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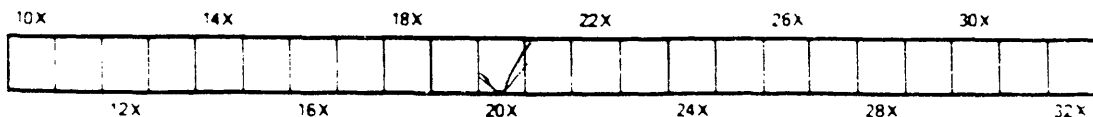
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THE

Canadian Independent.

VOL. XVI.

TORONTO, APRIL, 1870.

No. 10.

NON-PROFESSING CHRISTIANS.

Such a designation would seem, at first sight, to be a misnomer, especially when we reflect how directly and unequivocally the injunction is laid on all who love the Lord, "Do this in remembrance of me." Yet there are, in connection with almost all our congregations, more or less of this class of hearers,—persons who attend our prayer meetings, teach in our Sabbath schools, and give every outward evidence of divine renewal, who yet hesitate to unite with the church, and must therefore be set down as non-professing Christians. We are inclined to think that we have a larger proportion of them than other denominations. Whether it is that entrance into our fellowship is regarded as more difficult, and the scrutiny of experience and character more rigid with us than with most other communions, or whether it arises from any want of the social element, or of that *esprit du corps* requisite to hold us together, and attract others to us, we know not; but certain it is that the class referred to is much more numerous than it should be. We can conceive of cases in which a believer in Christ might properly delay for a time, the making of a public profession of religion; but such instances will always be exceptional, and should never be allowed to run into mere neglect. So far as we can judge of the practice of Apostolic times, confession of Christ always followed immediately upon faith in Christ, and it is both unsafe and wrong to depart in this, or in any other respect, from New Testament example.

The neglect referred to often springs, in the first place, from a desire for greater certainty as to the genuineness of religious experience. That desire is seldom, if ever, gratified by delay. Hesitancy about taking a decided stand for Christ, tends rather to increase the uncertainty than remove it. The doubt becomes chronic, and thus do many

"Children of a King,
Go mourning all their days."

In other cases the delay arises from the fear lest they should bring reproach upon the sacred name they ought to bear. Satan is often very jealous for the honour of Christ! Hence he would have them wait to "prove themselves," instead of trusting Him who has said, "I will never leave thee." While in yet other instances, young people are often deterred from making a profession of religion, because their parents are not Christians, and they fear to take a step that would seem to cast reproach upon them!

But may there not be still another cause for the neglect? Is there never anything in our mode of examining or receiving candidates, to deter the timid from the attempt to join a church? Do we not sometimes make the gate straiter, and the way narrower than there is any need for, by the formidable processes through which we compel applicants to pass; and then, as we see some sensitive female, or child, stand hesitating at the door, say within ourselves, "Ah! if you were a Christian, you would not be ashamed of Jesus!" But *is it shame*, or is it not rather a *constitutional shrinking* from the publicity of the occasion? And ought we not rather to help than to hinder such? One of our churches was once described to us as having certain officials, charged with the duty of standing sentry and *keeping out* all who sought to enter! The description was suggestive, if it was a little over-drawn. We are creatures of extremes, and in our judgment, it is just as wrong to drive the lambs away from the divinely appointed enclosure, as it is to open the doors of our churches to all who live morally, and can repeat a catechism. "What we want," said the Rev. E. R. Conder, at the last autumnal meeting of the English Congregational Union, "is not to make church membership contemptible and worthless by the destruction of those distinctions and safeguards which alone can conserve its dignity and usefulness, but to make it attractive and impressive, a manifest privilege, a confessed obligation. Let us have no lions in the way before the gate—even chained ones; no, nor stuffed ones; no threatening portcullis over the gateway, no grim sentry or stiff pompous police officer to demand the watchword and scrutinize the passport. But neither let us make breaches in the walls, or let down from windows on the wall softly cushioned baskets, for those who are too proud, too timorous, or too lazy, to enter in, as an honest law-abiding citizen should do, through the gate into the city. In vain do you perplex yourselves how to make admission easy, if there be nothing worth having when you are in. Make the church attractive, with the double attractiveness

of loveliness and holiness, the beauty and the purity of spiritual life, and it will draw. As in the old time, the Lord will add daily to the church such as are saved."

Let us not be afraid, then, to go to these timid Josephs and Nicodemuses and holding out the hand of christian fellowship to them, say, "Come in, ye blessed of the Lord; wherefore stand ye without?" Profession of faith in Jesus is a duty, to which we may properly urge a true disciple as well as any other duty; and we sin against the brethren, and sin against Christ, if we suffer them to neglect it without kindly entreaty and admonition.

BELIEVERS' BAPTISM.

DEAR SIR,—In your answer to my communication of Feb. 14, you say—"The reply given by our correspondent to the third of the questions which we proposed to him for discussion, and which he prefers to take up first, is, we submit, "quite beside the mark." He has produced no "positive injunction" for the practice of close communion, and for the best of all reasons, viz. : that the New Testament does not contain one. He *infers* it by putting two passages together, a mode of argument which Baptists won't listen to when we employ it in defence of infant baptism," &c.

In discussion, a great deal depends on the exact definition of terms. Allow me to explain, for the benefit of the uninitiated, what close communion really is.

Close communion is the practice of requiring *believers'* baptism always to precede church fellowship. You say that I have produced no "positive injunction" for the practice of close communion, but *infer* it by putting two passages together, &c." Baptists are not in the practice of founding positive institutions on inferences. We require *believers'* baptism to precede church fellowship, because we find in Acts ii. that the Apostles did so. We consider that approved Apostolic example is equal to "positive injunction." Don't you?

Further, you say, "But admitting, for the sake of argument, the validity of our correspondent's inference, what does he prove? Why, just what we all admit,—that, as a rule, "baptism"—whatever that means—ought to precede fellowship at the Lord's table; ought *always* to do so, we will say, unless it can be shown that the same Divine authority which laid down the rule, has also made provision for exceptional cases. Here we are at one, &c."

Nay, good brother, here we are *not* at one. Our practices in this matter are "wide as the poles asunder." We require *believers'* baptism to precede church fellowship because the Apostles did so. You put the baptism (I will be polite enough to forget to call it *sprinkling*) of unconscious infants in the place of *believers'* baptism, and then tell us coolly that "here we are at one." Nay, verily, it is here where we differ.

The practice of baptizing *believers* before they are admitted to church fellowship is founded on the example of the Apostles in Acts ii. Even

although you were able to establish the baptism of unconscious infants from God's Word, it would not set aside the necessity of *believers'* baptism, as practised by the Apostles. The example of the Apostles in this matter is the rule of the churches until the end of the dispensation, unless you say with Chevalier Bunson, that the "*doctrine of Biblical baptism must be reformed.*"

I was rather amused at the following remark: "G. M. and we are entire strangers to each other, but we will venture to say that his demand for proof upon this point is evidence that he has had a much more intimate acquaintance with English Baptist Churches, whose practice is almost exclusively that of open communion, than with those in this country."

I would venture to suggest, Mr. Editor, that it would be better for you not to attempt to write biographical sketches of your correspondents unless you are personally acquainted with them. G. M. never was in England, and is much better acquainted with Canadian than with English Baptist Churches.

The Editor of the *Canadian Independent* seems to wish to leave the question of close communion, and discuss the mode of baptism. I thought that gentleman had enough of the cavalier in his composition to stand his ground. The commencement of our discussion was on the subject of close communion. Hence I will "fight it out on this line" before I leave it. I will either beat you, sir, or you shall beat me. before I will retreat from the field.

In reference to the meaning of "Baptizo," you will get full opportunity to ventilate your Greek. I will contest every inch of ground with you, from Homer down to Chrysostom. "Not a tense will be confounded, nor an article omitted, nor a case overlooked, nor a preposition misconstrued, nor a particle despised."

I am, dear sir,

Yours sincerely,

G. M.

Our correspondent traverses, to a large extent, the ground covered by his previous communication, but we have thought it better to give his letter entire.

It appears then, that the best he can do is to offer us something, which in his opinion, is "equal to" positive injunction for close communion, viz., "approved Apostolic example." But supposing that we can set up against his reasoning a positive Apostolic injunction not to "judge" or "set at nought" a brother whom "God hath received," (Rom. xiv, 3, 10,) on account of any conscientious differences, what then? Is our correspondent's inference to be accepted as "equal to" the Apostles' command? If G. M. is prepared to say that no Pedo-Baptist can be a Christian, or what amounts to about the same thing, can he conscientious in rejecting immersion, he may adhere to the principle he is defending consistently enough. But if not, we think he should acknowledge with a certain old lady of whom we once heard,—“There Paul and I differ.”

“Approved Apostolic example” ought undoubtedly to have with us the weight of positive injunction; but no such supposed example can be accepted as “approved” that stands in direct opposition to Apostolic

teaching. Our practice of household baptism is founded, in part, upon what we consider "approved Apostolic example," and when our correspondent can shew us where the Apostles have *prohibited* the baptism of children with their parents, we will confess to have mis-read their Acts, and abandon the practice.

Our brother, it will be observed, has changed his ground in his present communication, and now defines close communion as "the practice of requiring *believers'* baptism always to precede church fellowship." The insertion of the word in italics makes a wonderful difference in the sense, and here we certainly "are not at one." But if it was hard for him to find positive injunction for requiring baptism in every case to precede church-fellowship, we think he will find it harder still to furnish one for believers' baptism. The fact that the Apostles baptized men and women upon profession of their faith, proves nothing; for these converts were all previously Jews or heathen, and not having received the rite in infancy, were baptised, of course, in adult age, just as is common in modern Missionary fields. One single case, occurring within the lifetime of the Apostles, either from inspired or uninspired history, of the baptism of a child, born of christian parentage, on making profession of his faith, would do more to establish the principle for which our correspondent contends, than all that has ever been written upon it. But that he cannot produce, and he must excuse us therefore, if we cannot accept his thrice-repeated assertion as "equal to positive injunction."

Our mistake in regard to our friend's nationality, who, we learn, is not an Englishman, but a Scotchman, does not in the least affect the remark we founded upon it. The fact remains, and he seems no longer to dispute it, that Baptists do deny the validity of immersion, when not administered by a Baptist minister. Will our brother now admit what he promised to admit, if the fact could be substantiated?

The closing paragraphs of our correspondent's letter sound somewhat bellicose. We fear he is getting excited. Nothing can be farther from our thoughts than "to leave the question of close communion and discuss the mode of baptism," or to "ventilate [our] Greek." We do not even profess to be scholar enough to contest with him "every inch of ground from Homer down to Chrysostom." There is, we are thankful to say, a much shorter and better method of determining the question at issue between us, viz., an examination into the *usus* of the Greek Testament. That, however, would involve a discussion altogether unsuited to our pages, and must therefore be respectfully declined, except in so far as it may be made intelligible to ordinary readers.

Moreover, deeply as we may feel the importance of correct views in relation to the mode and subjects of baptism, we feel even more profoundly the evils that are being inflicted upon the the church of God by the practice against which we are contending. "For the divisions of Reuben there were great searchings of heart," and well may there be still! We will therefore keep as closely as possible to the question with which we started, and shall expect our correspondent to do the same, it being always understood that our pages cannot be kept open to a mere repetition of points already dealt with.

"One at a time, gentlemen!" we had almost said, when, on looking

through the columns of the *Canadian Baptist* the other day, we found that that Journal had fallen foul of us for something we had written in our discussion of the communion question. We have neither time nor space at our disposal to engage with a brace of opponents at once, but must have a word or two with our brother editor. "The editor of the *Canadian Independent*," he says, "thinks that it is discourteous to trace the genealogy of Infant Sprinkling up to the scarlet woman, but we shall gladly give our readers its true pedigree, if we are wrong in this. We can fully appreciate the annoyance experienced by Pedo-Baptists when their cherished institution is assailed, and their annoyance must be increased by the fact that they have no record of its existence in Apostolic times."

We don't think nearly so hard of the discourtesy of the course he describes, as we do of the disingenuousness and dishonesty of it, especially when the editor of a Christian journal like our cotemporary, gives currency to the charge. That Infant Baptism is one of the rites of the Church of Rome, everybody knows; but that doesn't make it *Popish*, any more than the doctrine of the Trinity, or the observance of the Sabbath, both of which have come down to us, not *from* but *through* that church. Perhaps the *Baptist* will tell us when the "1260 days," during which, he probably, in common with most Protestants, believes the Papacy is to last, began; or to use his figure, when the "scarlet woman" was born? He will also tell us, perhaps, what Origen and Tertullian say about Infant Baptism in their day, *i. e.* the latter part of the second century. The investigation will probably correct the slight anachronism into which he has fallen in tracing it "up to" Rome.

As to there being "no record of its existence in Apostolic times," the *Baptist* speaks of course for itself. We have a record of it in those early days which prejudice, through constitutional blindness, cannot read; but that is his fault, and not the fault of the book.

Our very brief statement of the argument for Infant Baptism, viz., "that the Apostolic practice of household baptism, taken in connection with the not disannulled covenant with Abraham, which associated children with their parents in the reception of its initiatory rite, and our Lord's declaration, that "of such (infants) is the kingdom of Heaven," affords us ample authority for baptizing them," is then cross-examined as follows:—

"1. Were there infants in any of the households referred to? 2. Does baptism bring infants into a similar relation to the covenant of grace, to that which the circumcised male children of Abraham, and his descendants, obtained in the covenant whereby earthly blessings were promised to the Jews? 3. Did Jesus baptize those infants that were brought to him, or authorize others to do so?"

To the first of these enquiries, we reply, Nobody but a Baptist would ever have thought of disputing it. The word "*oikos*" (rendered *household*), signifies *family*, and where will you find four families, taken promiscuously, without a child in any one of them? The burden of proof lies therefore, upon our opponents, not on us.

To the second, we reply,—It does; for the Jews entered the earthly Canaan just as we hope to enter into the heavenly, "by faith." Our brother forgets, however,—to use a mild word,—that circumcision

brought the Jews into outward and visible relationship to the covenant of grace, (Gen. xvii, 7,) just as Infant Baptism does, and that is all believers' baptism can do.

To his third question we answer, No; for christian baptism was not yet instituted. But if our brother were asked why he thinks believers should be baptized, he would perhaps reply, because "of such is the kingdom of heaven." For the same reason do we baptize "little children," of whom the words were originally spoken.

For a reply to his criticism upon Dr. Halley's argument, viz., that "we are not to teach them by baptizing them, nor to baptize all nations, without teaching them, but we are to teach (or disciple) them; then those who are taught (discipled) are to be baptized," we must refer our readers first to the passage itself, (Matt. xxviii, 19.), and then to Dr. Halley's book. (The Sacraments, Part II.)

The *Baptist* disputes the correctness of our definition of baptism, from the close communion stand point, and gives as his own the following:—"Baptism is the immersion of a believer in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost," adding, that for the sake of order, it should be administered by the pastor of the church. Farther on he repeats,— "we regard the essentials to valid baptism to be *saving faith* and immersion in the name of the Trinity; the accessories to the ordinance come under the general injunction, 'Let all things be done decently and in order.'" There are then some "accessories" to valid baptism besides immersion in the name of the Trinity. Will our brother kindly tell us whether the previous immersion of the administrator is one of them, and whether the absence of that accessory would so far invalidate baptism, as properly to exclude the baptized one from the Lord's table?

THE REV. H. DENNY.

The following circular has been sent to us for publication. We need scarcely say a word to commend it to the favourable consideration of the churches, or of the friends of Congregational Home Missions, Father Denny being so well known among them everywhere, by his long and faithful service. We trust that the response will be general. We trust also that one of the results of this appeal may be the awakening of attention to the necessity of establishing a Pastor's Retiring Fund, the need of which will be growingly felt from year to year among us. Might not the Committee of the Union be prepared with some plan, or suggestion, in relation to this important matter, at our next annual meeting?

"ALTON, February, 1870.

"DEAR SIR,—It has been felt by many of the Rev. H. Denny's friends that something ought to be done on his retirement from the Pastorate of the Alton Congregational Church, considering the length of time he has been spared to work in his Master's vineyard, and the success that has attended his labours. He commenced his missionary work in Canada in October, 1836. During these years he has organized nine Congregational Churches. His first preaching places were log school houses and dwelling houses, there being then no Congregational chapels

in this region of country ; now there are nine in six adjoining townships. He has done good service in the Sabbath School, Band of Hope and Temperance cause. Age and infirmities induced him to resign the Pastorate of the Alton church, which he organized in 1839. He is now in his 70th year.

‘Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.’

“The undersigned will be happy to receive an answer to this by the end of the coming month.

“WALTER McCLELLAN, Treasurer.

“Alton P. O., Ontario.”

OUR FUTURE MINISTRY.—A WORD TO OUR YOUNG MEN.

I suppose it is a truth, known and acknowledged by all who have honoured the subject with a thought, that a Church is but the impress of their Pastor : their exertions, stimulated by his efforts—in fact their life character, to a great extent, moulded by his example. If the Preacher cries “peace, peace !” it is sure to find a loving echo in their hearts. If he is faithful to his post, the blessing must descend on them. Arguing thus, we, as a body, have little to fear for the present ; but it behoves us to look to the future, that we may avoid the rougher roads and stumbling blocks, along and over which incaution might lead us. And thus, while with good cause to be satisfied with the present, and fortified against want for to-day, does not the question of that vision-blest Prophet come to the mind with power, “Your Fathers, where are they ? and the Prophets, do they live for ever ?” Yes, that is a question to the point, for it brings the truth home : Our Fathers are gone, and our Prophets, our Preachers, are one by one slipping from the pulpit to the grave. Sometimes it is a teacher, a master of the art, that is taken ; and again it is a young disciple that is missing. Slowly, it may be, but too surely, they are all going home. Their battles fought, and their long life of service accomplished, they are being recalled on more than full pay.

Now comes the question, and surely it is not unwarranted or out of place, where are we to look for volunteers for the gradually lessening ranks of these banner-bearers ? Who are to fill the places thus vacated ? Where ? Why, among the many of our own congregations scattered throughout the land. Who ? Why, you, the young men ; for it is you to whom we are speaking ; you who have, perhaps, but lately cast in your lot with the winning side, and who now, in your own humble way, are striving to further the cause of the Master in the earth. But stop, Brother ; are you doing your utmost ? Is every talent employed ? You are working, it is true, and it is well that you should. But may not more be expected from you ? You are not ashamed, you say, to distribute the little leaflet to the wanderer and the careless, while sometimes with a courage bolder than ordinary, you lead your companions in the little meeting for prayer. It is well, so far, and you, humble in your powers as you imagine yourself, possess over those listeners of yours an influence greater, perhaps, than you imagine. But

think, as you speak to that small and brotherly meeting, do you find it in your heart to wish that it might yet be yours to speak to the great congregation? Faithful at one of the many oars of a working church, are you longing to stand nearer to the helm? If so, if I have drawn your half-formed thought almost growing into a desire some day to be a power for good, oh, do not fight against the feeling, however many bars in the present may seem to guard the way to the wished for goal. For it is to you, young men, that the church of the future must look to save them from the necessity of foreign supplies or empty pulpits. Brother, have these lines accidentally caught your eye? Are you reading them just to pass away a spare moment; and do you still wonder why they have been penned? Well, if you are a young man, listening and longing for a call to work, then it is to you especially that they are addressed. It is the same old story: "The harvest great, but the labourers few." A world to evangelise, and but a few fishermen to accomplish the task.

Strange, that there should be such a scarcity of harvesters for this ingathering of souls. No want of workmen for other walks of life. Look over our large cities, and smaller towns and villages, do you find there any lack of young men who are willing to pour over bank ledgers and counting house cash books? Plenty of lads for our manufactories and workshops, and yet so few for the great work of winning souls! Surely there must be something amiss; things are not as they should be. And so as to be sure of driving at least one nail home, see that you, brother, as you peruse these lines, close not the subject by wondering why that gifted friend of yours, as you call him, is not "thinking about becoming a preacher;" but see to it that you question closely your own conscience, careful that you let it not escape without a sufficient answer, whether you have right on your side, by thus evading your work at Nineveh and fleeing to Tarshish; and rest assured, that out of your proper sphere of usefulness, the sea of life will be but a series of tempests and storms.

Above all, do not excuse yourself by pleading inability for the work. You may not think yourself strong; all the better, you are stronger for the thought. Secure God's blessing on your heart; tempt that truant into the scheme and success must follow. Why, will you limit God's power? With his help it may be yours to accomplish wonders. A lad with two barley loaves, a few small fishes, and a Saviour's blessing, once fed five thousand. It is yours to cast the net into the water, His to direct its fall to the resting-place of the little swimmers. At the same time, don't neglect your portion of the work, for you will find no one to do it for you. I suppose that if the fishermen had not been found mending and strengthening their nets, many a little captive would have escaped in the general haul, and the draught consequently diminished. Hard study, and searching of the Scriptures are of course necessary for the better teaching of others; and that study must be commenced long before you enter the sacred desk, or even the Theological College. So don't, with mistaken patience, sit waiting in the vain hope that when the death chariot shall catch up Elijah to his reward, his mantle, already woven and embroidered, may perchance fall on your waiting shoulders. Oh no! Knowledge to-day comes by no hereditary descent. Wisdom and power are the impossible gifts of kings, and the power to divide rivers and work miracles is bequeathed by no well-wish-

ing Prophet ; and your mantle, if you are to be the happy possessor of one, must be woven and wrought by toilsome, prayerful study.

Now, in view of the great want, we call upon you, young men, with strong determination to succeed, with giant hopes for the future, with souls yet unenslaved by the world's gold and silver chains, and with warm hearts, hardly yet encrusted, and hollowed by its empty formalism and pretence, we call upon you for this work. May the great instigator of every holy desire, and the consummator of every Christian work, create in your heart the holy ambition to spend your life in preaching Christ and him crucified to a dying world ; that your life may not be in vain here, and that many a bright star may deck your crown of rejoicing above.

F. U. D.

MATERIALS FOR OUR CHURCH HISTORY, No. XIV.

BY JAMES WOODROW, ST. JOHN, N. B.

CHESTER, N. S.

In collecting materials for church history, the reverses require to be noted as well as the successes, the failures as well as the triumphs, the shipwrecks as well as the successful voyages. Among the promising fields (spoken of in previous papers) which were abandoned in Nova Scotia many years ago, was Chester, in the County of Lunenburg.

A settlement was made in the year 1759, by persons from Casco Bay, Concord, Pembroke, Piscataqua, Boston, and other places in New England. There were in that year somewhere about 40 families in Chester, nearly all Congregationalists. The Rev. Mr. Seecomb sailed from Boston on the 30th July, 1759, to minister to the new settlers, and arrived in Chester on the 4th of August. He at once commenced preaching, and continued with his congregation until the time of his death. According to the diary of Mr. Seecomb, for 1759, a town meeting was held on the 24th of August, Capt. Houghton moderator, and soon after the affairs of the town were settled, and lots laid out. The lot of Mr. S. lay on the east side of King Street. The diary is very minute in regard to his movements, and he appears to have lived well.

The diary states that on the 25th of October, 1759, he preached in Halifax ; on the Tuesday following, dined with Gov. Belcher. On the 28th, visited a private meeting at Dea. Ferguson's, and received £4.15.0, Halifax currency, for preaching on the previous Sabbath, and he adds, "The Governor gave a Johannes." On the 2nd November, Mr. S. dined with the Rev. Mr. Brenton, and visited the Governor on the 5th, which day being the anniversary of the gunpowder plot, was celebrated in Halifax with great eclat. He preached at Halifax several Sundays, and arrived at Chester on the 19th. Returned to Halifax on the 28th, and preached next day. On the 2nd of Dec., was again at Gov. Belcher's, and preached on the 6th. Rev. Mr. Brenton came to him to consult about going to Cornwallis, Horton, &c., and on the 8th they both visited the Governor. On the 28th of Dec., 1759, Rev. Mr. Brenton preached before the Freemasons, and on the same evening Mr. Brenton and Mr. Seecomb dined with the members of that institution.

Mr. Seecomb returned to his charge at Chester, where he remained

about 33 years. The American revolution broke in on his flock, as it did on others, and those who sympathized with the people in arms returned to New England.

As Mr. Seecomb felt himself growing infirm, he invited the Rev. Mr. Dimock, a Baptist, to assist him in the ministry of the Word. In his large-hearted liberality, Mr. Seecomb used his influence to have Mr. Dimock accepted as his successor, believing him to be a man of piety, and filled with the Holy Spirit, knowing as he did the great difficulty then experienced in obtaining Congregational ministers from New England so soon after the revolution, or from England, with which communication was not easy, as at present, and ministers not readily obtained.

Mr. S. died about the year 1792, and his son John went to the United States. Rev. Mr. Dimock continued to minister to Mr. Seecomb's people, and after a time the curtain falls on Congregationalism in Chester. The founders of the place were gathered to their fathers, or had moved elsewhere, and a generation arose who knew not the principles of the first inhabitants. We look for Congregationalists among the descendants of the Puritan settlers, and we find Baptists. The transition was easy under the peculiar circumstances, and a once promising field is inherited by others.

The Rev. Mr. Howell, formerly of Liverpool, Nova Scotia, to whom the writer is indebted, endeavored, while on a visit to Chester some years ago, to obtain further information, but the time had passed away when the required facts could be procured. The Baptist Church, it is said, has no record of the ministry of Mr. Seecomb, or of Mr. Dimock as his assistant.

It is no use now to mourn the loss of a field which might have been ours, if cared for by those on whom rested the responsibility. If more good has been done by the change, well. If the type of Christianity which supplanted the Congregational is more in accordance with the liberal and spiritual teachings of Christ—if greater charity prevails than would have prevailed under other circumstances—there can be no cause for regret.

For those who live in the present day, who have vineyards to care for and sustain, and who have principles dear to their hearts, let it not be said of them, "their own vineyards they have not kept."

If our principles are so free that we can extend the hand of fellowship to, and unite in communion with every lover of the Master, let us be careful that these principles are not abandoned for liberality's sake, and given up if apparently not as successful as we had hoped or anticipated.

WHAT IT WOULD DO.—"Give me," says one, "the money that has been spent in rum, and I will purchase every foot of ground on the globe. I will clothe every man, woman, and child, in an attire that kings and queens might be proud of. I will build a school-house upon every hillside and in every valley over the whole earth. I will build an academy in every town and endow it; a college in every State, and fill it with able professors. I will crown every hill with a church, consecrated to the gospel of peace, and support in the pulpit an able teacher of righteousness; so that on every Sabbath morning the chimes on one hill shall answer to the chimes on another, round the earth's broad circumference, and the voice of prayer, and the song of praise shall ascend as one universal offering to heaven."

The Home Department.

THE SCULPTOR OF BRUGES.

BY MARIE SIBREE.

(Continued from Page 346.)

The next morning Anka brought the scarf, and fastened it across the Count's shoulders. He was grave, but gentle in manner, and his voice failed as he thanked her, and said reverently, "May the God of love bless you!" As he was preparing to mount, she detained him a moment, and asked him to accept her New Testament.

"It will be a somewhat dangerous companion in our camp," said he; "but still I will defend it, as I would gladly have done yourself, with my life."

He waved an adieu, and rode off; Anka watching his dark plume dancing in the breeze, till it disappeared. Before, however, the gallant Count could rejoin his comrades, the battle had been fought, and lost, and Aremberg was slain.

THE CATHOLIC MOTHER.

If Cuthbert expected to find peace and satisfaction in his native city, a very short sojourn there was sufficient to show him the fallacy of his hopes. The Inquisition, spread like a network over the whole land, was doing its work; not now silently and secretly, but with such reckless ferocity, and open violence, that the Catholics, even, were horrified, and protested against the scenes that were every day being enacted. The council at Bruges had petitioned the Regent, Margaret of Parma, to restrain the brutal proceedings of one Peter Titelmann, an inquisitor, who, without law, was daily dragging people from their houses, and sentencing them to punishment and death, as it suited his own pleasure. The number of his victims was countless, for he continued in his office many years. According to his own confession, he "seldom waited for deeds, but burned men for idle words, or suspected thoughts;" "and he exercised his power," says a well-known historian,* "with a swiftness, precision, and even with a jocularity which hardly seems human."

The Protestants enjoyed a temporary triumph, during the latter part of Margaret's regency, when by thousands they flocked out of the cities, armed, to listen to the Gospel from the lips of Ambrose Wille, Peregrine de la Grange, and other noted preachers. One of them, Christopher Fabricus, formerly a Carmelite monk at Bruges, while engaged in the dangerous work of teaching the Gospel in Antwerp, was basely betrayed by a pretended convert into the hands of the Inquisitors. After being tortured, he was barbarously murdered at the stake, and his body, partially consumed by fire, was afterwards cast into the Scheldt. Both Wille and la Grange subsequently suffered martyrdom. But with the departure of Margaret began a new reign of terror. The Duke of Alba brought with him a well-chosen army, and an investiture of un-

* Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic."

limited power, which he was prepared to wield with uncompromising severity over those who had dared to resist Philip's hateful edicts.

The Duke was received with a universal shudder; commerce stood still, all foreign merchants fled from "a country that had become a charnel-house," and the principal cities became silent and half-depopulated. The "Council of blood" was reinforced by men who were only too willing to carry out all Alva's measures. One of their number has obtained an infamous immortality; and for the work that was to be done, a better man could not have been found than Juan de Vargas. His delight and pastime were to destroy human life, and he fulfilled his patron's orders, according to our historian, "with a merriment which would have shamed a demon."

Such was the state of affairs when Cuthbert returned home, and, without opposition, was reinstated in his former office. But that office had somewhat changed its character: the priest had not only to tend the flock, but was expected to seek diligently after the strayed sheep, not to win and woo them back to the fold, but to bring them to the slaughter. He must provide food for the flames, subjects for the hangman and executioner, and a goodly list of the names of those men and women whose blameless lives proclaimed their heresy, for the insatiable Inquisitors, or himself soon fall under suspicion. We have elsewhere spoken of Cuthbert's character, and it may be easily conjectured how distasteful, how abhorrent such duties would be to him. He was too undecided to join the persecuted, and too fearful of consequences to denounce the cruelties practised. But his want of zeal in the work was soon evident to his party; they distrusted him, and watched him incessantly.

Meanwhile, his own misery was so great that he envied the victims against whom he appeared. He would spend whole nights in the church, kneeling on the floor, before the picture of his favourite saint, repeating prayers (we can hardly say that he *prayed*), or he would lie prostrate on the ground in an agony of despair. He was never absent from mass, but all that had once been a source of delight now only augmented his wretchedness, for his senses were more acute to sorrow than they had ever been to joy, and the sublime music, bursting forth in the exaltation of the Magnificat, or wailing out a Miserere, had lost its power to soothe or to enrapture. His self-imposed penances were countless, and he fasted so long that several times he was found senseless in his room. This state of mental disquiet and bodily weakness made him so nervous and superstitious that he was often strangely deceived by his imagination. He fancied that an old man, whom he had accused of reading the Scriptures, and who was strangled for this crime, frequently appeared to him, repeating the words he had so reproachfully addressed to Cuthbert on his way to death: "He that loveth his brother abideth in the light, but he that hateth his brother is in darkness! May God forgive you and teach you that mercy is more acceptable to Him than whole burnt sacrifices."

One evening, while kneeling in the Church, he heard a voice that seemed a long way off, distinctly saying, "I have found the way of life, it is a thorny way, but rest lieth at the end." The voice was like Anka's own,—sad, but not complaining, and there, standing beneath the arched

doorway, was the maiden herself, with the same sweet, patient face that had bent over the soldier-priest. Cuthbert started forward to embrace her, but when he reached the door, she had utterly vanished. "A 'thorny way,' my gentle friend," said he, returning from the pursuit of a shadow; "it can hardly be such a *viâ dolorosa* as mine, and no assurance of rest lureth me onward."

At last Cuthbert applied to the bishop for advice and direction. His lordship confessed and absolved him, but still the penitent was driven to own that even this sacrament did not remove the burden from his heart. "My son," said the bishop, "you are cherishing some secret sin: perhaps you have been lax in your efforts to second the pious work of suppressing this damnable heresy that is making the wicked one to triumph. You must not permit any weak sentiments of pity to betray you into disobedience of the Church's commands; it is a mere temptation of Satan, to imagine that mercy should be shown towards any of these blasphemers. Let those who talk of mildness look at the insolence and defiance of these enemies of the Lord, before Margaret retired from the Regency. There is no remedy for this evil but the extermination of every heretic in the country; and every faithful son of the Church must assist to the utmost of his power. Look at France, torn and divided because of the Huguenot rebels. In the kingdom where our most religious king reigns they could not exist. Thank heaven, there is one small corner of this wide world that is truly Catholic, upon which the mother of God and her blessed Son can look down with delight. And think how our saintly king Philip must deplore the darkness and infatuation of his subjects here, how it grieves his royal heart to see the people he loves so dearly give themselves over by thousands to the devil. You cannot but see how the land is cursed; and if Catholics did not vigorously cleanse these cities by fire and sword, the floods of ocean would rise and wash out this stain by sweeping every soul of us away. My son, it is not so much examples of personal sanctity that the Church requires, at this important era, but men of fiery zeal; men who have renounced every human interest, who, consumed by holy indignation at the outrage offered to our blessed faith, can find no rest while a single heretic lives to taint the air."

After this ghostly advice, Cuthbert renewed, and if possible increased, his austerities, but his repugnance to the work of persecution in no way abated. At times he would look upon this as a sin, and pray to be delivered from its bondage, devoutly wishing that he had chosen the secluded life of a monk, shut away from the world, its passions, and its painful duties. The watchful eyes of his brethren failed to discover any actual cause of complaint against Cuthbert, but they, like their bishop, measured the priest's loyalty by his activity in avenging the Church, rather than by his devotion and piety.

In Bruges the war against heresy was conducted with moderation, compared with that which was going on in other cities; and to strengthen their weak brother, and to confirm his faith, at a meeting of ecclesiastics presided over by the bishop, from which Cuthbert was absent, it was resolved to send him to Brussels, on a special and secret commission, which commission was to contain directions for his own detention there, that he might be forced into the service he was so reluctant to render.

Cuthbert, disappointed, restless, and sick at heart, gladly hailed any change, and immediately began his journey. It was made on foot, with many pauses and many prayers at all the shrines he came to. Most of these sacred spots had been mutilated, more than a year before, by the industrious iconoclasts, and many of the churches were stripped and despoiled of everything that the irritated multitude could seize upon; fortunately the ecclesiastical buildings in Brussels were saved from sacrilege, by the firmness of some of the Flemish nobles. Cuthbert had been into many of the principal continental cities, but the first sight of the grand square of Brussels impressed him, as it did nearly every stranger, by the splendour and variety of its architecture. It had been the scene of gay pageants, and cruel martyrdoms; and in this square, within a few brief months, a tragedy was to be enacted that should make it a memorable and interesting spot to all the world. The unfortunate Counts, Horn and Egmont, deluded and betrayed, and arrested by order of the king they had only too faithfully served and implicitly trusted, were at this time closely imprisoned in the Castle of Ghent, awaiting, with mingled hope and despair, the result of their mock trials.

Our priest's stay at Brussels was short, but while it lasted he had to take part in, and be cognizant of, such insane and remorseless acts of cruelty, that he sometimes thought he must have already reached the infernal regions. At another time he believed himself possessed by an evil spirit, that compelled him to these loathsome offices; he felt that his hands were stained with blood; he almost feared to be alone; and his sleep was disturbed by awful dreams of coming vengeance upon himself. He next undertook the safe delivery of certain despatches to the authorities at Antwerp; but he did not find that change of place lessened his pain in any degree, and he carried to Antwerp the same heavy burden. That city then presented a busy scene, two thousand workmen were engaged in building the famous fortress. The cost was enormous, and the money was forced from the people, who were thus made a party to their own subjection. The Duke of Alva had fixed his head-quarters here, for a time, both for military operations and for inquisitorial proceedings; and here Juan de Vargas was disposing of the doomed Netherlanders, not by ones and twos, or by dozens, but by hundreds together. There was not a fireside that was not made desolate by one or more vacancies. The scenes depicted by the pens of the historians of this time are too sad for contemplation, almost too horrible for us to credit. It seemed, literally, as if Satan and his crew had been let loose in Holland, and that justice and mercy had been banished.

The letter from the committee at Bruges had been forwarded to Antwerp, and Cuthbert was directly conscious of being under strict surveillance; and thus bewildered, hopeless, and vacillating, the poor priest dragged on his existence, still unremitting in his prayers and acts of self-denial. As a trial of his sincerity, de Vargas had caused him to be elected as assistant-secretary, and a member of the "Council of Blood," at whose deliberations he was frequently obliged to be present. On one of these occasions there was a warm debate about a certain burgher's widow, an irreproachable Catholic and supposed to be possessed of considerable wealth. She was now dying, and Alva had signified to his

obedient council that by some means they must secure him this wealth ; for he had engaged to send more money to Philip than he could ever obtain from the impoverished Netherlanders, even with the heavy taxes he had levied. The council did not find many difficulties in obtaining anything they desired, in the way of property, never acknowledging such a thing as justice, or the rights of their fellow men.

The widow's heir was her only son, a youth of about eighteen years of age ; and while the convenient disposal of this young man was being arranged, the case was rendered more easy and simple by one of the members, who had been searching through a private note book, informing de Vargas that the heir had once been suspected of Lutheran tendencies, and would have been arrested at the time, but that he had been spared, by his mother paying an enormous fine. The informing member did not state that it was himself who had taken the bribe ; he merely intimated that the matter had come to his knowledge in a casual way, when he had made a note of it, that he might keep his eye upon the youth ; and now the time had come when it would be proper to inflict the punishment so long delayed. But de Vargas was not content with taking the life and property of the young citizen ; with his accustomed refinement, he proposed that the dying mother should be made to accuse her son, by working upon her weakness and superstition.

"Not," said de Vargas, with an imperial air, "not that we require any further proof of this youth's guilt ; but a Catholic who could harbour a heretic under her roof all these years, whatever his relationship, should be made to hear what the Church thinks of such a crime. Our worthy father here," waving his hand towards Cuthbert, "will be our envoy to this misguided woman, in company with our own priest. It will not be necessary to instruct so zealous a Churchman in his duties." The sneer that accompanied the command irritated even Cuthbert's crushed spirit. The errand was detestable, and the companion chosen for him was equally so ; for de Vargas' priest, Father Cabrera, was a smooth-tongued, deceitful man, as cunning and insinuating as a serpent ; he feigned great attachment to Cuthbert, and a profound admiration for his sanctity, but in reality he was commissioned to watch his every word and action.

Without any ceremony the two priests entered the widow's mansion, and the name of their authority procured them an immediate audience with its mistress. She was lying in a chamber that looked out upon the superb front of the Church of our Lady ; through the open casement came in the sound of its deep bell, that of late had seldom ceased its melancholy tolling. One of her hands lay on her breast, grasping a silver crucifix, which she now and then feebly raised and carried to her lips. By her side sat her son, Ernest Feldman, a fine, athletic youth, with a fearless, honest face, a son that any mother might have proudly owned, and very fondly was widow Feldman gazing at him, as he held her other hand in his.

At the sight of the priests, Ernest rose ; but before he could ask the reason for their untimely intrusion, Cuthbert courteously told him that the council had desired them to wait upon the widow, and, willing to spare the son's feelings, he begged him to withdraw. But this Ernest refused to do ; his mother was dying, he said, and nothing should induce

him to leave her alone with strangers ; she had already received extreme unction, and could need no further offices from the Church. "It matters very little, young man," said Cabrera, who really preferred his being present. Cuthbert began his task, under the vigilant eye of his companion, who prompted him now and then in a humble tone. The poor woman, when her failing senses understood what was required of her, writhed on her bed in anguish, and prayed for death to come instantly. "Woman," said Cabrera, "would you die with such a load upon your soul? How dare you hold this," touching the crucifix, "while you are dishonouring the name of Christian. You thought by bribery to conceal your wickedness, but justice has brought it to light. It only remains for you to confess fully all that you know of the heresy of your son, whom years ago you ought to have cast out of your home and your bosom, as a thing unfit to live, much less to love."

She turned towards Ernest, who was standing fiercely frowning upon the intruders ; but when he met his mother's despairing look, his own face resumed its usual expression. He had in vain tried to convert her to Lutheranism ; almost to the last he had indulged a hope of her changing ; it was too late, now, to look for this, but at least she should die in peace. He read in her eyes the struggle that was going on in her heart, between the fear of being sent into another world with a curse resting upon her, and the love that was ready to brave everything that threatened the safety of her only child.

"Oh, Ernest, my boy!" she gasped, clinging to his arm, as he endeavoured to calm her mind. Cabrera feared that love was going to have the victory and cried, "Do you mean to go down into perdition? Such a sin as yours is enough to sink the greatest saint that ever crossed himself. Confess what you know, or not a single mass shall be said for your soul."

Ernest's eyes flashed, and again he looked as if he had a mind to turn Cabrera forcibly out of the room.

"What must I say, my son?" moaned the widow, "it will be death to you."

"Never mind me, mother, my death is certain, any way ; I am too rich to be allowed to live. If it will give you any peace, mother, tell all that you know. Ask what you like, and begone," he said to Cuthbert. Feeling like something worse than an executioner, Cuthbert asked several general questions, Cabrera suggesting others, and taking notes of all that passed. The whole truth was at length extorted from the poor creature, amidst groans and sighs, piteous to hear.

"Surely we have sufficient evidence," whispered Cuthbert to Cabrera. The words reached her ears, and instantly she was seized with remorse ; she forgot her own danger, and all the stories she had heard of the dreadful Inquisition, all the sights she had herself witnessed in connection with the persecution, rose up before her dying eyes. She saw her son on the rack, and then led to the stake, because his mother had betrayed him. "I have slain my own child!" she shrieked out, "my boy that loved me so. The best son a mother ever had, and now I have killed him." Then clutching Cuthbert's robe, in an imploring voice she continued, "Oh, you would not inform against him ; what is told in confession it is not lawful to repeat.

The priest could not trust himself to speak ; he disengaged himself, uttered the absolution, and beckoned Cabrera from the room. The latter advised that Cuthbert should guard the door, to prevent Ernest's escape, while he should go for further assistance.

Within the room, Ernest was doing his best to soothe and comfort his mother, but to no avail ; she almost shrunk from his embraces as she kept repeating, "I have killed my own child," her voice becoming weaker every moment.

"Mother, do not think that you have injured me. I was doomed before you spoke a single word." She gazed at him, unconvinced. "Why don't you curse me, Ernest? Your forgiveness breaks my heart. Better have gone to eternal torment, with a sin unrepented of, than to go thither with the blood of my own offspring upon my head. The mother that bore you has sold you into the hands of murderers!" The last sentence rung through the room and was heard by the priest. Then there was utter silence ; and when he softly opened the door, some minutes afterwards, the mother lay still and lifeless on the pillow, her cold hand still retaining the crucifix, the son kneeling beside her, forgetful of his own danger, and abandoned to grief.

Ernest Feldman's sentence was the same as thousands of others ; and, before the close of the week, he had shown the strength of his love to the Reformed faith by the cheerfulness and heroism with which he met his fate.

For Cuthbert, a trial was approaching that eclipsed all those he had previously undergone.

(To be continued.)

THE UNPROFITABLE SERVANT.

In a napkin smooth and white,
Hidden from all mortal sight,
My one talent lies to night.

Mine to hoard, or mine to use,
Mine to keep, or mine to lose ;
May I not do what I choose ?

Ah ! the gift was only lent,
With the giver's known intent,
That it should be wisely spent ;

And I know he will demand
Every farthing at my hand,
When I in his presence stand.

What will be my grief and shame,
When I hear my humble name,
And cannot repay His claim !

One poor talent—nothing more !
All the years that have gone o'er
Have not added to the store.

Some will double what they hold,
Others add to it tenfold,
And pay the shining gold.

Would that I had toiled like them ;
 All my sloth I now condemn ;
 Guilty fears my soul o'erwhelm.

Lord, O teach me what to do !
 Make me faithful, make me true,
 And the sacred trust renew.

Help me ere too late it be,
 Something yet to do for Thee,
 Thou who hast done all for me.

—*Exchange.*

A DEATH-BED SERMON.

The New York *Daily Star* says the following occurred in New York recently :

“A gentleman died last week, at his residence in one of our up-town fashionable streets, leaving \$11,000,000. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church, in excellent standing, a good husband and father, and a thrifty citizen. On his death-bed, lingering long he suffered with agony of mind, and gave continual expression to his remorse for what his conscience told him had been an ill-spent life. ‘Oh!’ he exclaimed, as his weeping friends and relations gathered about his bed—‘Oh! if I could only live my years over again. Oh! if I could only be spared a few years, I would give all the wealth I have amassed in a life-time. It is a life-time devoted to money-getting that I regret. It is this which weighs me down and makes me despair of the life hereafter?’ His clergyman endeavoured to soothe him, but he turned his face to the wall. ‘You have never warned me of my avaricious spirit,’ he said. ‘You have called it a wise economy and forethought, but I now know that riches have been only a snare for my poor soul! I would give all I possess to have hope for my poor soul!’ In this sad state of mind, refusing to be consoled, this poor rich man bewailed a life devoted to the mere acquisition of riches. Many came away from the bedside impressed with the uselessness of such an existence as the wealthy man had spent, adding house to house, and dollar to dollar, until he became a millionaire. All knew him to be a professing Christian and a good man, as the world goes, but the terror and remorse of his death-bed administered a lesson not to be lightly dismissed from memory. He would have given all his wealth for a single hope of heaven.”

ADVICE OF AN ACTRESS.

I was sitting in the parlor of the hotel at B——, reading, when a lady hastily entered, and addressing me, said, “What time shall you go to the theatre?” Then, glancing at my face, added, “Excuse me, sir; I thought you were one of our company.”

It was Miss——, a celebrated actress, who was at that time an inmate of the house; and I said pleasantly, I never went to the theatre.

“What!” she exclaimed, “have you never heard Forrest, the great tragedian?”

"No," I replied, "I was taught by my parents to shun the drama. Some, however, whom I respect, say that I was wrongly educated in this matter, and that if I should once visit the theatre, I should see my error. You certainly know all about it, and I would like to ask your opinion. Would you advise me to attend?"

The tragedienne's countenance grew pale and haggard as she answered, with an expression whose mournful seriousness haunted me long after, "Sir, if you have never been to the theatre, I advise you never to go!" and without another word she left the room.

I have thought since, in connection with her sad, weary look, of the touching wail of the English actor, Robson, uttered throughout his last illness—"Oh, my wasted and unprofitable life!" and I have wondered if the patrons of the stage ever consider that their amusement is purchased at the terrible cost of the peace of mind, and perhaps the eternal happiness, of the performers they applaud; and if the young, when for the first time they go to the playhouse, know how many famous actors and actresses have uttered earnest and heart-broken protests against the theatre.—*Christian Press*.

CUTTING THE HAWSER.

I have seen a steam-tug start its propeller, which churned the water for a few moments, but the tug did not move from the wharf. A stout hawser still held it to the pier. As soon as that strong line was cast off, the nimble vessel shot off into the stream.

So it is that some awakened sinners "make a start" toward a better life. But presently they stop—fall back—and sink again into hardened impenitence. The reason is that they never cut loose from the sins they loved best.

A Sabbath-breaker never can make one inch of progress toward Christ while he continues the desecration of God's day. If lust for gain keeps a man in immoral and dishonest business practices, he must either quit his unchristian business, or abandon all hope of being saved. He must cut the hawser which holds him to sin.

That sagacious physician of souls, Dr. Nettleton, always suspected that when a sinner lingered a long time under conviction, and yet did not yield to Christ, there must be some special besetting sin that held him back. He was once invited to converse with a man of wealth and culture, who was under the powerful strivings of God's spirit. He wondered what kept the man from finding peace. But one day, while praying with him, he detected a peculiar *odour* in the man's *breath*, which revealed the secret enemy. He kindly pleaded with his friend, and told him frankly that he was drinking to drown reflection. (This is the very reason which sends thousands to the bottle.) The sin-bound man did not deny the charge; nor did he abandon the fatal practice. He drank himself into bankruptcy—into the loss of his beautiful home—and finally into the gutter, and the drunkard's dismal grave. He was one of "them who *draw back unto perdition*."

The first step in coming to Jesus is usually the quitting of a favorite error, or a favorite sin. Friend, if you are yet unconverted, here is probably the secret. Jesus asks a sacrifice of what you love, and what He

abhorreth. Will you give up your sin, or give up your soul? Will you cut the hawser? If not, you will be lost. "Behold, I set before you, this day, life and death; *choose life!*"—*T. L. Cuyler, in Evangelist.*

"RUINED YOUNG MEN."

BY PRES. J. M. STURTEVANT, D. D.

I read with great interest the editorial with the above heading in a recent number of the *Advance*. The subject is one of such painful and paramount importance, that the readers of the *Advance* cannot be unwilling to have their attention again called to it.

There are two sources of danger to the young on which we can never lay too much stress. One is their being trained in families, the whole domestic life of which is worldly in its spirit and its aims. There are, in our day, multitudes of families, in which religious observances are most punctiliously maintained, while yet a worldly spirit quite pervades and characterizes their domestic life. "Where the treasure is there will the heart be also." It is often true that in presence of all these forms of religion, no child can fail to see and feel the influence of the worldly aims of the parents. Nothing can content them either for themselves or their children, but to ride upon the high places of the earth. This is a worldly spirit, and it fatally poisons thousands of so called religious families. It exhibits itself, in spite of all the prayers and religious forms, in all their spontaneous manifestations of feeling and purpose around the table and the hearthstone.

It matters not what the preceptive teachings of such parents are. I have sometimes almost thought the better the worse for their children. That spirit which is spontaneously manifested is the real character they are forming in their children. And when that character stands in open and flagrant contradiction of the preceptive teaching of the family, and of the pulpit ministrations to which the family is accustomed, religion itself is made to appear a sham, a miserable external putting on of unrealities.

Children thus trained will grow up in a spirit as worldly as that of their parents. But their aims, though no less worldly than those of their parents, will not be the same. While their parents, in the more sober mood of mature life are looking towards objects more remote and permanent—to wealth, high station and a magnificent home, they are looking for the immediate indulgence of the hot passions of youth which have yet been taught to submit to no restraint. Avarice and ambition are the excited passions of the parents, and the full energy of their lives is expended in the effort to gratify them. What wonder, then, if their sons rush with a soul-energy equally intense and undivided, towards the satisfaction of those appetites and lusts which are clamorous for instant gratification? This is the worldliness of hot-blooded youth; that of cooler but not really more virtuous mature manhood.

When parents ask us, what thousands are asking in unutterable anguish of spirit, "What can I do to save my boy?" let it first be answered—try the effect of shewing your boy that you are really in ear-

nest in living for Christ and the everlasting; that you value money chiefly in its higher and nobler uses, as a means of promoting the moral and spiritual interests of mankind. Until you have tried this remedy—tried it faithfully and consistently—tried it long enough to convince your boy that you are really in earnest as a Christian—tried it till it has made its impress upon all your domestic arrangements and life, you need not expect that any other remedy will succeed. Parents who are themselves, either with or without religious profession, indulging in the vices which belong to the middle life, should not be surprised that their children are ruined by the vices of youth. The supreme worldliness of parents is the fatal cause of ruin to thousands of otherwise hopeful sons.

Another cause of ruin to great numbers of young men at the present time is the fact that so many are forbidden by their circumstances and by false views of life the hope of enjoying the virtuous pleasures of married life, or if they look forward to them at all it is only through a long vista of lonely and desolate years. There is not room in this article to inquire why this is so. But I say it with no hesitation—it is the reproach of American society at the present time, that a large portion of the young men of our cities and large towns are in a condition in which they are, or think they are, forbidden to think of marriage except as a remote and uncertain possibility of the distant future. The consequence is terrible to contemplate. Driven to desperation by the cravings of the most imperious of the appetite: with which our Creator has endowed us, they seek in the company of the most fallen and abandoned of the female sex those indulgences which they think their hard lot forbids them to enjoy in ways which virtue and religion approve. And somehow or other, experience shows that this vice is nearest of all the train to the gate of perdition. Many have tried to palliate it and apologize for it, but the teachings of Providence are against them. It is pre-eminently the vice that ruins. Over every door of the strange woman should be written—This is the Gate of Hell.

Nor are our young men ruined alone. Our young women perish with them, and become the very instruments of their destruction. The men and the women of this age may discourse as eloquently and as sentimentally as they will of the relations of the sexes, and the rights and the wrongs of women, it will still remain true on the scale of the million, that marriage is the hope and celibacy the ruin of women. In every society—call it civilized or savage—call it Christian or Pagan, where there are thousands of men ruined and rotting in a vicious celibacy, there will be an equal number of women in celibacy also, forsaken of their natural protection, uncared for, unsupported, and unloved; and they will descend by thousands to the haunts of the wretched, the degraded, the fallen. God has made men and women for each other; and if women cannot share with man the pleasures of his home, and exalt and ennoble and adorn its virtues and its joys, she will descend with him into the wretched haunts of his vices and his shame, and become the chiefest instrument of his degradation and his ruin. And this will still remain true after the sickly sentimentalists of the nineteenth century have done all they can by their miserable tinkering.—*Advance.*

“ ALL FOR THE BEST.”

Bernard Gilpin was a great and good man, whose pious labours in the counties of Westmoreland, Cumberland, Northumberland and York, at the period of the Reformation, procured for him the title by which he is still remembered in those parts, as “ The Apostle of the North.”

It appears that it was a frequent saying of his, when exposed to losses or troubles, “ Ah, well! God’s will be done; nothing happens which is not intended for our good; it is *all for the best!*”

Towards the close of Queen Mary’s reign, Mr. Gilpin was accused of heresy before the merciless Bishop Bonner, and was speedily apprehended. He left his quiet home, “ nothing doubting,” as he said, “ but that it was *all for the best,*” though he was well aware of the fate that might await him; for he gave directions to his steward “ to provide him a long garment, that he might go the more comely to the stake” at which he would be burnt.

While on his way to London, by some accident he had a fall, and broke his leg, which put a stop for some time to his journey. The persons in whose custody he was, took occasion thence maliciously to retort upon his habitual remark.

“ What!” said they, “ is *this* all for the best?”

“ Sirs, I make no question but it is,” was the meek reply; and so in very truth it proved, for before he was able to travel, Queen Mary died, the persecution ceased, and he was restored to his liberty and friends.

THE MOTHER DOVE.

The old meeting-house was to come down, so that the new one might stand on the same spot. It had a high, very high steeple, which could be seen a great way off, and to which many eyes had often been turned to see which way the golden rooster on the top was looking; for he always kept his eye directly on the wind, however hard it might blow.

The first thing was to get the high steeple down safely, without crushing the building. So a man climbed far up towards the top, and fastened a strong rope to it. The rope, too, was a very long one. Next they went into the belfry, and sawed off several of the strong timbers on which the steeple stood. They seemed like legs, and were probably as high as two men would be, if one stood upon the shoulders of the other.

Now, then, the street is full of men and boys—a great many of whom take hold of the long rope to pull the steeple over. But they must go off a long distance, or it will fall on them.

“ All ready,” cries the master carpenter.

“ All ready!” shout scores of voices.

“ Pull carefully.”

So they all began to pull, the men to give the word and the boys to shout. Soon the poor old steeple began to tremble on its legs. It seemed almost to shudder at the awful fall it must make. It made one almost feel sorry for it. Just then, there came a beautiful, solitary white dove, and flew round and round the steeple—not daring to fly

into it, and not able to leave it. She was evidently aware that some great evil was about to befall the steeple.

"See that dove!" said a hundred voices.

"Poor thing! she must have young ones up in the steeple," said a few voices.

Again they pulled, and again the old steeple reeled and tottered. The distress of the poor bird was now so great that all shouts were hushed. Every one felt sorry for her. Not a voice was heard! And now they pulled the rope, and the steeple again reeled, and the timbers cracked; the bird hovered a moment on her wings, and just at the instant the steeple began to fall, she darted up into it, out of sight! For one instant more the lofty spire poised and trembled, and then fell with a crash that crushed every timber in it, and made the ground tremble. *I went to it, and there I found the poor dove, lying between her two little white children, all three dead!*"

Alas! poor dove! You were willing to die for and with your children, but you could not save them.

But oh! when Jesus Christ died for men, He saved them! He came up out of the grave, and will bring all His people out of death, and make them alive forever. He did not die in vain, like the poor dove.—*Rev. J. Todd, D.D.*

* LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

Light of the world! to thee I come,
 All dark with sin am I;
 Yet is thy light, my childhood's home,
 Long lost: now through the earth I roam,
 A stranger, wearily.

Though I am dark, thou seest me,
 And knowest all my sins;
 I cannot hide one thought from thee—
 Nor would I, Lord! Oh, search, and see
 All that lies hid within.

Unless I know my Father knows
 The worst that I have done,
 How can I bear the love he shows?
 How take the gift that love bestows
 On such a guilty one?

My Father, lo, all doubting dies!
 I know that thou canst see,
 Outspread before thy glorious eyes
 My present, past, and future lies;
 And yet thou lovest me!

— *Sunday Magazine.*

BABY FINGERS.

Busy little fingers,
 Everywhere they go;
 Rosy little fingers,
 The sweetest that I know!

Now into my work-box,
 All the buttons finding,
 Tangling up the knitting,
 Every spool unwinding!

Now into the basket
Where the keys are hidden,
So mischievous looking,
Knowing it forbidden.

Then in mother's tresses,
Now her neck enfolding,
With such sweet caresses
Keeping off a scolding.

Darling little fingers,
Never, never still,
Make them, Heavenly Father,
One day to do Thy Will.

—Selected.

British and Foreign Record.

The memorial Convention, to arrange for the celebration of the 250th anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims, is to meet in Chicago, commencing on Wednesday, the 27th instant, at 2 P.M., where, on the morning of the same day, the Triennial convention of the churches of the North-west meets, by previous appointment. The business of the latter is to be done up, if possible, *in one session*,—our American cousins have a faculty of “putting things through,”—and thus the way will be clear for the Memorial Convention. The Rev. Drs. J. P. Thompson, L. W. Bacon, and T. M. Post, of St. Louis, are to deliver addresses on topics assigned to them, and the enthusiasm will doubtless be at white heat. It is proposed to raise not less than *three millions of dollars* for educational purposes, and a Congregational House to be erected in Boston.

Most of our American exchanges report very extensive and wide spread religious interest in all the leading evangelical denominations in the United States. Over 2,000 persons have been added to the churches of Cincinnati alone. The *Advance* of the 17th ult., names 47 churches in 14 different States and Territories, which have shared in the general interest, and the *Congregationalist* of the same date, about an equal number, some of them, probably the same instances. We wish we could report as well of Canada.

One of our U. S. exchanges says, “Universalists have formed many societies in New York, the greater number of which have been short-lived. Dr. Chapin’s church, and that on Beeker street, are all that amount to anything. Chapin’s congregation are held together by the magnetism of his own eloquence.” The fact is not a little instructive. That Universalism whose teachings are so soothing to depraved and guilty human nature, denying as it does the doctrine of future retributive justice, should thus languish even in great cities like New York, is a phenomenon that can be satisfactorily accounted for only by supposing that most men are shrewd enough to see that if there be no hell to fear preaching is but the proclamation of a salvation from—*nothing!* And *that* they don’t care to support.

The investigation into the affairs of the Methodist Episcopal Book Concern in New York, does not promise to be very thorough or impartial. "There is an odour of white-wash in the air." The Committee report as the result of their second investigation that the Book Concern is solvent and prosperous, that the agents are honest, and that everything now is all right. But on the question whether there has been corruption on the part of employees heretofore they do not agree, and on the point whether the business management was not loose in dealing through middle men, they are silent. A minority, however, make a report which presents some damaging facts in this last respect.

The Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, forever establishing manhood suffrage, without distinction of color, race, or creed, among the citizens of that Republic, has now received the support of more than the requisite number of State Legislatures, and only awaits the proclamation of the President to make it the law of the land. This marvellous stride in the progress of "liberty, equality and fraternity," has also been signalized by the admission to the Senate of a coloured gentleman, the Hon. Mr. Revels from Mississippi, who occupies therefore the seat forfeited by Mr. Jefferson Davis, ex-President of the Confederate States. Mr. Revel's "maiden" speech the other day, before a very crowded house, has elicited the applause of every body but negro-phobists, and was rewarded by the hearty congratulations of a number of the Senators. It is particularly interesting to observe that one of the first acts of the new Senator, on taking his seat, was the presenting of a petition for the pardon of that arch enemy of his once enslaved race, Mr. Davis! We are not sure that the act was as wise as it was noble.

The Mormon question is steadily approaching a crisis of some sort. The building of the Pacific Railroad has brought Utah and its institutions to the light. The whole nation now looks in upon the daily life of the polygamists who seem no longer isolated and distant, but near at hand and among us. This change undoubtedly imposes new duties upon the American people and the National Government. As to what these duties are even the wisest are not agreed. Two bills are now before Congress providing for the suppression of polygamy—one introduced by Senator Cragin, the other by Representative Cullom. The latter is very stringent, and provides that from the date of its passage polygamy and concubinage shall be absolutely prohibited; that not only shall there be no plural marriages contracted in future, but also that those now living in polygamy or bigamy, shall at once break up such illegal relation and disown or discard their supernumary wives. Every polygamist is to be deprived of the ballot, and the right to hold office so long as he practices polygamy; neither can he serve on grand or petit juries. This provision would place all the territorial and local offices in the hands of "Gentiles" and make them the only voters. The bill further directs the indictment and trial, in the federal courts of the Territory, of all known polygamists, the penalty on conviction being imprisonment and a heavy fine.—*Advance.*

Recent letters from Honolulu convey to us the sad intelligence that the Missionary packet "Morning Star," built in 1866, by the contribu-

tions of 2,000 Sunday Schools, at a cost of \$25,000, was wrecked near Strong's Island, on the 18th of October, having been struck by a sudden squall in the night, and driven upon the reef. The danger was anticipated, and everything that was possible was done to escape it, but in vain. The passengers got safely ashore, but nothing whatever was saved from the wreck, which quickly went to pieces. She was insured for \$18,000. We have no doubt another will be built to replace the staunch little craft which went down while on such honoured duty.

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM THE STATISTICAL SECRETARY.

DEAR BROTHER,—Being about to send out the annual circulars, asking for returns from the churches, I desire to make a few remarks in relation thereto.

About *absent members*.—We ask for names and addresses of these, as far as known. Brethren about to do a little evangelizing in the townships around them, or about to take a *working holiday* anywhere in the Provinces, would do well to get a list of these from me, as far as they have been reported. I shall keep them in a book; and hope the returns will be as full as possible this year. We shall have a column in the returns this year for "Pastor's Bible-classes." The remark made by one of our brethren last year, that in a six year's ministry *two-thirds* of all the additions to membership in the church were from the Bible-class, shows the importance of this agency. Hence our recognition of its importance, by giving it a column.

Parsonages, suggests a special return for them. We have accordingly provided for them. In this connection (though we do not ask statistics on it), we might properly suggest to every church *not* possessing a parsonage, the propriety of immediately taking a *long lease* of some eligible house for their minister or his successor.

About *Baptisms*.—Last year there were 340 infant baptisms reported, and the reports were pretty full. It shows a neglect on the part of Christian parents. There should have been many more. Will our brethren not keep the matter before their members? It can often be done most effectually in the course of pastoral visitation.

Under the head of *Sabbath Schools*, we exclude reports from Union Schools. We have hesitated somewhat on this point. There are many such schools largely supported by our people, and wrought by our members. If it appears to be generally desired, such returns could be asked for, another year, in a separate column. In some of the States of the Union such returns are put among the others, and distinguished by a *star*. But we do not approve of this plan.

With respect to *blanks* and *ciphers* (two very distinct things!) in Returns, let us quote from the rules acted on in the Ohio Congregational Conference. They are exactly our sentiments: "In writing figures, observe the difference between a *blank* and a *cipher*. For example: in the column of additions to the church, a *blank* means that it is *not known* whether there have been any additions; a *cipher* means that it is *known*, and known that no additions have been made."

Last year several of the churches omitted "cash" items. Some of these were afterward supplied. Part of our object in thus writing is to suggest to active members in the churches to ask the deacons about the 6th May (the date at which the Returns are expected to be sent in,) whether they have made *full Returns*? Better still, if the churches would get into the habit of

having these Returns presented at the church-meeting in May ; not only that any mistakes or omissions might be remedied, but that the church might know how it is prospering.

Let not brethren think it labour in vain to give pretty full "Notes" of the year's experience, in connection with these Returns. Especially let us have facts. Such as cannot be condensed into the "Narrative" will furnish the warp and woof of some articles for the magazine. That there were not some such last year, from the pen now at work, was due to the paucity of materials. You may expect some suggestions on church work next month, chiefly gleaned from a number of United States' Reports before me.

Yours,

W. W. SMITH.

VISIT TO INVERNESS.

DANVILLE, P. Q., January 27, 1870.

DEAR BROTHER,—Having obtained help of God, I continue unto this day in the old harness, and among the people of my first love. The strength of the bearer of burdens is decayed, but, thank God, it has not entirely failed. I still hold my place as Pastor, while we look and hope for some younger and better man to step into my shoes.

I write to say, that after our Missionary Meetings in this north-east corner of the vineyard, closing on the 13th inst., of which you will, doubtless, be duly informed, I visited the isolated, but true-hearted church at Inverness, County of Megantic. It is the only church in connexion with our body in that direction until we reach Quebec, and beyond that city, so far as Congregational Christianity is concerned, the Province is blank.

That little half-way house at Inverness, has awakened emotions in the breast of not a few Apostolic successors in the missionary work, not unlike what Paul had, when he met the brethren at the "Three Taverns."

The burial ground in connection with the chapel there is a memorable spot.

There lie the dust and bones of no less than *four* ministers of God's word :

The venerable Mr. Henry, who came over with the second instalment of settlers from the Island of Arran, preached to them in Gaelic about the sovereignty of God, and the duty of "waiting at the pool," (?) and of "examining themselves," whether they were in the faith, for about eleven years. He never dared attempt to preach or pray in English, for he said that he had to "first think it all in Gaelic, and translate, and that would make it too long." Under his ministry, the people were thoroughly taught what *God must do for them*, but he never ventured to call them out to pledge themselves to honour *Him* in any church organization, or observance of ordinances, lest the ark might be touched by unhallowed hands. He fell asleep, in 1834, when his health and strength had failed, providence sent a Mr. Anderson that way. He had been a Home Missionary in the Highlands of Scotland. His work was to "break up the fallow ground." He began by "crying in the wilderness, *Repent*." He told sinners that they must perish if they would not repent, and come to Jesus. So far as we know, the doctrine of human inability was not much discussed by him, but the doctrine of *human obligation* was earnestly and constantly pressed home upon his hearers.

A new class of Scripture texts were found out—we cannot say but an undue prominence might have been given to those texts,—some Christians of the old school had such an opinion—but God brought these new truths home to many hearts, and scores of persons found their way to the cross, and then were gathered to the fold.

Twenty-five years ago (less a few days) nearly eighty persons were associated, and constituted a church of Christ there. Rev. Timothy Atkinson, then

Pastor at Quebec, in connection with myself, will ever regard that as a memorable and hallowed season.

There, after a short ministry among that people, Mr. Anderson fell, while the harness was on, and was laid by Mr. Henry's side.

He was succeeded by Rev. Norman McLeod, late of Great Salt Lake City, who became *Pastor*, but who seems in subsequent years, to have taken some lessons from the "Angel flying through the midst of heaven,"—I hope on as good an errand. We are glad to know that he still survives, at Racine, Wisconsin.

After him came a Mr. Wallace, an earnest worker for Christ, who eventually sought a more thorough training—not in the school of "Aquila and Priscilla"—but in Bangor (U. S.) Theological Seminary, and if reports are true, has gone to Scotland to electrify and convert those of his own country.

After this, followed the ministry of Mr. Stalker, an earnest man, but one who devoted some attention to philosophy, and both time and attention to the practice of medicine. His body rests in that little cemetery of Inverness.

My historic sketch is lengthening too far, but I must tell of the *fourth* minister whose dust moulders on that hill-side.

Our brother Malcolm McKillop, son of the honoured leader and father of that settlement, and of the church there—(the late Col. Archd. McKillop)—had been numbered among the earliest members of that little band. This son of his father, and of a mother as worthy, devoted himself to the Christian ministry, was trained in our Canada Congregational Institute, passed through his course, shared the cordial approbation of his tutor, the late Dr. Lillie, shared also the confidence and sympathy of brethren and churches who formed his acquaintance—left the Institute with honours, and came *home to die*. His tablet is there.

We ought to add, that that little church has furnished still another faithful worker in the Christian ministry—Rev. John R. Kean, of Cornwallis, N. S. I saw his aged, praying mother last week, and if he has the mother's blood in his veins, and the love of Christ in his breast, he will do good service in the Master's vineyard.

I have digressed from my subject. My aim was to tell of my recent visit to that Bethel in the wilderness. Reports had reached us, that the work of God had been signally manifest among the people there, that several persons had become connected with the Baptist Church, and that some were looking for membership with the church of our own order. Arriving there on Saturday evening, I ascertained that fourteen young persons were candidates, that they had been visited by brethren deputed for the purpose, and that the church had voted to give them a cordial reception. After consultation, it was deemed better to defer their recognition, and the observance of the ordinance till the following Sabbath.

The week was passed among the people; several evening services were held, and on Sabbath, 23rd inst., the Lord's Supper was observed, with no little of joy and gratitude. Twelve young persons (one of the fourteen was sick, another absent from home) received the right hand of fellowship, and a hearty Christian welcome, and sat for the first time at the Lord's table.

Nearly all these were grand-children of the earlier and primitive members, who stood on the same ground, and for the same purpose, a quarter of a century before.

Most of those grey-headed ancestors are gone, but "instead of the fathers shall be the children."

It was a hallowed day, and hallowed season.

Twenty or more, had previously united with the Baptist church in the same township.

Yours in Christ Jesus,

A. J. PARKER.

A PLEA FOR THE GAELIC LANGUAGE.

Manilla, 1st February, 1870.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have ventured to send you an extract from the *Scotsman* newspaper, from the pen of a minister very dear to many souls in Canada, the father of at least three churches in Canada, and the spiritual father of not a few in Australia,—the Congregational minister in Tiree, Scotland. I endorse all he says of the Gaelic language, although I would not think of making it so public, as his letter now is copied both in the States and by at least two papers in Canada. If you can spare a corner for it in your Magazine, it will gratify many that would not see it otherwise, and may lead some to read the *Independent* that do without it now.

At some future opportunity I may send you a short article for the *Independent*; at present you will be crowded enough. I would fain say a word or two on the College question, but wait to see if an abler hand will.

I trust the Lord will keep everything like German neology from us, and give us a man that will give prominence to what Rutherford used to call the three R's. The Churches should be stirred up to pray earnestly to God for a man out of the right hand of Him who holds the stars.

I remain,

Most sincerely yours,

DUGALD MCGREGOR.

THE GAELIC LANGUAGE.

The following is an extract from a letter written by the Rev. Archibald Farquharson, Minister of Tiree, on the decay of the ancient language of the Highlands :—

“I believe it is an understood fact that the English language has no melody compared with the broad Scotch. The Gaelic may not surpass the latter in the melody that soothes and pleases the mind, but certainly does surpass it in the melody that stirs up and moves the affections. The former resembles the shrill sweet tones of the violin, the latter the soft tones of the organ, had they a little of the stirring *piobaireachd*. The former would make a man exceedingly pleased, the latter set him a dancing, if not *a-weeping*. I ask to what are we indebted for the sweet, the delicious melodies of our native country? To what? but to the broad Scotch and our Highland Gaelic. I have been led to believe that the Gaelic is more respected at present by the upper class of society in the Highlands of Perthshire than it has been for a long time. Her Gracious Majesty's known partiality to Highlanders has had a tendency to fan the flame. His Grace the Duke of Athole speaks it, and his children are taught to do so too. The Gaelic also has never been so much respected in the city of London as at present. The Highlanders there are uniting, and instead of losing it, are actually acquiring more knowledge of it, and more fluency in speaking it. A man at the diggings in Australia, who had scarcely any Gaelic at all, was forced to acquire a knowledge of it for his own safety. He considered his life safe only amongst Highlanders. In every part of the world where they have settled, the Gaelic is more respected by them than it is by those they have left. Wherever they go they take their associations along with them, and never forget that they are Highlanders. As a Christian, in the sincerity of my heart I would say to Highlanders, rally round your Gaelic, have it taught to your children, let it ever be the language of your firesides, of your devotions in surrounding the family altar, and never be ashamed of it while the pulse of life beats within. By doing so, you will show yourselves men, and gain more respect from Englishmen and Lowlanders than by forsaking it. I have studied the English more than I have done the Gaelic, and even prefer it as a written language in prose, but never in verse for being sung, or as spoken. It has neither the sweet melody to gratify my ear, nor the pathetic glow to warm my heart at all which the Gaelic has. A region where nothing but pure English was spoken would be too cold for my nature.”

OBSERVER'S LETTER.

DEAR SIR,—Your correspondent, "Observer," appears desirous to know why Mr. Dale's letter was introduced to your readers. I have great pleasure in informing him. It is surely high time that Congregationalists, in the appreciation and consistent observance of their principles, should cease to call any man master. Christians at Corinth erred in saying—"I am of Paul, and I of Apollos, and I of Cephas;" and why should we err in saying—"I am of Calvin, or I am of Arminius, or I am of Wesley,"—we especially, whose distinctive principle it is to take the Bible without a supplement, and to interpret the Bible without a fetter? Do we know what we mean in speaking thus, and are we consistent with ourselves? What do Congregationalists mean by calling themselves Calvinists? What is a Calvinist? Let the following quotations aid in answering:

"Calvinism—precious only because of its doctrine of the enormity of sin, and of redemption by Divine grace,—is almost now unknown. Calvinism in its extreme form, that *monstrum horrendum*, as it was early and justly baptized, which represented the Great Father creating beings whom he had first fore-ordained to eternal sin and misery, is buried, as we trust, in a fathomless grave. It has been seen at last that such an idea is as corrupting to the heart as it is fatal to the conscience."—*The Nonconformist*, London, January 26th, 1870.

"According to Augustine, God in his sovereignty has decreed the salvation of a small fraction of mankind. Calvin adds that, on the same ground, he has decreed the eternal perdition of the rest of the race. We find nothing corresponding to this in the writings of Paul."—*The Early years of Christianity: by E. De Pressensé, D.D., of the Free Evangelical Church of France.*

"The Independents are vulgarly stigmatized as Calvinists, whereas, in fact, few men had had less to do with Independency than Calvin. He was an arch-presbyterian, and would have shown small mercies to Independents, had they ventured their heads in Geneva. We revere Calvin as we revere John Wesley, and other great and good men. But the Bible is not to be interpreted by Calvin, or by Wesley, or any one."—*Rev. J. B. Paton, M.A., Principal of Nottingham Congregational College.*

"Calvin no doubt was a great man, and there was a great amount of truth in his system. But Calvin was not only not Christ, but he had less of Christ about him than almost any Christian divine I could name. He was harsh, narrow, dogmatic, cold, cruel. The system of polity established while he lived in Geneva was worse than that which prevailed in Naples under Bomba. It was a system of brutal cruelty. One James Gruet, for writing some loose verses, was beheaded. Even little boys and girls were liable to capital punishment for trivial offences. And need I name Servetus—a name which despite the one-sided sophistry of Calvin's defenders, rests like a bloody blot on that Reformer's brow?"—*Rev. G. Gilfillan, of the United Presbyterian Church, Scotland.*

And now, I ask, in what sense does any man, in these days, that is not living in some dark corner, and especially a Congregationalist, call himself a Calvinist? A Congregational Calvinist is one who does not believe as Calvin believed, in either doctrine or ecclesiastical polity: not in doctrine, for he believes in a general atonement; and not in polity, for he believes in particular church government. Why do we use the name of a theological master, and yet disclaim theological masterhood? Why do we use a name in an erroneous sense? Have we come to the use of "non-natural" senses? Why weaken or imperil our union by party names? Why cloud or conceal our glory by the recognition of human authority in religion? If Mr. Dale's letter helps, as I hope it will, to redeem us in Canada from theological moulds and exegetical fetters, it will not have been quoted in vain. "To the law

and to the testimony : if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them."

I am, dear Sir, yours truly,
J. G. MANLY.

TORONTO, March, 1870.

[We sympathize strongly with our correspondent as to the use of the party names to which he refers, although it is not very easy to find substitutes for them. John Calvin may have taught all that is here ascribed to him, but *Calvinism* is a term which has come to be applied, with tolerable exactness, to a certain theological system, and whether that system be entirely coincident with what Calvin taught, or not, is of no consequence, so long as the term is understood. And since those who cling to that system do so because they believe it is founded upon the Word of God, our union will be much more imperilled, as it seems to us, by rudely rejecting it, than by our continuing to use it as a term of convenience.—E. C. I.]

THE LANARK VILLAGE CHURCH.

WHITEHALL, N. Y., March 14th, 1870.

DEAR BROTHER,—I notice in the last issue of the *Independent*, the following statement, "Such, indeed, is the Lanark Village Church, one of the fruits of the precious revival, during the ministry of our dear brethren, Black and Shanks." In identifying the revival and building with the ministry of brethren Black and Shanks, the writer is incorrect.

The revival occurred in the fall and winter of 1853, and was a part of the great revival in Rosetta, nine miles from the village. The Rev. R. K. Black was pastor of the church in Rosetta, and was assisted by the late earnest worker and faithful brother Climie. This was a great and glorious revival. The result to the mother church at Rosetta, was an increase of membership of over one hundred and sixty persons.

At that time there was no Congregational church in the village of Lanark, and but few individuals who had been identified with the 'Independents' of Scotland. Drinking, dancing and irreligion prevailed, when brother Fenwick was invited to hold some special services, which he did for several weeks. God greatly blessed his labours, many were converted. A church of seventy-two members was formed, and in the spring, a unanimous call to the pastorate was given to the Rev. H. Lancashire. The church was not organised, for there were no deacons. It was without any property or funds, its membership being chiefly composed of young persons with little means. We first worshipped in the old Baptist Meeting House, then in the Town Hall. Meanwhile it was felt that a church edifice must be erected. A committee was chosen of which the late A. G. Hall, Esq., was an efficient and generous member. Much is due to this dear brother, and also, to brother W. Robertson for the present comfort and beauty of the Lanark church. Subscriptions were generous,—a site was secured and plans and specifications were obtained from Bachas Cleveland and Bros., New York. It was estimated that the building, when complete, would cost about \$4000. Everything appeared to encourage, when a large portion of material and finished work was destroyed by fire. This delayed the work, and increased the expense. But through the good hand of God upon us, the house was finished and dedicated in the winter of 1856.

During the above pastorate, which continued from 1854 to 1858, many were added to the church. The church records shew 72 names in 1854, 156 in 1858, but the actual increase was not large. Many removed, some were cut off, and others went home to the mansions above. During the summer of 1858, brother Shanks commenced his ministry in Lanark.

We always remember that dear people with the deepest interest on account

of their work of faith and labour of love, and the peculiar trials they had to endure for the name of Jesus Christ. And we rejoice to witness their success. The divine seed sown amidst tears and toils, has sprung up and borne some fruit to the glory of God our Saviour.

H. L.

News of the Churches.

Kingston.—**CONGREGATIONAL TEA MEETING—PRESENTATION.**—On Wednesday evening, the annual social gathering of the members and congregation of Wellington street Church, took place in the school room in the basement of the Church. There was a large muster of the friends of the church. Tea was served about seven o'clock. The entertainment of the evening was commenced by the Rev. K. M. Fenwick, taking the chair, and calling upon the choir to give their first musical piece—"Sing, O Daughter of Zion." Next he addressed the company, and gave a most interesting retrospect of his ministry and labours amongst them, concluding by reading a short financial statement, from which it appeared that for the past year the sum of \$2,963 had been raised for all purposes. The church debt had been reduced, during the same period, by about \$900, leaving a balance of only \$1,500. The school children had contributed \$80. With such results the chairman could not help commending them, the ladies in particular, for having done their duty so nobly without any appeal on his part. The choir then sang "Hear my cry." After a short recess, the chairman called upon Miss Allen and Miss F. Savage, to sing the duet, "Sweet Morn," when he was interrupted by Mr. Alfred Bonny, who, after apologising, begged permission to read the following address :—

To the Rev. K. M. Fenwick :—

DEAR PASTOR,—I am deputed on behalf of the ladies of the Congregational Church to beg your acceptance of the accompanying gold watch and chain, in token of the warm affection and esteem they entertain for you as their pastor ; and of their high appreciation of your faithful and unwearied labours for their spiritual welfare ; and also for the deep interest displayed, and the invaluable assistance rendered in the working of the Ladies' Association, and in the erection of this beautiful place of worship. And I am further desired, on behalf of a few friends, that you will also accept the accompanying purse of one hundred dollars, as a token of their full concurrence with the ladies of the church (and of each individual member) in their expressions of affection and esteem for you as their faithful friend and pastor ; and they earnestly pray that you may be long spared to them, and that God may abundantly bless your labours in giving you many souls for your hire, to be your "crown of rejoicing" in "that great day."

Kingston, Ontario, 16th March, 1870.

The Chairman made the following impromptu reply :—

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—By these generous gifts you have taken me completely by surprise. As I had no intimation of your design to make this handsome presentation, or even of your intention to read a fraternal address, I am wholly unprepared to respond as I would like to do. Such gifts are often made to supplement an inadequate salary, and sometimes to heal wounds made in times of trouble ; but as by your kindness, I have not been left to suffer from the former, and as our union and concord preclude the latter, I accept this renewed expression of your continued affection in the same spirit of respectful attachment with which I am confident it is given. It is now nearly twenty-three years since as a young man, I came to Kingston deter-

mined to preach Jesus Christ and Him only. It is twenty-one years this month since this church was formed with only eleven members. God has greatly blessed us; and the bond which unites us grows daily stronger. You are my first Church, and if our Master wills it, I would be glad for many reasons, were you my last and only one. I am your first Pastor, but earnestly hope not your last. As to my share in the erection of this beautiful house for the worship of God, I may say that I will be glad, should it be found, that I have done my duty; and as to any help rendered to the ladies of the association, I have only to add, that any pastor might be ashamed who would not do his utmost to assist such self-denying workers for Christ. Their present, specially and magnificent gift, I will prize as one of my most precious things. Let me tell you frankly, that much as I value the noble tokens of your love now before me, (and I need not say how much I value them,) I would rather lead one of you, who have not found him, to the Saviour, than receive what you have just presented. Permit me, with a full heart to thank you all for this unexpected, yet not peculiar expression of a love and respect at once mutual and long cherished.

The meeting was afterwards entertained by Dr. Jarvis reciting the last part of "The May Queen," the choir singing two other pieces, and Mr. H. Calvin reading Professor Bell's "Mary Queen of Scots." Mr. F. Folger also gave a recitation, entitled "Death the Peacemaker." The choir did their part very creditably, under the direction of Mr. G. S. Fenwick, Miss Hillard kindly presiding at the harmonium, and altogether a most agreeable evening was enjoyed.—*Condensed from the Daily News.*

Northern Church, Toronto.—We regret to learn that the pastor, Rev. R. T. Thomas, who has been spending the winter in England for the benefit of his health, has decided to remain there, the climate being much more suited to his constitution than that of Canada. He has accordingly tendered his resignation of the pastorate, and the church has been compelled reluctantly to accept it.

Garafraxa.—A soiree was held in the Congregational Church, Green Settlement, last Thursday. The day being fine, a large number turned out to enjoy themselves. The soiree was got up by the young people of the neighborhood, and was carried out successfully; no signs of frozen wheat, neither were there any hard times if we judge from the richness of the cakes. After tea was served, the meeting was organized by calling Mr. Samuel Williams to the chair. The meeting was fully interested by speeches from the Rev. Messrs. Brown, Jackson, Archer, Baker, and Mr. G. E. Lightbody. As there was no intimation of what the proceeds were, the chairman desired those that had it in charge to state to the meeting, when a young man came forward and presented \$30 to the Rev. R. Brown, out of \$36.25 that had been raised, as a token of respect, and also to show their appreciation of his services amongst them. Mr. Brown, in reply, thanked them cordially for this unexpected present; he also took this opportunity for thanking them for a buffalo robe and a pair of gloves that were presented to him on the Monday previous, from the people of this locality, and the neighborhood around Mr. Barnet's school. The Union Choir, from Douglas, enlivened the tea meeting.

A social was held the next evening in the church, and the amount realized was something over \$6; this being the fourth social and the fifth soiree during the winter, besides a number at Fergus, Arthur, Luther and East Garafraxa, showing that the people can enjoy themselves despite the hard times.—*Guelph Mercury.*

Newmarket—Donation.—A pleasant evening was spent at the residence of Rev. Mr. Haigh, minister of the Congregational Church here, on Friday

evening last. Some members and friends in connection with the Church, went up to the house in the afternoon, taking with them a quantity of provisions with which a most excellent tea was provided. After tea, singing and other amusements were kept up until about 10 o'clock, at which time a very handsome donation was presented by Mr. J. Millard, on behalf of the company, amounting to \$50, as a small token of their esteem. The reverend gentleman made a short and appropriate reply, thanking them kindly for this unexpected gift at their hands. Mr. Kirk then stepped forward and presented Mrs. Haigh with a very handsome, ornamented cake, as a gift from the committee of management. Mr. Haigh thanked the committee, on behalf of Mrs. Haigh, for their kind remembrance; and congratulated them on their excellent management throughout the whole entertainment. About 11 o'clock the party dispersed, well pleased with the evening spent. As there were considerable more provisions bought than was requisite, it was thought advisable to give the Sabbath School children a treat with the balance, and such was done on Monday evening last, when about fifty enjoyed themselves to their heart's content for a couple of hours.—*Newmarket Courier*.

Unionville.—A private note, dated March 5th, conveys the pleasing intelligence that on the occasion of the last communion service, four persons were received into the church in that place, one of them being the pastor's eldest daughter.

Cowansville.—The Rev. Chas. P. Watson, pastor of the Congregational Church, Cowansville, P. Q., lately received from the members of his church and congregation a very gratifying expression of their kind feelings towards him, in the handsome donation of cash, \$212; Hay, Oats, &c., \$20. Total, \$232. The donation day was one of the most stormy of the season, but amid the raging snow-storm friends gathered at the parsonage from several miles around, and by the generosity and cheerfulness of their giving, evidenced the warmth of their hearts.—*Com.*

Rev. John Fraser.—Old friends, and brethren in the ministry, will be glad to learn that the Rev. John Fraser, who has made the tour of the world, has received and accepted a call to his former charge of the Congregational Church at Irasburg, Vt. We should have been gladder still could we have secured him a field in Canada.

The Rev. R. Wilson, Pastor, until recently, of the Congregational Church in Sheffield, N. B., Secretary of the Congregational Union of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and Secretary of the N. S. and N. B. Committee of the Canada Cong. Missionary Society, has been received into the Presbyterian Church of the Lower Provinces, and "placed at the disposal of the Presbytery of York."

Bible Society.—We are requested to intimate that the Rev. Thos. Goldsmith, one of the agents of the U. C. Bible Society, having resigned, the Board of Directors will appoint a successor to the vacant office, at their next meeting, to be held on 12th April. To this end applications will be received by the Secretaries of the Society at the Bible House, Toronto, up to the 1st of April.

Our conversation need not always be *of* grace, but it should always be *with* grace.—*Matthew Henry*.

Official.

Widows' and Orphans' Fund.—Received since last announcement, Collection at United Communion of the three Toronto Churches—at Northern Church, \$11 ; Brockville Church, \$12.

J. C. BARTON,
Treasurer, Widows' and Orphans' Fund.

P. O. Address, Box 730, Montreal.

Montreal, March 22, 1870.

Obituary.

THE REV. DAVID DYER.

DEAR EDITOR,—Another of our Canadian pioneer corps of Missionary Pastors has ceased from his labours, and entered his heavenly rest. Having been a youthful member of his first flock, and subsequently a successor in the occupancy of the same pulpit, you will allow me to place on record in the columns of the *Canadian Independent* a brief tribute of affection to his memory.

The name of the Rev. David Dyer is associated with the Colonial Missionary Society's earliest operations in this Province, then called Upper Canada, to whom, with other labourers in these Colonies, he was transferred by mutual arrangement, from the London Missionary Society, which had commissioned and sent him hither in 1835. In September of that year he visited Hamilton, and was invited by a few Congregationalists, not yet organized, to commence his ministry among them, which he did, and in the following month a Church was formed, consisting of fifteen members, of which he held the pastoral charge till 1841. During the year 1836 the Church reared its first sanctuary, situated on the same spot as is occupied by the present comely edifice, then an apple orchard, with no building near it. The former house of worship, considering the feebleness of the few helpers, was a very creditable achievement. The late Sir Allan N. McNab was one of the largest contributors towards its erection.

In 1841 Mr. Dyer removed to the United States, and for a number of years fulfilled a very happy and successful ministry at Dorchester, Massachusetts, as pastor of the "Village Church," a colony from the Rev. Dr. Codman's, with whom he was on most intimate terms of friendship ; a privilege which he ever after accounted one of the greatest social blessings of his life.

In 1851 he was urgently called to assume the superintendence of city mission work in Albany, N. Y., where he spent the remainder of his life in a most arduous and important ministry at large, among the poor, the afflicted and the outcast, having several missionaries and colporteurs, besides an efficient staff of tract distributors under his supervision.

These useful labours were suddenly closed, after eighteen years of untiring devotion, on the morning of Wednesday, the 8th of last February. From his esteemed widow I learn that although for many weeks he had not been well, no serious issue was apprehended until within five days of his death. The seat of disease was the heart. During those last days of dreadful suffering, he could not recline without a sensation of suffocation, nor could he speak without great difficulty. In self-imposed silence, fearing to cause him excitement, his fond wife sat watching eagerly every indication of his thoughts

and feelings. Though naturally very communicative, he now withdrew from converse, and seemed engrossed with silent musings. Once, in response to her expression of sorrow on account of his apparent suffering, he said:—"Oh, don't be sorry. It is all right. Our interests are in kinder hands than our's. God makes no mistakes; and I only pray that the work of sanctification may be carried on to perfection, even if it involves suffering." Once he said, with very deep feeling, "Oh! I have had some horrible temptations! But that is over now; and though I have no ecstasies, no raptures, I feel that I am upon the rock—Christ Jesus—and safe—forever safe in Him." The day before he departed, in reply to Rev. Dr. Sprague, who had remarked:—"Mr. Dyer, you are going to receive your reward," he said:—"Oh! Dr., a sinner saved by grace!—a sinner saved by grace!—that is all." "True," (said Dr. Sprague), but you have been permitted to do a great deal for Jesus Christ." "Very imperfectly—very poorly," was his emphatic response. After Dr. S. had left, he said to his wife: "I do hope that if I get better I shall labour more for Jesus, and in a more Christ-like spirit than I ever have." When the hour of his release from the body came, the change was instantaneous, without a groan or a word.

From a lengthy editorial notice of his life and death, in an Albany secular journal, I quote the following sentences, characterizing his work, and the spirit with which he prosecuted it:—

"Seeing the necessity of an independent organization, he instituted the "Albany Tract and Auxiliary Missionary Society," which was liberally sustained by the churches, and is in a prosperous condition at the present time. With the funds at his disposal he enlisted a few labourers, who, with himself, set themselves to explore the dark districts of our city. He was instant in season and out of season. No difficulties could discourage him; no disgusting spectacles of squalid poverty deterred him. He imparted instruction to the ignorant, faithful warning to the profligate, and consolation to the dying. He was eminently fitted by the qualities of his heart for these duties: kind, affectionate, with a winning smile, and a voice full of tenderness and pathos, it was impossible to listen unmoved to his melting appeals, and we have seen the tears steal down stern and rugged countenances, as he implored them to turn to the Saviour, and think, ere it were too late, of their immortal interests. Eternity alone will disclose the blessed fruits of these labours, as in the quiet, unobtrusive home-walks of his daily services, he persevered day by day in his work and labours of love. Amid these, his services at our penitentiary must not be forgotten, where, as Chaplain, he has ministered regularly for fourteen years. It is known that some of its inmates once moved in elevated positions in life, and enjoyed a highly cultivated education. His services were highly appreciated by all. At the close of the service he conversed with many of them in private; affiliated himself with man, however crushed and imbruted in depravity; and kindly corresponded, when solicited, with their friends at a distance. Many are there who have left it to be ornaments in society and the Church, through Mr. Dyer's exertions."

On the Sabbath following his decease, when General Pilsbury, the Superintendent of the penitentiary, broke the mournful intelligence to the assembled prisoners, many of them burst into tears. The very great sorrow depicted in the countenances of that assembly of outlaws, as they listened to an impressive funeral discourse, preached by the Rev. Dr. Pohlman, was an unmistakable tribute to the kindness and worth of the departed.

To many of your readers, notwithstanding the long interval since his removal from our fellowship, his memory will be blessed, among whom may be numbered,

Yours truly,

EDWARD EBBS.

OTTAWA, 15th March, 1870.

MRS. S. F. HEUGHEN.

"Died, at Wilkesport, Ont., on the 12th March, at the residence of her niece, Mrs. Sarah Selman, Mrs. Sarah Frances Heughen, late of the District Mission connected with Zion Church, Toronto, aged 64 years."

Mrs. Heughen was a native of London, England, where she was brought up, and continued to reside until she had attained to womanhood. Her parents were connected with the English establishment, but like too many professing the faith of that church, seem to have had nothing better than a name to live. The Providence of God led her, however, first into the Sunday School at Surrey Chapel, and then to attend the ministry of the Rev. Rowland Hill, who at that time was pastor of that congregation. Her heart was deeply touched by the truths she learned, and while she was yet but a child, she was led by divine grace to believe the gospel, and devote herself to the service of the Saviour. She soon gave proof of the reality of the change, and united with the church, and when very young joined with a band of earnest young Christians in hiring a room in "Pedlar's Acre," then a very destitute part of the city, and establishing a Sunday School for the poor children of that neighborhood growing up without the knowledge of God. We have no particulars of the work there carried on, or of the results they were permitted to see; but we doubt not that He who has declared that His Word "shall not return unto Him void," blessed their humble and prayerful efforts, and that some of those little wanderers so sought after, and brought into the fold of Jesus, have even now welcomed her to glory.

Having married the late Mr. Joseph Heughen, she emigrated with him to this country about the year 1831, and settled in Toronto. There being no Congregational church in the place at the time, she enjoyed occasional fellowship with other churches as opportunity offered, until the arrival of the Rev. Mr. Merrifield, from England, and the formation of the Bay St. (then George St.) church, she having been one of the original members who united in its organization.

Her father having deceased, her mother, with her family, soon followed her to this country, where she had the great joy of seeing her become a sincere Christian, and some years afterwards laid her hands upon her eyes as she fell asleep in Jesus.

Into the particulars of our dear sister's history we need not enter. Her life was one of great trial in many ways. Fire devastated her dwelling, and "all her pleasant things were laid waste." Frequent bereavement left her only one of her children. Worse than widowhood blighted her domestic bliss. A complication of diseases often rent her frame with agony; and sometimes dark clouds gathered round her spirit, and led her to exclaim with Newton—

"Lord, why is this?
Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?"

But faith in Jesus triumphed, and enabled her to say, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

Removing from Toronto in 1840, she first went with her husband to Kingston, and subsequently to Montreal, spending several years in each place. Thence, about 1848, she removed to her sister's residence in Caledon, and about four years later to Brantford, where she remained till 1862, and then returned again to Toronto. It was at this period that she was engaged by the Church to labour in connection with the District Mission, to which we have already referred. Feeble in body, but strong in spirit, it was marvellous to behold what an amount of toil she was enabled to undergo, in visiting and relieving the "poor ones"—to use her favourite phrase—whom she sought out, and endeavoured to bring to Jesus. And many were the little tokens of gratitude she received, and deep the expressions of sorrow when, in the Providence of God, she was compelled to relinquish her work. and

leave them for a temporary sojourn in Ohio. The dying chamber of Dorcas could hardly have been more affecting. How much her faithfulness and self-denial were appreciated by the church also, may be judged of by the beautiful and costly copy of Bagster's Comprehensive Bible, and other gifts, which were presented to her on her retiring from the work.

She was never permitted to resume it, though her heart was still in it. Somewhat more than a year ago she returned to Brantford, but was so feeble in body as scarcely ever to be able to leave her dwelling. Several times was she so prostrated by illness as to be at the very verge of the grave. Four months since she became very anxious to reach Wilkesport, where her sister and family are residing. It seemed almost madness to attempt to convey her thither. Fellow-passengers looked at her aghast, and feared she would die on the journey. But God heard her prayer, and gave her strength for it, and she accomplished her last earthly remove *just alive*. With good nursing and the change of air, however, she shortly rallied again, and continued slightly to improve until about the end of February, when she was again prostrated with her last illness. Even the Sabbath before her death she was able to take part, while sitting in her chair, in the prayer-meeting held in the house. It was her last earthly Sabbath. A week of extreme suffering ensued; the weary body could endure no more, and on Saturday evening, at about twenty minutes after nine o'clock, her ransomed spirit entered into rest. She seemed scarcely conscious of the approach of death, and uttered but few parting words; but we know in whom she had believed, and need not the assurance of any bright pre-visions of glory to comfort us concerning her.

Her remains await the dawn of the resurrection morning in the grave yard around the little village church, where, at her interment, on Wednesday afternoon, the writer preached a funeral discourse to a large audience from 2 Cor. v, 6-8.

“Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,
 Since God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian, thy Guide;
 He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee;
 And death hath no sting, for the Saviour hath died.”

J. W.

Gleanings.

QUALIFICATIONS FOR A SINGING CLERK.—The following advertisement, said to have been extracted from the cover of a magazine published in London, is commended to the attention of all who conduct the service of song in the house of the Lord:—“Surrey Tabernacle. A clerk wanted to conduct the singing at the Surrey Tabernacle, Borough Road. He must be one who knows vitally the truth for himself, and be able to give a scriptural reason for the hope that is in him. One who lives as well as professes the Gospel. He must also be a decided, a strict Baptist. Also, he must have a competent knowledge of music, and a voice suited for giving the hymns out as well as singing, suited to the largeness of the place and congregation. Also, he must be one who can both give the hymns out in their significance as one who knows in his own soul what he is saying; also, he must be sufficiently acquainted with the English language to pronounce his words with propriety; one who knows whereabouts accent and emphasis ought to rest. It is not desired that the hymn in giving out should be growled out, nor bawled out, nor squeaked nor whispered out, nor hurried out, nor dandied out, but given out as dictated by common sense and a feeling heart, in a voice distinct, earnest

and impressive. Also, it is desirable that he should be one who, in singing, pronounces his words ; not glide with le, la, la, through the hymn, and nobody know what he is singing ; nor is it desirable that he should bawl, ready to split his throat, but sing easily and melodiously. Of course, perfection cannot be expected, but the above will serve for a hint as to the kind of article that is wanted. Direct to Deacons of Surrey Tabernacle, care of J. Cox, 100, Borough Road, S. E."

PERSONAL INTEREST IN THE POOR.—It is not enough merely to go round to the houses of the poor and invite them to church, and then consider our duty ended. A cold, formal invitation will do no good ; it will be appraised at its true value. But, if we are truly anxious for their salvation, let us call upon them on the Sabbath, and invite them to accompany us to the house of God. Let them share our luxurious seats, and they will soon understand that our interest in them is deep and true.

Let us not be afraid to follow in the footsteps of the King of Glory, who came to seek and save, not the rich, proud, religious Pharisee, but the sinful outcasts of society, and sent this message to John the Baptist, as one of the distinguishing traits of the new dispensation, that the poor had the gospel preached unto them.

It is in this direction, also, that Christian employers may find a large field, ready to welcome their efforts in extending their Master's kingdom. Of all the men in your employ, how many receive a friendly word from you—how many have ever seen you within their doors—how many could tell how kindly you inquired for their wives and children—how you called to see themselves when laid up with sickness ? How many have ever heard from you a hearty word of good advice ? How many have you asked how they spend the Sabbath, or counseled as to the ever-living soul within them ? "For there are reciprocities of right which no creature can gainsay."

EVENING PARTIES.—No one would accuse Thackeray of Puritan scruples or a tendency to religious croaking. He speaks as a close observer, and a merely humane critic, in one of the papers found in his recently issued volume, where he says :—"The system of evening parties is a false and absurd one. Ladies may frequent them professionally, with an eye to a husband, but a man is an ass who takes a wife out of such assemblies, having no other means of judging of his choice. You are not the same person in your white crape and satin slippers as you are in your morning dress. A man is not the same in his tight coat, and his feverish glazed pumps, and his stiff, white waistcoat, as he is in his green double-breasted frock, his old black ditto, or his woollen jacket. And a man is doubly an ass who is in the habit of frequenting evening parties, unless he is forced thither in search of a lady to whom he is attached—unless he is compelled to go by his wife. A man who loves dancing may be set down as an ass, and the fashion is greatly going out with the increased good sense of the age. Do not say that he who lives at home, or frequents clubs in lieu of balls, is a brute or has not a respect for the female sex ; on the contrary, he may respect it most sincerely. He feels that a woman appears to advantage not among those whom she cannot care about, but among those whom she loves. He thinks she is beautiful when she is at home making tea for her old father. He believes her to be charming when she is singing a simple song at the piano, but not when she is screeching at an evening party. He thinks by far the most valuable part of her is her heart ; and a kind, simple heart, my dear, shines in conversation better than the best of wit. He admires her most in intercourse with her family and friends, and detests the miserable slip-slop he is obliged to hear from and utter to her in the course of a ball, and avoids and despises such meetings."