joseph Smith were added to the roll. Both of these were distinguished men. The latter pre-eminent for piety and energy, was one of the fathers of our church in Western Pennsylvania."—(Hodge's Const. History. Vol. II, pp. 343, 345). And when noticing the constitution of the Presbytery of Red-stone, in 1781, consisting of Mr Smith and three other ministers, he adds, "These were the pioneers of Western Pennsylvania, and were a noble set of men." Such is the man whom this incident brings before our notice.

A little more than fifty years ago the north of the Ohio river was almost an unbroken wilderness,—the mysterious red man's home. A bold and hardy band of settlers, from beyond the mountains, had built their log cabins, and were trying to subdue the desert. To them every hour was full of peril. The Indians would often cross the river, steal their children and horses, and kill and scalp any victim who came in their way. They worked in the field with weapons at their side, and on the Sabbath met in the grove, or the rude log church, to hear the word of God, with their rifles in their

hands. To preach to those settlers, Mr Joseph Smith, a presbyterian minister, had left the parental home, east of the mountains. He, it is said, was the second minister who had crossed the Monongahela river. He settled in Washington county, Pennsylvania, and became the pastor of the Cross Creek and Upper Buffalo congregations dividing the time between them. He found them a willing and united people, but still unable to pay him a salary which would support his family. He, in common with all the early ministers, must cultivate a farm. He purchased one on credit, proposing to pay for it with the salary pledged to him by the people. Years passed away—the pastor was unpaid. Little or no money was in circulation. Wheat was abundant, but there was no market. It could not be sold for more than twelve and a-half cents, in cash, per bushel. Even their salt had to be brought across the mountains on pack horses—it was worth eight dollars per bushel, and twenty-one bushels of wheat were often given for one of salt. The time came when the last payment must be made, and Mr Smith was told he must pay or leave the farm. Three years' salary was now due from his people. For the want of this, his land, his improvements upon it, and his hopes of remaining amongst a beloved people must be abandoned. The people were called together, and the case laid before them. They were greatly moved. Counsel from on high was sought. Plan after plan was proposed and abandoned. The congregation were unable to pay a tytle of their debts, and no money could be borrowed. In despair, they adjourned, to meet again the following week. In the meantime it was ascertained that a Mr Moore, who owned the only mill in the country, would grind for them wheat on moderate terms. At the next meeting, it was resolved to carry their wheat to Mr Moore's mill. Some of them gave fifty bushels, some more. This was carried from fifteen to twenty-six miles on horses, to the mill. In a month word came that the flour was ready to go to the market. Again the people were called together. After an earnest prayer, the question was asked, "Who will run the flour to New Orleans?" This was a startling question. The work was perilous in the extreme. Months must pass before the adventurer could hope to return, even though his journey should be fortunate. Nearly

all the way was a wilderness; and gloomy tales had been told of the treacherous Indians. More than one boat's crew had gone on that journey, and came back no more. Who, then should endure the toil and brave the danger? The young shrunk back, and the middle-aged had their excuse. Their last scheme seemed likely to fail. At length a hoary-headed man, an elder in the church, sixty-four years of age, arose, and, to the astonishment of the whole assembly said, "Here am I, send me!" The deepest feeling at once pervaded the assembly. To see their beloved old elder thus devote himself for their good, melted them to tears. They gathered round old father Smiley to learn that his resolution was indeed taken; that rather than lose their pastor he would brave danger, toil, and even death. After some delay and trouble, two young men were induced, by hope of a large reward, to go as his assistants. A day was appointed for starting. The young and old, from far and near, from love to father Smiley, and their interest in the object of his mission, gathered together, with their pastor at their head, came down from the church, fifteen miles to the bank of the river, to bid the old man farewell. Then a prayer was offered by the pastor—a parting hymn was sung. "There," said the old Scotchman, "untie the cable, and let us see what the Lord will do for us." This was done, and the boat floated away. More than nine months passed, and no word came back from father Smiley. Mary a prayer had been breathed for him, but what had been his fate was unknown. Another Sabbath came—the people came to church for worship, and there, on his usual bench, before the preacher, composed and devout, sat father Smiley. After the services, the people were requested to meet early in the week to hear the report. All came again. After thanks had been rendered to God for his safe return, father Smiley rose and told his story:—That the Lord had prospered his mission—that he had sold his flour for twenty-seven dollars per barrel, and had got safe back. He then drew a large purse, and poured upon the table a larger pile of gold than most of the spectators had ever seen before. The young men were paid each a hundred dollars. Father Smiley was asked his charges. He weckly replied, he ought to have the same as one of the young men, though he had not done

quite as much work—it was immediately proposed to pay him three hundred dollars. This he refused to receive until the pastor was paid. Upon counting the money, there was found enough to pay what was due to Mr S.; to advance him his salary for the year to come; to reward father Smiley with three hundred dollars, and to leave a large dividend for each contributor. Thus their debts were paid, their pastor relieved, and, while life lasted, he broke for them the bread of life. The bones of the pastor and elder have long reposed in the same churchyard; but a grateful posterity yet tells this pleasing story of the past.

THE BRAVE COVENANTER.

In the parish of New-Cumnock, on the banks of the river Nith, in Scotland, lay the farm called Wasteland. It occupied a broad upland, and was surrounded by high mountains, deep ravines, craggy rocks, and caves almost inaccessible. Solitude had long reigned supreme over the place, her silence unbroken, save by the bleating from the fold, the murmuring of the Nith and the Aston, and the cry of the wild cormorant. There was little in the stern grandeur to attract the stranger thither, and yet at the time of which we write, the region around the farm was densely peopled by a silent, and—by daylight—an invisible multitude. The cloud of religious persecution hung heavy over all that glorious land, and many of her bravest and noblest sons, forced from homes of peace and elegance, sought refuge in such solitary places. Here they hid in gloomy caves, or perched upon rocks hanging high above the waters of the Aston—spots whither the wicked soldiery were too cowardly to follow. In addition to the advantages held out for refuge, hundreds were drawn thither by the warm, unwearied hospitality and sympathy of worthy John Wilson, the tenant of Wasteland. It was indeed a lovely region, and he, whose home it was, a godly man; but neither the charms of nature, nor yet the stern integrity of Wilson, could screen the place from those fiends in human form who hunted God's chosen like prey upon the mountains. Often under the veil of darkness would these persecuted ones creep from their hiding-places to cheer each other with a kindly greeting or to strengthen their hearts by chanting, subdued tones, a song of praise for de-

delivering mercy. But even these poor privileges were enjoyed by beating hearts; for they knew not but the soldiery were even then hidden by thicket or glen ready to spring upon their defenceless prey. Sometimes they would venture to the farmhouse for social worship when weeks of quiet had thrown them off their guard. Two saints of whom the world was not worthy—Hair and Corson—were shot within a few steps of the door-stone. They were interred beneath a hedge upon the farm, and a rude stone still marks the spot where they sleep.

Wilson soon grew obnoxious by the course he pursued towards his brethren, and his own life became the object which brought the infamous Claverhouse and his troop to Wasteland. He also was forced to leave his family and seek refuge among the wild deer upon the mountains. For long months he lay concealed in thicket or cave, and only occasionally, when the silence assured him that no soldiers were near, did he dare to steal a midnight visit to those he loved. At one time a messenger brought him news that his wife was ill, and he resolved to go to her. But alas, just as he was crossing a bleak moor, which lay between his home and his hiding place, he espied a band of mounted soldiers coming towards him. He knew flight to be vain; so, assuming an air of indifference, he resolved to meet them. They, however, were too intent on finding Wilson to allow any man to pass unexamined. They attempt to arrest him, but he made for the river, plunged in, swam to the opposite shore, and hid himself in the interminable wood which then clothed it. Several shots were fired at random, but none struck him. He was hidden beneath "the shadow of the Almighty;" they then sought his dwelling in search of plunder. Finding Wilson's wife ill, they well knew that anxious love would soon bring him home; so they left the family unmolested, and retired to watch his movements in the darkness. He vainly imagined that they, disappointed at not finding him, would not seek him there again the same night. So at midnight he crept over the moor, and joined his terrified family. The peat burned brightly in the wide old fire-place of the farm-house kitchen, and the grateful father gathered his little ones around him to commend them and their suffering mother to the care of merciful heaven. The "great ha' Bible, once his father's

pride lay open on his knee, when the heavy tramping of hoofs around the house excited anew their alarm. They were entirely besieged; and feeling that he was the cause of the attack, Wilson fled. A roost had been made over the cow-house with loose poles, covered first with turf and then with straw. As the least suspicious place, the persecuted man sought refuge in the frail roost. The soldiers sought every nook and corner of the house in vain, and then made their way with a lighted candle into the barn. One stall after another was searched and the mounds of hay were all pierced by their cruel swords. They were about turning to some other place, when all of a sudden the frail loft above—unequal to its new burden—gave way. Their light was put out, and they were buried among turf, straw, egg, and cackling fowl. Brave as they were in murdering defenceless men, they were now in terrible alarm for their own safety. They tore themselves as best they could from beneath the ruin, sprang upon their horses and made off at full speed; while Wilson, who saw God's delivering hand in their flight, returned in full faith, and passed the night in his house.

Wilson possessed strong courage as well as firm faith; and not a little were the enemy often annoyed by his daring resistance. At one time they met him and demanded his passport. Holding up his head bravely, he replied, "I have one at home, which I got frae my king; [meaning his Bible:] bide where ye are till I bring it ye." This they agreed to do, not knowing that he was their long-sought prey; because they wished to possess themselves of a noble gray horse he was riding. This horse they kept as a pledge of his return. As soon as Wilson was gone, they galloped off over the braes and forded the river. They reached a house in which they were at home, and tied the gray horse at the door. All this time the brave Covenanter had kept his eye upon them. When they were within carousing, he crept along the ground stealthily, cut the halter, and was rejoiced to see his favorite steed prancing away as if for life. The noise brought the ruffians to the door, but only in time to see Wilson plunge into the river from a jagged bank, where they dared not follow. The faithful animal, as if he understood and sympathized in his master's sorrows, did not return to stall at Wasteland, but hid for hours in

the dense forest by the river banks. The infuriated monsters fired shot after shot into the thicket, but neither horse nor rider were suffered to fall by their hand. Thus, through long years, did John Wilson cry, "When mine enemies came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled

and fell." God was his shield and deliverer until the calamity was overpast. His great grandson now lives in New-Cumnock, and relates with honest pride these tales of confidence in God, and the reward which it met.—*Watchman and Reflector*.

Children's Corner.

LITTLE BOB, THE CABIN-BOY.

There is not one of us, however young, but he may do some good. Every little child can be useful. I will tell you how useful a little cabin-boy was, who was sailing in a large ship over the wide sea.

It happened, that on the voyage, the sailors quarrelled with the captain, who was so proud and overbearing that none of them would submit to him. This gave the captain so much trouble, and preyed so much on his spirits, that he became very ill; so ill as to be confined to his bed. None of the sailors cared for him; so there he lay very ill, and all alone. No one thought of speaking a kind word to the poor sick captain but Little Bob. His Bible had taught him a lesson which the sailors knew nothing about. It had taught him to be kind to everybody, even to those who had used him ill; so he stole softly to the captain's door and knocked. "Who's there?" asked the captain in a very gruff voice. "It's Little Bob, sir; can I do any thing for you?" "Go to your work, you scoundrel," cried the captain in an angry tone. "Don't come plaguing me."

Little Bob stole away even more softly than he came, but his heart was not filled with any angry feeling. He pitied the captain still more than he had done before.

The next day he resolved to try again. He saw that the poor captain was not on deck, and again he went and knocked at his door. "Who's there?" "Captain, can I do anything for you to day?" asked little Bob. "No, no, go away," said the captain. Bob was pleased that the captain did not speak in so harsh a voice as he had done the day before, and he made up his mind to try again, he would let him in.

When Bob came the next day, the captain said, "Come in." Bob walked in on tiptoe, and said very tenderly,

"Please, sir, can I do anything for you? Shall I make your bed, or get you a cup of coffee? I'll do it in a minute." "Well, Bob, you may, if you like," said the captain. Away ran Bob, and in a few minutes everything was ready, the coffee, and the hot toast, and he brought it on a tray to the captain's bedside. Bob always carried with him the Bible in his pocket; and as he came in the room, the captain observed it.

"What book is that?" said he. "It is the book my mother gave me," said Bob; "the nicest book you ever saw." "Can you read it, Bob?" "Oh, yes, sir," said the boy, "and I should like to read it to you." "Aye, you may," said the captain; "as soon as I have finished my coffee, you may begin." Bob cleared away the coffee, and set himself down on a box by the side of the captain's bed, and opened on the history of Jesus, how he went about doing good; how he pitied the wretched, how he healed the sick, and forgave their sins. The captain listened very attentively, and asked the boy to come again the next day. From this time he came every day and instructed the poor captain in the knowledge of Jesus the Saviour.

He asked him many questions, and Bob knew how to answer them; thanks to his mother and to his Sunday school.

One evening, the captain said, "Leave me that book of yours, Bob, I should like to look at it myself." Bob willingly left it. The next morning he went as usual, and tapped at the cabin door. No answer came. Again he tapped, and louder. Still no answer. He opened the door, and walked in. The captain was on his knees, and the Bible was lying open upon the chair before him. Bob spoke; still there was no answer. He came nearer; the captain never stirred. He looked; the captain was dead! He had died on his knees praying over the Bible. We trust that, through the instructions of Little Bob, he had sought

and found mercy at the hands of the Saviour of sinners. Is there a little boy or a little girl, now reading this, who is

poor as this cabin-boy, or as young as this cabin-boy? "Go and do likewise;" —*Youth's Visitor*.

Religious Intelligence.

ENGLAND.

DR CAMPBELL has retired from the editorship of the *British Banner*. He explains that this step is entirely his own act, and the committee of management have made a similar statement. He denies altogether a report that this change is the result of an influence brought to bear on the Committee by the abettors of the "Negative Theology," and speaks of the relations between himself and the Committee as throughout most cordial. "I have indeed" he says, "been primarily, if not solely, impelled by considerations relating to the Negative Theology, but such considerations have had no reference whatever to the present Committee; they wholly lie in possibility as to the construction of a future Committee." The *British Banner* belongs to a large proprietary which appoints a Committee of management or control. Since his differences with a number of his brethren Dr Campbell appears to have felt this position painful, and was anxious either to purchase or to farm the *British Banner* himself. He is now about to establish a new paper to be called the *British Standard*.—*News of the Church*.

PROGRESS OF VOLUNTARIYISM.—A London letter in *Zion's Herald* expresses as below, the expectations which are indulged to some extent by English dissenters:—"Changes are taking place in the views of some of the leading minds of British statesmen, which forbode and prognosticate extensive changes in Church and State in future years. Lord Stanley son of the Tory Earl Derby, is an example in point. We direct attention to his pamphlet on Church rates, his remark that *religious equality* was the great political object of the present day, and yet more of his remark in a speech, that he wished for the abolition of Church rates, as a first lesson in that voluntarism which, in his opinion, whether we liked or not, would be the creed of the next generation. It is impossible not to see here the germ of something greater than this. And Mr Gladstone is another of these men. Only last week he went somewhat out of his way to con-

trast the vigor of voluntarism with the inertness generated by State grants. It was at a meeting of the old Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. He observed that although it had reached the age of a century and a half its last 20 years had been the most vigorous portion of its existence. But why! Because 20 years ago it was mainly, but not entirely, the stipendiary of the State. At that time, however, the State, somewhat suddenly, withdrew its grant of £16,000 a year. What was the result of this somewhat sudden withdrawal? Why, that the voluntary contributions had increased from about £7000 a year to £27,000; and, added Mr Gladstone, "the springs of Christian piety are in themselves essentially inexhaustible; and the society has nothing to do but to make its wants known in order to raise a corresponding sense of duty on the part of the people."

SCOTLAND.

LAY MISSIONARY MOVEMENTS—OVERTURE ON FAMILY CATECHETICAL INSTRUCTION.—Lay missionary movements have lately excited attention in two districts in the north of Scotland. One of these is conducted by a Mr Brownlow North in the northern Highlands. This gentleman is an Englishman, a nephew of the Earl of Guildford, and son of the late Dr Charles North, Prebendary of Winchester. He describes his past life in a manner which shows that the change in his own character is one of no ordinary magnitude. This imparts great additional earnestness to his addresses. Evangelical ministers of various denominations have invited him to exhort from their pulpits. The fervent earnestness of his appeals is described as very remarkable. In Aberdeenshire, a Mr Gordon Furlong of London, lately a member of the Scottish Bar, has been the instrument of a work of conversion and revival. He has secured the sympathy of the neighbouring ministers, visits from house to house, and holds meetings for exhorting the people. It appears to be the desire of Mr North

and Mr Furlong to aid the ministers of the gospel in their respective neighbourhoods in every way in their power. They have lately been holding joint meetings in Forfarshire, and have obtained the use of the churches of several denominations.—*News of the Church.*

An important overture was lately passed in the Free Presbytery of Edinburgh in reference to family catechetical instruction. It was worded as follows:—“It is humbly overtured by the Presbytery of Edinburgh, that the General Assembly shall labour to restore and make universal the wholesome practice of family catechising and Sabbath evening instruction by parents, and shall consider how far the plan of having evening instead of morning Sabbath-schools, and evening sermons as a regular part of public worship, has a tendency to interfere with these Sabbath evening duties of parents, from the discharge of which so much of the glory of Scotland arose in other days.” Dr Begg mentioned, in support of the proposal, that in the report of the sub-committee, which had lately made a canvass of the city in connexion with Sabbath-schools, it was mentioned that of 22,964 children visited, 13,782 attended Sabbath-schools, while only 630 were taught at home on Sabbath evening. Allowance might be made for some inaccuracy, but still the statement, he considered, was sufficiently

startling. He recommended Sabbath-schools to be held in the morning, and stated that his idea was that the Sabbath-school in the evening, at the best, was only a necessary evil,—was only a transition state of things, the grand object being to secure that every family should be a Sabbath-school, and that every parent should become a Sabbath-school teacher.—*Ibid.*

REV. DAVID YOUNG, D. D.—Rev David Young, D. D., of the United Presbyterian Church, died at Perth on the 9th ult. Dr Young occupied a high position in the denomination with which he was connected, and was justly esteemed throughout his native land not only for his amiable qualities as a minister of the Gospel, but as the cordial and consistent advocate of civil and religious liberty, in season and out of season.

TURKEY.

One hundred and six Christian churches have been repaired or constructed since the publication of the new law in Turkey. The Sultan alone contributed 25,000*l.* to one building in the island of Candia. In fact, so far as the Sultan, Ali Pachi, and the Government generally, are concerned, every thing is being done to conciliate the Christian subjects of the Porte, and improve the condition of the Empire.—*Observer.*

Editorial.

DEATH OF HUGH MILLER.

DURING the last few weeks the public mind has been deeply impressed by the sudden decease of the above lamented individual, and more especially by the painful circumstances in which it took place. The intelligence that he had died by his own hand caused a thrill of surprise and sorrow in every part of Britain and America, in both of which his writings had rendered his name and character familiar. For ourselves we can say that, having but lately read his autobiography, in which he so graphically describes his early struggles, and traces the triumphs and the trials of a noble life, never did we hear of the death of a public man with so much of the feeling as if we had lost a personal friend. On hearing of the mode of his death, after the first shock was over, one is inclined to say, “Lord, what is man.” If there were a man living whose mind was that of firm and solid character that we would have supposed no change of circumstances could destroy its balance, we would have said that he was the man.—But when the delicate mechanism of the human frame is touched by disease how soon are “the strong rods broken,” and the Sampsons of intellect become weak as other men. There can be no doubt that the last sad

act of his life was owing to disease of the brain, brought on by excessive mental application; but in reading his autobiography we find several circumstances unnoticed before, particularly his account of the "visions" seen in his childhood, which convince us that there was a tendency to cerebral disorder from his earliest years. Perhaps he is another example of that peculiar phenomenon in human physiology, of which the great Robert Hall was another signal instance, expressed by the poet when he said—

"Great wit is sure to madness near allied."

But viewing the event as immediately brought on by his excessive attention to literary pursuits, it reads a solemn lesson regarding the danger of neglecting the laws of our physical system. These laws are unchangeable and allow no exemption to the most favored of the sons of men, nor however excellent the motive by which we are influenced. The event also seems to us an expressive sign of the times. It seems another indication of the restless activity of the age, the pressure of which in every department of public affairs is, we fear, causing the premature loss to the world of many a noble mind, and the premature extinction of many a bright star in the intellectual or moral firmament.

Of the character of the deceased we need not say much. It is sufficient to say that an intellect of herculean vigor was conjoined with the gentlest affections of our nature, and all were controlled by a piety devoid of ostentation, yet of a depth such as only earnest natures can feel.

Of his services to science this is not the place to speak, and his removal is too recent to form an accurate estimate of his services to the Church.—A brief reference to them is all that we can now make. As Editor of the *Witness*, a paper established for the purpose of advocating the views of the Non-intrusion party, and since that time the leading organ of the Free Church, he was most publicly known to the christian world. In this position we believe that at the time of the Disruption his services to the cause of the Free Church were second only to those of Dr Chalmers. The value of these to the cause of christianity will be differently estimated, according to the party views of different individuals. By the members of the Established Church they will be esteemed but lightly, while members of the Free Church will perhaps be inclined to overestimate their importance, while members of the Secession and other dissenting bodies, while regretting that he still clung to the idea of a connexion of the Church with the State, and thus held views incompatible with the complete freedom of the Church, yet believing the principles of the Free Church so far as they go to be sound and the whole movement as a great step forward, will render him the tribute of an admiration, if not quite as unbounded as that of the Free Churchmen, yet as sincere and more disinterested.

Yet, whatever opinion may be entertained of his labors as a party writer, we think candid persons of all parties will rejoice to acknowledge the important services which he rendered to the cause of general christianity. Under his management the *Witness* was ever found doing good service on every question affecting the interests of Protestantism and Evangelical truth. He did not give to a party what was meant for mankind.

But we are inclined to believe that it will be as a scientific writer that posterity will most highly value his services to the cause of christianity.—In this way we think he has raised a monument more enduring than the ephemeral productions of a newspaper however influential. All his works are deeply imbued by the spirit of profound veneration for religion. He ever writes as one who feels himself studying the works of God—not

merely as a man of science, but as a christian, while those of his productions which bear more directly upon the subject will be regarded as among the most valuable contributions to christian evidences that have been yielded by natural science. His work entitled "The Footprints of a Creator, or the Asterolepis of Stromness," we humbly think, gave the development hypothesis, as this was "developed" in the "Vestiges of Creation," its quietus; and if public expectation be not entirely disappointed as to the work, which he had just finished at the time of his death, we shall yet have from his pen a work in this respect more important than any he has yet produced—perhaps more important than any that the stony science has yet given us. And it is certainly in this respect that we consider his talents were chiefly needed at the present moment. With all the distinguished men who are laboring in the science of geology we believe that, at the time of his death, there was none equally qualified to treat the subject in its connexion with theology. The greater number of geological writers either make no reference at all to the Creator or the bearings of their investigations upon the truths of revelation, or only make a passing allusion to the subject, perhaps with a sneer at the weakness of those whose faith is moved by the appearance of collision between science and the Bible. And, of the theologians eager to discuss the subject, few are masters in the science, and some are so unacquainted with it as to appear contemptible in the eyes of geologists. And the question must be discussed. Geology perhaps of all the sciences brings us most closely in contact with the question of a Creator, and touches most rudely some of the most cherished beliefs of christians. The questions which it raises are, in the present day, shaking the faith of many simple-minded christians, are pondered with anxiety by many sincere enquirers after truth, and are employed as barbs to the arrows of the infidel. It is in these circumstances that we mourn the loss of one who was fitted, both by his thorough mastery of the science on the one hand, and his profound reverence for and intimate acquaintance with revelation on the other, to discuss the bearings of the two,—to consecrate the science by rendering it the handmaid of religion, and to advance the cause of religion by bringing from the treasures of science "things new and old" for the enforcement of its truths, and new illustrations of the glory of the wonder-working Creator.

But "cease ye from man whose breath is in his nostrils, and wherein is he to be accounted of?" Let us thank the Author of all his endowments for what he was permitted to accomplish, and let not our hearts give way to fear, as if God had need of any man to maintain his word. "All flesh is grass and all the goodness of man as the flower of the field. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away, but *the word of the Lord shall stand for ever.*"

THE CHURCH AND TEMPERANCE.

It is frequently made the subject of complaint by zealous Temperance advocates that the Church does not take a sufficiently active part in promoting the Temperance Reformation, and many are the complaints made against ministers and church members in consequence. That the charge may be justly made against portions of the church, and against individuals in every communion, we are not disposed to deny. But we believe that nothing can be more unjust, than the indiscriminate manner in which the

charge is often made. Take the Reformation in any country, and we venture to assert, that on examination it will be found, that it owes nearly all its influence to the exertions of the clergy and the church—that, deducting their exertions, the movement would have been but a small affair. On the other hand, we believe that one principal hindrance to its progress has been the violence of many Temperance men out of the church. Their extravagance of language has too often been the means of disgusting many christian men with the whole movement. Confounding the cause with the extravagance of its advocates (we do not say justly), they have either refused to support it, or have abandoned it after they had joined in its support. It has often appeared to us as if this were the very thing that such men desired. They have never exhibited any disposition to welcome religious men or christian ministers to the temperance ranks, or to give due credit to their exertions in the cause. They seem always best pleased when they can get an opportunity of “railing” (for we can call their language nothing else) at the clergy and the church, and we have known such instances where we would not have deemed it any breach of charity to suppose the persons actuated rather by enmity to the church than love for temperance. In other instances, we doubt not that sectarian zeal is the real moving cause of those ebullitions. We have known persons profess to lecture on Temperance in distant parts of the country, and occupy the greater part of their address with a tirade against the shortcomings of certain religious bodies. In all this it was transparent that the real object was—not to advance Temperance, but to promote sectarian ends. In these assaults we have often observed our own Church come in for a good share of abuse, and this we have heard from persons *who had never put a hand to the cause till after the majority of our ministers were actually engaged in the movement.* and some of them for years zealous in its behalf. We think however that disinterested men, who will look at facts, will allow that our Church is entitled to the highest honors for the efforts of its members in this cause. The first Temperance Society ever formed in Nova Scotia was formed by the influence of a minister of our Church, the late Rev Duncan Ross, of West River. We believe that the first publication on behalf of Temperance in British North America was by a minister of our Church. It was Mr McLean’s sermon before the magistrates of Richibucto, the republication of which we conclude in our present No., a sermon which shows its author to have been far before his age. And at the present moment we do not know of a single minister of our Church who is not a total abstainer, and more or less actively engaged in the prosecution of the cause. There may be one or two exceptions, but we are not aware of them. Hence resolutions in favor of total abstinence have passed the Synod with entire unanimity. We have been led to advert to the subject now by the late appointment of Synod, that each minister should preach on the subject of total abstinence on the last Sabbath of last year. We have made considerable enquiry, and have heard from almost every section of the Church, and have only been able to hear of one minister who did not fulfil the appointment of Synod. Our cotemporary of the *Presbyterian Witness* has published sketches of the sermons preached on the occasion. These we think show that there is a striking unanimity among us in advocating the cause on Scriptural principles and appealing to the conscience by Scriptural motives. Were the advocacy of total abstinence always conducted on the same principles the cause would now be farther forward, and its ultimate triumph nearer than it is.

THE MISSIONARY REGISTER,

OF THE

Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia.

LORD, bless and pity us, shine on us with thy face,
That th' earth thy way, and nations all may know thy saving grace.—Ps. lxxvii. 1, 2.

Vol. 8.

MARCH, 1857.

No. 3.

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Home Missions.

To the Editor of the Register.

CASCUMPEC, Jan. 26, 1857.

Will you have the kindness to insert the following in the *Register*.—Rev. A. Fraser gratefully acknowledges the receipt of the following sums towards rebuilding Cascumpeec Church, per Rev. John McCurdy:—

Ladies' R. and B. Society	£1 4 0
Several gentlemen of congr'n.	8 15 6

Total P. E. I. c'y. £9 19 6

While acknowledging the above sums kindly forwarded by the Rev. Mr. McCurdy, I would take the opportunity of calling the attention of other congregations of our Church to the present circumstances of Cascumpeec congregation. It is already well known that we have met with a severe loss in the destruction of our Church by fire when nearly completed. The congregation being comparatively small and weak had to tax themselves very considerably toward the building of that Church for the last few years, and were suddenly deprived of the whole by the late calamity. Active measures were immediately taken to recommence building, and the congregation subscribed £400 among themselves for that object. The contract has been entered into with one well qualified for the undertaking for the sum of £660. He is to have the whole com-

pleted before Noyember next, and whatever remains unpaid after that date is to be on interest. We are therefore to use every effort to have the whole amount paid off as soon as possible. If we have to lay under a debt for some years it will be the means of preventing us from assisting in the other schemes of the Church, as we would wish to do.—But, if the Church in general were to take our case into consideration and take collections in our behalf, however small, it would assist us considerably in our present embarrassments. I think that in consequence of our late trials we have a claim on the sympathy of the Church. All our congregations should feel that we have a common cause, and should regard it as a privilege to aid each other when in need and thus exemplify the words of inspiration, "Whether one member suffer all the members suffer with it, and thus bear each other's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ."

Any collection or contribution for the above object will be thankfully received.

A. FRASER.

The following is a summary of the amounts subscribed and collected in Nova Scotia in aid of the Church in Charlottetown, P. E. I., viz:—

New Glasgow and vicinity	£39 14 5
Salem cong'n., Green Hill	50 0 0
Prince St. cong'n., Pictou	100 7 0½
West River and vicinity	11 16 3
Poplar Grove con., Halifax	23 0 0

Upper Musquodoboit	7	6	3
Total amount subscribed	232	3	11½
<i>Amount paid.</i>			
New Glasgow and vicinity	32	14	5
Green Hill congregation	29	14	2½
Prince St. cong'n., Pictou	54	18	10½
West River	2	13	9
Poplar Grove con., Halifax	23	0	0
Upper Musquodoboit	13	9	
Total amount collected	143	15	0
Cr.			
Expenses to Pictou per steamer		12	6
To and from Halifax by coach	4	2	6
Pd. Mr Nelson, Shubenacadie, horse hire	1	10	0
Pd. Mr McCully two days' preaching	3	0	0
From Pictou to St Eleanors	1	2	6
Other expenses	1	7	0
	11	14	6
Bal. in hands of subscriber	£132	0	6

It is but just to add that in all the congregations visited there were a number of persons whom I was not able to visit.

In behalf of the Island Presbytery, and especially in behalf of the adherents to our Church in Charlottetown, the subscriber embraces this opportunity of expressing his deep sense of gratitude to the several congregations by him visited for the cordial manner in which he was

received, both by ministers and people, and for the praiseworthy liberality almost universally manifested whenever subscriptions were solicited. Of the hundreds who were appealed to for aid to the Charlottetown Church only three refused to lend their assistance, which, considering the influence manna possesses over the mind of many professors of religion, is a smaller opposition than could reasonably have been expected.

As the erection of a Church in Charlottetown is an object of great importance—as the site and building will involve considerable expense—and as the adherents to the Presbyterian Church in Charlottetown are not yet very numerous, an appeal will probably be made to some of our other congregations in Nova Scotia during the course of the ensuing summer for further aid. In the meantime, any persons desirous of contributing towards the erection of a place of worship in Charlottetown, in connection with the Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia, may do so by forwarding their donations to any member of the Island Presbytery, or Abram Patterson, Esq., Pictou.

For those who have already so cheerfully responded to the call, "Come over and help us," our earnest prayer is that they may find it "more blessed to give than to receive," and that having cast their bread upon the waters they may find it, *if it should be*, "after many days."

JOHN M. MACLEOD.

St Eleanors, P.E.I., Jan. 22, 1857.

Foreign Missions.

In the absence of any more recent intelligence direct from Mr Geddie, we re-publish a letter from his esteemed Coadjutor Rev Mr Inglis, taken from the *Reformed Presbyterian Magazine* of Nov. 1856. We have omitted a small portion of Mr I's letter, consisting as it did of acknowledgements of donations, &c., from friends in Scotland.

Our readers will be happy to learn from a notice which we now publish from the January No. of the same periodical, that the Missionary Schooner "John-Knox" is now on her way to the New Hebrides to be a "Messenger of Peace," to the isles of Western Polynesia.

ANEITEUM, NEW HEBRIDES, }
May 17, 1856. }

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—A French trading vessel has called to-day, at the other side of the island, on her way from Sydney and New Caledonia to China, and is expected to sail to-morrow. An unexpected opportunity is thus furnished of forwarding letters home, and I write you shortly. My last letter to you was dated January 9, accompanying a manuscript copy of Luke's Gospel, which I forwarded by way of Sydney. Within the last six weeks we have had four trading vessels calling at this island, all of which have brought me either letters

or papers, or both.

The Lord continues to raise up friends to us on all sides. On the 8th ult. I received, for the use of the mission, a well-assorted box of clothing, school materials, medicines, &c., sent out by A. D. Rutherford, Esq., Glasgow. The box was insured for £30, and freight and all expenses to Aneiteum paid. By the same opportunity I also received three boxes of clothing, which we valued at about £40. My venerable, kind-hearted friend, Dr Logan, sent me his case of capping-glasses and scarificators accompanied with some valuable suggestions for the treatment of cases of poisoning by the venomous shell-fish, the *inhag*. In Wallington they had commenced collecting for the *John Knox*.

Mr Geddie lost no time in commencing the printing of Matthew. I enclose you a specimen of the first two chapters for Dr Goold's special examination. The natives are in ecstasy with the fine large type; and well they may. It is the largest type, so far as I know, used in any press in either Eastern or Western Polynesia. If Luke is not begun, I should like it to be printed like this, only to have larger figures to mark the chapters.

I am happy and thankful to say that both Mrs Inglis and myself are enjoying excellent health. Mr and Mrs Geddie, and their family, are also all well. Through the hand of the Lord our God upon us, the mission on both sides of the island continues steadily to advance. I have opened two new schools, and settled two new teachers in them within the last month. I have now twenty-seven schools in all. We have commenced the erection of our Teacher's Institution building, which is to be the germ of a college. May the Lord prosper our undertaking! You and others suggest missionary mechanics, and our friends in Nova Scotia propose to send out also unmarried female teachers. We have a great amount of mechanical labour on our hands, and our wives have a great amount of teaching; but Mr Geddie and I, after frequently and fully talking over the subject, are both decidedly of opinion that such agents would not be suitable for this mission; but I shall endeavour to write you more fully on this subject on some future occasion. Seek out and send forth to this group well-qualified, fully educated missionaries. O that the Lord would so open the hearts of the sons of the prophets, that when the

call of God, through the church, is, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? the response in many quarters may be, Lord, "here am I, send me!" — I remain, &c. JOHN INGLIS.

To the Rev Dr Bates, Secretary to the Reformed Presbyterian Synod's Missionary Committee.
—*Reformed Presbyterian Magazine.*

THE MISSIONARY SCHOONER, "JOHN KNOX."

Our readers are aware of the appeal made by Messrs. Inglis and Geddie, for a small decked vessel, to enable them to extend their missionary labours among the islands around Aneiteum, which are too widely separated from them to be visited safely in open boats; and they will also remember how promptly and liberally that appeal was responded to by many of the members and friends of our church in Scotland. We have now the pleasure of stating that this object has been attained. The Missionary Committee have had a trim stout schooner built for the purpose, which is now on its way to Sydney, thence to proceed to Aneiteum; and now, for the satisfaction of the contributors, and all who take an interest in this important mission, we subjoin a particular description of it in the expressive phraseology of seamen. The length of the schooner's keel is 29 feet, and her length all over from bow to stern, is 33 feet. The breadth of beam is 10 feet 10 inches, and depth of hold 6 feet. She is decked fore and aft, and has a cabin entered by a cuddy hatch. This cabin is 6 feet high, and capable of seating ten persons comfortably. The hold is also platformed, and seated, with lockers underneath, and may be regarded as a fore-cabin, able easily to accommodate from twenty to thirty persons. A massive brass top ornaments the rudder-head, and the schooner's name—the *John Knox*—and the Glasgow coat of arms are engraved on a handsome brass plate affixed to the stern. She is rigged with two masts and standing bowsprit, with jib, foresail, and shoulder-of-mutton sail, and is fitted up with two brass compasses in the cabin, and a caboose on deck. She was built at Glasgow, of British and American oak, is strongly fastened with bolts, and sheathed with yellow metal six feet from the keel. The process of building was daily inspected by a member of our church in Glasgow, a retired sea-cap-

tain, thoroughly competent for such a duty. To him it was a labour of love, but he is entitled to the grateful acknowledgments of the church, for the care he took that a vessel should be launched in every respect fitted for such a noble enterprise. It was proposed at first to sail the *John Knox* out to Australia (and smaller vessels have safely accomplished this long voyage); but after inquiry and consideration, this mode of sending her out was abandoned, and she was put on board the ship *Mooltan*, from the Clyde to Sydney, November 9. She is placed on the *Mooltan's* deck, and occupies the whole space between the fore and main masts. We have therefore reason to hope that the *John Knox* will arrive at her destination in

the course of next spring. She will carry into new lands the name and memory of that valiant and faithful soldier of Jesus Christ, the greatest of all our Scottish worthies; but above all we trust she will prove a most useful auxiliary to the mission at Aneiteum, and soon become known as a swift messenger of mercy throughout Western Polynesia, carrying "ambassadors by the sea," "to the isles afar off, that have not heard" the Saviour's "fame, neither have seen his glory." We learn that the cost of the *John Knox*, including freight, insurance, and metal for ballast, with other necessary accompaniments, will not fall short of £320, delivered in Sydney.—*Reformed Presbyterian Magazine.*

Other Missions.

U. PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

SEVEN ORDAINED FOREIGN MISSIONARIES ABOUT TO BE SENT FORTH BY THE CHURCH.—The church is this season sending out seven ordained foreign missionaries; two, one of whom is a native, to Caffraria, and five to Jamaica. This is a deed unexampled in the church, and it is fitted to call forth the increased gratitude, sympathy, liberality, and prayers of the members. It is a gift from God which should excite deepest thankfulness. The calls for aid were loud and earnest; the Lord, who has the hearts of all men in his hand, has disposed these seven pious and well-qualified brethren to respond to the calls; and it becomes us to praise him for the signal favour which he has conferred upon our church. It is interesting, also, as marking the progress which our church is making as one of the lights of the world: it is little more than twenty years since we began missionary work, as a part of our regular and systematic operation; and now we have agents labouring in America, in Africa, in Asia, in Europe and in Australia. To these we will this season add at least thirteen—the seven of whom we are speaking, and six to Canada; and when we connect this most important fact with the circumstance reported by the Treasurer in this *Record*, that the contributions for missions during the year amount to the large sum of L.19'000,—a sum exceed-

ing the proceeds of any previous year,—surely we have strong reasons for thanking God and taking courage. No greater benefit can be bestowed upon us, than the will, the ability, and the opportunity of taking a growing share in the glorious and most blessed enterprise of filling with the light of saving truth the dark places of the earth, and of subjecting the world to the benign dominion of Christ. Just as God is merciful to us, blesses us, and causes his face to shine upon us, so will we strive to make his way known upon earth, and his saving health among all nations. And once more, it should awaken enlarged sympathy and prayer. These devoted and self-denying men are sent by us; they go to do our work; and they expect that we shall sustain them. Extended labour imposes higher responsibility.—We have the fullest confidence that the church, not only approving of the movement, but cordially rejoicing in it, will provide the means that are requisite for defraying the heavy expenditure which the sending forth of so many agents will involve. On this point we have no doubt. But we are specially anxious to secure an enlarged measure of believing prayer. It is this that will make the movement successful. These excellent men are but instruments: the real work is God; they are but earthen vessels and he must fill and keep them; they can give forth only what they get from

him, and it is his province to make the words which they shall speak, effectual to salvation. All this, he says, "he will be inquired of to do for us." Oh! if he shall breathe upon them and baptize them with the Holy Ghost, seal their ordination by his Spirit, and say in regard to each of them, "he is a chosen vessel unto me, to bear my name among the Gentiles," it will be impossible to over-estimate the value and the grandeur of the results that will flow from the mission of these seven ordained agents. We see multitudes of souls won by them to Christ, peaceful death-beds and triumphant entrances into heaven, sparkling crowns and highest commendations in the judgment day, and far away in the depths of a blissful eternity, seven bright and happy bands clustered around those that were their teachers on earth, and uniting in the song that fills the celestial temple, "Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us by thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people and nation." Who does not wish to have a part in such scenes? This will be the portion of those in our church, who, from love to Christ and the souls of men, gladly help in carrying forward this great work.—*U. P. Record.*

OLD CALABAR.

By last mail we received communications from all the missionaries, dated 24th Sept. All our agents were in their usual health. Mr Goldie and family, and Dr Hewan, had been visited with fever, but were well again. We shall give a few details respecting each of the stations; and our readers will be specially gratified to see that the audiences on Sabbath are large, and four converts have been added to the church—two at Creek Town and two at Duke Town—and that the schools are remarkably well attended.

CREEK TOWN.

Extracts from the Journal of the Rev H. M. Waddell.

"*A Strange Custom*—January 5th, 1856.—This morning the remains of an infant were found in the bush, not far from our house, partly roasted with fire. Inquiring into the matter, we learned of the following horrid superstition:—The child had died naturally, as had several others born by the same mother previously. Believing that it was the same child, under a spell of bad luck, which

thus came forth and died time after time, she followed the custom in such cases, of burning the dead body. Some say, this is done to punish the bad child, which refuses to live; others say, it is to break the spell of witchcraft or other power of darkness, by which her children are doomed thus to die in infancy. This seems absurdly inhuman; but the afflicted heart always seeks some refuge, some ground of hope and confidence for the future; and the unenlightened mind objects not to the contrariety of the means proposed both to reason and true religion. If the next child lives, this custom gets the honour of having secured its life—if it die also, the same means will be used again, but with more careful observance to avoid any error which may have caused failure before.

Attendance on Church—Sabbath 18th May.—Though the church is usually well and regularly filled, yet, to-day, the attendance was crowded, and earlier than usual, both of chiefs and people.—Whatever the unusual cause of the unusual overflow, the general effect is beneficial. The observance of the Sabbath and attendance on the house of God, by both chiefs and people, is a public testimony to the truth before this and neighbouring countries, and, by God's blessing, will be productive of much good.—I believe I may safely say, that no compulsion is ever used by any party to bring people to church, and that it is but rarely any influence is used, beyond a decorous example, by any persons in authority, while on the part of some, even that is not afforded, to induce attendance. It is very pleasing to believe that our Sabbath-day congregation is a purely voluntary one. The people come freely, we may hope, because they find it good and pleasant to do so. In the present state of the mission, 'He that is not against us is on our part.'

"*Two Adopted Children Baptized*—Sabbath 22d June.—To-day Mrs W. and I presented our two adopted children, Jane and James, for baptism, and Mr Goldie baptized them. The solemn dedication of them to God by us in baptism, seemed to make a strong impression on many in the congregation. Having thus publicly owned them as members of our family, we must secure their freedom, though born of slave parents.

"Not having previously alluded to them, I must here mention something about them. Jane's mother died nearly

eighteen months ago, leaving the child diseased, and seemingly crippled—old enough to walk, but unable to move.—Her proper father we know not—perhaps only the mother knew. The so-called father, or master of the woman, was a head slave of King Eyo's. Himself a kindly man, he tried to get some of his wives or servants to mind the poor orphan, but they grudged the care and attention which the poor little thing required, and its condition was reported to my wife, as very distressing indeed. She sent and took it, and had it brought here. In former times, it would have been buried, or thrown into the bush to perish beside the dead body of its mother. Happily better feelings begin to prevail, and some people had compassion on the child, and tried to mind it; but their compassion and patience were not sufficient for its necessities. Even after it was brought to our house, the two girls that Mrs W. had, could not be induced to attend it properly, and ere long took the sulks, and left her to mind the child alone. However, by God's blessing, her efforts succeeded. The child improved, gradually got strength, and at length was induced to try, and finally was enabled to move its legs a little, and, from one thing to another, to creep and at last to walk. Its efforts in this way were at least two years behind the time, for it could speak when it came to us, and even sing a melancholy little dirge, or death-wail, for its mother, which somebody had taught it. When it became able to toddle about the house, persons who had known it before were astonished at its recovery, and many women came from the town to see the lame child walking. Some proposed to bring other lame children from different parts of the country, to profit by our training. Mrs W. told King Eyo, the same day that she took the child, that he must not consider it his slave; she would take charge of it and rear it as her own free child—to which he cordially agreed. I am happy to add, that it now attends school, and is able to use its primer; and lately I was greatly interested to see it stand before the alphabet-board to teach a full-grown man his letters. May the Lord accept, sanctify, and bless the child, with the best blessings of the new covenant.

“The other child, James, is but a few months old. One morning in the end of March, I was surprised to see Eshen,

King Eyo's son, coming to our house, accompanied by a boy carrying a young infant. He brought it to us, and said that one of his father's head people had lately bought the child, with its mother, from another country—that the mother had gone deranged, and, taken to the bush, forsaking her child—that the man who had bought them was away at market, and there was no person at his house fit or willing to take care of so young a child, and therefore, hearing of its forsaken condition, he brought it to see if Mrs W. would take it and care for it.—Most willingly did she agree to do so.—It was a clean-skinned, fine, healthy, handsome little fellow, of seemingly a very few month old.

“A few days afterwards, the man who had bought the mother and child came to see the infant, seemingly very fond of it, and said it was better the child should be with us than be thrown into the bush to die, when it had lost its mother. I asked if he knew what became of its mother. He said that, after running away from the child several times, she had at length hanged herself in the bush.

“Alas! what a passage in the history of slavery. The mother, I am told, was a handsome young woman, recently sold out of her own country, for what cause I know not. The father of the child I could not learn. She lost heart, drooped, went deranged, forsook her beautiful smiling infant, and, in despair, hanged herself! Since then, however, I have learned that she did not hang herself—that her recent purchaser sold her again elsewhere, because she had forsaken the child. But I cannot get rightly to the bottom of the story—a sad story in either way of it. Whichever version be true, the poor infant has now found a mother who will be kind to it, with more than mere natural affection, even for the Lord's sake, to whom we have solemnly devoted it, to bring it up for him.

“Though it anticipates some other entries in my journal, I must continue the story of this child to its close, which, I grieve to say, was too near. Mrs W. got a woman in town, who had a fine healthy child and plenty of milk, to come morning and evening, and give the infant suck. It fed well from the spoon also, getting goat's milk, and arrowroot, and sago, and was thriving finely for some time. It had a cutaneous eruption, which annoyed it for some considerable time, but was getting the better

of it also, when its teething began, and made it very fretful. About the middle of August, a girl who was carrying it down the road, running away from a boy, fell with it and on it. Soon after it had large swellings under its arms, which being opened, discharged profusely. These induced fever, from one or all of which it died on 31st August. For a week previously it suffered great pain, and could rest only in Mrs Waddell's arms by night or day. He died on a Sabbath, and it went to my heart to see the dear child, on my return from church, laid out in his grave-clothes, his sweet little face as placid in death as formerly when sleeping in health. The house children and others who called in to see him, could not forbear weeping. He quietly sleeps in Jesus. His sufferings and death have reminded me of a similar scene with our first son, in Jamaica. Had this one been our own in every sense of the word, we could hardly have felt more interest in him, or taken more care of him. My infant sons are widely scattered—one has his grave in Jamaica, another in Scotland, and now a third in Calabar. I buried him the next day beside the others of the Mission-family who lie interred here near Mr Jaqueson, Mr Sutherland, and Mr Hamilton's little son.

Two Converts received into the Church.—Sabbath 31st August.—To-day we received into the fellowship of the church, by baptism, two young men who have been in the list of candidates for two years. They are Ekpenyong Ituhiro and Okun Nyanese. The latter has given the fullest satisfaction all the time, but his youth seemed to require a longer probation. He is about sixteen years of age—a very serious lad—reads his Bible, and has done pretty well in other school departments. He is a personal attendant on King Eyo. The former was married last year, regularly in church. Since his period of probation commenced, he has offended only once, and immediately confessed and amended his fault. He is a steward in the King's house. They are both much trusted.—The latter has never been at school, yet is learning to read, and his young wife is getting on too.

Of their own accord they previously informed the King of their purpose, who replied, that the one was old enough to know what he was doing, and to answer for himself; but the other was too young. This sent the lad back to tell us the

King's objection, and he seemed disheartened. But in this matter I deemed myself the fittest judge, and making sure that the lad's mind was unchanged, I told him to persevere, and I would speak to the King about it. So, after forenoon service to-day, I alluded to the subject to the King, and told him the grounds on which I deemed the lad a fit subject for baptism, notwithstanding his youth, and that I did not feel warranted to delay any longer in acknowledging him as one of the Lord's people. He made no reply, and, of course, no further objection, which is well, as the youth is always at his hand."

IKUNETU.

We give extracts from a letter of the Rev H. Goldie, dated 14th November, and a picture of the new station at Ikunetu.

A Tropical Winter.—You will now be beginning to feel the biting blasts of winter, while with us the rains are about over, and the hot dry season commencing. Nature, within the tropics, presents little variety as the year passes over us. In your northern clime, you are apt to dream of her grandeur in the lands of the sun; but it is in the temperate regions—neither at the poles nor yet at the equator—that she displays her wonderful phenomena and greatest grandeur. With us, the changes which winter brings are utterly unknown—we know summer only. Snow, ice, and hail, are quite incomprehensible to our neighbors here. The river glides on, from one year's end to the other, in its liquid flow, and never feels the chains of winter; and the rain descends in its watery deluge, never varying into snow, hail, or sleet. Your year has all that ours has, but it has a great deal more. In coming among us, the vegetable and animal kingdoms would present to you varieties of that which they display with you; but how many things, altogether new, would a native of Calabar witness on going to Britain!

Illness of Mrs Goldie.—Since I last wrote to you, Mrs Goldie has had a severe sickness, from which she is slowly recovering. When at Creek Town, attending the meeting of committee, on the first Tuesday of October, I was detained a few days by an attack of intermittent fever; and an opportunity presenting itself, Mrs Goldie came down the river. She got sick in her turn; and

has been ever since with our Creek Town friends, to whose unwearied kindness we stand greatly indebted. God has had mercy on her, and on me also, in raising her up again; but she is not yet able to return home. As we progress onward on life's journey, the warnings grow more frequent and more urgent, enforcing the admonition, "Work while it is to-day; the night cometh."—Oh! that we could each say, in the sight of the Great Master, as the opportunity and ability for labour are about to leave us forever, "I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do."

Village Doings.—Our village is now almost deserted, as this is the season of yam harvest. While the people were in the town, the meetings and the school were well attended. In the month of September, we had as many as 137 on the school-roll, and an attendance far beyond the capacity of our small school-room to accommodate comfortably; but now we are greatly reduced, and the Sabbath meetings are small indeed. But this reduction we were prepared to expect.

Down the river palavers are constantly arising, to give a little animation to one's life, that it stagnate altogether; but here there is scarcely anything of the kind. The Sabbath before last there was a commotion in the town. Some people of the Aukauyong tribe were said to have killed a man belonging to Ikunetu; and as the people in Ikunetu plantations were bent on making an attack on the offending parties, Offiong, and most of the people in the town, went out to prevent strife. They succeeded, and the injured man is recovering; but I was left with only about six adults and a few children as an audience. We have, however, plenty of noise, as the people keep all their ikpoes for celebration when they are congregated in the town. One great comfort is, that on Sabbath the drum is now silent. A Sabbath or two ago, we were a good deal disturbed by the vociferous howling of an individual during an ikpo in the Ekoi village, behind the mission-house. I encountered him, as I went to hold our usual meeting there, perambulating the town with his hideous noise; and as he stopped a little to take a pinch of snuff, I asked him what he was doing. He replied that he was singing. I advised him to take a rest for the remainder of the day, and he could begin on Monday morning

again. He readily took my advice, and did not think it necessary to recommence on Monday.—*U. P. Record.*

RETURN OF DR. LIVINGSTON.

From the News of the Church.

The return to England, after an absence of sixteen years, of this renowned explorer of Central Africa, has naturally excited much interest, both in the religious and in the scientific world. He has already met with public receptions from the London Missionary Society, under whose auspices he has long laboured as a missionary, and from the Royal Geographical Society, which has received from him a number of important observations and has bestowed upon him its highest honours as a discoverer. His discoveries, in reference especially to the Zambesi, are not only of great interest to science, but are likely to be of much importance in a commercial point of view. The great feat which raises Dr Livingston above all previous investigators is his traversing, from ocean to ocean, the African continent, and that in one of its most unknown and perilous regions.—He has reaped a rich reward for his arduous and heroic labours, since, instead of crossing, as he probably expected, in great part a sandy desert, he has passed through most fertile countries, and has come in contact with numerous native tribes which he describes as the highest types of the negro race, and which, in gentleness of manners, and general preparation for the influences of commerce and civilisation, may compare favorably with any aborigines discovered within the last centuries.

Dr Livingston combined rare gifts and acquirements for the prosecution of his complicated task. He was, in the first place, endowed with an ardent zeal for the spread of Christian truth, which he himself testifies to have been his own ruling motive in encountering the imminent perils and the sacrifices necessarily attendant upon his great enterprise. He possessed also, by long residence, a knowledge of the African languages, which enabled him to make himself generally understood in the different dialects, and thus secured him a welcome from the natives. He had besides a large amount of scientific knowledge, and was able to take his geographical observations with an accuracy and completeness which have elicited the ap-

plause of the highest authorities in this branch of science. To these qualities and acquirements he added a knowledge of medicine, by which he not only guarded over his own health, but gained the affection and respect of those among whom he sojourned.

It is seven years since Dr Livingston began to make his first researches into hitherto unexplored districts, after having laboured silently for nine years at a station among the Bechuanas, in the neighbourhood of the well known Mr Moffat, whose daughter he married. On the 1st of June 1849 he left his station at Kalubeng, two hundred miles north of the Kuruman, accompanied by Messrs. Oswald and Murray, in quest of the "off-reported lake beyond the desert." After considerable suffering from the climate, and deprivation, caused by the jealous fears of the native chiefs, Lake Ngami was reached. It was found impossible to cross it and penetrate further north, as had been intended, from the want of boats or of materials to construct them: a return was therefore effected without further result than a more accurate knowledge of the position and character of the lake. In the following year a similar expedition was undertaken; but Dr Livingston and his party were soon driven back by the scourge of the marsh fever. In 1851, a third and more successful attempt to penetrate the country was made. A well-peopled and fertile district was discovered to the north of the lake, in which the people were found to have a considerable knowledge of some of the arts, such as the making of tin vessels and of a rough species of crockery. Dr Livingston's success upon this occasion appears to have stimulated him to his last gigantic undertaking, by suggesting the idea of a rich unexplored country further to the north. Accordingly, soon after his return, he accompanied his wife and family from his station to Cape Town, saw them embarked in a ship for England, and left thus alone, he set out on the 8th of June 1852, on his great journey to the north. He first directed his course towards St Paul de Lando, on the west coast, in latitude 5 degrees South, or about 30 degrees north of the Cape. In this journey, a great part of which was occupied in passing through sandy deserts, he seems to have experienced much hardship and intense suffering, having arrived at St Paul de Loando in such a state of health that his

friends considered that his constitution was broken, and that his work was finished. Soon, however, he rallied, and instead of being daunted by these perils at the outset, he immediately prepared to begin his journey through the centre of the country. In this enterprise the London Missionary Society cordially agreed to support him, as far as their aid could reach him, though they felt that they could not undertake the responsibility of advising him to encounter such dangers, but must leave him in this to the direction of Providence. No support could, however, avail him, as soon as he had departed a little way from the coast. He was forced to depend upon his gun, or upon the friendly hospitality of the natives. He first directed his course in a southeasterly direction, towards the Malokolo, whose territory is situated not very far to the north of Lake Ngami, and then appears to have travelled east and north-east, till he gained the country through which the upper part of the Zambesi flows. This journey occupied him several years, and was complete only on the 26th of May last, by his arrival at Quilimane, a Portuguese settlement on the Indian Ocean.

It is impossible to have yet any very adequate or complete idea of the countries penetrated and the work accomplished by Dr Livingston. His discoveries have certainly dissipated many illusions. Instead of finding immense tracts of desert, such as the country traversed has been generally, and even very lately supposed to consist of, he has passed through a region in many parts most fertile, where indigo, sugar-cane, and other plants grow luxuriantly, and where bees-wax, coal, iron, and gold are also found, some of them in large quantities. The natives also, he states, are a people of mild and in many respects of generous character. Those who reside in the centre of the country constitute the true Negro races, from which the slaves were formerly chiefly abstracted and carried down to the coast for export. They are naturally an ingenious people, and fond of commerce. As a proof of their superiority to many other aborigines, Dr Livingston relates various customs which prove the high reputation in which the ladies are held. "If a divorce happens," he says, "it is generally the woman who divorces the man, and she takes the children away with her." When a man marries a young woman in another vil-

lage, he must leave his own village and go to reside with her. The men could not even be induced to undertake a piece of work without obtaining the consent of their wives. Dr Livingston states that he was astonished at this state of matters among such races; but that, on inquiry, the Portuguese traders informed him that they had always observed the same thing among the tribes near the east coast. All the tribes discovered had a religion, believed in an existence after death, and worshipped idols, performing their sacred ceremonies generally in groves and woods. There were among them also some vague traditions of a great flood. Many tribes paid much honor to lions, believing the souls of their chiefs and great warriors migrated into them.

In regard to Dr Livingston's geographical discoveries, Mr McClure, the Astronomer-Royal at Cape Town, writes, "I have received from my friend Dr Livingston a complete copy of his astronomical observations for geographical positions, on the track of his late perilous but triumphant journey across the Continent, from Loando on the west, to Quilimane on the east coast; and I am making strenuous efforts to deduce the results from them, that they may meet him in England with the least practicable delay. The number of observations is astonishing, when we consider the difficulties he had to encounter. He observed for latitude and longitude at every interesting point, particularly at the confluence of other rivers with the Zambesi, the bendings, the falls, the more important villages, &c. In short, he has opened up, geographically speaking that hitherto unknown section of the Continent." The most important discoveries appear to be connected with the river Zambesi—a river which will be classed in future with the Niger and the Nile. Dr Livingston has found it to be navigable without a single rapid for 300 miles. There is one great fall, and after that it passes in a SSE. direction towards the sea. He thus referred to it in his speech at the London Missionary Meeting. "In many parts it was broader than the Thames at Westminster Bridge. It had been supposed by some that it disappeared under the soil and was lost; but any one who saw it would immediately feel that there was no such thing as losing that river. It ran from north to south, then turned away to the eastward, and passed through

a cleft, gorge, or fissure. It was unlike any other waterfall in the world, and he thought the word 'trough' would convey a better idea of it than any other. It was about 1000 yards wide at the falls, and it fell at once into the trough, which extended from bank to bank. The fissure was made in a hard basaltic rock; and at the bottom, which was not so wide as the lips of the trough, the river was only about twenty yards broad, and the falls presented the most beautiful sight he had ever seen in his life. The river afterwards passed for a considerable distance along the eastern ridge, and then SSE. down to the sea. He believed this river would be a permanent path into that country. The country itself was extremely fertile, and the climate perfectly healthy." He stated also that near the source of the river there was a ridge of high land, extending for a distance of about 200 miles, and forming a gradual ascent till it reaches a height of 4000 feet. This river, Dr Livingston considers, might form a grand channel for commerce. A large-trade might be opened up in raw material of every kind. The natives with their trading propensities are delighted with the idea of a trade being begun. The fame of England, as the nation "that loves the black man," had also spread into the remotest districts, and this has prepared the way for friendly and confidential intercourse.— Dr Livingston is very anxious for the commencement of such commerce on two grounds; because he considers that, the people having opportunities of conducting profitably, lawful commerce, the slave-trade would be effectually stopped; and also because Britain, by showing a regard to the temporal interests of the people would prove to their minds, which are prone to suspicion, her sincerity in her Christian enterprise, and would thus assist in promoting the success of the work of missions.

Dr Livingston's chief desire, in all his investigations, has been to prepare a way for the work of Christian evangelism. This sentiment was nobly expressed in a letter quoted by Lord Shaftesbury at the late meeting of the London Missionary Society,— "I am not so elated in having performed what has not, to my knowledge, been done before, in traversing the continent, because the end of the geographical fact is but the beginning of the missionary enterprise. May God grant me life to do more good

to this poor Africa." Again he said himself at the same meeting, "I have not a single note of triumph; and I feel a sort of oppression when I think of what is to be done. I know that there is to be hard work, as there has been in the past. It is not by grand meetings, fine speechifying, and much excitement that any thing is to be done. No? it is only by working, working in quiet, working under a sense of God's presence everywhere, and working without an expectation of seeing the fruits." In this spirit Dr Livingston is preparing to return, within three months, to a country where he says, no man ought to go without the feeling that he takes, as it were, his life in his hand, and this, without any very ardent hope of immediate results. The enthusiasm which he has "requires much hard work to sustain it." The missionary to Africa must, even in the proclamation of his message, be exposed to the suspicion of base and sinister motives, and very rapid work is not, he thinks, to be expected from the naturally slow operations of the negro mind. Still with a full view of these difficulties, Dr Livingston's courage, and his Christian confidence in the ultimate result, do not abate for a moment.

The cause of missions truly requires no protection against the superficial attacks of its enemies besides that furnished by such noble and self-denying deeds of its friends. The same power which, acting through Christian missions in ancient times, was the effectual means of introducing civilisation among the many barbarous tribes whom the Romans had tried in vain to subdue by legislation or by arms, is seen to operate still, both in producing heroic self-denying men who are ready, with their lives in their hands, to go forth into the isolated positions of heathenism, and in changing the aspects of society in the most uncultivated and unpromising regions. Christianity possesses now the same power as of old, and compels men of science and of mere worldly policy to acknowledge, in many different countries, her influence. At the very time when the cry has been raised by Carlyle, Emerson, and others, that she no longer exists as a living energy, she presents us with noble types of Christian heroism, lays at the feet of science whole regions of unexplored territory, and at the feet of civilisation many nations, as in the South Seas, sunk in the lowest barbar-

ism. In reference to this subject, Sir Roderick Murchison said, at the special meeting of the London Missionary Society, "The unarmed and unassisted exertions of the missionary contrast most favorably in the results with those attempts made at discovery by armed men, and companies provided with every facility for travelling." We conclude by quoting the very strong testimony of Colonel Sir H. Rawlinson, borne upon the same occasion:

"It was not, perhaps, generally known how much the science of geography was indebted to the missionary's exertions; but, if they examined the history either of Asia or Africa, they would find that, from the remotest ages to the present day, all great discoveries had been made by missionaries. But it was not alone geographical discovery that had resulted from the efforts of missionaries. Independently of their own grand and special functions, there were other results which did not less claim admiration than geographical discovery. He himself had witnessed the reclaiming of an entire nation from barbarism within the last twenty years through their efforts.

He had seen a nation, if he might call that a nation which consisted of from 30,000 to 40,000 families—the Nestorian Christians—enveloped in the deepest barbarism twenty years ago, and now, by the aid of a little band of American missionaries, he saw them taking their stand amongst the civilized nations of the world. Their literature had revived, schools were established throughout the country, a journal was printed and published in their own native Syriac language. And, when he reflected on that example, he could well understand that in Southern Africa the same results might be expected in God's own time. He knew that he was only expressing the unanimous feeling, not alone of this meeting, but of men of science everywhere, in uttering the fervent hope, that the life of the distinguished man before them might be spared to complete the work which he had so nobly and so auspiciously commenced."

RECEPTION OF REV MR ELLIS IN MADAGASCAR.

The friends of the Rev. Wm. Ellis will be interested in learning that by the last Overland Mail accounts were received of his having reached the capital of Madagascar in health and safety, after

most tedious and difficult journey of nearly three weeks from the coast. The kindness and attention which awaited his arrival at Tamatave suffered no diminution by the way. An escort of more than a hundred men was appointed by the Government for his service, and at every halting place provisions in abundance were supplied, with the best accommodation which the places could afford. To the efficient services of a native chief, Izaro, he was much indebted, both for personal comfort and for the order and management of the numerous company of bearers. Every consideration for his safety was carefully attended to by this chief. Frequently during the journey, too, messengers from the capital had been met, bringing letters and expressions of welcome from the Prince and his friends; and, on approaching the last stage, these messages, with other modes of attention, became more frequent. It was the wish of the Queen that his reception should be as respectful as possible. For this purpose the visitor was requested to wait at a distance from Autainanario, until preparations were made for properly conducting him into his capital. A palanquin was then prepared for his use, covered in part with a velvet cloak, and three chiefs on horseback rode beside him, with a numerous retinue in attendance. In this style he was escorted to the house which had been prepared for his residence. A present from the Queen was soon announced, which proved to be a fine bullock, with a vast provision of poultry, eggs, and other things, the principal portion of which Mr Ellis requested Izaro to divide amongst his attendants. The house proved to be exceedingly commodious and comfortable, with many of the conveniences of European life. In all that is to him of deepest interest, Mr Ellis states that his hopes are more than realized; but the general state of the country is much the same as for some time past, except that greater quietness and more apparent cordiality exist between different parties.

New-York Observed.

HOOK SWINGING ABOLISHED IN INDIA.

Hook swinging, we learn by the last Indian mail, has been put an end to by authority. The magistrate of Poonah, acting under instructions from Calcutta, had just promulgated an order prohibi-

ting this, with other practices equally barbarous, throughout the zillah under his jurisdiction. It is freely admitted by those who most approve of these interdicts, that the time has been when to issue them, however desirable, would not have been safe. But, since those days, so great an advance has been made by Indian opinion, that it may be a question, which have improved the most,—the native population or the British residents. At all events, the benevolent interposition of Government in arrest of acts such as at home are offences when committed upon brute beasts, is equally approved by the one and by the other. "Hook-swinging" has been too vividly depicted in the wood-cuts accompanying our Missionary periodicals to need that we should describe what has undoubtedly been one of the most popular practices at fairs and religious festivals. Along with this barbarous usage has been prohibited another sanguinary act of self infliction less familiarly known to English readers. A man runs his sword right through the fleshy part of his leg, and, drawing it out, sprinkles the blood on the entrance of the temple. For this feat he receives large free will offerings; and the right to perform it was vested, as a valuable privilege, in some fifteen families, to each individual of which it came round once in six or seven years. The men themselves, however, long ago declared that they would be glad to discontinue the practice, if only their incomes could be assured to them. This horrible custom, in like manner with others has been declared unlawful by the representative of Government in the districts where it had been in use to the present time.—*New York Observer.*

A PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER IN CHINA ARRESTED.

The Treasurer of the Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in England has received a letter from the Rev W. C. Burns, in China, giving an account of his arrest by the native authorities, while prosecuting his missionary labors. It appears that he was distributing books at Chaou-Chow-Foo, when he was suddenly arrested on a false report. The magistrates treated him kindly, and he was sent on to Canton, and speedily released on condition of certain merchants becoming security for him; but he has reason to fear that two of his companions are still in confinement.—*New York Observer.*

News of the Church.

PRESENTATION TO REV. MR. McCULLOCH, TRURO.

TRURO, JANUARY 23, 1857.

DEAR SIR:—While the people of Truro are rapidly improving the appearance of their village, and houses spring up with almost magical rapidity, it is cheering to find that they are not forgetful of other and better things. The Rev. Mr McCulloch, the Pastor of the Presbyterian Church of that place enjoys in a high degree the attachment of his Flock, and they have for some time been desirous of giving public expression of their feelings towards him.

The arrival of the New Year, gave them an excuse for making him a present, and they accordingly subscribed a purse of £50 for the purchase of a horse and presented him the Purse, in the church at Truro on January the 13th instant, accompanied by the following*

ADDRESS.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR:

Eighteen years have rolled by since you were placed over the congregation at Truro. To you they have been years of ceaseless toil, to us of eventful change.

Many who listened to your early ministrations are now lying in the Church-yard. Many then in the vigour of manhood, are now old and infirm, their heads whitened with the snows of age, their bodies bent by the infirmities of declining years. Still others have stepped from the threshold of life, and occupy the places and fulfil the duties of those who are borne down by age or have been removed by death.

In the chequered recollections of this long period you hold a distinguished place. In weal and in woe, in grief and in joy, you were with us, to guide to support, to console.

At the marriage-altar where young hearts united by affection and the solemn ceremonies of our holy religion, look forward with bright anticipations of many happy days to come;—at the bedside of the sufferer, where life is fast ebbing away, we see as time recedes and eternity opens up, the vanity of this world, and of all else save an interest in the Redeemer:—In scenes like these in almost every family in the congregation, you have been called upon to mingle. You have become a part of every

family history. You have shared our joys, you have consoled our griefs, and we feel towards you an affection which springs from the intimate associations by which you have been connected with all that is dearest and most interesting to us.

Cherishing these feelings, will you forgive us for expressing them? The season of the year affords us the opportunity, and we gladly embrace it, to offer you the accompanying testimonial of our regard. You are aware of the immediate purpose for which it has been contributed, but our object is beyond,—we ask you to accept it as a token of friendship of love, of gratitude—a token which derives its value, only from the kindly affections in which it originates.

To yourself, and your amiable lady and family, we wish many returns of a season which calls forth the best feelings of our nature, and we trust, that it may please God long to spare you to disseminate among us the doctrines of the Gospel truth.

We have the honour to be, Yours truly
on behalf of the contributors

A. G. ARCHIBALD.
JAMES W. CROW
ISAAC N. ARCHIBALD.
RICHARD CHRISTIE.
THOMAS MILLER.

To this address Mr McCulloch, was pleased, to make the following

REPLY.

Truro, January 23, 1857.

MY DEAR FRIENDS.—Your kindly sentiments I warmly reciprocate and your unexpected and most liberal token of regard—coupled as it is with other arrangements for my temporal comfort, I frankly and cordially accept, and I trust with those feelings which become your Pastor.

It is known to most of you that my personal feelings and settled convictions, are opposed to the reception of presents. They tend to blind our judgment, and to render a Pastor hesitatingly faithful when brought into collision with the improper practices, whether of the world or of the Church. Besides this they are not favourable, either to personal piety or to the spirituality of the Pastoral relation.

But there are times when acceptance becomes a duty to the Donors and to

the public character and standing of a congregation. Our situation I regard as involving both these cases, and believing your gift to be the offering of sincere regard, and its acceptance to be due to the public character of the congregation, I frankly accept it for the purposes designed, notwithstanding my recorded convictions.

You refer to my public labours in terms more flattering, than I dare appropriate. Whatever may be my opinion of those labours, of them it does not become me to speak; their history is recorded where they will receive an impartial judgment and where self-laudation, will be a feeling utterly alien to the mind of a Christian Minister. Applause is dangerous to any man, but most dangerous, from his position and duties, to the minister of Christ.

You call up recollections of which I can scarcely trust myself to speak, mingling as I have done among you for over 18 years in every changeable scene of life. Many of these recollections as a Pastor would fain forget. Others as delightful in themselves and as a token of a Master's

blessing, he would desire to hold in ever lasting remembrance. Those scenes and recollections have drawn us strongly together, and I unhesitatingly say to you, that, my life among you has thus far glided away amid an amount of satisfaction and enjoyment, far exceeding my expectation of Earth, serving, tho' I know I do a liberal Master.

With you, and in many a Grave, are the results and recollections of my Ministry. I am spending, and, subject to the leadings of Divine Providence, I never have had any other wish than to spend among you the maturity and energies of life. May the tie that unites us strengthen day by day, and our intercourse be the visible manifestation of the language of the servant of God. "We are journeying to that place of which God hath said he would give it us."

For your kindly remembrances of Mrs McCulloch and family, accept my warmest acknowledgments, and for yourselves for time and for eternity the best wishes of a Pastor sincerely attached to his flock. WILLIAM McCULLOCK.
—*Eastern Chronicle.*

OBITUARY.

Died, at Brucefield, Stanley, Canada West, on the 23rd November last, Mr James M. Donald, aged 102. His wife, 100 years old, still survives him. They have lived together 81 years, more than the promised period allotted to man upon the earth. The deceased was a native of Urquhart, Invernesshire, Scotland—In the year 1775 he emigrated with his parents to Boston, just at the breaking out of the American Revolutionary war. When the vessel in which they sailed was approaching her destination she was boarded by a British man-of-war, and most, if not all, the emigrants capable of bearing arms were induced, partly by the threats of a prison and partly by promises, to enlist in a regiment which the British Government were raising among emigrants from the Mother country. They were to serve till "the present unnatural rebellion" should be put down, or till the close of the war, and were then to receive 200 acres of land and 50 acres additional for each child.—Mr M. Donald was subsequently removed to Halifax, and at the peace of 1783 he was discharged there. After

residing a short time in the neighbourhood of Windsor, he, with some of his fellow soldiers, obtained their grants on the Upper Settlement of the East River, of which they formed the first settlers. An army life was certainly not favorable to piety, and he afterward expressed doubts whether at the time of his residence in Halifax there was a single minister who faithfully preached the gospel. But the army had then, as well as now, its praying centurions and devout soldiers. Numbers of his companions were God-fearing men, and they were much aided and encouraged by a pious officer, a Lieutenant McDonald. He had been somewhat profligate in his youth, but having been in the country for some time, and being taken sick in the house of a Mr —, an elder in the Presbyterian congregation of Londonderry, he, through divine grace, became an exceedingly pious man, and afterward devoted himself assiduously to promote the religious interests of those under him. The subject of this notice used till his latest days to express his obligation, under God, to him, if not as the

means of leading him to the Saviour, at least of greatly promoting his progress in the divine life.

In the year 1786 he was employed as overseer of a gang of men engaged in opening a road through the woods between Truro and Pictou, when the late Dr McGregor, then a young man of 26, came along and informed them in Gaelic that he was the minister for Pictou. Their hearts leaped for joy. As he expressed it in his imperfect English to us last summer, "wasn't we rejoiced."—James eagerly stepped forward to greet him, and had it to tell till his last days that he was the first man to welcome the Dr to the scene of his future labors. Toward the close of the week he left his work to take care of itself, and returned to Pictou to be present at the first announcement of the glad tidings by the settled minister of the place, particularly rejoicing that in this distant land he was to hear "the wonderful works of God in his own tongue."

A few weeks after the Dr visited the Upper Settlement and on Mr McDonald's intervals, and under the shade of a large oak tree, the largest known in that region, preached the first discourse ever preached on the Upper Settlement. From that time Mr McDonald was a warm friend of the gospel in Pictou. A few years afterward he was elected an elder, which office he continued to hold as long as he continued in this Province, and on his removal to Canada was called to fill the same office in the congregation of the Rev William Proudfoot, in London, C. W. We believe that his first election took place in the year 1792, so that, if we are correct, he must have been in that office for the unprecedented period of sixty-five years. Both as a christian and elder Dr McGregor found in him a willing helper, a prudent counsellor, a firm support and a faithful friend, and often felt him as an Aaron or a Hur to stay up the hands that were ready to sink under the burden of ministerial toil, while he on the other hand regarded the Dr with the most enthusiastic attachment. While he delighted in the society of ministers he would scarcely allow it to be said that there was any minister so great as he was. As an elder his conduct was consistent and his labors were highly useful. He kept up prayer-meetings on the Sabbath day when there was no preaching within reach. In these exercises, as well as in

all things pertaining to the Church, he took a lively interest, and in attending them underwent, and that too cheerfully, great bodily fatigue. He was a great reader, having in his house when it was consumed by fire a very considerable library. The books which he preferred were books of solid, sound divinity; so that as a christian he was both intelligent and devout.

The following account of his death we take from a notice of him in the Canadian *United Presbyterian Magazine* :—

"His death was as became such a life, calm and tranquil; and, as Providence so ordained it, it took place on Sabbath evening. He passed away without a struggle—he was in his usual health up to the night preceding his death, on which night he went through his regular religious exercises, singing, reading the Scriptures, and prayer; after the commencement of his last illness, which did not last twenty-four hours, he never spoke. During the last fortnight of his life he frequently got out of bed during the night, and wished, as he said, *to go home*. The good man has now gone home. He has gone home to that Saviour in whom he had so long believed, and whom he had so long and so ardently loved. Freed from the clogs and infirmities of age, he is now, there is every reason to believe, blooming in immortal youth before the throne of God, 'serving him day and night in his temple.' 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, from henceforth, yea saith the Spirit, they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.'"

Notices, Acknowledgments, &c

The Rev John McCurdy acknowledges the receipt of the following sums towards Cassempeque Church, Prince Edward's Island :—

Ladies' Religious and Benevolent Society	
£1	0 0
C Lloyd	10 0
James Dickson	2 6
George Kerr	1 5 0
Perer Gray	1 7½
John Crosby	5 0
Thomas Crosby	5 0
George Crosby	5 0
John Graham	1 7½
Alexander Gillis	4 10½
W J Fraser	3 0 0
Robert Gordon	10 0
John Hardie	5 0
Adam McLean	2 6
James McLean	3 1½
John McLean	5 0

Also, the following sums to aid the Harvey Church, New Brunswick:—

Ladies' Religious and Benevolent Society	£1	0	0	
Alexander Gillis		5	6	
Robert Gordon		5	0	
John Hardie		5	0	
Dr Thomson		5	0	
Isaac Matheson		1	0	0

Monies received by the Treasurer from 20th January to 20th February, 1857:—

<i>Foreign Mission.</i>				
Jan 22	A young female friend	£8	0	0
"	" A Friend to Missions	4	0	0
27	Mr John Arthur, Middle River	1	0	0
Feb 7	Congregation Salem Church, Green Hill	6	12	4½
8	Ladies' Missionary Society, Tatamagouche	8	0	0
"	Mrs James McDonald, Barney's River	5	0	
14	Mr Robt Smith, Truro	11	2	6
"	Do for Rev G N Gordon	1	0	0
"	Do for Missionary Scher John Knox	4	0	11
"	Do for Educating Miss Geddie	12	6	
<i>Home Mission.</i>				
7	Congregation Salem Church, Green Hill	7	6	10
8	Mr James McDonald, Barney's River	5	0	
14	Mr Robt Smith, Truro	5	0	0
<i>Seminary.</i>				
7	Congregation Salem Church, Green Hill	3	2	7
14	Pictou Ladies' Seminary Society, per Mrs Cameron	3	4	4½
"	Mr Robt Smith, Truro	4	10	0
<i>Special Effort for Seminary.</i>				
14	Mr Robt Smith, Truro	5	0	0
"	Do for Rev William McCulloch	10	0	0
"	Do for Mr J D Christie	10	0	0
<i>Synod Fund.</i>				
"	Mr Robert Smith	1	0	0

Robert Smith, Truro, acknowledges the receipt of the following for the Foreign Mission:—

Rev Robert Sedgewick, cash	£9	15	10
B'vr Brook, per Rev Mr Baxter	2	10	5½
A Friend, per Rev W McCulloch	5	2½	
Mrs Andrew Creelman, Middle Stewiacke, 2 pair socks and 2 pair stockings for Mr and Mrs Geddie, value.	5	0	
Mary Ann and Sarah Creelman, 18 yards cloth, value	1	7	9
Jno D C Creelman, 100 ft-h-hooks	1	3	
Mrs William Logan, Pembroke, Stewiacke, 10 yards gingham	5	0	
Mrs Elizabeth Creelman, Otter Brook, 7 yds blue drill, value	4	4½	

Mrs Robert L Logan, Stewiacke, 3½ yards cloth, value	8	9	
Miss Elizabeth Yull, O B, 6 yds cloth, value	12	6	
Mrs Wm McNutt, 3½ yds cloth	6	0	
<i>Musquodoboit (Upper Settlement).</i>			
Ladies of Mount Pleasant, chequered flannel, 9½ yds, at 1s 6d	14	7½	
Ladies of Dean Settlement, 41 yards print	19	8½	
Do 7 reels	1	7½	
Mrs Hutcheson, 4 yards flannel	5	0	
Mrs John Dechman, 5 do	6	3	
Ladies of School District, No 10, 103 yards printed cotton	2	15	8
Do silk kerchief	2	6	
Do 2 pillow slips	1	6	
Widow Wilson, 1 pair stockings for Mrs Geddie	3	0	
Mrs Reynolds and family, 1 box sundries	16	0	
Ladies South Side River, 11 yds	15	7	
Do, 1 dress, &c	4	6	
Ladies School District, No 8, 25 yards flannel	1	17	6
<i>Middle Settlement.</i>			
Mrs Eleanor Dickie, 5 yds white cotton	2	6	
Ladies, Higgins Settlement, 20 yards flannel	1	5	0
Ladies, Village, Middle Musquodoboit, 33 yds homespun	3	6	0
Ladies, Little River, 26 yards flannel	1	12	6
	£15	9	5½

The Agent acknowledges receipt of the following sums for *Christian Instructor and Missionary Register* for the current year:—

George G Gauld	£0	10	0
Rev John McCurdy, additional for Instructor	1	0	0
Mr Prussia Birch	1	16	3
Rev R Blackwood, 1856	1	0	0
Mr S A Creelman	1	0	0
Rev A McKnight	5	0	
Mrs Wilson	5	0	
Daniel Cameron	5	0	
Rev Allan Fraser	2	0	0
George W Archibald	7	12	6
Rev Dr Keir	5	5	0
Miss Stairs	5	0	
David McG Johnston	7	6	
S D Harvey	5	0	
Dr Parker	10	0	
Rev R Sedgewick, 1856	2	0	0
Mr Madden	5	0	
H Chisholm, 1856	10	0	
Mr Hugh Dunlop	1	10	0
Mr James McGregor	10	10	0
Wm Hall, Esq	5	0	
Mr Grey	5	0	
Rev Mr Sprott	5	0	
Mr E Tupper	5	0	
Mr Robert Smith	8	16	6