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THE
PRESBYTERIAN;

A MONTHLY RECORD

OF

The Presbyterian Church of Canada

IN CONNECTION WITH THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND,

AND

Journal of Missionary Intelligence and Useful Information,

CONDUCTED BY A COMMITTEE OF THE LAY ASSOCIATION.



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1865.

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THE PRESBYTERIAN.

JANUARY, 1865.



BEFORE these pages are in the hands of all our readers, the year 1864 will have passed away, and we shall have entered on a new year. To the young it is a season of cheerful enjoyment, and they look forward with eager hope to a long succession of years of happiness in the society of the friends of their early years. But as they advance to middle age, and find those who surrounded them in youth passing away, one after another,—some removed by death, others by distance,—when they find the hopes they had cherished of success in life, unfulfilled, or, if fulfilled, bringing with them their own peculiar trials, they learn to look forward with more chastened expectations.

We would not, by one word of ours, sadden the hearts of our young readers, nor should thoughts of the future cast a gloom over their innocent amusements. Life has been given that we may enjoy its pleasures as well as endure its sorrows, and there are times and seasons more peculiarly set apart for the reunion of families, separated during the rest of the year by the calls of duty, or the demands of business. They are looked forward to for weeks, and the days are counted which must pass before those who love each other are to meet again. Such a season is now at hand, and Christianity teaches us how best to enjoy it. The Christian believes that

Life is good, for God did give it—
Good to all, who rightly live it;
Sweet affections lend it beauty;
Stirring conflict makes it grand;
Faith triumphant makes it holy,
Leaning on the Father's hand.

Yet he also knows, no one better, that

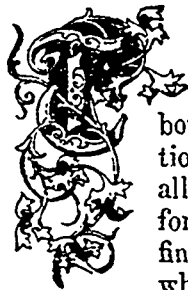
Life is conflict, earnest, stern,
Much to conquer, more to learn;

But above there is a Helper:
Blessed voices cheer us on;
Heavenly lights forbid to falter,
Angels shout each victory won.

Solemnised by the death of the old and the birth of a new year, may we dedicate ourselves once more to the service of our God, and place ourselves in His hand. At this inclement season, while enjoying those comforts which have been bestowed on us, may we remember that "Blessed is he that considereth the poor."

We so recently addressed our friends on our position and prospects, that we shall now only remind them that we are beginning a new volume. We have introduced some typographical improvements, and shall endeavour to maintain, and if we can, add to the attractions of the magazine.

To each and all we wish a Happy New Year.



THE *Journal of Education* for Lower Canada contains a very long and very laboured defence of the Education Office. Wading through all the little points brought forward by the apologist, we find certain conclusions at which he has arrived. First, that the School Law has been administered with strict impartiality; second, that, unfortunately, favour has been shewn in some cases, but that has been to Protestants, never to Roman Catholics; third, that Protestant bloodsuckers have absorbed the larger portion of the grant; and to prove this he furnishes a number of statistical tables to which he points as "Confirmation strong as proof of Holy Writ." Unfortunately, however, these very tables shew that Common Schools, under a different name, and really giving no other and no better education than these afford, are classed with Protestant Model and

Grammar Schools, and even, in some cases, with Protestant Colleges. The thing is too transparent to deceive those who will take the trouble to look into the matter and to search for themselves.

The grant for Common Schools was intended to bring within reach of all classes, all creeds, and all religions, an opportunity of obtaining, at least the rudiments of, a good education. But what is really the working of the system? We said in a former article, with which the *Journal of Education* finds fault, that it "appears to be a well arranged scheme for propagating the 'true faith.'" And we say so still, and that the more strongly since we have the acknowledgment of the Superintendent himself that it is so. We are anxious to see religious, as well as secular, knowledge imparted in our schools, but the religious and secular teaching could be so arranged, that the one need not interfere with the other. Protestants of British origin are too apt to forget that while they can, by force of their combined strength, command *some* attention to their demands, those of French origin have no such power. Few in number and scattered,—here, singly, there, in groups of two or three families,—how can they obtain redress for the injustice of which they have to complain? They are compelled to use as school books works altogether abhorrent to them. The *Journal of Education* maintains that *Les Devoirs du Chrétien* is not the only book from which candidates for diplomas qualifying them to teach French, are allowed to read; they may take *Garneau's* abridgement of the History of Canada, and with reference to the examination from the Apocrypha, there are those in the Council of Public Instruction who could, *et professo*, attend to the matter from a Protestant point of view. We need only refer to the rules for the examination of candidates, issued by the Education Office, and signed by Louis Giard, recording clerk, to show how very disingenuous is all this special pleading. Candidates for diplomas, whether they be French Canadians or British Canadians, *must* answer questions in Sacred History from the Apocrypha, if such questions are put to them. True, in most parts of the Eastern Townships, in which Protestants constitute the majority, these questions *dares not* be put. But how is it with French Canadian Protestants? What chance would they have for a diploma if they refused to answer them? What scholar would dare refuse to read the class book authorised by the

Council of Public Instruction, by Mgr. the Archbishop of Paris, by Mgr. the Archbishop of Tours, and by Mgr. the Bishop of Langres! Commencing with the Holy Mass, this Treatise on the Duties of a Christian, inculcates tenets, dogmas, prayers, and worship, in substance and form most objectionable, nay, detestable to all Protestants. On page 33 of this class book we find an account of the angels, from which we translate: "The occupation of the angels is to sing the praises of God, to adore him, *to present to him our prayers, and to protect those who invoke them.*" And again, after speaking of all the benefits they (the angels) confer on us, it adds, "Can we forget what the holy angels do for us, and will the remembrance not open our hearts to feelings of respect, gratitude, confidence, and love! Will it not lead us to listen to their inspirations, to *pray to them often, and always fervently,*" &c. At page 112 we find the doctrine of Purgatory laid down and expounded, with the little heathen story of Tantalus, done up in a Roman Catholic garb, thrown in to enforce the duty of releasing souls from purgatorial fires. But what need to go over the contents of the book which is now lying before us? Is it for teaching such as this that we are taxed? When Canada became a British Province, Roman Catholics were guaranteed toleration, that is they were not to be interfered with in the exercise of their religion; but are we therefore to tolerate their intolerance? If the Confederation scheme now proposed becomes a fact, in what position will Protestants in Lower Canada be placed? Our statesmen talk of pledges and guarantees, and bid us trust in the justice and generosity of our Roman Catholic brethren. Only put your hands in the handcuffs once more and see how tenderly you will be treated. Our security must be taken beforehand. We must have it in our power, by statute law, to resist all encroachments upon our rights. There should be a minister of education responsible to Parliament. Piercing through the veil thrown around the Superintendent, by the decent fiction that all acts emanate from the Governor in Council, we find an irresponsible autocrat. And he is all the more irresponsible, since in every serious complaint he can raise the triple shield of "The Governor in Council." This must no longer continue. Our French Protestant brethren ought to be cared for as well as ourselves. A Protestant Superintendent, with sufficient powers, should be

appointed to watch over our interests. Or, as this might encroach too much on the Education Fund, which the Superintendent complains is already too small, it would probably be better that, while the Superintendent is a Catholic, the Secretary should be a Protestant, a man of mark, chosen for his abilities and integrity, and not from political considerations. Surely an honourable, upright man could be got, honestly desirous of seeking the good of both parties, who would work harmoniously with the present Superintendent as long as he shows himself actuated by the same good motive. And for these ends every exertion should be used to create an interest in the question of education. A beginning has been made; Protestants have found a flag and a cause around which they can rally. Is all that has been done to end in barren excitement, without fruit and without result?

Since the above was in type, we have received "Suggestions and Considerations" on the question, issued by the Committee of the Protestant Educational Association. We need not reprint them, as they are published in all the newspapers. We are afraid the plan proposed by the Committee will be found too complicated in many of its details, besides being much more expensive. We, however, commend it to the attention of our readers.



OR some months past, the University question in Upper Canada has been suffered to rest, and there is danger lest the needed reforms should be lost sight of—a contingency which would be acceptable to many who are interested in keeping up the present system. When the Report of the University Commissioners appeared, it was assailed with unmeasured abuse by the Toronto press, as had been expected, and the various organs of the denominations who now mainly benefit by University College, were also loud in their condemnation. In order better to attack the Report, it was criticised on financial grounds only, the object of those who deemed reform necessary being wrongly stated to be a mercenary one. So far as the Church of Scotland is concerned, it is well that this disingenuous allegation should be met and contradicted. Queen's University and College, it is true, are somewhat hampered for

want of funds, and further aid would be very welcome for the purpose of endowing new chairs, or adding to the library and museum. The income of the Institution can, however, be made to sustain it upon the present scale, for some years to come; and it was with an eye to future expansion that the first claim for some share of the public University Funds of the Upper Province was pressed. It must never, however, be forgotten, that a larger and nobler aim animated the late Dr. Leitch, and those who worked with him, in the cause of University Reform.

In Upper Canada, at present, we have four Universities, all of them clothed with University powers, and annually granting numerous Degrees in Arts, Medicine, or Law. Having no common standard, and being, to a certain extent, eager to rival each other by the number of graduates or students they can enrol, these Institutions issue degrees of no certain or fixed value, which are constantly subject to change in the qualifications required. Even in Canada, these degrees have not the place in public estimation which they ought to possess; and how can it be expected that their value will be recognized, or even known, beyond the Province? It was to remedy this great and crying evil that Dr. Leitch laboured and wrote; and had the opponents of Reform been generous enough to criticise the scheme on its proper merits, they could not have failed to admit its necessity.

The Report of the University Commissioners has been laid aside, but not lost sight of; and we trust the time is now near at hand when a movement will be made to have its suggestions calmly discussed. No action has yet been taken by the Government in the matter, political changes and considerations having intervened. Now, however, that our country is about to assume a new position, and that changes in her constitution and internal administration appear probable, the cause of higher education must not be forgotten, nor the much needed Reform of the University system of Upper Canada suffered to pass into oblivion.

We are requested to state, for the guidance of members of the Presbytery of Toronto, that that court meets on the third Tuesday of *January*. In the printed Minutes of Synod of 1864, the date is erroneously given as the third Tuesday of February.

THE LATE JOHN KINGAN.

WITH unfeigned sorrow we have to record the death of John Kingan, Esq. This event occurred suddenly, and has cast a gloom over a large circle of relations and friends, by whom he was deservedly beloved and respected.

Mr. Kingan's connection with this journal is of long standing. For many years he has been the most active member of the Publication Committee. For all the improvements in the appearance and contents of our paper, we are indebted to him. He planned and, almost unaided, carried out the whole of them. By his energy in superintending the business details, he redeemed this journal from a state of almost hopeless embarrassment, to a condition, not only self-supporting, but yielding a surplus revenue, which can be applied to any good object connected with our Church or University. It is not too much to say, that it is in a very great measure owing to his exertions that we have been able to carry on our publication at all. To us his loss is irreparable—we shall look in vain for any one to take his place.

It is a consolation to us to reflect that in all our intercourse with him—spread over so many years—there ever has been the most perfect harmony. We never had a difference during the long years we have worked together.

Mr. Kingan was possessed of a large share of sound common sense, and his judgment was always right. He was candid and open as the day—straightforward in every thing he did. Whatever he engaged in he did “with all his might.” He worked earnestly; and withal, he had such a cheerful happy disposition, and such a fund of humour, that it was a pleasure to work with him.

When a man is cut down in the mid-day of life, full of energy, and engaged in many schemes of usefulness, it is difficult for us to see the end which such a striking dispensation is intended to serve. But without doubt such events are wisely ordered and for the best of purposes. We may not mourn for him, because he has gone to his rest and reward, but we do mourn for ourselves, deprived of his wise counsel and his willing aid. The Almighty disposer of all things saw that his

work was finished, and He removed him from a world of care and sorrow to the rest that remaineth for the people of God.

Mr. Kingan was born in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, at Camlachie, and came to this country in the year 1832. After having been for a time with the late Mr. Starke, he engaged himself to the firm of Armour & Ramsay, and there he remained until he founded the business which he has carried on for so many years in conjunction with Mr. Kinloch, his partner. He was married in 1851, and lost his wife not long afterwards, leaving him with an only child, a daughter, who survives him.

In his long career as a merchant he was a very general favourite. Honourable and upright in all his dealings, he commanded universal respect.

Mr. Kingan was a staunch Presbyterian, and a true friend of the Church of Scotland. His views on church politics were sound and liberal. His desire was to see the Presbyterian Church occupying the foremost place among the Protestant Churches in British North America, and to attain this end he was willing “to spend and to be spent.” He was attached to the congregation of St. Andrew's church in this city, and in all the schemes of that large and wealthy congregation he took an active interest. His daily walk and conversation gave abundant evidence of the faith that was in him; and his deeds of charity and benevolence, although free from ostentation, were neither few nor far between.

Mr. Kingan was in his usual health up to the day on which he was seized with fatal illness. Inflammation of the ear, penetrating internally, carried him off after three weeks suffering. He died on the 17th ult., aged 51 years. An unusually large number of citizens attended the funeral to pay the last tribute of respect to his remains, and he was carried to his resting-place accompanied by many sorrowing relatives and friends, who while they mourn over his early removal from amongst them, will long hold in pleasant remembrance his many good qualities of head and heart.



LETTER appeared in our issue for December, making some enquiries regarding the Ministers' Widows' and Orphans' Fund, and signed by "One of the interested." For the information of this correspondent, and of others, we may state that the revenue of the fund comes from two sources,—1st, Ministers' individual payments, to which each minister pays in 30s. every half year, and in consideration of which payment his widow and children become entitled to certain benefits, but the payment must be regular and continue during the whole term of life, just as in the case of a life assurance. Whenever a minister ceases to pay, his name is struck off the roll. This fund is equally distributed to all ministers.

2d. Congregational collections; regarding which all that is required of a minister is, that he shall faithfully every year present to his people the claims of the fund, and ask them to contribute to it as they please, and forward the amount so collected to the Treasurer of the Fund. This fund is divided according to a graduated scale, which has been published, and has obtained the sanction of the Synod.

It was found convenient and was so ordered by the Synod, that the Trustees of the Temporalities Fund should pay to the Widows' Fund the sum due by ministers, and this plan has worked well until now, because up to a late period all ministers received a portion of their stipend from the Temporalities' Fund; but now, unfortunately, a good many receive nothing; consequently, they must either pay the 30s. half-yearly from other sources, or be struck off the roll.

We may add that all ministers can obtain every information regarding this Fund by referring to the Acts and Proceedings of Synod. Every volume contains a report from the managers, giving full details of the working, revenue, and management of the Fund; and by tracing back these reports to the first one, the whole history of the scheme is seen and the fullest information obtained.



U N D E R the head of "Churches and their Missions" will be found a circular from the Secretaries of the Evangelical Alliance on the subject of a Week of Prayer, to which we call attention. Individual Christians may in their closets and at the family altar join their prayers with those of their brethren throughout the world. The topics suggested are suitable for prayer at all times, and more especially at the present, when war is raging around us, accompanied with loss of life and deep distress, and when our spiritual enemies are calling up all their forces to attack the very citadel of our faith.

By a recent order of the Postmaster-General, all periodicals can be sent by post at the rate of one cent for four ounces; pamphlets one cent per ounce. Many of our correspondents and contributors would do well to remember that communications addressed to the Presbyterian, marked printer's copy, and with one end left open, will be carried at the rate of one cent per ounce. If higher rates are charged it is through carelessness of the Postmaster, and they should be at once checked.

News of our Church.



WE would remind the ministers of the different congregations of our Church that the collection for the Ministers' Widows' and Orphans' Fund should be taken up on the first Sabbath in January. Remittances are to be addressed to Arch. Ferguson, Esq., Mansfield street, Montreal, who is treasurer of the fund.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.—
At the Annual Meeting of the above Asso-

ciation the following office bearers were appointed, namely, John McMillan, B.A., President, Alex. McDonald, B.A., Vice-President, Robert Jardine, B.A., Cor. Secretary, Donald Fraser, B.A., Rec. Secretary, Henry Edmison, B.A., Treasurer, John R. Ross, B.A., Librarian, Messrs. J. S. Lochead, M.A., D. McGillivray, B.A., A. G. McBean, S. Eakin, J. A. Somerville, B.A., and A. Armstrong.

The object of this Association, which is composed of Students of the University, is to disseminate Christian truth in those parts of the country which are inadequately supplied with the means of grace. The agents employed are theological students of the first or

second year, who are engaged, during the summer months, in labouring within the bounds of such presbyteries as may require their services. These young men are chosen from among the members of the association and, in some cases, paid from its funds. It has thus a strong claim upon the sympathy and support of our congregations. The warm and active interest of the different Presbyteries would do much to encourage, and to remove difficulties from the path of him who devotes himself to this service. As an illustration of one method of affording assistance, it may be mentioned that by the efforts of a lady in Hamilton, a sufficient sum was raised to carry on regular service in the congregation of Paisley, in Canada West, during last summer, the effect of which will probably be to restore that congregation to a flourishing condition. There are many other fields which might be occupied with every prospect of success, had the Association the means placed at its disposal.

DONATIONS TO THE LIBRARY OF QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY.—During the last month some very valuable contributions of books have been received, which we acknowledge for the twofold reason, that it is a pleasure to do so, and that the example is well worthy of imitation. A gentleman, who desires his name to be withheld, has sent 39 vols. of standard works, among which are Calmet's Dictionary of the Bible, London edition of 1847, in 5 vols.; the complete works of Bunyan, in 4 vols., the new superb edition by Dr. Stebbing; Bacon's works, in 10 vols.; Chambers's Miscellany of Antiquities, and Cyclopædia of English Literature, &c. The thoughtful liberality displayed by these most acceptable donations is very encouraging; and were other friends of the University to do likewise, an important service would be rendered, for the only revenue at present available for the extension of the library is altogether inadequate.

OPENING OF DALHOUSIE COLLEGE, HALIFAX, N.S.—By the *Monthly Record* of the Church of Scotland in Nova Scotia, we learn that on Wednesday, October 19th, at 11 o'clock, Dalhousie College was formally opened for the

second Session. The great room of the College was completely filled with students, and a fair representation of the good people of Halifax—male and female. The Professors, in gowns and hoods, and the Governors, occupied the platform. At the hour appointed the Rev. Principal commenced the proceedings by offering up a most appropriate prayer, invoking the Divine blessing on the institution and on all seminaries of useful learning. He then introduced the Rev. Dr. Lyall to the audience, as the person appointed by the Senate to read an Inaugural this year. Dr. Lyall is a man of so much unobtrusiveness, that few persons are acquainted with his extraordinary merit, and not twenty people in the audience, therefore, were prepared for the brilliant paper that was read to them. Commencing with a vindication of the present position of Dalhousie College as carrying out for the first time the designs of its founder, he passed on to a masterly exposition of the course of study now to be pursued within its walls, in the course of which he showed an acquaintance with the principles and organic relationships of every science, and at the same time a genial and hearty appreciation of all, that could be expected only from a man of kindred spirit with Whewell, Sir David Brewster, or Sir William Hamilton. At times, too, when treating of subjects peculiarly his own, he rose into passages of sustained and noble eloquence, that charmed every listener, even those who had not been able to follow him in his profound metaphysical reasonings.

The inaugural having been read, the Principal again took his place at the rostrum, and announced that the Solicitor General had engaged on the part of the Governors, to address the students, but that he had been called away on important business at the last moment, and was therefore unable to fulfil his engagement. In his absence, he requested the Chief Justice to discharge the duty, and this His Honour did in the happiest manner. He complimented Dr. Lyall in a delicate and discriminating way, congratulated the College on its increasing efficiency and prosperity, and addressed earnest words of wisdom and warning to the students; and then sat down amid rounds of applause.

Correspondence.

WHAT OTHERS ARE DOING.



UT a few years since, the man who had the boldness to utter an approving word about Christian missions, was very sure to incur the censure of "intelligent and thinking men:" to be stigmatized as a weak-minded enthusiast, or to become the object of public commiseration, as being perhaps a well-meaning, but certainly a very injudicious person.

But that day which regarded foreign missions as utopian and absurd, has happily passed away; and now the strongest evidence that can be furnished of the vitality and usefulness of any church, is the measure of liberality and zeal with which missions to the heathen are planned and carried out.

Everybody knows that the Apostolic Church was essentially a missionary church, and that the Church of Rome has always been a missionary church, but every one does not know that it is only within a very recent period that a

missionary spirit began to breathe over the churches of the Reformation.

The earliest Protestant mission instituted in England was "the Corporation for the Propagation of the Gospel in New England and the adjacent parts of America," which was founded in the year 1649. The next was the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts," established in 1701; but it was not until the close of the century that the subject of foreign missions engaged the serious attention of the Christian community. In 1796 a missionary society was formed in Glasgow, and one in Edinburgh, the latter under the presidency of the venerable and venerated Dr. Erskine, to whom belongs the high distinction of having been among the first to advocate foreign missions in the Church of Scotland. In that year the subject was for the first time brought under the notice of the General Assembly; and, after a most extraordinary debate, the duty of obedience to the command of the great Head of the Church,—“Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature”—was ignored by a vote of fifty-eight to forty-four. Conspicuous among the opponents of mission to the heathen was one Reverend member of the Court—Hamilton of Gladsmuir. “To spread abroad,” said he, “the knowledge of the Gospel among barbarians and heathen nations seems to be highly preposterous, in as far as it anticipates, nay even reverses, the order of nature. Men must be polished and refined in their manners, before they can be properly enlightened in religious truths. While there remains at home a single individual without the means of religious knowledge, to propagate it abroad, would be improper and absurd. As for the idea of making collections for the aid of missions, censure is too small a word of disapprobation for such improper conduct; it would, I doubt not, be a legal subject of penal prosecution.” When, after a long and elaborate speech in the above strain, he sat down, there arose an old man, bent down with years, thin and pale, but evidently full of soul—this was Dr. Erskine. “Moderator,” said he, “*Rax me that Bible* :”—the Bible was handed to him, and passages were quoted to show the missionary character of the Apostle Paul’s ministration; in vain, however, was the appeal, and thirty years elapsed before the subject was resumed in the Assembly. But in the meantime numerous religious societies had sprung up. John Wesley had indeed ceased from his labours, after half a century of work; but Wesleyan Methodism survived, and had taken deep root in the public mind. The

Haldanes about that time began to move in the religious world; both of them were sailors, and both becoming simultaneously impressed with religious truth, early abandoned their profession and spent the remainder of their lives as Evangelists. From founding schools and distributing tracts, James, the younger, proceeded to address meetings in the open air. Thousands flocked to hear the sea-captain preach; and his preaching tour continued until nearly every town and village in Scotland had been visited. Rowland Hill, too, had been there, and, as a result, there came by and by, by the blessing of the Almighty, to be a stirring amongst the dry dust of moderatism, which had enveloped, as in a cloud, the Church of Scotland. In 1824, Dr. Inglis brought the subject of Foreign Missions once more before the Assembly, and whether in deference to the acknowledged worth and prudence of the mover, or from a more enlightened view taken of the subject, a committee was *unanimously* appointed to organize a scheme. In 1826 appeared a pastoral letter, addressed to the people of Scotland, from the pen of Dr. Inglis, which was read in all the congregations of the Church. Collections were made. The blessing of God was solemnly invoked; and in 1829, Dr. Duff, “glowing with the zeal of a primitive apostle, sailed for India—the first missionary of the Church of Scotland.” But other churches had been up and doing long before the Church of Scotland. In England “the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts” was, as has been said, established in 1701. The Methodist Missionary Society began its operations in 1786; the Baptist Missionary Society in 1792; the London M. S. (Independents) in 1795; the Church of England Society in 1799. In Great Britain and Ireland there are at this time some twenty societies for Foreign missions, some fifteen Protestant societies on the continent of Europe, and as many in America. What they are doing will appear from the following *vidimus* of their annual reports.

	Income Mission-
	1863. aries.
Propagation of Gospel Society	£ 93,326 488
Wesleyan M. S.....	141,638 920
London M. S.....	81,924 170
Baptist M. S.....	27,189 —
Church Society.....	151,218 266
Continental M. S. 1857.....	48,000
American M. S. “.....	170,000

Total, £721,853 1844

Here are three millions and a quarter of dol-

lars independently of what is annually spent by numerous smaller associations for the spread of Christianity, to which may be added the operation of the Bible and Tract Societies,—the former having an annual income of nearly £160,000 stg., and distributing in one year 2,133,860 copies of the Holy Scriptures; the latter expending £95,000 in the circulation of religious tracts. The Church of Scotland, as is well known, divides the free-will offerings of her members among six "schemes," so called. As appears from the general statement of the accounts of the church for the year ending 15th April, 1864, the total amount of contributions, collections, legacies, &c., &c., for the past year was £81,740 stg.; the expenditure being as follows:

The Educational Scheme.....	£11,177
India Mission.....	7,085
Home Mission.....	6,675
Colonial Church.....	6,568
Jews Conversion.....	4,238
Endowment.....	34,700
Total	£70,443

Respectable as is the sum thus annually expended by the Church of Scotland, that contributed by the Free Church of Scotland throws it far in the shade. It far exceeds anything of the kind ever before heard of. "It is" as has been aptly said, "one of the marvels of Christian liberality in modern times." The ministry of the Free Church is supported from two sources:—1. A common "Sustentation Fund," from which each minister draws an equal annual dividend, varying according to the state of the fund. 2. Supplementary congregational contributions for stipend. At the close of the financial year in 1858, the former rose to £110,254, yielding £138 to each of 800 ministers. The congregational fund amounted to £52,556; the building fund for the erection of new churches and manses was £46,896: for missions and education £56,776; besides a fund for miscellaneous objects, which amounted to £25,776. Last year the total revenue of the Free Church was £341,934, and the number of ministers 892.

The United Presbyterian Church, representing nearly one-fifth of the population of Scotland, also contributes largely for religious purposes. In 1859 it numbered 528 congregations; the annual congregational expenses amounted to about £125,000, and for missionary and other benevolent purposes £50,000 more. Let us see then how much we have got as the voluntary contributions of the Presbyterian family in all Scotland for one year.

The Free Church.....	£341,934
The U. P. Church.....	175,000
Church of Scotland.....	81,740
Cameronians and old Seceders, seventy-five congregations, say £250 each.....	18,760
Total	£617,424

We shall now try to get a bird's-eye view of the land in which we dwell, and find out, as well as we can, what we are doing and what others are doing in Canada; and a pity it is that we have to preface the saying with the humiliating confession, that we have no certain means of knowing what, as a church, we are doing for the propagation of the Gospel. It is a lamentable fact that the Scotch Church in Canada is a church without statistics, without an agency for its schemes, and at this moment absolutely *without a foreign mission*. The purpose of this paper is simply to state facts, not to discuss the propriety of this scheme, or that, still less to offer explanations and apologies, and the end in view will be sufficiently attained if those who have it in their power to influence the councils of our church will make their own comments on what may be here advanced. To those who would understand, more particularly than present space permits us to illustrate, the position of our church, we recommend a careful perusal of three letters by "Geneva," published in the Presbyterian for 1863, at pages 47, 76, and 96. Let them read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest these, and perhaps they may rise from the perusal sadder but wiser men.

What is the history of the Free Church which has assumed the name of the "Canada Presbyterian Church?"—Why, it is just twenty years on the 19th of July last since it had an existence, and then it had but nineteen ministers on its roll, against sixty-three who "went not out." Mark what follows. In ten years the numbers were respectively seventy-four and seventy-five ministers. In 1861 the numbers had risen in the Free Church to 159 against ninety-eight in the Church of Scotland. In that year the U. P. Church and the Free Church formed a union by which an accession of sixty-eight ministers was gained. In 1864 the number of ministers had risen to 233 against 105 of ours.

The total contributions of this church for the year ending April, 1864, including stipend paid, was \$237,426 97,—as follows:

Stipend paid.....	\$122,033
Other congregational contributions.....	79,694
College Fund.....	5,457

Home Mission Fund.....	\$8,912
Foreign Mission	3,334
Widows' and Orphans' Fund.....	2,695
Synod Fund.....	1,396
French Canadian Mission.....	2,101
Miscellaneous.....	5,968

But here comparison must cease for the simple reason above stated, that we are a church without statistics. Creditable figures might be advanced to show that we have a Home Mission Fund, a Widows' and Orphans' Fund, a Juvenile Scheme for Orphans in India, a Bursary Scheme, and French Mission Scheme, but as we cannot embrace the whole scope of our Church's operations, for the present we pass them by. The value of carefully prepared statistics can hardly be over-estimated. Interesting and useful as they confessedly are in matters civil, they are of yet greater practical importance in ecclesiastical polity. It is not venturing too much to say that if the spontaneous liberality of the members has poured into the coffers of the Methodist and Free Churches sums of money unexampled in the history of any other bodies of Christians, much of it is due to the admirable tact and management displayed in collecting and exhibiting to the world at large, annual reports of their increase in membership, in ministers, in churches, in Sabbath-schools, in Home and Foreign Missions, and in their pecuniary receipts and disbursements, to the minutest fraction of a dollar.

For a moment glance at the position of the Methodist Church in Canada. See how it stands now in the columns of the census, and then look back through a vista of thirty-seven years, and see it as Dr. Strachan saw it—a handful of itinerants without a single settled minister in the whole province. O Presbyter! would you know the position of the Methodist Church in Canada to-day, divest yourself of the idea that it is confined to the poorest and most illiterate class of the community, and that the Methodist parson is always the wearer of a thread-bare coat and "a shocking bad hat." Discard, too, the idea that Methodism is a hole and corner affair, and that its ministers preach only in tumble-down school-houses in the backwoods, or in mean brick buildings in the back streets and alleys of great cities. That is not the case. Look into the Methodist church in Great St. James' Street, Montreal, and say if it is second to any Protestant church in the city; in the country parts neat and commodious churches are every where springing up; their number is legion. 793 are reported to the conference of 1863. Manse, too, are being rapidly

provided, and an excellent feature, suggested by the migratory character of the Methodist minister, is in contemplation, which is to furnish the manse from the common fund, thus saving the incumbent a world of work and worry as well as a good deal of money.

The Methodists are alive to the importance of Sunday-schools, Bible Classes, Prayer Meeting, and Social Meetings. In 1862 the Wesleyans had no less than 636 schools with 38,711 scholars. But perhaps the most marked characteristic of the system is the missionary spirit evoked by it.

Take up their annual Missionary Report; what a marvellous book it is! Here are 200 closely printed pages, 140 of which are taken up with lists of names and subscriptions to the Mission Fund of the Church, printed in the smallest of type. Certainly there are not less than 24,000 names, with subscription opposite each, varying from one dollar up to—how much do you think?—Ten dollars? Yes, and as high as \$1000. At the foot of each list is given the total of "small sums"—under one dollar—these, the poor widow's mites and the few pence of Lazarus, added to the gifts of Dives, swell the aggregate to a large amount; the Report of this year acknowledges the sum of \$53,900 from Canadian sources, and from the Parent Societies \$10,795 more. There are no "dead-heads" in the Methodist Church; each individual member of the commonwealth is placed under a constraint to do his and her share for the support of ordinances, and for missions besides; and the result of all this is, that, although from their numbers, the ministry is *under-paid*, no class of ministers are so punctually and fully paid the *sums promised* to them as these same Methodist Ministers. The number of missionaries employed is 219, of whom about twenty-five are labouring without the pale of Canada, in the Hudson's Bay Territory, Vancouver Island, and British Columbia. While speaking of British Columbia and the Far-West, let this fact be noted,—while we have been *talking* about the claims that western country has upon our Christian sympathy, others have long ago entered into that interesting field and found it "white unto the harvest:" and we may almost say in so far as we are concerned, that—"the door is now shut." True, the Church of Scotland has one solitary missionary in Victoria; but what is that to us, unless, indeed, we agree quickly to assume his *entire* support! Have not our Foreign Mission Committee authority to do so? Why then should not our reproach be removed?

In that field, that we are promising from

one Synod to another "not to lose sight of," our Free Church brethren have at this moment four missionaries. Our last Foreign Mission Report has the following recommendation,— "that instead of instituting a Mission of our own to Beyrout, Ceylon, or British Columbia, this Church should circumscribe its energies to existing schemes, namely, the Home Mission, French Mission, and Bursary Scheme, which require a larger support than they have yet received."

The Free Church Report, after detailing the operations of its four missionaries in the west, concludes thus,— "Our Foreign Mission contributions exceed those of last year by \$700; and, although \$3859 have been expended during the year, we have \$5,196 still on hand."

And now that the limits of this paper are

reached, there is but room to ask,—Presbyterian Friends! what do these facts and figures say to us?—"Awake, awake; put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garment, O Jerusalem." For "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace: that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation."

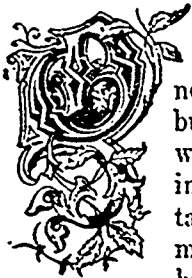
In a larger sense, too, this writer is at the end of his letter; to the best of his ability he has fulfilled a promise made a year ago, and he now takes leave of his "indulgent readers," thankful if they have overlooked his crudities; hopeful that some wiser head will guide a more facile pen to words that will better tend to edify and interest a far more numerous list of subscribers in 1865 than of fast ebbing '64.

JACOB.

Articles Communicated.

THE LIFE OF ST. PAUL.

PART V.



N leaving Thessalonica for Berea the Apostles were no longer on the Via Egnatia, but we are unable to ascertain which of the roads connecting the two towns they did take. The distance was sixty miles, and, though they were hurried from Thessalonica by

night, they would not likely reach Berea before the close of the second day. This city is represented as having been one of the most picturesque of Northern Greece, and like its modern representative, probably contained between fifteen and twenty thousand inhabitants. Here, too, Paul first addressed himself to the Jews in the Synagogue, and these, in a nobler spirit than was shown by the brethren in Thessalonica, not only received the word with all readiness of mind, but searched the Scriptures for the justification of the Apostle's arguments, and many men and women of respectability, both Jews and Greeks, believed. But the hostility of the Jews of Thessalonica followed the Apostles even to Berea, and Paul was compelled to leave this town also.

Accompanied by some of the brethren of Berea, but leaving Silas and Timothy to carry on the work which was begun in that place, Paul went to Athens. The

words of the narrative leave us in doubt whether the Apostle accomplished the journey by land or sea; but from the fact that none of the important towns which were on the route by land are mentioned, we are inclined to believe that he must have taken shipping either at Pydna or Dium. ports at no great distance from Berea, and sailed to Athens. Every headland or promontory, every bay along the hundred and thirty miles of the varied coast line, from the Thermaic Gulf to the southern extremity of Attica, was memorable either in history or poetry. As Olympus, Ossa, and Pelion, successively arose and faded from view, the north coast of Eubœa and the promontory of Artemisium, where the Greeks gained a victory over the fleet of Xerxes, bore in sight, and when the island was passed, the bay of Marathon and "the level green expanse," so sacred in the memory of every Greek, were visible on the coast of Attica, and about the middle of the third day they would pass the southern promontory of Sunium, crowned with a temple of Minerva, whose white columns still serve as a landmark for Greek sailors, and on the evening of the same day might cast anchor in the harbour of Piræus.

The glory of Greece had waned; she was now under Roman dominion, and Athens was famous for what she had been, rather than for what she now was; but with the history and literature of Greece

our Apostle was familiar, and he had partaken in many of the advantages which might be enjoyed by a native of a Greek university city. German writers, with their critical acumen, are fond of showing how closely in his discourses he reproduces Demosthenes; in his reasoning, Plato; or in his more narrative style, Thucydides. We confess to our inability to trace the niceness of these resemblances, but we are sensible that the Apostle was no stranger to the literature of Greece. He may have wept over her tragedies, or laughed over her comedies, or have lived over the thrilling incidents of her history, or, as he studied her philosophy, have pictured to himself the keen discussions of the Porch, the Academy, the Lyceum, and the Garden. At Tarsus, the palace of Syennesis was a representative of Persian architecture, but there were temples of the Greek Seleucidæ, and many examples of Grecian art, such as would make the provincial desire to witness the models of architecture and art at Athens, as the incomparable Parthenon, or the immortal sculptures of Phidias or Praxiteles. If, however, the Apostle was not insensible to the beauties of Athenian temples and statues, but had an eye for the glories of those sublime creations of genius, he could not but look upon them as the means and result of a degrading superstition; as he wandered through the city, the manifestations of Polytheism, nature and humanity alike deified, everywhere met his gaze. The temples, the forums, and the streets, were peopled with the statues of their gods, "and when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry, his spirit was stirred within him."

But at Athens Paul was brought in contact with the philosophers of Greece, not less than with her religion. In this respect also Athens had fallen, the days when Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, directed the Grecian mind to the investigation of truth, and in a measure prepared the way for the Gospel, were past, and their influence is to be traced not so much at Athens as in those schools of which Alexandria was become the centre. They were Stoics and Epicureans whom our Apostle met with in the Agora of Athens, and whose systems of philosophy and morality were directly opposed to the principles of Christianity. The Stoics were Pantheists, the Epicureans virtually Atheists. With the first, the soul was but a part of the Divine reason pervading the universe, and at death to be absorbed into Deity; while their morality

consisted in a magnanimous self-denial and austere apathy under all circumstances, and to live according to reason was their great virtue. The philosophy of the Epicurean was a system of materialism, in which the soul was one with the body, and with it was at death dissolved into atoms and dissipated; and in regard to morality the pursuit of pleasure was their constant object. Pride and pleasure are often remarked as the peculiar features of these schools, so utterly opposed to the humility and lofty self-denial which distinguish the teaching of the Gospel. Paul, though alone in the city, not merely sought out his Jewish brethren, but also addressed himself daily to the numbers whom he found lounging in the Agora. The Agora of Athens was not only the exchange, but the rendezvous of disputant philosophers, who thus in public exercised their wit and genius against each other; and it was to the mixed multitude met in such a place that our Apostle preached the "truth as it is in Jesus." The words spoken appear to have arrested the attention of the audience, exciting in some a contemptuous derision, but in others a curiosity and desire to hear something more of the new doctrine. They conveyed Paul from the noise and bustle of the Forum, up the sixteen steps which led to the Areopagus, not to be tried before the Council which sat there, but because the spot was more convenient for addressing an assembly, and more hallowed by religious associations, though it is quite possible that there may have been an intended mockery in this adjournment from the Agora to the Areopagus. The associations of the place to which the Apostle was borne, and the presence of the highest glory of art in which polytheism ever disguised its frivolous and debased character, in the temples, statues, and altars, which stood around on every side, might have overpowered him, but he was calm and collected, his mind rose to the importance of the occasion, and his remarkable address is characterized by a power and point, an ease and grace, which mark him as much at home as if he had been accustomed to address the Court of the Areopagus.

No event in the history of early Christianity does our imagination take more pleasure in recalling than St. Paul addressing the assembly on that Hill of Mars,—the constant reference of classic authors to the place, and to the assemblies which met there, and which Solon, Pericles, and Demosthenes were wont to address as "Ye men of

Athens," the remains, which to this day cover the hill, and the discourse of the Apostle, so strikingly adapted to the place and circumstances, and showing that prudence by which he was enabled to turn all things to the glory of his Divine Master, enable us to form a picture which seems to live before us. The discourse of the Apostle, eloquent and pointed, was the evident expression of the feelings which were excited by what he saw around him, but, with his usual tact and presence of mind, he was careful to avoid anything which might offend his audience. He began by acknowledging, in rather a laudatory manner, the strength of the religious sentiment among the Athenians, addressing them, "Ye men of Athens, ye are, I see, in all respects very reverential towards the gods;" and it is to be regretted that our translators have so missed the sense of the original as to make the Apostle, departing from his usual courtesy, in the very opening of his discourse, use an expression calculated to arouse the indignation of the assembly. He then sought to lead their minds from "the unknown God" to the true "Lord of heaven and earth" who hath "made the world and all things therein," and "dwelleth not in temples made with hands, nor is like unto gold, or silver, or stone graven by art and man's device." He was interrupted, however, when he began to speak of the resurrection, and does not appear to have again resumed his discourse, but shortly left the city. We know nothing of the results of his teaching at Athens, apart from the statement: "Howbeit certain men came unto him, and believed; among the which was Dionysius the Areopagite, and a woman named Damaris, and others with them." Two epistles to the Corinthians, and two to the Thessalonians remain to attest the flourishing state of the churches in those cities, but we have no epistle to the Athenians: and we do not know that the Apostle was ever again in Athens. This silence would lead us to believe that the subtle Athenians had had little sympathy with the simple truths of the Gospel, but rather condemned them as foolishness.

From Athens, Paul went to Corinth. Athens, in some degree, retained its old intellectual ascendancy; but Corinth was the commercial and political capital of Greece. Athens was partially in ruins; Corinth had again risen, a new and splendid city, and was thronged by a busy population; and it was in such centres of life and in-

dustry that the Apostle laboured longest and most successfully. Here, as elsewhere, Paul at first turned to his Jewish brethren, who, we may believe, formed a large body in the city, and while he was still addressing himself to these, and had not yet turned to the Gentiles, Silas and Timothy joined him, bringing tidings of the state of the church at Thessalonica, and it was the receipt of their report that called forth the first Epistle to the Thessalonians. In the third chapter of the epistle it seems certainly to be implied that Timothy had joined the Apostle at Athens; but we must suppose that his stay there was very short, and that he had almost immediately returned to Silas in Macedonia.

When Silas and Timothy rejoined Paul at Corinth, he was testifying to the Jews with great earnestness, but with little success; and, as these obstinately opposed his efforts, he turned from them to the Gentiles, with expressiveness of language, and, with a gesture which was equivalent to a denunciation of woe, he shook the dust off his raiment, and declared himself innocent of the blood of those who refused to listen to him; and, leaving the synagogue, he began to preach in the house of a proselyte named Justus. But the conversion of one holding the high position of ruler of the synagogue must have been regarded as a signal triumph for the Gospel, and St. Paul, apparently contrary to his usual practice, baptised Crispus; only Gaius, and Stephanas with his household, being included in the like distinction.

The important conversion of Crispus may have further excited the indignation of the Jews, and the Apostle seems to have been sensible of danger, when a vision was vouchsafed at this critical period, which assuring him of safety, and commanding him to speak boldly, gave him the promise of good success at Corinth. On the change of proconsuls, however, and the arrival of Gallio in the province, the Jews embraced the opportunity of bringing Paul before him, under the charge of violating their religious laws, but the proconsul perceived that the accusation was due to Jewish prejudices and at once discharged the case. It is possible that the Jews might have thought to take advantage of Gallio's well known amiability of character, and the result must have much disappointed them. The Greeks, either in sympathy with St. Paul, or only in anger against the Jews, became excited, a tumult ensued; Sosthenes, who had apparently succeeded Cris-

pus, as ruler of the synagogue, was seized, and beaten before the judgment seat; Gallio abstained from interfering in these religious quarrels, and left Sosthenes to his fate. St. Paul appears to have continued his labours in safety, and his stay at Corinth was lengthened to a year and a half. During this time he appears to have supported himself by working at the trade, which his father had taught him in his youth, of tent making, and he had fellow labourers in this occupation, Aquilla and Priscilla, Jews who had been expelled from Rome by Claudius, and to whom the Apostle joined himself, and with whom he dwelt, and let us not fail to admire the noble example which the Apostle presented, of combining common labour with high spirituality of mind.

Before Paul left Corinth he wrote the Second Epistle to the Thessalonians, and these two Epistles must be studied, not only that we may become the better acquainted with the condition of the church at Thessalonica, but also that we may understand the first development of doctrine, which attains to such a perfect system in the later Epistles. At length the Apostle, after a long period of missionary work, determined again to visit Jerusalem, and, taking ship at Cenchrea, the port of Corinth, he sailed for Syria, the ship, however, touching at Ephesus, but staying so short a time as to permit only a hurried visit to the Synagogue, and, promising again to visit the City, he continued his course to Cesarea, and thence by land to Jerusalem.

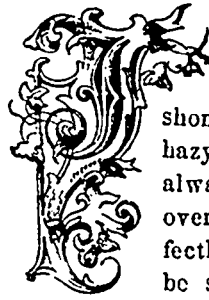
The Apostle, before leaving Cenchrea, seems to have taken a vow, resembling the vow of the Nazarites, and requiring the cutting off of the hair, but of the particular nature of which we are uncertain. We attribute this vow to the Apostle, though the expression of the narrative is somewhat ambiguous, and many modern critics conceive that Aquilla is rather intended, but to us the tenor of the passage seems certainly to point to Paul as the person who took the vow.

L'Original, 15th December, 1864.

Correspondents would greatly oblige us by returning, with as little delay as possible, proofs of their communications sent by the publisher. As we go to press generally about the 20th of the month, it will be seen that no alterations in articles can be made after that date.

PASSAGES FROM MY DIARY.

A SUNDAY IN LONDON.



T was a fine calm summer morning. The fiery sun marching up the eastern sky shone feebly through the smoky, hazy atmosphere, which nearly always hangs like a funeral pall over the city. The air was perfectly still; not a ripple could be seen on the surface of the Thames, which flowed gently, slowly, towards old Ocean. Its waters were still dirty looking after the eternal churning and troubling of almost innumerable steamers during the previous week. A dull heavy sound, like the roar of a distant cataract, or of the surging sea after a storm, rose up from a thousand streets and was borne upon my ears as I opened the window casement, indicating that this was not a day of peaceful quiet and holy rest to very many of the three millions who constitute the population of this wonderful city.

About eight o'clock I left my lodgings and went to the Strand, one of those great arteries through which "pours the full tide" of London population. This street runs parallel with the river on the north side, and on week-days presents one of the most wonderful scenes of human activity, which must be seen before a true idea of it can be formed. As I approached it, I was very much struck by seeing great numbers of "four-wheelers," "hansoms," and omnibuses crowded with passengers rattling along at a furious rate, the side-walks filled with an immense throng, not wending their way with the solemn and measured tread of those who march to the music of the "church-going bells," but rushing at that break-neck pace, and with that anxious expression of countenance so characteristic of the Londoners, to the Railway stations. They are going on a cheap excursion to some town on the coast or in the country where they may enjoy for a few hours the invigorating sea-breeze, or the refreshing fragrance of flowery meads or heath-clad hills. The crowds that go down to Brighton and other sea-bathing places are truly marvellous. One cannot wonder that, after being closely confined during the week, they should be anxious to exchange the smoke and din and bustle of the metropolis for the pure, exhilarating atmosphere and the solemn stillness of the sea-shore; but it is to be regretted that they do not select some other day and avoid the desecration of the Sabbath.

On each side of the Strand, at short intervals.

shops of different kinds were open for the sale of goods. Lazy, half-starved looking fellows sauntered along, and wistfully gazed at the sweet buns and roast beef so temptingly displayed in the windows of coffee and eating houses, aggravating the pangs of hunger by feasting their eyes with what they would speedily lay their hands on, did they not fear the baton of the stately, dignified policeman near by. Many of these poor wretches who figure so prominently in the annals of crime, start in the morning from the dens in which they have spent the night,—cold and shivering even in the summer, what must be their misery in the chill, damp winter months!—not knowing how or where they are to get their first meal. Alas for them! they know no Sunday. The pinching, craving wants of their bodies repress the dim cravings of their nobler nature. They are driven about by the demon of hunger, until they become so desperate as to forget that there is One who heareth the cry of the poor and needy, and whose holy day they should remember and spend, in His service. Boot-blacks who had taken up their stations at the corners of the streets, or at the entrance of lanes and alleys, were plying their brushes with great energy, and receiving their dearly-earned pennies, chiefly from the labouring classes. They seemed to be driving a good business, judging from the numbers who stood around them waiting their turn. What I saw in the Strand was only a picture of what I beheld in whatever direction I went: in some places the picture was darker—the desecration was more general. Some of those doing business were Jews, who, of course, observe not the Christian, but the Jewish Sabbath; others were infidels or atheists, who regard it as a superstition of weak minds to set apart one day in seven for religious worship; while very many set up the plea that, unless they work every day in the year, they must starve. It is a sad state of things, and contrasts strangely with the more strict observance of the Sabbath in Scottish and Upper Canadian towns.

At length, after having strolled through a great number of streets, I made my way to the Scottish National Church, in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden Market, to ascertain whether

the famous Dr. Cumming was to preach, and, having learned that he was not, I crossed to the south side of the Thames by the Waterloo Bridge, intending to go and hear Newman Hall, the eloquent successor of the celebrated Rowland Hill. I passed along a street lined on both sides with butchers' stalls, and shops in which jewellery, trinkets, boots and shoes, fruit, cast-off clothes, &c., are sold. All these without exception were open, and the proprietors were shouting at the pitch of their voice in praise of the goods offered for sale. The whole street was filled with a motley crowd of rough, poorly and dirtily clad men, women and children, who jostled one another, and indulged in language such as one hears in Billingsgate, and quite in keeping with their degraded profligate appearance. There was as much noise, and laughter, and confusion, as if it were a fair day. Here, thought I, are a people steeped in vice and sunk almost as low in the scale of humanity as the natives of Central Africa. Indeed, missionary efforts among the latter would, I believe, be more hopeful. The consciences of those heathen who, for the first time, have heard the simple, touching story of a Saviour's love, are more susceptible of good impressions than the hardened consciences of those who have from their infancy been sinning against light, or who, by a course of infamy, have so degraded themselves, that their only happiness consists in attempting to forget Christ and His salvation.

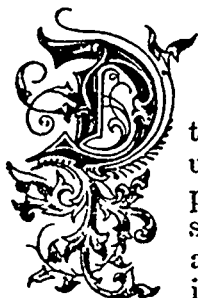
The chapel in which Mr. Hall preaches is a dark, dingy, quaint-looking, polygon-shaped building, with no architectural pretensions. It was undergoing repairs, and Mr. Hall was away in the country until they should be completed. Having been disappointed a second time, I hurried away to Newington, only a few hundred yards distant, and soon arrived in front of Spurgeon's famous tabernacle. It is by far the most remarkable of the dissenting chapels in London, and was erected at a cost of £30,000 sterling, all of which had to be paid before he would consent to preach in it. He repudiated the commonly received notion that a prosperous church must have a debt hanging over it, and the flourishing state of his congregation proves that his judgment was not incorrect.

(To be continued.)



Notices and Reviews.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW (American Edition). New York: Leonard Scott, & Co. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.



AWSON Brothers have handed us the *Westminster Review*, which contains rather more heavy matter than usual, no less than three papers being devoted to legal subjects. There is a capital article on Mountaineering, in which, contrary to the opinion of our friend in *Blackwood*, Cornelius O'Dowd, the writer maintains not only the desirableness of making these excursions, but also the duty of giving an account of them to the world. It is a well written, eloquent treatise. The Report of the Royal Commission, and Mr. Mitchell's History of the Herring, are taken as a text for furnishing us with much information on the habits and enemies of that useful and extensively used fish. Tennyson's new Poems, and Charles Dickens' Novels are examined carefully, their beauties pointed out and their defects, and the causes of them, critically discussed. But when we turn to the Religious topics treated of in the *Review*, we are constrained to wonder that men of ability can really shew themselves so wilfully blind to the teachings of history. What is the key note to the criticisms of the Westminster? It is simply this: Every man who presumes to utter a word in defence of the Bible, is a poor, weak-minded bigot, unable to rid himself of the shackles of the superstitious notions and ideas instilled into him in youth; while he who, without learning, or a single qualification for the task, endeavours to sap our faith in the Word of our Heavenly Father, straightway becomes a wonder—we dare not use the word miracle, that is tabooed—of erudition, a model for the dispassionate enquirer. It is curious to notice in the Essay on "The Life of Jesus, by Strauss," how every fact is tortured and distorted to suit the theory which Strauss and his reviewer hold in common. Their explanations require the exercise of more credulity than is necessary for the reception of the most incomprehensible dogma of Christianity. And again, in talking of miracles, we find such ex-

pressions as "the incredibility of a miracle;" "there is no miracle in nature, there is no evidence of any miracle working energy in nature;" "there is no fact in nature to justify the expectation of a miracle." And again, "anti-supernaturalism is the final, irreversible sentence of scientific theology" (!!) In other words, the omnipotent Creator, the Governor and Ruler of the universe, is so fettered and bound down by what are called the laws of nature, (that is to say by the manifestations of his own power and goodness) that he can do nothing contrary to them. The mere statement should, to any honest enquirer, be its own refutation. But it is this limiting of the powers of the Infinite to the capacity of the finite, this miserable covering up of things with names, which present attractions to the minds of young, shallow, half-educated men, who seek to be known as "advanced liberals," as "rational Christians," but to whom most fitly the Scripture term of *fool* may be applied. "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God." "They will not that I should reign over them." This is the great secret of Infidelity. It is the heart, deceitful above all things, more than the head. Another essay upon the incredibility of miracles, under the guise of a criticism on Newman's Apology for his life, displays the same evil spirit, and in the *resumé* of contemporary literature, we are presented with the same thing in, if possible, a still more offensive form, since the whole tone reminds us of Gratiano's description of such people: "I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my mouth let no dog bark." If any one would know the practical effect of this, let him carefully read over the article, in this same number, on the Laws of Marriage and Divorce, in which the Reviewer advocates the legal separation of husband and wife as soon as they are tired of living together! As a record of a phase of human thought which will soon take its place among other aberrations of the intellect, such publications no doubt are useful. They have at least done this much good, that their attacks have kept the friends of truth from slumbering at their post, and have brought out a store of learning which otherwise would have been lost.

FAMILY WORSHIP: A Series of Prayers.
Glasgow and London: Blackie & Son;
Montreal: Archibald Ferric & Co., St.
John Street.

Personal, family and public devotion are but the complements of each other. Without personal religion, neither of the others will be of much avail; and without family worship in a household, there is little hope of the individual members preserving a high tone of private devotion. And yet how many God-fearing men and women are there, who, feeling their own inability to preside over the services of the family altar, are deterred from offering up to God the morning and evening sacrifice in presence of their children and the other inmates of the house. A work like the one now before us should be very welcome to all such; nor should even those who are daily in the habit of family prayer despise its use. The title gives only a faint idea of what the volume really is. Many of the works already published are of great merit, but, as far as we have yet seen none of them approaches this. It is incomparably the best. Nor is this mere unthinking and indiscriminate praise, for we have carefully gone over anew a great part of the prayers and expositions; the former edition we have been long familiar with. Upwards of two hundred clergymen have contributed to the work, among whom we find the names of the most able and pious ministers of the United Kingdom, so that we have a guarantee for the faithfulness of the teaching, the scriptural character of the devotions, not to speak of the variety which compositions from so many minds and pens ensure. The expositions and practical remarks on passages of Scripture are of great value. Issued by the Messrs. Blackie, we need not say much on its outward appearance and finish; and those who like to have their books embellished will find a large number of fine steel engravings. We would wish much to see a cheaper edition brought out for those who cannot afford the present one, as we would like to see it in every house in Canada; and how many are there who cannot afford to get so elegant a volume.

THE BIBLE AND SCIENCE. By J. B. Sewall. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1864.

A most seasonable contribution to the present controversy between Christianity and Scepticism. It treats of the Antiquity of Man, Creation in the light of Geology,

The Noachian Deluge, The Monuments of Egypt, and the inevitable Colenso. The subjects are treated singly, and without pedantry or affectation of learning, having been given as Sabbath evening lectures by a pastor to his people. But they are not the less valuable on that account; their very simplicity renders them clearer, and brings them more within the comprehension of every-day people.

THE MARTYRS OF SPAIN, AND THE LIBERATION OF HOLLAND. New York: Carter Brothers; Montreal: Dawson Brothers. 1865.

The Author of the "Schönberg Cotta Family" once more comes before the public with another tale, or rather two tales strung together by a slender thread, of the persecutions in Spain in the sixteenth century, and of the struggle in Holland for liberty to worship God without let or hindrance. The story is told by two sisters, the one maimed and crippled, relating the martyrdom of those who fell by the hands of the executioner, or were burned alive at the stake; the other takes up the tale from the time at which they have settled in Holland. In the story, the character of the two sisters is beautifully discriminated. Dolores, the sick and sorrowful, in melancholy tones, tells of the crushing out of the very heart of Spain by the Inquisition; while Costanza, happy with her husband and family, tells her story of the Liberation of Holland, with a chastened joy and contentment in keeping with the success which she has to chronicle. The first moves us to a feeling of indignation and sorrow for the cruelties and sufferings portrayed; the other, in many passages, rouses us as with the sound of a trumpet call. The author, in his different works, has, under the guise of fiction, done much to diffuse a knowledge of the Reformation in various countries. We hope this volume may have a large circulation, and we believe the name of the author to be enough to ensure that.

THE STORY OF CAREY, MARSHMAN, AND WARD. London: Alexander Strahan & Co. Montreal: Dawson Brothers. 1864.

Does any one desire to know the difficulties experienced by the first missionaries who went to India? The book before us gives, in nervous and vigorous English, not only a history of the men themselves, but also a clear sketch of the political, commercial, and religious influences which affected

the East India Company and the Imperial Government in their dealings with their Indian and European subjects in that far off land. We know of no book which we would with greater pleasure place in the hands of youth; and either old or young must derive information and benefit from its perusal.

AZARIAN: an Episode. By Harriet Elizabeth Prescott. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Montreal: Dawson Brothers. 1864.

A story of struggle, trial, and ultimate triumph. There is a healthful tendency in the book which we like. The heroine is an attractive picture, but the hero is one of those Admirable Crichtons, whom we meet with in American stories, and no where else,—magnificent in beauty, perfect in everything without study, such as music and millinery, modelling and medicine, poetry and painting,—an accomplished and cold-hearted egotist. Overlooking any improbabilities in the character, the story is well told. There is rather too much fine writing, in many parts just escaping burlesque by a hair-breadth. And this we notice the more particularly, as the authoress possesses great abilities, and an admirable choice of words in which to clothe her ideas, needing but the pruning knife to trim down the exuberance of her style. An imitator, failing to perceive wherein the attraction of the book lies, would be sure to fall into the mistake which our authoress has had taste and tact enough to avoid.

LIFE IN THE WOODS.—Edited by John C. Geikie. Boston: Crosby & Ainsworth, 1865.

A really admirable account of Canadian life. If not a real history, it is wonderfully like one. The scenes and incidents could only have been described from actual experience, and many a one can realize the troubles and annoyances arising from "breachy" cattle, so graphically described in the third chapter. Natural history, descriptions of wild flowers and woodland scenes, and an account of the Indians, shew that the author possesses not only a keenly observant eye, but a well-ordered mind. The whole work gives as fair an idea of life in the woods of Canada as we have yet met with. We can unreservedly and heartily recommend it as a valuable little work. It

is to be had at the Witness Book store, 247 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE POEMS OF BAYARD TAYLOR. Boston: Ticknor and Fields; Montreal: Dawson Brothers. 1865.

Bayard Taylor, well known as a traveller and a man of ability in various walks of life, lays before us glimpses of the feelings which have been stirring within him in his many journeys. Among so many short poems and songs on varied subjects, we might expect to find some with which to find fault, but these are comparatively few. As a whole, the volume has the true ring of poetry in it; and being presented in the beautiful style for which Messrs. Ticknor & Fields are distinguished, it will make a handsome and very suitable gift book for this season.

JACK IN THE FORECASTLE. By the Author of "Tales of the Ocean," &c. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1865.

If a sailor has nothing to tell, he must be a very dull and stupid man. Monotonous as the life on shipboard may appear, it is not so in reality to those who have brains to think. And coming so near God, upheld, as it were, in the hollow of His hand, and cared for and preserved in what seems so peculiar a manner, Jack ought to be a good man. But he is not necessarily either a good man or a good story-teller, as we have often found in our experience. Many we have found both stupid and reckless, but that charge does not lie against Mr. Hawser Martingale, the incidents of whose early life are here given. Scenes on sea and land, afloat and ashore, the prosaic, matter-of-fact, sordid details of fore-castle life, and rambles among the mountains, adventures during peace and during war, and a host of little minor occurrences, go to make up a very instructive as well as amusing history. We would suggest to the author, however, and not to him alone, that during the war of Independence, and afterwards, many things were said and done on both sides, the remembrance of which should be allowed to pass away. A man does not necessarily cease to be a good citizen of the United States because he can respect and esteem the Mother Country; and the author of the work before us has no need to truckle to the evil passions of the more ignorant and foolish among his countrymen.

The Churches and their Missions.

THE WEEK OF PRAYER, 1865.



CIRCULAR invitation for the week of prayer in January next, has been sent to us by the Secretaries of the Evangelical Alliance, with a request that those who propose uniting will make arrangements as early as possible for holding meetings in their respective neighbourhoods.

PROPOSED WEEK OF SPECIAL PRAYER THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.—JANUARY 1—9, 1865.

The time has again arrived to invite Christians of all countries to make arrangements for observing a week of special and united prayer at the beginning of the coming year.

Few movements of the Church of Christ have been more owned and honoured of the Lord than these annual seasons of united supplication. The Evangelical Alliance, therefore, feel imperatively urged to renew their invitation, in the hope of meeting a yet larger response than in former years, and of obtaining still more abundant spiritual and temporal blessings.

The calls for prayer are loud and urgent; the claims of a perishing world, increasing as they must with the readiness everywhere apparent to receive the truth, the assaults made against the common faith by a revived Romanism, and by modern forms of infidelity; the war spirit excited among nations professedly Christian; these and other considerations urge upon true believers, while persevering in zealous, active effort, to draw near to the Throne of Grace, and, by united, continuous, and faithful prayer, to "prove God" according to His own Word.—"If I will not open you the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."—*Malachi* iii. 10.

"I WILL THAT MEN PRAY EVERYWHERE, LIFTING UP HOLY HANDS WITHOUT WRATH AND DOUBTING."
—1 *Tim.* ii. 8.

The following topics, amongst others, are suggested as suitable for exhortation and intercession on the successive days of meeting:—

Sunday, Jan. 1.—SERMONS on the Agency of the Holy Spirit in the Present Dispensation.

Monday, Jan. 2.—THANKSGIVING for Blessings upon Individuals, Nations and Churches; together with Confession of Sins.

Tuesday, Jan. 3.—PASTORS, TEACHERS, EVANGELISTS, and MISSIONARIES.

Wednesday, Jan. 4.—THE CHILDREN of Christian Parents, Congregations, and Schools.

Thursday, Jan. 5.—SUNDAY-SCHOOLS, and all actively engaged in Christian Work.

Friday, Jan. 6.—THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY and CESSATION OF WAR.

Saturday, Jan. 7.—THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH;

For increased Holiness, Activity, and Harmony among its several sections.

Sunday, Jan. 8.—SERMONS: The Visible Unity of the Church—"That they all may be one, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us, that the world may believe that thou hast sent me."—*John* xvii. 21.

JAMES DAVIS,
HERMANN SCHMETTAD,

Secretaries of the British Branch of the Evangelical Alliance.

ENGLAND.—At the Church Congress, held at Bristol, Dean Alford read a paper on the Systematic Cultivation of English Composition, Public Reading, and Speaking. He divided his subject into two heads—*theological, and pastoral, education.* Our English clergy, he said, were essentially members of English society. They had special advantages which the trained, disciplined bands of the Church of Rome could not possess. As a mixed University career was the best preparation for an English country gentleman, so it should be the *sine qua non* as a substratum for the English clergyman. What he would suggest was, that it should be the practice for incumbents to receive candidates for training. In most cases the candidate should be under the roof of the incumbent. At first he would accompany the incumbent to the cottages of the poor and the bedside of the sick; then, before a long time, he might be trusted with the sub-pastoral charge of the parish. It should be carried on under Episcopal superintendence. He came next to the subject of preaching; and, first as to the written sermon. No minister served his flock right who did not give them the sermon best adapted to their case. "The careful composition of the sermon ought to be an important portion of the duty of the clergyman. This might be included in the theological course at the Universities, and might form the subject of competitive trials. He condemned the florid style. They wanted more of Latimer, and less of Johnson. In expository preaching a knowledge of the New Testament in the original was indispensable. Every congregation ought to have oral, as well as written, expositions of Scripture. He favoured catechetical exposition. It was once remarked by a parish clerk of a strange clergyman that 'he read the lessons as if he made them.' This was the emphatic style, which was to be condemned as much as the slovenly, or the drawling style. Empty vessels always made the most clatter. Timidity might be overcome in the student by the practice of permitting him to read the lessons in Church." The Dean of Cork said, speaking of extemporaneous sermons, if that term meant unprepared sermons, such were an insult to the congregation and an irreverent offence to Almighty God. But he would impress upon his English brethren that there was also such a thing as extempore writing as well as extempore preaching, and a hasty sermon scratched

off on a Saturday night, with heads gathered from "Cruden's Concordance," or the skeleton of a printed sermon, was as much an evil as a flashy discourse given without preparation. The great danger to the writer of a sermon was that he was apt to feel as if he were writing something to be read instead of something to be preached. If he recollected that he had to preach what was written he would often break up the long sentences, and give it a little of the roughness characteristic of a spoken discourse.—*Christian Work*.

The Rev. Henry Allon, President of the Congregational Union meeting held at Hull, made the following remarks in his opening address: No doubt, men of uncultured piety often do efficient work in our churches, but how much more efficient would they be if to their piety, culture were added. No doubt, too, in the process of collegiate education some men's piety and zeal evaporate; but would not the superficial or impulsive piety that falls before educational temptations most certainly fall before some other form of temptation were it not exposed to this?

"The entire history of the Church proves that piety has been powerful and ministers useful, in proportion to their culture and learning. Our holiest names are our most learned, Howe and Owen, Charnock and Goodwin, Watts and Doddridge.

"Not even spiritual life will endure in a Church if it be not founded upon intelligence. Individual souls may live, but Churches will die or grow feeble. No mere height of piety or fervour of zeal will sustain them in permanent strength and usefulness, only piety and zeal cultured and made intelligent. Hence, chiefly, the evanescence of popular religious revivals. Zeal is not 'according to knowledge,' feeling is in excess of intelligence and reason."—*Ibid*.

IRELAND. DUBLIN.—In Dublin the foundation-stone of a new mission church has been laid by the Presbyterians. Their mission to Roman Catholics in Dublin has been equally unpretending and successful, and is indebted no little to the learning, energy, wisdom, and Christian spirit of the clergyman in charge. The building will embrace schools and classrooms, as well as a church.—*Ibid*.

FRANCE.—The conflicts of French Protestantism, appear, every day, to assume greater gravity and intensity. Evidently there exist among us two parties, opposed to each other upon fundamental principles—two churches, so to speak, or two religions. One of the most striking symptoms of this schism is the establishment of the *National Evangelical Conferences* in the south of France. Some explanations are here necessary.

For many years, meetings of pastors and elders have been convened under the name of *Conferences*. They are not official assemblies, like the consistories; they have no right to impose their wishes on the flocks, or to introduce changes into disciplinary laws. However, these wholly non-official Conferences exercise considerable influence, and their voice is listened to in our churches.

In the month of June last, an assembly of

this kind opened its sittings at Nîmes, the metropolis of Protestantism in the South. It was very numerous, and composed of *mixed elements*. In other words, Evangelical men and those of the negative school, were seated upon the same benches. But the so-called *Liberals* took advantage of an article in the bye-laws, and refused the elders the right of voting; upon which the laymen, indignant at this infraction of the rules of our ancient discipline, withdrew from the Conference, and almost all the Orthodox pastors went with them, so that the Rationalists remained sole masters of the field.

A proceeding like this was intolerable, and the result clearly showed that Evangelicals and men of negative views could no longer go on together, with any hope of agreeing. It was therefore resolved that another Conference, composed only of pastors and elders professing orthodox doctrines, should meet at Alais, a town which has also a glorious name in our Protestant annals. Such is the *National Evangelical Conference of the South*, which will open its session in a few days. The spirit and character of this assembly are clearly indicated in the circular by which it is convened. I copy the very words: "The Conference professes, on the one hand, belief in the *supernatural element* (*la foi à l'ordre surnaturel*), as it is attested in the inspired books of the Old and New Testament, and as it is summed up in the Apostle's Creed. On the other hand, the Conference recognises the necessity for *common and definite beliefs* to constitute a Church, and the *legitimate participation of the laity* in all that concerns ecclesiastical interests."

These three great points are thus laid down:

1. That the Gospel is founded upon the supernatural revelation of God in Christ.
2. That the Church must have a common belief, or a confession of faith;
3. That the laity, or elders, have the right, in conformity with the Presbyterian system, to take part in the Government of the religious society.

These are the bases of the organization of the Reformed Churches of France, and the Conference of Alais is faithful to our time-honoured traditions.

Your readers have probably learned that one of our most illustrious statesmen, M. Guizot, has lately published a volume entitled *Meditations on the Essence of the Christian Religion*. The entire work will occupy four volumes.

It is a great and noble spectacle to see M. Guizot, already advanced in age, bearing one of the most glorious names of the era in which we live, gathering up his remaining strength to defend the Evangelical Faith against the attacks of rash innovators. His book bears throughout the impress of a lofty intellect, a powerful genius, and a thorough mastery of religious questions. Assuredly, M. Guizot is not a theologian by profession, he has no pretension to be one; but he is a thinker and a writer of the highest order, who employs in the service of the Gospel the talents which he has received from God.

TRKEY.—The real and fundamental question at issue between Sir Henry Bulwer and the missionaries is a very simple one: *Has Sir Henry*

Bulwer sustained and defended the principle of religious liberty in Turkey, or has he not? Is he prepared to assert that he has? The missionaries can demonstrate that he has utterly failed to do so, not only in this case, but in nearly every other case where his aid has been requested, during the past two years. They can show that he has been less and less inclined to listen to their representations ever since he came to Turkey, until his policy has culminated in the present state of things. This fact is as well known among Turks, Greeks, Catholics, Armenians, and native Protestants, in Constantinople, as it is to the missionaries. It is notorious.

INDIA.—In North Tinnevely, the congregations have doubled since 1860, and there are many of the catechists watching over small bodies of inquirers here and there, who prove very effective evangelists. The sales of tracts and Scriptures last year, were 2,800, being nearly four times as many as the year before. In the South, this encouraging feature was still more marked, the sales, after having risen in the previous three years from 28 to 250 and 780, swelling up, last year, to more than 6,000. The agents of the Church Missionary Society continue to inculcate upon the native churches in Tinnevely, with no small measure of success, the duty of self-support and of contributing to the extension of the Gospel. A meeting has been held at Mengnanapuram, at which it was agreed by the headmen of congregations, native clergy and others, that fourteen congregations should be forthwith supplied with catechists, to be paid out of the native church fund. Similar meetings have been held at two other stations. In the Mundakayam district of the Travancore Church Mission, the Rev. H. Baker has within a brief period baptized 256 souls.

Ceylon.—A Church missionary mentions having, while itinerating with an American brother and two native assistants, held a most interesting meeting in a temple which was in course of erection in the Jaffna district. Speaking of the result of their preaching, he says, "I have seldom witnessed such an effect as appears to have been produced. Some said, even

with tears, 'This is just what we have wanted. I think, if we had taken the sense of the meeting, they would have handed over the building to us.'"

WEST AFRICA.—Sierra Leone has been reached by Bishop Crowther on his way to the Niger. He received a warm welcome, and the scene presented on his landing is described by the local press as "majestic."

MADAGASCAR.—The adherents to the cause of Christ in Madagascar continue to increase, but the idols receive from the Queen increasing public recognition and homage. Among the people, on the other hand, they are regarded with growing indifference. The increase in the number of Christians is not confined to the capital; it extends to the surrounding province, and especially the Betsileo country. From Fianarantsoa, a military station in that territory, eight days journey to the south, the brother of the governor and a number of people waited on Mr. Ellis, to ask for a missionary. There are already at this place forty-six converts united in Christian fellowship, and more than two hundred attendants on public worship. Mr. Ellis has visited that part of their country from which the deputation came, in order to ascertain if it would form a suitable spot for missionary operations.

AUSTRIAN SILESIA.—A few months ago no little excitement was produced by the fact that in some villages near Frankstadt in Moravia, more than 120 persons had gone over to the Evangelical Church. These were almost exclusively poor miners, who dug up ore for the adjacent and not inconsiderable iron-works of Friedland, belonging to the Archbishop of Olmutz. When the present archbishop, the landgrave of Furstenburg, had been apprised of the step taken by these labourers, he immediately dismissed them altogether from his employment, in the hope probably of inducing them to retrace the step they had taken. But he was disappointed: the work which he took from them was liberally replaced at their request by Baron Rothschild, who employed them in his mines and coal-pits in Wittowitz.

Articles Selected.

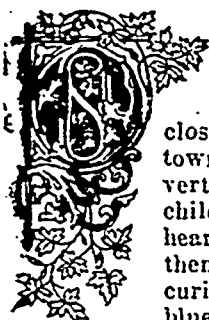
"Lost! lost! lost!"
Listen to the bellman's chime,
As it thrills on the ear with a saddening sound
Just at the evening time:
"A little, fair-haired child,
And only four years old,
Has wandered afar in its childish glee
Away from its parent fold."
Who can the anguish tell,
The mingled hope and fear,
As the mother waits, in that desolate home,
Her darling's voice to hear?
Sad, sad, sad,
The sound of the bellman's chime,
As it rings through the busy, crowded street,
Just at the evening time.

But sadder, sadder still,
The cry of deeper woe
Which ascends from so many childish hearts
That no earthly comfort know.
'Tis heard in the crowded street,
'Mid the city's strife and din,
Where the little ones wander with weary feet.
Lost in the ways of sin,
Lost to the voice of love,
To virtue's lessons dear;
Lost to the hope of a home above,
Oppressed with want and fear.
Jesus, with pitying eye,
These wandering lambs behold,
And gather them all in their childhood's day,
Into thine own dear fold.

A CHILD'S VICTORY.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAP. I.



IN a sultry summer's day, seven hundred years ago, a little girl stood at a street door in one of the close, narrow alleys of a Flemish town. Her dress indicated poverty, though not neglect. Other children were playing near; she heard their voices, and looked at them for a few moments with curiosity and interest in her large blue eyes, but apparently with no wish to join their sports. Far more earnestly did she gaze to the right, where the long alley terminated in a broader street, from whence there poured a stream of intense vivid sunlight, illuminating a corner of the shaded alley, with the Madonna in her niche, as well as the quaint carvings that adorned the house of rich Messer Andreas, the weaver. What would little Arlette have given to see one figure that she knew turn from the sunshine into the shadow! Young as she was, she had already learned one of woman's saddest lessons—the meaning of that word *watching*.

"Child, where art thou?" moaned a faint voice from within.

In another instant she stood by the bed-side of her dying mother. All too surely had Death, that great king, sealed those wasted features with his own signet, that the purpose might not be changed concerning her; yet, to judge by the calm that overspread them, he was in his instance no king of terrors—no king, but a servant rather, a herald of the "King immortal, invisible," sent from His presence to summon one of his children home.

"Thou seest no one, child?"

"No, mother. To-morrow—perhaps to-morrow he will come."

But childhood's faith in to-morrow failed to communicate itself to the dying woman. "No one," she continued without heeding the words of Arlette; "no one—and it is well. Though long and sore has been the conflict, I can now say it is well. My child, when he comes, tell him we shall meet above:—tell him that I waited—waited just to look in his face one more, and to say good-bye; but now the call has come, and I must go. As for thee—" She paused, and a look of exhaustion passed over her face. The little girl, who did not weep, but maintained the quiet self-possession of an older person, held to her lips a cup containing some simple cordial.

"Arlette, I must ask thee a hard thing: wilt thou do it for me?" She raised herself slightly, and fixed her dark eyes earnestly on the sorrowing child.

"Mother, I will do anything—anything!"

"My child, listen to me, look in my face, and tell me that if I grow worse, as it must be, thou wilt not fear."

"Fear what, my own mother?"

"Fear to stand thus beside me quite alone—thy hand in mine—none other with us save the great God above who is with us always."

Arlette did not speak, her face was very pale, and her lips were compressed.

"Promise me, child of my heart, promise me that, happen what may, thou wilt call no one, bring no one here."

Arlette looked up quickly, "Save our good neighbour, the Vrow Cristine, who hath been so kind and helpful to us?"

"No, child, not even Cristine. Thou canst not understand. And yet perchance thou canst, for sorrow hath been thy teacher, and she teaches well and quickly. If Cristine comes to sit beside me when I lie senseless she will say within herself, "Now I can fetch the priest and make all right for my poor neighbour," and he will come and pray his blasphemous prayers, and pour his useless oil upon my brow; and then, Arlette, we shall have touched the accursed thing, and when thy father knows it, it will break his heart."

Arlette did not answer immediately. She stood pale and motionless, her eyes fixed on her mother's face; at last she said in a low resolved tone,—

"That shall never be, mother." And as she spoke, the self-command so unnatural for her years gave way, and with true childlike sorrow she wept and wailed, "Mother! mother!"

"Poor child, poor little one," said the mother soothingly.

The child soon conquered her tears and sobs, and sat down quietly in the dark corner beside her mother's couch, but her frame still quivered with suppressed emotion. What a long, long day it was, and how unlike any other day in her brief experience of life! Her mother slumbered uneasily from time to time, and would then talk of strange things that she could not understand, sometimes speaking to the absent father as if he were near her, and again wailing feebly that he would not come. But happily for Arlette, these wanderings, which filled her with terror, did not continue: as evening drew on, the dying woman lay calm and still, and at last sleep came, not like the feverish slumbers of the day, but quiet and restful, "as if upon the spirit worn distilled some healing balm."

The little watcher kept her place, from which, for some hours, she had only moved to smooth her mother's pillow or to bring a cooling draught to her lips. And now she feared to disturb her by a motion or a breath.

The kind-hearted Cristine, wife of their neighbour the fuller, came to the door with inquiries, which Arlette answered in a low voice.

"She sleeps, sayest thou?" said the hearty, good-natured Vrow in a tolerably loud whisper, and pushing the door a little more open. "Poor child, art thou not lonely and afraid? Let me come in and sit with thee awhile, as thou dost watch thy mother."

In her heart Arlette longed to accept the proffered companionship, but mindful of her promise she declined it firmly though gratefully.

"Is there nought I can do for thee? Wouldst thou not have me call the leech? He is a good man and right friendly to the poor. Bless thee, child, if thy mother feared to summon him because she had little to give, Messer

Frantz would rather leave a mark behind him with such as thou, than take it from thee."

"He hath been here," returned Arlette sadly, "he came this morning, and said there was nothing more that he could do now."

"Ah, I see," and as softly as she could the good woman stepped into the room. When she beheld the white still face on the pillow, the expression of her own changed, and she sighed and shook her head. She spoke again to Arlette, but without looking at her. "My little one, it were well, methinks, to fetch the holy father, that he may pray beside her, and do what is right for her poor soul. There, there," seeing that she looked pale and frightened, "I did not mean to grieve thee; but we must think of the soul that has to live for ever."

"My father is coming home," said the child timidly, "we must wait for him."

"Thy father!" repeated Vrow Cristine in some surprise. "God grant he may come, but, my poor child—" "There is one night that will not wait for him," she was about to add, but unwillingness to terrify Arlette kept her silent.

After making her promise to call her if she needed help, she withdrew to consult with her husband whether thy might not take her to their own home, when a few short hours had made her an orphan.

Meanwhile the light of the long summer day began to fade, and in the dusk Arlette trembled with vague terror. All the familiar objects in the little room looked strange and ghastly in the uncertain twilight; and when she turned from them to gaze at the dear face on the pillow, gleaming white through the darkness, that too seemed changed. Was it indeed her mother—her own mother, that she loved, and from whom she had never been separated? Would she not speak to her, look at her again? Was she—she could not for worlds have uttered the word that was in her thoughts; her heart almost stood still in its terror, and she bowed her head, and hid her face in the coverlet, not in sorrow only, but in fear—an awful fear that seemed to oppress her like a heavy weight, and stifled in its birth a cry that had almost passed her lips unawares.

Beyond utterance was the sense of relief with which she heard footsteps, and supposed the kind Vrow Cristine was coming once more to offer help and companionship. Surely, just for a little while, she might let her stay. "But no," she thought immediately, "it is a man's footstep—belike it is the fuller, Cristine's husband." Any one would have been welcome now, any one save perhaps a dark-robed priest.

It was neither priest, nor fuller, nor physician. A few hasty strides brought into the room a tall gaunt man, long robed, and with wooden sandals, to whose arms Arlette sprang with a passionate cry,—*"My father!"*

YOUR EVENINGS, BOYS!

Great boys and little boys, here is a question which concerns you all. How do you spend your evenings? if your parents or guardians allow you to go from home in the evening,

where do you go, and how is this time spent by you?

Joseph Clark was as fine-looking and healthy a lad as ever left the country to go into a city business. His cheek was red with health, his arm strong, and his step quick. His master liked his looks, and said, 'That boy will make something.'

He had been a clerk about six months, when Mr Abbott observed a change in Joseph. His cheek grew pale, his eye hollow, and he always seemed sleepy. Mr Abbott said nothing for a while. At length finding Joseph alone in the counting-room one day, he asked him if he was well.

'Pretty well, sir,' answered Joseph.

'You look sick of late,' said Mr Abbott.

'I have the headache sometimes,' the young man said.

'What gives you the headache?' asked the merchant.

'I do not know that I know, sir.'

'Do you go to bed in good season?'

'As early as most of the other clerks,' he said.

'And how do you spend your evenings, Joseph?'

'Oh, sir, not as my pious mother would approve,' answered the young man, with tears in his eyes.

'Joseph,' said the old merchant, 'your character and prosperity depend upon the way you pass your evenings. Take my word for it, it is a young man's evenings that make or break him.'

DR. COLENZO.



VENTS of the Month, a recently established Magazine, contains the following sketch of Dr. Colenso

which will, we think, be read with some interest. It serves to confirm the impression which his work made on us, of his being quite unable to grapple with even the least

important of the subjects which he discusses in his attack upon the authenticity of the books of the Old Testament. His conversion by a Zulu catechumen, who was assisting him in the translation of the Bible into the Kaffre language, and which he himself so naively confesses, should have taught him modesty and prevented him from rushing into print. He has done good service to the Bible. Able expositors, who would probably have remained silent, have thrown a flood of light upon obscure passages and doubtful interpretations, and, from the tombs of long buried cities, the very dead have raised their voice to protest against the presumption of a man who is a good mathematical teacher, and nothing else.—*Ed.*]

Dr. Colenso, is a Cambridge man, of some fifty years of age, was second Wrangler in the

year 1836, and subsequently a Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and a somewhat eminent private tutor. He is a man of earnest and impetuous disposition, logical but hasty, and of that sort of mind which follows one idea to its conclusion, without taking into account the various modifying circumstances which you ought to look at on your way. Hence, as may be supposed, considering the stirring times we have had for the last five-and-twenty years, Dr. Colenso has all his life been setting off in hot pursuit of one new light after another in matters theological. There is many a Cambridge man, who (serious and even awful as the matter is) can scarcely repress a smile as he thinks of the Mr. Colenso of those years gone by, when he first came under the attraction of the rising school of Churchmanship in Cambridge. Those were the days in which many who now, some in high and some in low estate, are doing the Church's work like heroes, received that impress which has moulded them for all time, and for the ages when time, and the works of time, shall be ended. So, for the time, was Mr. Colenso also carried away by the impetuous sweep of that great wave of thought and feeling;—of feeling more than thought, no doubt, in his case—of thought, if at all, under the dominion of feeling. But this was not his only phase, even in Cambridge. We remember him also just as earnest a member of the Simeonite or Carus-ite school, as he is now of the sceptical (not to say worse) and latitudinarian party;—as he also once was of the High Church reaction in the University. It cannot be denied that Dr. Colenso has tried all forms of opinion which have any home in the English Church, and it is instructive to us to mark the intermediate steps of his declension.

Mr. Colenso had left the University, and we had lost sight of him for a time, when we were somewhat startled—we think it was about the time of his becoming Bishop of Natal—by some small publication, or publications, indicating that he had found a new theological whereabouts—the uncertain quicksand on to which Mr. Maurice is ever tempting the unwary pilgrim. We have not the book or books at hand, so as to give their titles; but we well remember our own surprise, and the feeling of *What next?* which came over us; to be followed, alas! only too soon, by the unequivocal proof that Dr. Colenso's path was not to be arrested anywhere short of the most miserable rationalism.

It was not long after his consecration to his Bishoprick, that he published a Commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, from what he termed a *missionary* point of view, which he might better have described as simply "*a new and unheard of point of view.*" There he contrives to deny nearly everything which St. Paul wrote that letter to prove; he sets aside the original depravity of mankind; he gets rid of the Atonement and Vicarious Sacrifice of our Lord; and he says that St. Paul's doctrine of justification by faith, makes justification, after all, an affair of works!

Then he proceeds with the notions which, from his "*missionary point of view,*" he con-

trives to ascribe to St. Paul—that all mankind are "*justified;*" that the Spirit teaches and dwells in all men; that in the end, as it would seem, all men shall be saved. If so, of course, those who have lived and died in obvious sin will need, and must have, some purifying process after death (in short, a Purgatory), some chastisement to bring them round to goodness and therefore to God; but as regards this future penalty, even if the "*fire*" be "*everlasting,*" Dr. Colenso says that it does not follow that those who are sent into it are to *stay there for ever.*

We cannot dwell any longer on this horrible masquerading travesty of Christianity, or upon the consequences to which it leads. We will only ask, was it *this*, or *such* a doctrine as this, which inflamed the zeal of a St. Paul,—for which he and the Apostolic Twelve met their martyrdoms and their missionary toils? Is it *this* which inspires our souls with their awe and gratitude in our Eucharistic reception, in our Eucharistic worship and thanksgiving?

So, from setting aside the New Testament Revelation of Jesus Christ in favour of his own "*missionary view*" of what St. Paul ought to have taught, Dr. Colenso advances next to the study of the Books of the Old Testament. There are difficult questions, as everybody knows, about many things in the Bible. Dr. Colenso's way of *answering* them is to *get rid of them.* He gets rid of them by saying, that no one need trouble himself *what* the Old Testament says. He tells you that the five Books of Moses were neither written by Moses, nor (a great part of them) until centuries after Moses (if ever there was a Moses). He tells you that the ideas of right and wrong in the Pentateuch are exceedingly inferior; that "*Exodus*" was made up out of many traditional narrations, which don't agree with one another, or else that it was Samuel's devising; that Deuteronomy was most likely written by Jeremiah but, above all, and what is, perhaps, even worse than all this, is his unblushing assertion, that every man's conscience is to him a Divine light, by which he can for himself determine the truth or falsehood of moral and spiritual teaching.

To us it is absolutely marvellous how a man can so write and so teach. Of course, if this were so, all Revelation must be needless, and man could do without it. Whereas the whole history of the world before Christ came, is an awful witness to the fact that *man could not do without it.* Besides which, every thoughtful man knows that his "*conscience*" requires teaching just as much as his intellect; and as he grows older, a *really* conscientious man finds out how frequently his "*conscience*" has led him astray for want of sufficient information. This is why such constant prayer and study of God's Word are wanted.

A FRENCH PASTOR'S STORY.

Every Sunday afternoon there is held, at the Young Men's Christian Association, Aldersgate-street, London, a devotional meeting, to which young men are affectionately invited. On a recent occasion of this kind addresses were delivered by three foreign pastors. One of these—the Rev. Achille Manhault, pastor of the

French Church, Guernsey—narrated the following story:—

Nine years ago your Association was led, in the providence of God, to circulate gratuitously among young men in the large warehouses in the city, a little paper, entitled "City Life," prepared by one of your then secretaries, Mr. Tarlton, now the Rev. T. H. Tarlton, incumbent of Stroud. It chanced that a copy fell into the hands of a chemist in the city, who by its means, learned the address and objects of the Association. A few days after, a young Frenchman presented himself to the chemist, requesting medicine and assistance. He was wretchedly poor, without food, almost without clothes, a deserter from the French army, and, in consequence, unable to revisit his native country; and, even here, he went in terror that by some means he might be arrested, and made to suffer for his fault. The medicine for which he asked, the chemist gave him, and for relief he was directed to the Young Men's Christian Association. He came on Easter Sunday, 1855, and found here that welcome with which you are always ready to greet a stranger who comes to throw himself upon your sympathy. He was placed under the care of a foreign Christian gentleman at that time in communion with your Association, and under his guidance and teaching he learned the great truths of Christianity, and resolved to devote himself to the service of God. He continued for some time to attend your meetings, which were the source of much benefit to him; but in his altered state of mind, he considered it his first duty to make what reparation he could for the fault of which he had been guilty in deserting his regiment. He returned to France, presented himself to the proper officers, and surrendered as a deserter. On his trial much surprise was expressed at his voluntary surrender of himself, and the president specially interrogated him on this point. He replied, "When I ran away from France I was in the darkness of nature, and under the power of sin; now I have learned the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, and am his servant. It is by the teaching of His Word that I come back to my duty, and submit myself to you for the punishment I have deserved." Kind friends took an interest in his welfare and tried to procure a mitigation of his punishment. They were successful. Twelve years' imprisonment was the ordinary penalty for his offence; this was reduced to four, and the severity of the imprisonment greatly mitigated. After undergoing it for a year and nine months, he was allowed to return to duty in the army. Here he was employed as a sort of regimental clerk for about two years, and then finally granted a discharge. Released from all obligation, he went to Geneva to study for the ministry. When his studies were completed, he laboured for some time in the South of France as an evangelist, and then was appointed to the charge of the French Independent Church at Guernsey. He now stands before you to acknowledge that this happy change of position, and far happier change of mind, he owes to the kindly influence of the Young Men's Christian Association. The starving French deserter who sang in the streets of London for a morsel of bread, is the Pastor Manhault who now speaks to you.

CÆSAREA.

Cæsarea was the capital of Palestine in the days of the apostles; it was the favorite residence of that Herod who "killed James the brother of John with the sword;" and it was the scene of the tyrant's awful death, recorded in Acts xii. 21-23. Philip, after baptizing the Ethiopian eunuch, passed through Philistia and Sharon, "preaching in all the cities, till he came to Cæsarea." (Acts viii. 26-40). Peter here first preached the gospel to Gentiles, and here he baptized Cornelius, the first Gentile convert. (x. 47). It was to Cæsarea Paul was brought a prisoner from Jerusalem. It was in the palace in this city he so spake of "righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come," that he made Felix tremble. It was here the power of his logic forced King Agrippa to exclaim, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." And it was from this harbour he embarked on his long and eventful voyage to Rome (Acts xxiii. 33; xxiv. 25; xxvi. 28; xxvii. 1, 2). Here Eusebius, the father of ecclesiastical history, spent nearly his whole life, having been bishop of the diocese for a quarter of a century (AD. 315-340). Here, too, Procopius was born in the beginning of the sixth century. The city was thus the home of two of the greatest historians of antiquity.

In passing through the gate of Cæsarea, I felt that I was indeed entering a "holy and historic place;" and I envy not the Christian or the scholar who could tread that site and look on those ruins without experiencing such a sense of mingled awe and reverence, and inspiring sympathy, as is ever awakened in the mind by the immediate presence of the great and the good. In only a very few other cities of Palestine was I so deeply impressed, so strangely and powerfully excited, by the *religio loci*. Every great event in the sacred and civil history of the city was localized, and fancy grouped again the old actors on the old scenes.

The ruins of Cæsarea lie close along the winding shore, projecting here and there into the sea, and presenting huge masses of shattered masonry and piles of granite columns to the restless waves. In the interior all is ruin. Not a building remains entire. Not even the foundations of a building can be fully traced. Heaps of stones and rubbish, here a solitary column, there a disjointed arch, yonder a fragment of a wall—all encompassed or overgrown with thorns, and briars, and thistles, intermixed in spring with myriads of yellow marigolds and scarlet poppies. The famous harbour is still there, but it is choked up with sand and rubbish; and the great mole now forms that picturesque group of broken, sea-beaten masonry, which projects far into the sea, and constitutes the most striking feature in the well-known sketches of Bartlett, Tipping and others. I wandered for hours among the ruins of Cæsarea. The sighing of the wind among the broken walls, and deep moan of the sea as each wave broke upon the cavernous ruins of the ancient harbour, were the only sounds I heard. I saw no man. The Arab and the shepherd avoid the spot. The very birds and beasts seem to shun it. The only living creature I saw during my stay was a jackal in one of the crypts of the cathedral.—*Family Treasury*.

For the Young.

JANET'S BUN.

A STORY FOR LITTLE GIRLS.



MRS. CRISP, the pastry-cook, was busily employed in taking a tin of smoking hot buns out of the oven. Very nice, indeed, they looked! all smooth and brown, and sugary at the top, and thickly sprinkled with currants. No one in the town could make better buns than Mrs. Crisp. And this fact was so well known that very soon

people of all kinds would come dropping into her shop to buy them; for it was market-day, and the buns would hardly have time to cool before they would be snapped up and eaten.

Mrs. Crisp was not a good-tempered woman, and the fire was hot, and she had been hurrying to get her buns ready in time, so, when she had set down the tin to cool, she turned round, and said sharply to a little girl with a basket on her arm—

“Now then, Janet, what are you waiting for?”

Janet had been waiting until Mrs. Crisp should have time to attend her. But she did not remind her of that; she opened her basket, and said, in a cheerful, pleasant voice—

“Eggs are twenty for a shilling to-day, if you please, ma'am; and butter seventeen.”

She meant seventeen pence a pound—she said seventeen for shortness.

I am sure you would have liked Janet's face as much as you must have done her voice. It was a rosy face, with a pair of honest grey eyes, and a mouth dimpled all round with smiles. The face was surrounded by a straw bonnet, very old, and with ribands that had been washed more than once, but neat and clean to the last; and, if you wish to know the rest of Janet's costume, it consisted of a print frock, a blue checked pinafore, a small handkerchief pinned across the breast, and a pair of stout boots rather the worse for wear, and with sundry patches, but not a single hole.

Mrs. Crisp was rather pacified at the thought of eggs being twenty for a shilling. Besides, Janet was so handy, it saved her a great deal of trouble. It was pleasant to watch how carefully she told out her eggs into the dish Mrs. Crisp had set ready. And then, how she unpacked her butter from the nice cool dock leaves in which it was wrapped; and how she dusted the plate before she would put her butter upon it, because a gust of wind had blown the ashes over everything. When this was done, she shut her basket, counted over the money Mrs. Crisp had paid her, put it into her purse, and prepared to go home.

Mrs. Crisp was still pleased about the eggs; and, seeing that one of the buns had been a little caught by the fire, and did not look so well as the rest, she actually gave it to her. I say *actually*, because Mrs. Crisp had never

done such a thing before, and I have not heard that she has ever done it since.

Janet had not tasted a bun for a very long time. Though her cheeks were rosy with the fresh country air, she fared hard, and often knew what it was to be hungry. She had breakfasted at six that morning, and her breakfast had been a piece of dry bread; so you may think the bun would be a great treat to her.

I am sorry to say that the nice butter and the new-laid eggs Janet had taken out of her basket did not belong to her. It might have been so, if her father had worked as hard as he ought to have done. He might then have had a cottage to live in, and a field with a cow. He had once, when Janet was younger; but the cottage and the cow were both gone, and he had only a lodging in the village, which Janet made as comfortable as she could with the few bits of furniture that were left. Janet's father hated work, and so, for idleness of the hands, the house had dropped through. Janet was not idle; you had only to look at her to see that. She washed and cooked for her father, and did errands for the neighbours; and was even trusted to carry butter and eggs to market for the farmers' wives.

But things were beginning to go wrong. Her father had got into debt, and Janet could not help that. Nor could she, with all her efforts, keep the wolf from the door. So that many troubles seemed in store for Janet.

But she did not feel her troubles just at this moment. She had done her errand, and was going home with the bun in her pocket. She thought when she got out of the town she would sit down and eat it.

It was a pretty grassy lane that Janet turned into; and very still it was after the noise of the cart wheels, and the bustle of the market. By-and-by she came to a little purling brook, that ran across the lane. Wild flowers were growing on the bank, and the trees overhead made it cool and pleasant. This was the place where Janet meant to eat her bun. She meant to have a draught of water, for she was thirsty as well as hungry, and the brook was as clear as crystal, so that you might count every pebble that lay at the bottom.

She had scarcely sat down, and taken the bun from her pocket when an old woman came over the stile close by. Her face was pale, and she seemed so spent and tired, she could hardly drag herself along. She looked wistfully at the bun in Janet's hand, as much as to say, “Do give me something to eat!”

Janet was hungry herself and she might have to make her dinner of bread, or, at best, of potatoes. But she was young and strong, and young people can bear a great deal; an old woman cannot.

Janet had a tender heart; she felt pity for the old woman, and would like to feed her. Janet had been early taught by her pious mother to read the Bible. She knew that God loves his children to care for and to help each other. A little text came into her mind as if some one

had spoken it. "It is more blessed to give than to receive." And the next moment the bun was in the old woman's hand.

The old woman did not say, "Thank you;" she seemed too hungry even for that. She devoured the bun as if she had been starving; and when the last morsel was gone she said—
"God bless you my little girl! I was ready to drop, and I must go on to the town. People say I've a bit of money left me, and I'm going to see. Good by to you." And she trudged on, and was soon out of sight.

Then Janet stooped down, and took a draught of water; after that she went on her way. She was not sorry she had given the old woman her bun, even when, on getting home, she found she must dine on a crust. All day the text kept running in her head, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Janet's troubles soon came thick upon her. Before the year was out her father was taken ill, and Janet had to nurse him. Then she could not run of errands or take eggs and butter to market. Instead of that she had to wait upon her father, and sit up at night to stitch gloves.

It was hard work, and her rosy cheeks grew pale, and her arms lost their roundness and their plumpness. She had often to go without food, that her father might have it, for he was selfish, as idle people generally are.

He never thought of Janet.

Of course things soon got worse. The neighbours often said, "You should send your father to the workhouse." But Janet would not hear of it. She sold first one thing, and then another—even the clock was taken to buy food.

One day there was nothing in the house to eat, and Janet did not know what to do. Her father wanted her to go and beg. Janet had never done such a thing in her life, and the very thought made her feel ashamed. No, she could not beg; at least, not from door to door; but she might go and tell her troubles to Mrs. Crisp, and ask her to lend her a trifle. She had carried eggs and butter to Mrs. Crisp for more than a year, and she thought Mrs. Crisp would trust her.

So Janet put on her bonnet, and set off for the town.

It was winter now, and snow lay thick upon the ground, and the brook was frozen over. There were no green leaves, nor wild flowers, nor pleasant songs of birds. All was silent and dreary, and Janet's heart felt dreary too. Her troubles pressed heavily upon her.

Mrs. Crisp was in the room behind the shop, cutting up meat for pork-pies, when Janet came in. She spoke crossly, for she was vexed with Janet for not bringing the eggs and butter as usual. The girl she employed had once broken the eggs, and let the butter get spoilt by the sun. The remembrance of this did not improve Mrs. Crisp's temper; besides cross tempers always get worse instead of better.

Janet looked with longing eyes at the nice pork-pies, some of them just out of the oven, and at the loaves of home-baked bread that lay upon the table. She was tired, and very cold and hungry, and the wet had soaked into her boots, which were quite worn out. She could

hardly keep from crying as she told her errand and asked for a little help.

But Mrs. Crisp did not like helping people. She had never studied that text I was telling you about. She liked to receive and not to give.

"I can do nothing for you," she said, sharply, "Lending is as good as giving, and I'm never likely to see my money back. You had better go, for you are only paddling my floor all over with your wet boots."

Janet did not need to be told twice. In her hurry to get out of the shop, she ran against a customer who was waiting to be served, and who must have heard every word that passed, for Mrs. Crisp had a habit of speaking at the top of her voice.

The customer was an old lady, very nicely dressed in a black velvet bonnet, and a comfortable cloak, and a muff to keep her hands warm.

Janet hardly noticed her. She hurried into the street, her cheeks burning, and her eyes full of tears. What was she to do, or where could she go to get food for her father?

It was just before Christmas, and the town was very full of people. Janet had to wait a few minutes at the corner of the street before she could cross. While she was waiting she saw the old lady in the cloak and muff coming towards her. She evidently wished to speak to her, for she beckoned with her hand, and made a sign for her to stop.

Janet did stop, and then the old lady said to her, speaking quickly and eagerly, "Come with me my little girl. I can talk to you better when I get home."

Janet was rather surprised at the old lady's manner; but she did as she was bid, and walked beside her. The old lady did not speak to Janet again; and on they both trudged through the snowy streets, with the sleet and hail driving in their faces. At length they reached a neat little house standing back in a garden, and here the old lady stopped. There were flowers in the window, and a canary bird in a gilt cage, and there was a brass plate on the door, with the name of Mrs. Finch upon it.

The old lady opened the door, and went in; and Janet stood outside, for she was afraid of paddling the clean floor, as she had done at Mrs. Crisp's; but the old lady turned to her, and said, in the same quick tone—

"Come in, come in!"

So Janet went in, carefully rubbing her boots on the mat, and followed the old lady into the warm, snug room, where a bright fire was blazing, and the cloth laid for dinner, and where there was a tempting smell of roast beef.

The old lady then told Janet to sit down, while she took off her cloak and bonnet; and when she had done this, she opened the oven, and took out a piece of beef baked over potatoes, and set it upon the table.

"Now, my little girl," said she, "you and I are going to have some dinner."

Janet was more surprised than ever she had been in her life. But again she did as she was bid; she sat down to the table, and the old lady sat down opposite to her.

A good appetite is a capital sauce, and you may be sure Janet had that. It was many a

long day since such a meal had been spread before her. But the old lady enjoyed her dinner the most of the two, for "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

You will, perhaps, wonder how it was that Janet did not ask for a slice of beef for her father. It was not because she had forgotten him, but she had seen the old lady put a basin into the oven with a nice dinner of meat and potatoes in it, to keep hot for somebody, and Janet hoped *that* somebody was her father. Mrs. Finch had asked several questions about him; indeed, by this time she had drawn from Janet the whole story of her troubles.

When dinner was over, Janet thanked the old lady with all her heart, and then she began to tie on her bonnet; she was anxious to get back to her father. But there was another surprise in store for her. Mrs. Finch said, in her quick tone. "And now, my little girl, do you know who I am?"

No, Janet did not. The old lady seemed a friend sent by Providence to help her, but, beyond that, Janet knew nothing.

"Because," said the old lady, "I knew you in a minute. You are the little girl who gave me the bun."

Janet had forgotten all about the bun; besides, the poor hungry old woman was so unlike comfortable, well-dressed Mrs. Finch, she was hardly likely to know her again.

"I should never have got to the town if it had not been for that bun," continued the old lady. "I had tramped such a long way to see if it was true about the money, that I was fit to drop, and I had not a penny left to buy bread."

"I am sure you were quite welcome to the bun," said Janet, who was looking at the old lady, and trying to remember her.

"And the bit of money turned out better than I thought," continued Mrs. Finch; "and so I've got this nice house to live in, and plenty to eat, and plenty to wear. Thank God for it."

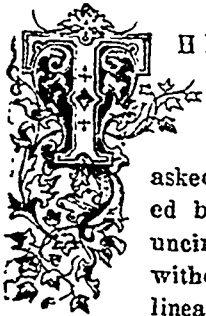
You may be sure the dinner in the basin was carried home by Janet to her father. And Mrs. Finch took care, for Janet's sake, that the sick man should not want food again.

Before the spring came round Janet was an orphan, and then Mrs. Finch took her into her service, and Janet is now living with her mistress in the neat little house, and is as happy as the day is long.

Sabbath Readings.

THE VISIBLE PROGRESS OF CHRIST'S KINGDOM.

"Where is he that is born King of the Jews?"—*Matt. ii. 2.*



HE temporal condition of the Jewish people would seem to give a peculiar emphasis to this question when first asked. Trodden down and despised by successive generations of uncircumcised Gentiles, and left without a king of their own royal lineage, we can readily conceive how the disheartened Jew would sigh for a deliverer. Dispersion and expatriation seem to have been the lot of the unfaithful son of Abraham for many generations. In David and Solomon he saw his best days. It was under their respective reigns that the nation seems to have reached the zenith of its political and religious greatness. Ever since then the sun of prosperity began to decline and to become obscured by the frowning clouds of Jehovah's anger, except as relieved by the brief reigns of a very few faithful and theocratic kings. And the climax of its national calamities seems to have been reached in the people being carried away captive to Babylon. Ephraim is first carried away, and the ten tribes, of which he is the representative symbol, disappear at once from the page of history, nevermore to reappear, unless we

concede to them the skeleton place of "The Lost Ten Tribes." With Judah also it was only a matter of time. Within a few score years posterior to the deportation of Ephraim, the ruthless hand of eastern vandalism seizes fast hold of Judah also, and with sacrilegious hand ravaging and despoiling the august fane on mount Zion of all that was sacred and holy within its precincts, carried him away in triumph to the banks of the Euphrates. From this eastern captivity there was indeed a return on the part of Judah, but it never attained to that degree of glory and renown which had characterised the Jewish monarchy in former days. From this time onwards, although *nominally* a nation and pursuing their own *religion*, still they were in reality the vassals of foreign powers. They had to succumb as lawful subjects to those great powers which, in succession, and each in its turn, had become the mistress of the civilized world. The last of these great powers to whose yoke the Jewish people had to succumb was the Roman empire. The proud pinions of the Roman eagle are now at length seen waving in defiant triumph in the atmosphere of Jerusalem, and exacting the tribute and deference of which they are an emblem. Judea, after all its efforts at resistance, has

become a *Roman colony*, and must therefore stoop to pay tribute to Cæsar. A king, indeed, it has, but not of its own choice, nor of David's royal lineage. It is the *Roman Procurator* in the person of Herod the Great, an alien in blood, being of Idumean extraction, and unprincipled in religion. We can easily conceive then, how in these circumstances the oppressed Jew would sigh for deliverance—how he would look forward in longing expectation for one of the true royal extraction to rid him of the galling and inglorious yoke of bondage now pressing on him—how he would pray earnestly for the fulfilment of the sacred oracles which foretold the coming of the Messiah who was to sit in royal splendour on the throne of David, now, alas, usurped by an alien, and to lead them on to victory over their uncircumcised enemies, to give them in their turn the mastery over the globe. It was just at this juncture, when the Jew was down-trodden and needed deliverance, when the vacant throne of David and Solomon, now usurped by Herod the Great, was awaiting its lawful occupant, it was then the eastern sages from afar, in strange habits and strange language startled the community at Jerusalem by asking the question, "Where is he that is born King of the Jews?"

It is needless here to raise a discussion regarding these Gentile sages, as to who they were, their occupation and country; as also in regard to the nature of the luminous body by which they were directed to the new-born King of the Jews. As, on these points, revelation is silent, let us observe in passing, by the aid of tradition, and reason based on scientific knowledge, that these wise men were representatives from the learned among the Perses or some other eastern nation, and that the so-called *star* may have been a conjunction of two or more planets giving them the appearance of one large body. And to those who are curious to know why this luminous body should beckon them to *Judea* rather than to some other country, we may state that the conjunction referred to at Christ's advent is known to have taken place in the constellation of the *Fishes* (*Pisces*) and that as a *fish* was the religious symbol of *Judea*, they therefore construed the sign as leading them unmistakably to that country, that is to *Fish-land*. But the appearance of such a sign could not, of itself, inform them that they were to look for a new-born King of the Jews rather than any other personage or any other event. It is necessary then to suppose that there was a corresponding expectation entertained on the part of the Gentile world that such an event was to take place;

and that such an event was in some way to be associated with the appearance of a *star*. Now it is matter of history that such expectation was actually entertained by the Gentile world. It was currently believed throughout the whole world that about this time a great personage was to arise from *Judea* who was to be a mighty ruler among the nations. And this general expectation is easily accounted for, when it is borne in mind that the Jews were at that time dispersed through all countries, bearing with them the sacred prophecy of Daniel, which distinctly foretold the appearance of the Messiah about this time, and also the prophecy of Balaam which associated the event with the appearance of a *star*, in the passage that a "star was to arise out of Jacob." Every circumstance thus seems to favour the advent of the new-born king. The eyes of all, Jew and Gentile, looked with wondering expectancy for his appearance, the one with hope of redress from heavy grievances, the other with at least a strong interest. And the Greek language, affording a suitable medium for the transmission of the coming monarch's commands among all nations, was now universal. The whole earth, as if in deference to the Prince of Peace, was now in peace and quietness, and the heathen religion was found to have become effete and worthless. Such was the state of the world and the expectation of all when "wise men came from the East to Jerusalem, saying, 'Where is he that is born King of the Jews?'"

At the startling question, which was really the announcement of the *actual birth* of the lawful King of the Jews, no marvel that the bloody "Herod trembled, and all Jerusalem with him," being doubtless apprehensive (but foolishly so) that the crown he had degraded by intrigue and wickedness, was now to be plucked from his brow, and that the sceptre he had wielded only for oppression was now to be wrested from his grasp. It was to him indeed a momentous enquiry to ascertain the truth implied in the startling question of the wise men. And it is no less a matter of interest for the true Israel of God to know if their *spiritual* King and Deliverer has really made his appearance in the flesh. Whether we are his *friends*, or *foes*, then, either loving, or fearing Christ's appearance, let us follow these Eastern Magi as they hasten their steps from the royal portals of the trembling Herod, and wend their way under guidance of celestial light, towards the neighbouring Bethlehem; and let us see if we can there identify the infant babe to be the King of the Jews. There is nothing, indeed,

to stagger our faith in the mere fact that Christ is born at Bethlehem rather than at Jerusalem; nor again in the fact of his being a helpless infant, for that may be the germ of a distinguished personage. But there are circumstances connected with his nativity which are enough to stagger the faith of all, except those who view the scene from a *spiritual* standpoint. The whole scene presents one of the lowliest and humblest that could be imagined, and is admitted to be utterly contradictory of the position of one who made high claims to royalty. A frail, helpless infant, descended from the poorest and humblest parents, and lying, not underneath a golden canopy, surrounded by attendant guards, and all the ensigns of a princely rank, but in a lowly manger, without the humblest place in the humblest lodgings. Strange plight indeed for a king! and yet this is only the beginning of a series of strange contradictions and enigmas in the life of the incarnate Saviour upon the earth. And from this strange plight, in contrast to the high expectations entertained of him, we cease to wonder that his expectant friends should lose heart, and turning away from Bethlehem's manger, exclaim in despondency "Where is he that is born King of the Jews?"

But pass onward through the series of enigmas presented in the life of this king upon earth. Yonder you see a mob. An apparent malefactor is apprehended. He is first ushered into the presence of the High Court, where heavy charges of blasphemy are preferred against him. The crowd, both ruler and ruled, surround the self-styled king, more like a mob than a court of legislative justice, and are fiendishly intent upon his conviction and destruction. The king appears mute and helpless, without an advocate, without a friend. Even those who recently were his best friends have now their faith staggered at the strange proceedings against their supposed king and Master, and protest with oaths that they have no fellowship with the apprehended personage. The mock trial is removed from the *ecclesiastical* to the *civil* tribunals in order to secure the sanction of Pilate to the deliverance of the High Priest. Pilate demands an answer to the question in dispute, "Art thou the King of the Jews?" To this Christ replies in the affirmative, but with the modification that his kingdom was a *spiritual* one and therefore not in opposition to Cæsar's. The popular voice, however, prevails over the claims of justice and the real sentiments of the civil governor—justice is prevented—the king is condemned—he is

buffeted, and scourged, and subjected to an ordeal of insult and low abuse, such as is seldom the lot of the lowest slave, and in derision of his claims to royalty, a crown of thorns is put upon his head, he is invested in purple robes, and the mock salutation is offered by a scoffing rabble "Hail King of the Jews!" At this humiliating scene his enemies laugh and triumph, and his friends mourn and wonder; and both give vent to their feelings, the one in jeering *irony*, and the other in sad *despondency*, saying, "Where is he that is born King of the Jews?"

But pass still onward and see the culmination of the whole sum of humiliation. Cast your eyes towards Mount Calvary. On the road towards that ill-fated summit you notice the same unfortunate sufferer trailing along underneath a heavy load. He is literally bearing his own cross, in order to increase his pain, and add to his indignity. He is surrounded by the same infuriated mob, as if he were the offscouring of all things, and the whole proceedings are legalized by the Roman government. All, Jew and Gentile, unitedly vociferate the fiendish cry of exultation against the King of the Jews, "away with him! crucify him!" The heights of Golgotha are at length reached, and the condemned King of the Jews is extended upon the accursed tree between two notorious malefactors. But where now (methinks I hear his desponding followers say) where now the proof of his kingly power? where now the arm to crush his enemies by the fiat of omnipotence? where now his numerous train of followers to guard the person of their king and to vindicate his cause? No such power is visible to human eye. "We trusted (said one of his devoted followers) that it had been he which should have *redeemed* Israel,"—as much as to say, "but we are disappointed." His enemies also demand, as a proof of his high pretensions, that he should come down from the cross. And the legible inscription above his head, although *truly* setting forth his royal dignity, is no consolation to his desponding disciples. The rather is it tantalizing to see a scoffing Hebrew, a learned Greek, and a haughty Roman read in their respective languages "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews," when there is so little *apparent* evidence to vindicate his claims to that title on the cross. A request is preferred to rectify the language of his title, because it *unqualifiedly* sets forth his claims to royalty, but the Roman governor, as the *unconscious* instrument of Jehovah, refuses to make alteration, and thus leaves it forever as one of the standing enigmas in the life of

Christ upon earth. But the powers of darkness seem to have carried out their wishes; the King of the Jews, the hope and expectation of Israel is crucified, dead and buried; his sorrowing disciples gaze on the extraordinary scene with amazement; and turning their eyes from Calvary's summit to Joseph's tomb, where all their fond hopes of a king are now buried, they give vent to their baffled feelings and sorrowing hearts in the words of the Eastern sages "Where is he that is born King of the Jews?"

But as we follow the history of Christ's life, we find a *change of scene*. From another high summit in the vicinity of Mount Calvary, we can take a more encouraging observation. It is Mount Olivet. Here we see some glimpses of glory which attest the presence of no ordinary personage, and make us think that hitherto we have been looking at a *Prince in disguise*. The now risen King of the Jews holds a friendly parley with his collected followers, and after assuring them that they shall receive the Holy Ghost, and supernatural power in consequence, "a cloud receives him out of their sight" as they wistfully gaze upwards; and now the hitherto despised Nazarene is w. in a chariot of triumph to the third heaven, and is there seated at the right hand of Majesty. Two celestial beings arrayed in white, as commissioners from the high court of Heaven to be eye witnesses of the glorious ascension, interrupt the upward gaze of the eleven astonished disciples and thus accost them:—"Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." How wonderfully has the scene changed even to the eye of sense—how glorious the *coronation* of the King of the Jews! His *friends* may now take courage and dispel forever the gloom and doubt which his previous career of humiliation had produced. His *enemies* may well take the alarm, as they are now forced to believe that the Son of Man, the despised Jesus, is coequal with the Father. And *all*, friends and foes, are now desired to look *aloft*, and, as they see Jesus installed upon the throne of his purchased possession, "far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named," they are *then* prepared to see the true nature of his character and person, and now, at length, to receive a *satisfactory* and decisive answer to their inquiry "where is he that is born King of the Jews?"

From this time forth we are to see the King of the Jews in his true and kingly character, and no longer to have those views of him which

have hitherto been so offensive to the eye of sense, and so apparently inconsistent with his regal character. This character we see him to assume from the time he "ascended up on high." No sooner do we find him installed on the throne of his kingdom, than he manifests his royal prerogative in the outpouring of the plenitude of his grace. His few but faithful subjects wait patiently in Jerusalem, and continue in supplication and prayer, until they had received the fulfilment of the *promise* made to them on the eve of his ascension. Nor do they wait in vain. The promised shower of grace descends, and, with its hallowed unction neutralising the gloomy effects of the crucifixion, and inspiring them with new zeal and life, prepares them to be the efficient instruments in the propagation of his cause, and the extension of his Kingdom. From this *first-beginning* of the new Testamental kingdom, Christ's cause must be owned to have advanced with a brilliancy of career, and astonishing success, as at once to evince the presence of a *supernatural* power. How *else*, from such small beginnings, so few, and these illiterate, followers, and the cutting off of its founder, *can we account* for the extraordinary success of Christ's kingdom? where her worldly resources—where the outward pomp of worldly grandeur, to dazzle the eye, and captivate the mind of the multitude—where the countless number of soldiery, and the might of artillery, to *force* a way despite of opposition—where her long list of silver-tongued orators, her artful sophists, and her silencing priests to defend and recommend her cause in the ages of the world? They are *all wanting*—or rather they are *all in league against* her. And yet in the sole exercise of her own inherent power, she continues her holy and hallowed march, gaining sway and ascendancy over the minds and consciences of the people with whom she came in contact, until she had soon embraced in the list of her devoted *adherents* the names of emperors, kings and priests of various tribes and languages, and embraced as her territory the extensive boundaries of the Roman Empire. Now these amazing strides in her progressive march were made within a comparatively short period after the ascension. And as we view it in reference to the high claims advanced by the King of the Jews, we are bound to receive it as a *presage of his future conquests*; and must own the force of the prophetic truth, that "he shall have the heathen for his inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession." Towards the fulfilment of this prophecy her progress has been tending ever since her first beginning. This is a matter which is with-

in the province of the civil historian, and from whose chronicles even the unbelieving sceptic may find ample testimony of the unparalleled progress of the kingdom of the Messiah, the Prince. But of the numerous tribes and languages who had become subject to the King of the Jews, it must be confessed that his own nation formed the smallest portion, and his chief sway was (strange to say) among the Gentile races—that the King of the Jews has become by a strange mutation King of the *Gentiles*. This, however, is nothing more than what might have been expected by all who could divest themselves of their *temporal* ideas in regard to the Messiah's reign. Christ was not, according to the Divine economy, to reign over the Jews alone. Although descended from them according to the flesh, yet his blissful reign was to embrace all Gentile nations also. And may we not clearly infer the universality of the Messiah's reign from the visit of the Magi? That was not a visit of meaningless *curiosity*, nor even of civil *compliment*. It was an *official embassy*. These eastern sages were an *official delegation* from the *Gentile world*, to do public homage to him who was to be King of the *Gentiles* as well as King of the Jews. In their mission we see the literal fulfillment of the prophetic strain of Isaiah, "and the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising," and also the *first fruits* of the rich harvest predicted by the Prophet Malachi (1: 11) "for from the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same, my name shall be great among the *Gentiles*." Therefore to those making the enquiry, "Where is he that is born King of the Jews?" we answer that He is enthroned King of the *Gentiles*—that He extends His royal sceptre over myriads in heathen lands; and that the time is yet coming when He shall reign supreme over them *all*—"when the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ."

But although *Gentiles* (on account of Jewish unbelief) seem to have thus far monopolized the blissful reign of the King of the Jews, yet the time is coming when Christ shall *truly and literally* reign over his own nation, when the language of the text, and the title on the cross, shall appear no longer an enigma, or an inconsistency. A bright day is yet in reserve for the Jewish people. The fulness of the *Gentiles* is to come in. A moral and spiritual resurrection is to take place among the sons of Abraham. They are to return in affection to their lawful Sovereign—not in small numbers—not a meagre remnant as hitherto—but as an *entire nation* are the lineal descendants of Judah to flock to the

standard, and march under the banner of their exiled King. Grant that their King shall have a *central* visible power on earth or not—let the *isolation* of the Jews among all nations argue their future gathering into one sacred confederacy or not—let the present condition of Palestine point to that once goodly land as the future home of every Israelite or not—let any of these probable conditions be realized or not, it is a truth of undoubted veracity that in whatever land you find the Sun at the dawn of the blissful era referred to, *there* you will find a welcome home for the once despised Jesus. And when at this happy era you witness the restoration of the Jews, and see their long despised King enthroned in their hearts and affections on *Mount Zion*, or *elsewhere*, you will no longer in *baffled feelings* or misgivings ask the question "where is he that is born King of the Jews?"

From these considerations then, it appears that the destiny of Christ's kingdom is a great and glorious one. We have considered how wonderfully it had progressed from such small beginnings, and amid such disadvantageous circumstances—how it had soon taken possession of the whole Roman empire—how it since then extended its boundaries far and wide—how the thoughtful and the learned, on examination of its claims, have all along sided themselves on its side—how its whole career of successful progress was due exclusively to the moral and spiritual power which belongs to it, in contradistinction to all other kingdoms—how Jew and Gentile, all lands and languages, are to chant together the coronation lays of millennial glory—how it is to become co-extensive with the *whole earth*, and thus to fulfil the emphatic prediction of the sacred seers, that "the kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the *whole heaven*, shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High."

Now in view of this glorious career and manifest destiny of the Messiah's kingdom overcoming and destroying all others in opposition to her, it should be matter of the clearest inference to every rational being, that his wisdom and eternal happiness consists in making sure of becoming a subject of this King. The first and earnest enquiry of every living soul then should be "am I a subject of this King? am I united with the subjects of the Messiah, the Prince, against ungodliness and unbelief? Or am I leagued with his enemies, and thus destined to be destroyed by the brightness of his *second appearance*?" It is a consideration which should startle all, that in the division of the *moral world* there can be no

middle or neutral ground—you are either a subject of Christ, or of Belial. Christ himself, remember, has made this distinction in saying, "he that is not with me is against me." Oh make a careful scrutiny then in this important matter, "lest haply you should be found to fight even against God." How appalling the thought that you should be found with rebel fiends plotting "against the Lord and his Anointed." If such be your sad position, then receive your doom from "Him who sitteth in heaven, and shall have all such in derision," "thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel." If hitherto you have been engaged in rebellion against this King—if you have not yet transferred your allegiance from the Prince of the power of the air, (in whose dominions all are by nature *born subjects*), oh be persuaded, in view of the triumphant career of this opposing kingdom, and therefore the consideration of your own happiness, to cast away your arms of rebellion. Come to the Messiah at once—prostrate yourself at his feet—sue for pardon, and it is his glory that he is ready to forgive your past course of rebellion. He will receive you graciously, and adopt you as a subject of his kingdom, restore to you all those privileges and blessings which you had forfeited by your previous course of disobedience. But, if you will not thus succumb, be assured that the amazing power of this advancing King will be waged against you. In virtue of the power which he has acquired by the ascension from Bethlehem's humble manger to the right hand of majesty, he is in a position to overwhelm all opposing powers. Unto the King of the Jews, "is committed all power in heaven and on earth"—unto the Son is committed *all judgment*—unto him is given authority to execute judgment. Look at him then in this aspect—bring before your mind his *second* epiphany, regard him in his *judicial* capacity. His second appearance, remember, is to be different from the first—not in humble obscurity, and attended by no outward signs of power, but with a glorious display befitting his rank, and with myriad angels attending his behests, he is to make his appearance "in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ." 2nd Thes. i. 8. Lift up your eyes and see seated on a throne of judgment, him who is now seated on the throne of the universe, and demands your allegiance, yea, on a throne of *grace*, and offers you *pardon*, and hear the merited doom of your course of rebellion from your new despised Sovereign, "those mine energies who

would not that I should rule over them, bring hither and *slay* them in my presence." Such will be your doom at his second appearance—to that throne of judgment must you be referred to receive an *appalling answer* to the question now pressed upon you in all solemnity, "where is he that is born King of the Jews?"

You cannot then and there plead as excuse, that you have not had ample opportunity for entrance into Christ's kingdom. Its spiritual nature has been explained to you, and its laws have been made known to you. The character of its King has been indicated from harshness or severity—on the contrary, he has been made known to you as being "meek and lowly in heart, his yoke to have been easy and his burden light." His claims have been pressed upon you, by the consideration of his amazing power to crush, on the one hand, and his generous disposition to forgive, on the other. And you have been urged with earnestness, again and again by his commissioned ambassadors, "we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God." Your *opportunities* for cultivating acquaintance with the King of the Jews are far superior to those enjoyed by the Eastern sages who came in quest of him from the ends of the earth. They indeed had given them a *physical* sign in the heavens, directing their footsteps to the infant Saviour. But you need only a *mental* reflection in your highly favoured position in a Christian land, to convince you that you also have given you *heavenly signs*, and, from their nature, more *decisive* ones. Whatever doubt may have hung over the celestial luminary referred to, none can eclipse the beacon erected for your guidance, even Jehovah's *unerring oracles*—yea, in contrast to the light afforded to these Eastern sages, "we have a more sure word of prophecy, whereunto ye do well that ye take heed as unto a *light* that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn and the day star arise in your hearts." Follow its guidance, let me earnestly beseech you, and it will direct your steps with unerring certainty towards the glorious object of your search, even him that is born King of the Jews. But despise now its warning, and close your eyes to its superior brilliancy, then these wise men from the East, with advantages far inferior to yours, and as your condemning judges, shall be reckoned at least in that number who "shall come from the East and West, and shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the Kingdom of Heaven; but the *children of the kingdom* shall be cast out into outer darkness."

Lochiel.

J. D.