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The Record



VOL. XI.

MONTREAL, MAY, 1854.

No. 5.

Tangiteroria, New-Zealand

The Wayroa River, on which Tangiteroria is situated, is in south latitude 36° 43', and east longitude 174° 15'. It is the principal of four large rivers which disembogue their waters into the sea at the same outlet; and at the residence of the Wesleyan Missionary is, in ordinary weather, about four days' journey from Auckland. It is navigable for ships of large burden for sixty miles, and for small vessels one hundred miles. The surrounding country is open for a considerable distance from the coast, and the river is wide at the heads. But the upper part of the river, for a long distance, is clothed with luxuriant forests of fine timber, in which the natives are now generally employed, during much of the winter season, in preparing large spars for the British naval service, and smaller ones for the various colonial markets. There are but few European settlers, and the native population is also very small, and much scattered. The entire number of natives on this river does not exceed five hundred.

“Our Mission land was purchased from the native Chief Tirarau, in the year 1836, by the Rev. Messrs. Turner,

Whiteley, and Wallis. It was then very heavily covered with forest to the edge of the river; and the consequent labour of clearing and stumping, in order to the erection of the necessary buildings, and for a garden, meadow, &c., was very considerable. In its present condition, the Station exhibits a very respectable and a very comfortable appearance.

“This was a Station of much discouragement to the Missionary for many years after its establishment. A very small number of the people would consent to receive religious instruction. The Chief Tirarau, though very respectful to the Missionary, was sternly opposed to Christianity; and his influence, thus unfavourably exercised, thwarted the objects of Christian benevolence and zeal. But such is not the case now: for although, from the scattered situation of the natives, the Sabbath-congregation on the Mission Station is a very small one, seldom exceeding thirty persons, yet there are few natives on this river who do not now regularly attend the ordinances of Christianity.”

The Rev. James Buller, the Wesleyan Missionary on the Station, in a letter

from which the above account has been extracted, also furnishes, under date of April 22d, 1852, the following gratifying report of a Missionary Meeting held by the people of his charge, which affords highly encouraging evidence of the advancement of the natives of this part of New-Zealand in civilization; and is especially interesting in the indications which it presents of their appreciation of the value of that agency which is elevating them from barbarism, (and, in not a few instances, has proved to be the power of God to their salvation,) as shown by their correct views of the obligations imposed upon them by Christianity, and their liberal contributions to aid in the extension of its blessings to other lands.

"Our sixth Annual Missionary Meeting with the natives of this Circuit took place on Monday last, and the occasion was one of very pleasing interest. According to the order of rotation, it should have been held on the Mission Station; but this being very inconveniently situated for the purpose, it was convened at a central spot, henceforward to be called Mount Wesley, being, as the most eligible site in the Circuit, the spot for our future residence, whenever we may possess the necessary means for making the removal. It is rather more than forty miles down the river, and a very commanding situation. A temporary house was erected for the present occasion. I went down there on Thursday, four days previous to the Meeting, and found about three hundred natives already assembled; and, the weather being very fine, they made a picturesque appearance in their tents on the side of the hill, and reminded me, on a small scale, of the ancient city of Jerusalem, "whither the tribes went up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord." On the following morning the remaining parties arrived in a body, in twenty-five canoes and one boat; and a very lively scene of excitement was presented on their landing,—the people on shore greeting

them, and waving their red blankets. I could not help contrasting this Meeting with their former assemblies, when they were "far off" from Christian privileges, so totally different in all its aspects,—its object, its spirit, its order. Rather more than five hundred had now come together, a large number for this thinly-inhabited district; indeed, very few had remained at their homes. All was busy activity in erecting tents and temporary stages for their provisions by those who had newly arrived. All parties brought provisions with them, and there was enough for all, but no profusion; a point on which I have heretofore felt it necessary to caution them.

"I preached to them morning and evening; and on Sunday baptized twenty-two persons at the forenoon service, and administered the sacrament of the Lord's supper to the church-members in the evening; when a collection was made, amounting to 15s. 9d., to be devoted to local objects. In the afternoon I preached to a small company of English people in Mr. Marriner's house, about half a mile distant, and where I was very kindly accommodated during my stay.

"On the forenoon of Monday we held the Meeting, and the collection (including contributions to the amount of £4 from Captain Drury, R. N., H. Atkins, Esq., and Mr. Marriner) amounted to the noble sum of £27 15s 6½d.; and I believe would have been considerably more, had many of our people had the opportunity of selling any of their produce, so as to receive money in return. On Monday evening I preached to them again, and returned home the following day. But the people would not separate until Wednesday; reserving unto themselves the Tuesday as a day of general conversation on all matters affecting their temporal and religious welfare, so that they might carry out the spirit of that text, to "walk by the same rule, mind the same thing."

"The name of Captain Drury, of H. M. S. "Pandora," occurs above. He

has been several months in the harbour, engaged in an official survey of the Port and the various rivers which flow into it. He went up the river on Saturday last, and spent the Sabbath on the Mission Station. I was very sorry to have been from home. The Meeting was over when he returned on Monday, which was not until the evening. But it was very gratifying to me, and must be equally so to you, to hear the unqualified testimony which he and his officers bore to the good conduct and improved manners of the natives throughout this district; which testimony he says he has felt it his duty to communicate to the Admiralty.

“H. Atkins, Esq., who attended the Meeting, and contributed £2, is a gentleman who is engaged in extensive timber transactions in this river. He said to me, “Mr. Buller, I feel it due, as a matter of gratitude, to make a small acknowledgment at this Meeting for the benefits which I have indirectly received from your labours. I had some transactions with the natives of this part ten or eleven years ago, when they were in a very different condition from that in which we now find them. Altogether, since I have had my establishment here, about fifteen months, I have found the natives in my trading transactions so honest, that I feel myself a debtor to the influence of Christianity upon their lives.” The same gentleman has offered to assist me with a donation of £10 towards the expense of the removal of our Station to Mount Wesley, it being in his neighbourhood.

“Altogether I had much reason to be satisfied with the Meeting; and any spectator would have been pleased to observe the very respectable and civilised appearance (all in European dress) which the whole assembly exhibited. The following are the Resolutions, with the substance of the several little speeches. After I had given out a hymn and prayed, I read a short abstract of our General Report for 1850—51, and then called upon the several speakers to the

1st Resolution.—“That our thanks are due to Almighty God for the measure of success which he has given to the labors of our missionaries throughout the world; according to St. Paul to the Corinthians, ‘God giveth the increase.’”

“John White Hikitanga said,—“My mind consents to the words of this little book (Resolution): for were it not for the Gospel and the labours of our Ministers in the Gospel we had not come here this day. It was our Father who ‘made of one blood all the nations of men.’ It is the same Father who hath raised up His churches, and given Ministers to His churches, and Missionaries to preach his Gospel to the world. May the Holy Spirit be fully given to us in these days which lie before us! Let us all think on the means we should use in order to become all that we ought to be, and what God would have us be.”

“Hemana Witi spoke as follows,—“This is my thought: I came to this place that I might bring my shilling and my heart with me to fulfil the purpose of my faith. Here is my shilling for the Committee, which I offer with my heart and understanding, to help them to send Missionaries to the Heathen, that they too may know the love of God, who gave His Son to die for the world.”

“Matthew Hau followed,—This is what I have to say: It is God’s work which makes my heart to love the things which are of God. I shall put my shilling on the plate, in order to aid in sending the Gospel to other places. I wish this to be always in my heart. I am looking at my heart, lest I should bring my shilling only to this place, and I myself be wanting. Let us feel as in the presence of God! Let us all remember the words which Mr. Buller spoke to us yesterday.”

2nd Resolution.—“That we shall pray to God for His Holy Spirit to be shed upon all His churches, that the

number of Missionaries may be increased, who shall preach His word in the dark places; even as our Lord said, 'Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth labourers into His harvest.'

"Thomas Taia said,—“This is our sixth Meeting of this kind. These Meetings are according to the spirit of true religion. It was through such Meetings as this that the Gospel reached us, and we have been saved. I have attended five; this is the sixth, and I think I understand its object. Let us all pray earnestly to God in all the days that are to come.”

"Adam Clarke Ngakete having spoken, Luke Toenga stood up and said,—“This is the sixth Meeting at which I also have been present. I understand it to be an exhibition of our love to those who are 'sitting in darkness.' Let the money be brought; the whole man be brought, with his heart also; it is a very good thing, and let our heart cleave close to it. Let us pray much to God.”

3d Resolution.—“That we increase our offerings of love to God, for the purpose of sending his Gospel into all the world; according to the direction of St. Paul to the church at Corinth, 'Every one, as God hath prospered him.'”

"Thomas Davies Pou said,—“This is the course of my thoughts. My mind agrees with the words of this book,—that the name of the Lord may be known in the whole earth; my heart is joyful. It is God who hath preserved me in all the days that are past. Let us give our money, but there is a greater work still. Let us pray to God, that He may send prosperity. Here is my heart consenting to this. May our love increase. May we pray much, that God may send His word into all places.”

"William Stephenson Tchawato followed,—“My friends, all this congregation, hear my thoughts. My love is great to my fathers and kindred on the other side (England). I have fa-

thers there; I have friends there. I was their love to us that sent the Gospel here; therefore are we all assembled here to-day. My heart understands this to be a cherishing of our love towards our fathers who sent us the Gospel, that they may be able to send it to others. They are Ministers of Jesus Christ to us; we are a people, their work in the Lord. Through the power of the Gospel we are what we are. And I remember the words of Jesus Christ, 'And other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold and one shepherd.' His voice is in the Gospel. Money is required to send the Gospel. Let us, then, give with joy and with love.”

"Hepana Hamo spoke as follows:—“My mind also in saying that this in the way to show our love for those who are in ignorance. If it please God to lengthen my days, it is my mind from this time to increase my efforts of this sort.”

"4th Resolution.—“That we attend to all the means and ordinances of the Gospel, in order to the cultivation of our attachment to this good work of collecting our offerings to the Lord; according to the Scripture, 'Love is the fulfilling of the law.'”

"Matthew Tearanui said,—“This is the first time of my being present at such a Meeting. My heart fully consents to it. In the Meetings of former years, I sent my money; but now I come myself, and bring my money. I understand it to be a collection for the sake of propagating the Gospel among those who live in the benighted lands,—a collection to send to them those who shall preach the Gospel. This is the love of those who have been enriched, to those who are poor.”

"This Resolution was supported by Davies Maika, Walter Lawry Teabu, and Joseph Tere, whose speeches want of space obliges us to omit.”

An Affecting Narrative.

Perhaps there is no one Christian grace that we require to be reminded to practise more than confidence in God: that lively faith in God's mercy through Christ, which is equal to struggle with the greatest trials, and overcome the severest afflictions. The word of the Lord which spoke to the ears of Joshua should speak also to the hearts of all God's people: 'Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage, be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed, for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest.' Unthankfulness is a leprosy that clings to the human heart. The sun may shine, and the moon may give her light; the seasons may bring their accustomed blessings, and seedtime and harvest may not fail. Our minds may be kept from overwhelming cares, our bodies from painful diseases, and our worldly possessions preserved from ruin. Peaceful Sabbaths may be ours, and the means of grace and the hope of eternal glory be enjoyed; and yet in the midst of these and other unnumbered mercies, we are apt still to sorrow, and repine, and complain, although God had forgotten to be gracious, as though his mercy was clean gone for ever. Seeing that these things are so, it may be well now and then to compare the light afflictions we complain of with the heavier trials of some of our fellow pilgrims. Listen, then, to the following affective narrative.

A pious woman had a heavy cross in her husband, who was a drunkard. It might be that she had not acted with prudence in marrying him, or he might have been led into this sin by thoughtless and wicked companions; after his marriage, however, his excesses were a sad trouble to her, and occasioned her much sorrow. In one of his drunken fits he fell from the cart or wagon in which he was bringing home a load of iron, being by trade a smith. The wheels passed over him, and, in

that unprepared state, he was crushed to death.

Now, ask yourself, whatever may be the trouble that most perplexes, whether it is equal to that of having a husband crushed to death in a state of intoxication.

Time rolled away, and she again married; her second husband was a true Christian, so that she was spared her former anxieties. Though poor in the things of this world, they were both rich in faith and went on their way rejoicing. But a dark cloud was gathering, and about to burst over the head of the poor woman. Her husband left her one day, little thinking how he was approaching to an eternal world. He was standing on the edge of a very high cliff, when the ground gave way beneath his feet, he fell and was dashed to pieces. Here was a trouble; bowed down as the poor woman had been by the awful death of her first husband, this second stroke seemed more than enough to overwhelm her; heavy, indeed, was this afflictive dispensation.

Ask yourself, again, if you have a trouble equal to the loss of two husbands by sudden and awful deaths.

The poor widow would have sunk under this trial, but she looked to the Strong for strength, and to the Father of mercies for consolation. She was 'perplexed, but not in despair; cast down, but not destroyed.' He who is the Father of the fatherless, and the Husband of the widow, sustained her in this great calamity. She might have said, 'I am made to possess months of vanity, and wearisome days are appointed to me.' She might have complained in the bitterness of her spirit, but her language was rather 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.'

Her eldest son was then prospering at sea, and she looked to him as her earthly hope; but how mysterious are the ways of God! 'His ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our

thoughts.' In returning home he was shipwrecked; even within sight of his mother's cottage, he was swallowed up by the waves of the mighty deep.

Think of the weight of this overwhelming calamity, and again ask your heart, if its heaviest trouble can be compared with the loss of two husbands and a son by sudden death.

Had not this tried servant of the Lord been sustained by 'everlasting arms,' her soul would have fainted within her at these repeated trials; but those whom God supports have strength given them according to the day of their calamity. But the poor widow's cup of affliction was not, even yet, full. She had another son, who after serving his apprenticeship, labored to support her. He was to her as a staff to lean upon; but this staff was also to be broken—he sickened and died.

Once more, honestly question yourself, whether your bitterest sorrows are worthy to be mentioned with those of this poor, afflicted, and destitute widow.

It was some years after these mysterious providences, that one who felt interested in the welfare of the poor widow, returned to his native place in the neighborhood. His first inquiry was after Mary Thompson, and, understanding she was yet living near, he visited her in her cottage, and found her drinking a little milk and water out of a common brown cup, and eating a piece of dry bread. But had she nothing more? O yes! She had much more; for she had a grateful heart, full of hope and faith and love to a Redeemer. She had patiently endured all her trials. She had lived a life almost unparalleled for kind actions, in one of her humble situation; and though poverty still surrounded her, her soul magnified the Lord, and her Spirit rejoiced in God her Saviour.

Let the faithful narrative of her troubles, her submission, her patience, her hope, her faith and joy, reprove our murmuring under lighter afflic-

tions, and encourage confidence in God, so that the language, not of our lips only, but of our hearts, may be, 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.'

The Valley of Ishtazin.

Ishtazin is a little valley far in among the rugged mountains of Koordistan. Here on the banks of a stream that flows into the Zab, one of the tributaries of the Tigris, are five villages, embosomed in a rich growth of trees, and having numerous small vineyards. To look down on this valley in the month of June, it has a charming appearance, so green is it, and so safely nestled in the bosom of peaks that shoot up around it, as if they would pierce the very sky. Every inch of land is cultivated; and, that the largest extent possible may be secured, terraces are built up on the steep, rocky hill-sides. But the inhabitants are very, very poor. You probably have never seen people so poor. They are ignorant, too. Two or three years ago not one of them could read. Probably none of them can now. No one lives among them to tell them about the way of life. Once in a while the missionaries penetrate to their secluded abode, and they always find some one who bid them welcome. Among these is Mar Ogen, the good old pipe-maker, whose name and influence are fragrant throughout that dark region. He had found the way of life, and is rejoicing in the Saviour. Last spring Mr. Rhea and Mr. Crane made him a visit. He was delighted to see them. For twenty years he has been a cripple. A few nights before they came, he received a severe injury by falling down from the roof of a house. They found him hardly able to move his body, and in great pain; but he was giving glory to God in his affliction. Sometimes he would break out in the midst of his sufferings in such expressions as these: 'O Lord Jesus, thou art the King of glory, the king of kings, and Lord of Lords. Thou art great and holy and

merciful. I am a sinner. I am condemned. My face is black. My bones are rotten. O Lord Jesus, have mercy upon me, poor and blind and naked and miserable. O Lord Jesus Christ, I am a sinner; I am vile. I am lost, but do you remember me?

The next day was the Sabbath.— In the morning, two old gray-headed men came to see them. One of them, whose eyes were dim with age, said, 'I heard you were in the village, and I have come to hear from you the words of God. Soon a company of thirty or forty mothers, and their children, had gathered around them, to whom they read and explained the parable of the pharisee and the publican. But where are the men, that so few of them were present? Most of them went down to the plains of Mosul and Bagdad and Damascus, in the autumn to get work, and had not yet returned.

The next day the missionaries went out to see the people at their daily toil. One man was digging huge rocks from a little piece of ground which he had tarred up on the steep bank of the river. It was only about one-tenth of an acre, and yet he told them he had labored on it five long months, and it was not more than half ready for the plough. When he saw them coming he lighted his pipe, and they all sat down together, and he listened to them while they described to him the love of Christ, his power to save, and how willing he is to take poor sinners by the hand and lead them safely through all the trials of life to his blessed kingdom. Was he not interested in this? He was very greatly interested, and said, 'If there was only one to tell me these pleasant tidings two or three times more, men might strike me, beat me, and revile me, but I would not say a word.' What a blessed work it is to bear to such wretched ones the news of a Saviour? Do not your hearts burn within you to engage in it when you shall become old enough?

As they followed the river farther

down, they came upon a man ploughing his little field, while his wife followed after him and gathered up the stones. They sat down side by side, and Mr. Rhea and Mr. Coan sat down too, and preached Jesus to them and forgiveness through his precious blood.— "What," said the man, "can we forgiveness for all the past and grace for all the future?" They assured him that it was even so, and then invited him to come to Jesus and make the trial. "We will come," said they.

In another place a poor man was on his knees, digging with his hands, and pulling the stones out of his little patch of ground. Every year the rains wash the earth away and leave the stones bare, and he is obliged to go over it in this manner, and pick them out. He looked poor and miserable, indeed.— No wonder, as they told him of "a better country, even an heavenly," and dwelt upon its glories, he was all attention. He thought it was our happy country, and wanted to set out for it at once. But when they told him it was the New Jerusalem, "Ah," he said, "this is not for us. We are vile. Our very soil is vile. Look at those rocks; so hard are these hearts of ours. Our place is in the fire." Poor man, how greatly we should pity him; how earnestly we should pray for him, that he may, when he dies, go to dwell in the golden city.

A Neglected Opportunity.

Not many years since, Providence brought a little fatherless boy into the neighborhood where I live. He from the first won my affection, and I considered him more in the light of a brother than as a stranger. I soon saw with pleasure that he was considerably attached to me; and as he attended the Sunday School, and was for some time in my class, I ardently wished to lead him to the Saviour; but as it did not appear to produce any lasting impression on his mind, I became weary, and gave over.

A few weeks since I walked from the

house of God in company with him, and his whole theme was redeeming love. When we were about to depart, he adverted to the conversations I formerly had with him, and said he had felt a great deal, but wished to hide it from me.

"The more I prayed," said he, "the more I wanted to pray, and the more earnest I was; but at length I thought that there were no others serious, and that I should be ridiculed; and the next time you met me you did not press me to seek the Lord, and I by degrees lost it all; but had you continued to urge me as you had done every time you saw me, I have not a doubt but that I should have obtained a hope then!"

The Missionary and S. S. Record.

MONTREAL, MAY, 1854.

Dr. Duff's visit to Canada.

The distinguished Missionary whose name stands above, has paid a visit to this country, and that visit will long be remembered by all those who have had an opportunity of hearing his eloquent appeals in behalf of Missions, and his fiery denunciations of worldliness and indifference, as they affect the Church of Christ. Every where his words were "with power." His matter and manner both indicated deep feeling and conviction of duty, and all who heard and saw, felt that more ought to be done for the diffusion of Christ's Gospel. The *Ecclesiastical and Missionary Record* says:—

After having visited Hamilton and London, Dr. Duff arrived in Toronto, on the evening of Saturday, 8th ult. On Sabbath afternoon, he preached in Knox's Church, to an immense congregation, taking for his text, Isaiah xlv. 22—"Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else." In the course of his discourse, he set forth the lost

and helpless state of sinners, and the vanity of every refuge but a crucified Saviour. Having described, in a most powerful and impressive manner, the progress of an awakened soul until it has found salvation and peace in Christ, he proceeded to show the intimate and necessary connexion between vital Christianity in the soul, and compassion for the souls of those who are still in darkness and spiritual death—the connexion, in short, between personal religion and a missionary spirit. He presented a sad picture of the moral and spiritual condition of India, with its hundred and fifty millions of inhabitants, and three hundred and thirty millions of deities, giving a graphic description of some of the delusions of the degraded Hindoo devotees. The discourse was closed with a most powerful and solemn appeal to the careless and worldly, an appeal which we trust will prove, in the case of not a few, not to have been made in vain.

In the afternoon of Monday, Dr. Duff visited Knox's College. The students having presented an address to him, he replied, in a familiar way, at some length setting forth many important and useful counsels, fitted to cherish and strengthen a missionary spirit among the students. He inculcated the necessity of not merely studying Theology systematically, but of seeking at the same time the living Spirit, by whose agency the truth may be inwrought into the very soul. He set forth the importance of humility and self-denial, pointing to the missionary Carey, whose dying bed he had visited, as a bright example of deep humility in connexion with the highest attainments.

On Tuesday evening, Dr. Duff delivered, in the Wesleyan Church, Richmond Street, an address.—On Wednesday morning he again addressed a large and respectable audience in St. Lawrence Hall. Not a few friends feared that, from his efforts on the previous evening, he might scarcely be able so soon again to speak at any length; but the address on this occasion was, in

some respects, perhaps the most powerful and soulstirring which he delivered in Toronto. He dwelt at some length on the magnitude and importance, and progress of this western portion of the British Empire. And then passing to the East, he described the mighty progress of India under the benign influence of British power.

Dr. Duff, after being present for a short time with the Presbytery of Toronto, left the city for Cobourg, Kingston and Montreal.

In Montreal the Rev. Doctor was to have preached in the Coté Street Church, but was not able to do so. He was very much fatigued and physically weak when he reached town, and had to exercise great caution. Respecting his visit to Montreal, the *Witness* says, "it has undoubtedly proved a most important event, in a religious point of view. His fervid eloquence brought to bear, we think, on the hearts and consciences of the Christian public, those considerations of duty and responsibility in the matter of publishing the Gospel, which, indeed, lie on the face of the New Testament, but which are practically ignored by the Churches.

"But it was at the public breakfast on Wednesday that Dr. Duff who had only then recovered from his indisposition, appeared to the best advantage, and when, for upwards of three hours, he poured forth a torrent of richly diversified and intensely interesting eloquence. This gathering, in honor of our distinguished visitor, took place in the new dining room of the St. Lawrence Hall, on Wednesday morning; the number present being about 150. After breakfast, the Chairman, John Redpath, Esq., introduced Dr. Duff, by saying that he was the first foreign missionary sent out by the Church of Scotland, and that he had gone forth unfettered by instructions, so that he felt himself at liberty to follow the leadings of providence and

his own judgment, which had resulted in an extensive and excellent institution for training the native youth of India, of world-wide celebrity.

Dr. Duff, in acknowledging the attention that was showed to him, said, he hoped nothing was done for him as an individual or personality, but in all that was done for him as a sort of symbol of Christian unity and Christian missions, he heartily rejoiced. It was one of the greatest pleasures he enjoyed, that he had been, and was still, the means of drawing Christians together. Since the meetings of the Evangelical Alliance in England, he had seen nothing like the meetings which had greeted him in the United States and Canada, for Christian cordiality between members of different denominations. On his arrival in Philadelphia, notwithstanding the fearful weather and the lateness of the hour, he was greeted to his astonishment by ministers of every evangelical denomination, assembled at the house of a friend to meet him, some of whom confessed that they had never met their brethren of other denominations before, and the same delightful unanimity was manifested in other places. In Cincinnati the Ministers, when brought together, found a community of feeling to exist which surprised them, and they wondered how they had been so long kept asunder. The partition wall which had separated them was found to be no wall at all. So strongly had this idea taken hold of the mind of American Christians that they had resolved on holding a conference of Ministers in New York on the 4th May next, at which two or three hundred Ministers were expected to be present, the result of whose deliberations would be submitted to a great public meeting on the day following, namely, the 5th May.

Dr. Duff, in illustration of what he was saying, read a paragraph of a letter he had just received from Philadelphia to the effect, that "Catholic correspondence was now the order of

the day." By this phrase was to be understood true Catholicity, and such a Catholicity Dr. Duff rejoiced to say he had found in Canada wherever he went,—in Hamilton, London, Toronto, Kingston, and now in Montreal; and he hoped the manifestation of this Catholicity would henceforth be the object of rivalry between Canada and the United States. Nothing but a visit to Canada, added the Doctor, can make a native of Britain understand its condition and capabilities. No British man who had not been here could be readily made to understand, that at a place about half way between Lake Ontario and Lake Huron, instead of encountering bears and men dressed like them, a large meeting of respectable and intelligent people, just like the citizens of any city of Britain, could be collected at a few hours notice. This was a part of the British Empire, an Empire with which God had some great purposes to serve. The Romans looked upon Britain as outside the world, and scarcely worthy of the trouble of conquering, and by the by, they never had conquered it all. Perth (the Doctor's native place) was never overcome.—(Great cheering.)—The Romans described the people as wretched and barbarous, swallowed up by Druidism, as we now picture Africans and South Sea Islanders. At that very time there was a nation in the East, great, wealthy, powerful, and civilized, with an organized government, and even municipal institutions, many of which had continued in the government of the native villages until the present day. That land was India, and now mark the contrast. The descendants of these ancient barbarians, after crossing the ocean for fifteen thousand miles, are now the absolute rulers of that ancient gorgeous and mighty empire. It was the Bible that had raised Britain, and the want of it that had caused the declension and degeneracy of India. This should make the Word more dear to us. But this was only one of the

effects produced by Britain on the world. What an influence it exerted in other ways! Even the immense influence of the United States in the world might be claimed as not very indirectly emanating from Britain. The United States was just another edition of the little Island expanded over a wide surface. In connection with the idea of Britain's importance, it is a somewhat striking fact that London is situated, as it were, in the centre of the civilized world. It is not only the point of contact for the citizens of all nations, but, by planting one leg of your compasses on London and describing a hemisphere, you embrace more capitals of civilized states than you can do from any other center. Britain was also great in her colonies. Some of these were so extensive—Canada and Australia for instance—that if Britain were towed over and set down beside them some morning, people would look out and say, What is that? (Laughter.) And then she has South Africa and the fortresses of the Mediterranean, which will, in the approaching collision of the nations, probably turn out to be real cities of refuge. In no country had the theory and practice of civil and religious liberty been so completely developed as in Britain. The moment a slave touches her soil, his shackles fall; and was it not owing to the connection of Canada with Britain that the same could be said of her? He spoke dispassionately, for he was now an Indian addressing them as from the banks of the Ganges; but he fondly hoped to see the integrity and unity of the Empire maintained.

We regret that at this point we must stop. The *Witness* contains pretty full reports, and we hope teachers and many Sabbath School Scholars will have an opportunity of reading all, or most that was said by Dr. Duff while in the country. May God preserve his life, and make him an abundant blessing!

Consider one Another.

Love is the very life, soul and genius of Christianity; it is that bond of perfectness without which the Church of God could not exist in the world. True Christians are the "body of Christ," and "members of one another." Now, in the human body, which is the Divine illustration of this mystery, every member serves its fellow. The eye sees, the ear hears, the mouth tastes, the hand handles, and the feet walk, *not for themselves, but for the body*. Aim a blow at the eye, and the hand, with instinctive courtesy, is lifted up in an instant to shield it. Were it otherwise, were these members to live and act for themselves only, the human body could not continue to exist, for dissolution would necessarily ensue. And it is the same with the body of Christ—its very existence depends on its being thus bound together. Let Christ's people think of themselves only, and Christ's Church must cease. If they desire its continuance to the glory of his great name, they must drink in the exhortation of the Apostle—they must *consider one another*.

Acts of Love.

Each one of a thousand acts of love costs very little by itself, and yet when viewed altogether, who can estimate their value? What is it that secures for one the name of a kind neighbor? Not the doing of half-a-dozen great favours in as many years, but the little every-day kindnesses, neither of which seems of much consequence considered in itself, but their continued repetition throws a sun-light over the whole neighbourhood. It is so, too, in the family. The child whose good offices are always ready when they are wanted—to run up, stairs or down—to get chips or rock the cradle, to run on an errand and "right back"—and all with a cheerful look and pleasant temper, has a reward along with such good deeds. If a little girl cannot take her grandfather on her lap, as he takes her

on his, she can get his slippers, or put away his book, or gently comb his thin locks; and whether she thinks of it or not, these little kindnesses, that come from a loving heart, are the sunbeams that lighten up a dark and woeful world.—*Child's Paper*.

Missionary Appeal.

(From the Montreal Witness.)

Children of this favor'd land,
Where the Gospel sunlight glows,
Hark! a voice from distant strand
Tells a tale of deepest woes.

'Neath Hindostan's burning sky—
On the Ganges' fertile shore—
Where the Himalayas, high,
Echo to the thunder's roar,—

Where, upon the wide-spread plain,
Hosts of human beings strive,
Moral death, and darkness reign—
Cruel superstitions thrive.

Where Benares' temple spires
Point in mock'ry to the sky—
Sons and daughters, mothers, sires,
Raise to *idol gods* their cry.

Them no holy Sabbath-bell
Cheers, with music soft and sweet,
But, instead, a mournful knell
Evermore their spirits greet.

Children of this happy clime,
Who of Jesus Christ may learn,
When you hear of heathen crime,
Do your hearts within you burn?

Would you that each *idol god*,
Form'd by skill of human hands,
Should be level'd with the sod,
In those far-off heathen lands?

Work, then, *work* in Jesus' name,
Fight the battle of the *cross*;
If you long to spread *His* fame,
Count all other things but loss.

Give your *money*, give your *prayers*,
Give the *talents* God gives you,
Give the *lives* His mercy spares—
Work, with purpose strong and true.

Then, when Christ shall claim His own,
Many a star of lustrous ray,
Gleaming in your heavenly crown,
Shall your toils, and cares repay.

EDLA.

Montreal, April 24, 1854.



“THEY TOOK THEIR LAMPS.”

It appears from this and the whole narrative that the Jewish nuptial processions took place by night, and by the light of torches or lamps. This is still the prevailing custom in the East, and was in ancient times the same also among the Greeks and Romans. Homer describes (Iliad xviii.)

“Rites matrimonial solemnized with pomp
Of sumptuous banquets. Forth they led their brides
Each from her chamber, and along the streets
With torches usher’d them, and with the voice
Of hymenal song, heard all around,
Here striplings danc’d in circles to the sound
Of pipe and harp, while in the portals stood
Women, admiring, all, the gallant show.”

COWPER.

In this there is scarcely any thing which may not be traced in the Jewish ceremonies; even the “striplings dancing to the sound of pipe and harp,” illustrates Luke vii. 32, where the children crying to each other in the market place “We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced,” are generally supposed to allude to the rejoicing nuptial procession. As to the lamps or torches used on such occasions, the Rabbins indicate their form as similar to those used by the “Ishmaelites” or Arabians, and which are thus mentioned by Jarchi:—“It was the custom in the land of Ishmael to bring the bride from the house of her father to that of her husband, in the night time: and there were about ten staves, upon the top of each of which was a brazen dish, containing rags, oil, and pitch, and this being kindled formed blazing torches, which were carried before the bride.” These are just the same torches which are still employed on similar occasions by the people of Arabia and Egypt.

Heroic Self-Devotion.

AN INCIDENT DURING THE STORM OF THE
29TH DECEMBER, 1853.

"John, how violettly the wind blows; and the snow, too, how fast and thick it falls!"

"Yes, Mary, this will be a day of trial and sorrow to many hearts."

"I think, John, we shall hear awful tidings after this storm has passed away. Did you hear the rolling up and dashing among the rocks of the surf?"

"Yes, it's fearful!"

With this expression dying away from his manly lips, he sprang to his feet, moved toward the window and thought how many were in danger, and perishing, whilst he was safely sheltered from the driving storm. His heart throbbed, and his bosom beat high with emotion.

"Mary, I'll go down to the shore; perhaps I can be of use to some suffering being. Hand me my overcoat here, and let me be off."

The wife would have restrained him, out of feelings of love to her companion, but she had a "heart which felt for another's woe," and she did not say, "Don't leave me."

He hastily imprinted a kiss upon her youthful cheek, and left the house, feeling anxious to do some act of mercy to a fellow being. He toiled on and hard to reach the bank against which the ocean was in stormy anger dashing its furious waves. The wind howled, and white flakes of snow danced about him, seemingly mocking his strength and efforts to force his way along. But that manly heart was intent upon an object: engaged on an errand of mercy. Its resolutions was stronger than the terrific storm. He struggled on, and at length he gained a position near the Atlantic's awful billows. He strained his eyes, but into the distance he could not see; the thick fog dimmed his vision. He listened, but nothing could be heard save the whistling winds, fragments of timber and merchandise dashing against the rocks, and receding with the waves.

He leaned his ear to the wind again; he fancied he heard cries of distress. Whilst endeavouring to ascertain from whence the piercing sounds came, others, moved by the same feelings of humanity, appeared.

"Did you hear that cry?"

"Yes, there's a ship not far from here!"

"Ship ahoy! ship ahoy!"

After loud and repeated shouts, they heard a rough but commanding voice, forcing itself above the din of storm and sea, saying, "Where are we? Throw us a rope! Haul us ashore."

The response was given, "Aye! aye!" Away ran some for ropes and lines, by which the poor storm-beaten fellows were to be saved, whilst others remained to see if there was any chance of saving them during their companions' absence.

There were but few there, but other hearts were with them. The young wife, in spirit, was by her husband's side, sharing his perils and danger. He was at the ocean's side, she at the throne of grace. Her's was a God of Providence; she trusted in him, and was not confounded—believed that all would be well.

She prayed—her husband labored and suffered. The life lines were soon at hand. By this time, a schooner was descried driven aground by the ferocity of the storm. The captain and crew were in the rigging, clinging to the masts and ropes for safety.

"Schooner ahoy! Is there any water in the cabin?"

"No!" was the reply.

"Then go below till we get ready; you'll perish staying there!"

With care they got into the cabin and rested their weary bodies. In the meantime, those who had come to the rescue, were making all haste to save those whose lives seemed to hang on a very slender thread.

At length all was ready. The effort must be made. Life must be risked to save life. They were at too great a distance to cast a line to the imperilled vessel, for the tide was high and the storm appeared to be maddened—frenzied. They were compelled to wait, trembling with cold, but excited, bold, danger-daring?

They did wait, happy moment to them, and the endangered crew when the tide began to ebb, shouted, "Now is the time! Let us delay no longer!"

The water was entered; he moves on; the waves dash and almost overwhelm him; but on he still tugs, against wind and water. He gains a position. The crew are on deck, holding on to rope, or chain, with eyes fixed on the man attempting to save them.

He shouts—"Are you ready?"

"Aye! aye!"

Away goes the line. Upon the throwing of that line every hope of deliverance rests and centers. It fails to reach them. They look at each other, almost in despair. The life-line is, with the greatest haste, hauled back again. It is coiled; another effort is made. Every eye is fixed upon him who is bravely striving to save the endangered. He holds the means of life in his hands.

Again he gathers his strength, and with a heart aspiring to God for help, he casts the line. This time it is caught. All is joy. Pleasure sits on every face there.

Away he hastens to land. By the means of the small line a rope is dragged from the grounded vessel. It is made secure at both ends.

Now, what's to be done? The men must leave their ocean home and grasp the rope, launch into the surging, freezing water. Life is now at stake. One is seen to venture; he struggles—he holds on—he grasps for breath—his life is dear—yea, all that he hath will he give for his life!

Slowly he moves on; he gains a footing; he is dragged ashore, attended to, and saved!

A second, a third, up to the seventh man, leave the vessel, and they are all saved!

The rescuers and the rescued rejoice together. They hasten home with difficulty, wet, weary, frozen and hungry, to relieve their hearts of those who were dear to them.

After these hardships, John gains his door, it is opened, his fond wife receives him joyfully, but with tears. His boots are removed from his frozen feet; dry clothes are brought; not a word is spoken; he is faint, overcome, beaten out by his exertions in the storm.

Surrounded by the comforts of home, he soon revives. The first words he utters are—"Thank God! I have helped in saving life!"

This was a sufficient remuneration. "Saved life!" How many had he, humanely speaking, prevented from being fatherless—how many being widowed?

His wife rejoiced with him. They had "meat to eat that the selfish and hard-hearted know not of." It will, through life, be to them a source of pleasure—a fountain from which they will draw the water of happy recollections.

How many, during the storm of the

29th of December, felt it a pleasure to render aid to the endangered? This we know—that those concerned in the event imperfectly narrated, felt indeed, "that there is a luxury in doing good!"

Hope for the Captive.

"Now mind yourself!" said Legree, with a stamp and a fierce glance of his gray eye directed at Tom, "I'm your Church now! You understand—you've got to be as I say."

Something within the silent black man answered, No! and as if repeated by an invisible voice, came the words of the old prophetic scroll, as Eva had often read them to him, "Fear not! for I have redeemed thee. I have called thee by my name. Thou art mine!"—*Uncle Tom's Cabin*, vol. 2, p. 170.

THERE is an inward voice that softly speaks,
The soul that will, may hear;
Ofttimes upon the din of life it breaks,
The listening one to cheer.

That voice is His, who by the eternal Throne
Sits clothed in perfect love;
The Brother of our race, the anointed One,
Who doth our griefs remove.

He seeks the dwelling of the lonely slave,
By all beside forgot;
He comes the bound and fettered soul to save,
Whispering, "Mine own—fear not!"

Thou bond-slave lone! how dark soe'er thy lot
There's One that feels thy thrall;
Thou canst not by th' All-Pitying be forgot,
He hears thy faintest call.

To ransom thee the Prince of life hath died,
Nor hath he bled in vain;
The day shall come when He—the Crucified—
Shall break the world's last chain!

M. A. C.

—*Chelsea, Mass., Aug. 20.*

Stability of Character.

There is probably no nature of the human disposition more ennobling, and more conducive to happiness and prosperity, than firmness and stability of character. How many noble youths are ruined, and how many magnanimous men tossed about on the sea of life, at the mercy of every changing breeze, and finally wrecked on some ledge of angry breakers, in consequence of a wavering disposition. Young men are very apt to cultivate instability of mind by a most reckless system of carelessness. They allow themselves to be influenced by every little circumstance that surrounds them, no matter how opposite to each other, without a struggle of resistance. Finally they become aimless, powerless, and virtually mindless. It should be the aim of every individual to mark out a course

of action consistent with reason, and then not permit anything but the most ponderous considerations to induce him to swerve from that course. It is a disgrace to the dignity of the human mind, and a sarcasm on the fidelity of the human heart, that they should be schooled in such a manner that they are vulnerable to the attacks of every influence which surrounds them. And any man who cultivates fickleness and instability of mind, either wilfully or by carelessness, is not only demolishing his prospects for earthly happiness and prosperity, but prostituting those very faculties which God designed for a higher and nobler destiny. He makes himself a creature of impulse, a slave to circumstances, a child of vicissitude.—*Ohio Organ.*

The Charm of Life.

There are a thousand things in this world to afflict and sadden—but, oh, how many that are beautiful and good! The world teems with beauty—with objects that gladden the eye and warm the heart. We might be happy if we would. There are ills which we cannot escape—the approach of disease and death, of misfortune, sundering of earthly ties, and the canker worm of grief; but a vast majority of the evils that beset us might be avoided. The curse of intemperance, interwoven as it is, with the ligaments of society, is one which never strikes but to destroy. There is not one bright page upon record of its progress—nothing to shield it from the heartiest execrations of mankind. It should not exist. It must not. Do away with all this; let wars come to an end, and let friendship, charity, love, purity and kindness mark the intercourse between man and man. We are too selfish, as if the world was made for us alone. How much happier would we be, were we to labor more earnestly to promote each other's good.

God has blessed us with a home which is not all dark—there is sunshine everywhere—in the sky, upon the earth; and there would be in most hearts if we would look around us. The storms die away, and the bright sun shines out. Summer drops her tinted curtain upon the earth, which is very beautiful even when autumn breathes her changing breath upon it. God reigns in heaven. Murmur not at a world so beautiful—who can live happier than we?

A Poem for Little Girls.

(From the Herald and Journal.)

A lady was watching the varying crowd
Of the street, in a serious mood,
While the beautiful snow flakes unceasingly
fell

On the broad lattice panes where she stood.

"Mamma," said the daughter, a bright little
girl,

Who wore a gold chain and a watch,
"Mamma, there's a beautiful necklace at
Crome's,

With bracelets and ear-rings to match.

My cousin Elina has got a new set,
As proud as a peacock she'll be;
Ah, I want them so much, I am sure, dear
mamma,

You will buy the rich jewels for me."

"O Florence, just look at this little lame
child,

Crouched down by the sidewalk so low,
Her hair is all tangled, her dark eyes are
wild,

And her feet are half covered with snow.

Her cheeks are not rosy and rounded like
yours,

Her bare arms are wasted and thin,
And she holds up a little red tremulous hand,
For the pennies she's hoping to win.

In her dark cellar home there is sickness and
want,

There lurketh the pestilence pale,
And hurrying on, a skeleton gaunt,
Death comes on the pitiless gale.

There are thousands of homes in our midst,
all around,

Like the home of that poor, starved child,
There are thousands, like her, who tremblingly
wait,

By want and disease driven wild.

And the crowd passes on in its old beaten
track,

And the gay world loves its own,
Deaf, deaf to the loud heart breaking cry,
Or the poor child's piteous moan.

Shall I buy the rich bracelets for you, my
love?

Shall I go for the necklace fair?
Shall we turn from the desolate one by our
door,

And purchase the jewels so rare?"

Young Florence is weeping—the bright pearl
tears

Fall down on her bosom like rain,
"Mamma, dear mamma, help the poor girl,"
she says,

"And I never will tease you again."

HARMONY.

Warehouse Point, Conn.

Little Peter.

There was once in France a poor boy, who was called "Little Peter." He was an orphan, and begged his bread from door to door. He sang very prettily, and people seldom sent him away empty handed. It was an idle and uncomfortable life which he led, but Peter had no one to care for him, and he did not know what else to do. He had the singular custom of saying on every occasion, "It comes from above." I will tell you why.

When his father was on his death-bed—if, indeed, he had a bed, for he was very poor—he said to his son, "My dear Peter, you will now be left alone, and many troubles you will have in the world. But always remember, that all comes from above; then you will find it easy to bear everything with patience."

Little Peter understood him, and in order not to forget the words, he often thought them aloud. He acknowledged every gift with the words, "It comes from above." As he grew up, he used to consider what the expression meant. He was intelligent to see, that as God rules the world, we may well believe of everything that happens in the way of his Providence, "It comes from above."

This faith of Little Peter frequently turned out for his benefit. Once, as he was passing through the town, a sudden wind blew off a roof-tile, which fell on his shoulder, and struck him to the ground. His first words were, "It comes from above." The by-standers laughed, and thought he must be out of his senses, for of course it could not fall from below; but they did not understand him. A minute after, the wind tore off an entire roof in the same street, which crushed three men to death. Had Little Peter gone on, he would probably have been at that moment just where the roof fell.

Another time, a distinguished gentleman employed him to carry a letter to a neighboring town, bidding him to make all haste. On his way he tried

to spring over a ditch, but it was so wide that he fell in, and was nearly drowned. The letter was lost in the mud, and could not be recovered. The gentleman was very angry when Little Peter told him of his misfortune, and drove him out of doors with his whip. "It comes from above," said Peter, as he stood on the steps. The next day the gentleman sent for him. "See here," said he, "there are two half-crowns for tumbling into the ditch. Circumstances have so changed on a sudden, that it would have been a misfortune to me, had that letter gone safely."

I could tell you much more about Peter. When he had become a great boy, he was still called, "Little Peter." A rich gentleman who came into the town having heard his story, sent for him, in order to give him something. When Little Peter entered the room, the Englishman said, "What think you, Peter; why have I sent for you?" "It comes from above," replied Peter. This answer greatly pleased the gentleman. After thinking a while, he said, "You are right; I will take you into my service, and provide well for you. Well you agree to that?" "It comes from above," answered Peter; "God is very good to me: I will gladly go with you."

So the rich Englishman took him away. It was a good thing for the poor boy, who had been taught no trade. Long afterwards, we learned that when his master died, he left him a large sum of money to carry on his business; and that "Little Peter" was then a wealthy man in Birmingham. But he still said, of every occurrence, "It comes from above."—*Dr. Barñ.*

The Benefit of Afflictions

These are counsellors

That feeling persuade me what I am;
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.