

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

THE MONTHLY RECORD

OF THE

Church of Scotland

IN NOVA SCOTIA AND THE ADJOINING PROVINCES.

VOL. IX.

MARCH, 1863.

No. 3.

"IF I FORGET THEE, O JERUSALEM! LET MY RIGHT HAND FORGET ITS CUNNING."—Ps 137, v. 5.

SERMON.

By Rev. James Sherman.

"He that winneth souls is wise."—PROV. XI. 30.

BEHOLD, teachers, your work! It is to "win souls." Behold the encomium put upon that work! "He that winneth souls is wise." And this is an encomium, pronounced by lips which cannot err, and by one who never flatters.

You are some of the representatives of the schools of Britain, which contain within their number more than two millions of these souls. To you is entrusted their religious training, the formation of their character, their habits, and their hopes. Oh! how responsible—how tremendously responsible, is the position which some persons occupy! The eyes of the Church are directed to you, as instruments of pouring new blood into it, when it is exhausted—of planting young trees, from your nurseries, in the vineyard of the Church. The eyes of the Church are upon you, to bring about such a state of things, in the coming generation, as shall introduce the millenium, and make the earth once more God's paradise. And if you are faithful to your trust, God shall honor you with this exalted result—"He that winneth souls is wise."

The timid and the fearful may, therefore, be greatly encouraged in their work, by this statement; and I hope I may hereafter be able, in the course of this sermon, to show, that although they may not now see the wisdom or fruit of their exertions, God shall show both, by-and-by.

Brethren, the times indicate a remarkable fulfilment of that prophecy—"Many shall run
Vol. IX. No. 3.

to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased." Science and literature never had so many patrons, as they have now; real religion never had so many friends as she has now, notwithstanding the declensions visible in some Churches, and in some individuals. Everything seems progressing, with remarkable rapidity; to a crisis or conclusion, of a remarkable character. And those are wise, in Scripture estimation, who aid this great progression as it is going forward.

He who helps others, by schemes and inventions, to grow wealthy, is reckoned wise in his generation; he who first made a locomotive engine, and brought railways to perfection, to accelerate our speed from one place or country to another, was thought wise in his generation; he who imparts learning to youth, to fit them for usefulness to man, and for holding important situations in the government, is justly honored and wise; he who heals disease, restores health, and prolongs life to individuals, is sought after, as one who is wise; and the individual who lives for the purpose of restoring that to a sorrowing sutor which fraud has taken away from him, is estimated by the man, when he puts his foot on, as he thought, his once forfeited estate, as one of the wisest men in the world for him.

Now all these things are united in your own characteristic. Your object and your labor, if you understand it aright, is to win the soul. You are to teach that soul how to grow rich; your invention is to be taxed, to accelerate it in its speed from earth to heaven; you are to instruct it in the great, wondrous, and almighty science of salvation; you

are to administer gospel remedies, to heal its moral maladies, and to prolong its joyful days; and you are to restore it to "an inheritance" that is "incorruptible, and undefiled, and fadeth not away," which it hath lost, and to carry the case from court to court, till you see the soul settled in Canaan for ever. O God, what wisdom, what grace, what zeal, and what help from thee, does such a work as this require! He, my brethren, is no teacher, who does not aim at this; he does not deserve the name of a teacher.

Teachers, I want you not to aim at anything new; neither shall I, in the address which I am about to deliver to you,—but shall simply endeavor to put you in remembrance of the great things which you have in hand, and the great duties which you have to perform. Pray for me, and pray for yourselves, that your reward and your work may both vividly appear before you.

I shall therefore ask your attention, first, to the subjects, about whom you are to be unspeakably interested: "souls," human souls, young souls. Secondly, I am to point out to you the manner in which that interest is to be expressed; you are to endeavor to "win souls." And then, thirdly, I will endeavor to place before you the estimate which God puts upon all efforts, thus exercised, for the accomplishment of this purpose: "He that winneth souls is wise."

I. First, let us look at the subjects, about whom you are to be unspeakably interested. They are "souls."

Let us now look at what a soul is, in three aspects.

1. Let us now look at it, first, in its structure. It is a living thing, distinct and separate from its body. Matter is wholly passive; it cannot act, or move, or think, without this vital spirit. "The body, without the spirit, is dead." Take mere matter, compound it, alter it, and divide it, as you will, yet you cannot make it see, or hear, or feel, or think rationally. But though the soul acts with the body, it is distinct from the body; for Dives was in hell, while his body was carried, in state and pomp, in the funeral; Lazarus was resting in Abraham's bosom, while the poor, wretched carcase was cast out to the dogs, who had formerly "licked his sores;" the penitent thief was with Christ in paradise, while his body was suspended on the cross; and this has been, and will be the comfort of the saints, as long as the earth lasts, that when they are "absent from the body," they are "present with the Lord."

The human soul is spiritual and immaterial; it is not compounded, or made up of the most subtle matter; it cannot be touched, or handled, or divided, as bodies can. "Handle me and see," said Christ, "for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see Me have."

It is immortal, and cannot be destroyed; it has no seeds of death within it, as our bodies have. Corruption, it is true, afflicts the soul,

spoils its beauty, and damages its powers; but it cannot reduce it to its original nothing. A soul has a beginning, but no end—a birthday, but no dying day.

Its powers and capabilities are some of the most wonderful things which ever could engage our imagination. Why, what can a soul do? It can ascertain the relative size, nature, and properties of all the wonders of creation—from the monad, several millions of which may be found in a single drop of water, to the behemoth, which destroys men and cattle, and the varied productions of the earth; it can mount up to heaven, and ascertain the motion of the planets, foretell the eclipses of the sun and moon to a second of time, count the stars, and discern the system by which they are governed; it can invent the most ingenious and useful productions for the service of man, and even for the destruction of its own species; it can penetrate the secrets of hidden nature, and abstract from the bowels of the earth the greatest riches and wonders; it can trace, survey, and enjoy the beauties, the wonders, and the glories of redeeming love; it can hold fellowship with the Deity, as a man holds fellowship with his friends; it can revolutionize the feelings, and hopes, and joys of myriads of individuals, and turn the world upside down, in its tenderness, and in its actions; it can make the men, who by vice have become like demons, by its agencies and instructions, act like the souls of God, and the friends of heaven; and above all this, it is capable of an immediate vision from Almighty God, of living in the presence of God, and of serving him in his temple, for ever and ever.

A man's soul is his all. Take this from him, and he is but a lifeless, and soon becomes a formless mass of corruption itself. Or let its powers be deranged, so that he is an idiot or a lunatic; and what is the man then? Nay, only derange its comforts, and let anxiety prey upon the spirit; and what is he then? His soul, in its powers and its influences, is his all—the chief part, the honor, the dignity, and the glory of man.

Now this is the object, about which you are to be interested. Is it not worthy of your interest?

2. And come from a view of its structure, to view it, secondly, in its lost estate. Our Saviour says, that this soul is lost. "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" Then it is capable of being lost; and if it continue in its present state, it is lost. "The Son of Man has come to seek and save that which was lost." Hence he describes himself under the figure of a shepherd, going over the mountains, seeking for a lost sheep, and rejoicing when he has recovered his sheep.

Originally, mark, this soul was a pure spirit; it was created in the perfect image, and living likeness of its Creator, "in righteousness and true holiness;" but now it has lost

this holiness, and has nothing but impurity. "Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies: these are the things which defile a man." It has lost its innocence, and now has nothing but guilt; for "all the world is condemned before God." It has lost its wisdom, and now has nothing but ignorance; "being alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in it." It has lost its communion, and has now nothing but distance; "far from God, by wicked works." It has lost its comfort, and has now nothing but fear—"my flesh trembleth for fear of thee, and I am afraid of thy judgments." It has lost its paradise, and has now nothing to look forward to, but hell; for "the wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God."

And here let no teacher say, "These passages and applications may do very well for adults, but what have they to do with children?" Thus much have they to do with children: "Death hath reigned over all, even those who have not sinned after the similitude of Adam's transgression." And see the evil passions of children; see, almost as soon as they can talk and walk, what proof they give you of their having lost souls! I undertake not to tell you, (and perhaps you will not require me,) when the responsibility of a child commences; that is a question with which we have nothing whatever to do; God will settle it with you, and with the world, by-and-by; it is no part of your work; therefore leave it entirely with him. You have proofs that they have lost the image and likeness of God; and this is the great thing which you have to bear in mind.

Now behold, in the entire school to which you belong, there are five hundred lost souls to excite your sympathy; souls which, if they be not regenerated and pardoned, must perish for ever; souls, once the temples of God, but now in ruins—once decorated over with all the emblems of righteousness and glory, but now defaced and dishonored; souls, which have not lost a single fragment of their powers, though those powers are deranged, and therefore lost to the original intention of their creation. And what was that? To serve and please God. To this great end they are lost; "they are all gone out of the way; there is none that doeth good, no, not one;" "I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me." Can a heart take a glance over a school, feeling this great fact, and not compassionate the case of a soul?

3. Then, thirdly, take another view of those subjects; look at them as capable of being recovered. Blessed be God, a lost soul is not past recovery, while it remains upon the earth. That child, which is so wayward, and gives you so much trouble—that boy, about whom your anxieties are excited, and who seems to be fast arriving at manhood, and developing

all the powers of his mind, more like a devil than a man—is not hopelessly lost. Oh! the comfort of this thought!

Let us ask the question—"Wherewith shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the high God? shall I come before him with burnt-offerings, with calves of a year old? will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil? shall I give my first-born for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?" No; this is too low a price for the soul, to restore it. "We are not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold," of which there is abundance in the earth. No, that is not enough; God's justice cannot be satisfied with a bribe; his law must be vindicated, his righteousness acknowledged, and his attributes, in their glory, proclaimed throughout all worlds; and therefore the scheme of redemption is his own.

I am afraid we get into the habit of repeating passages to the children, and to ourselves, and hearing them from the pulpit so often, till we forget their value and their sweetness. Now strive, teachers, to enter into this passage, and to feel its force to-night: "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Here the claims of justice are not sacrificed at the shrine of mercy, and here the cries of mercy are not powerless at the shrine of justice; "mercy and truth meet together, righteousness and peace embrace each other." "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us." And what then? "We joy in God, through Jesus Christ, our Lord, by whom we have received the atonement."

How, then, is a soul saved? By believing in, relying on, and accepting this atonement—by having it so presented and so applied, that it shall welcome it, as a remedy to his own state. Not making an atonement: (never teach your children that)—that is done for ever, and done completely. All the child has to do as well as yourself, is, to receive what God has provided, and accept the remedy which his mercy has prepared; and after he has received the one, and accepted the other, he loves the atonement, delights in it, is pleased with it, and instrumentally strives to save and to bless others, as he himself has been saved and blessed. And when the race is run, heaven is regained, and the soul enters into it, to live with God, who has thus saved it, for ever and ever.

Teachers, your work is, to present that atonement. God forgive you, if you do not do it, or if you put it into the background, in any way! This is the good news, the glad tidings, which fills the souls of men with hope and joy—that "Christ Jesus came into the world, to save sinners." Give it, in its fullness and freeness, to the children; talk about it to them, till you feel your own hearts glow-

ing with love to Him who accomplished it,—and then you warn others, with the very warmth of your own, as you sensibly enjoy it.

Teachers, this is your work—to try to win this soul; to set before it that remedy, and to win that soul to accept and rejoice in that Saviour. Do you not think you are greatly honored?

II. But I now pass to the second part of my discourse, and will endeavor to show you the efforts which you are to make for these subject. “He that *wineth* souls is wise.”

Let us now apply this “winning,” both to the manner and the result.

1. Let us look at it, first, as to the manner in which we are to win these souls. To “win” suggests something more than mere labor. To “win” a thing implies the exercise of ingenuity, as those who win at a game of play; a certain power, as those who win by conquest; an adaptation of the best means suited to the object, as those who win compliance by persuasion; an indomitable perseverance, as those who will never give up a conquest till they have obtained the victory; and a rule and order, by which you are to proceed, as legal and prescribed, in order that you may win the crown that is set before you—“for a man is not crowned, unless he strive lawfully.” So, then, you are to win.

And if you will do this aright, the first thing you have to do, in order to win their souls, is to win their attention. Ingenuity may honorably tax itself here. Your voice, your manner, your habits, if you would be good teachers, must all be adapted to win. If your voice is not good, you must aim, as Demosthenes did, to make it better; who went to the sea-shore, while the winds were roaring and raging, and recited his themes there, with pebbles in his mouth, to cure his impediments. If your habits are rough or uncourteous, you must mend them, if you would be good teachers. If your manner of teaching is not that which impresses your own mind, as best adapted to impress the mind, and catch the heart of a child, that manner must be improved, from good patterns, which are presented to you. Do not look at these patterns with an evil eye, and with jealousy, but stoop to imitate, wherever they are good and excellent, and you shall find the advantage of them.

Children are not stones or ciphers; they are naturally lively. We always think there is something the matter with children, when they sit down by themselves all day, and do not open their mouths and prattle to those around them. Who would wish a child's tongue to be still, or its limbs to be fixed? And therefore instruction, to win, must be adapted to their habits. Dull, cold, prosy, long lectures to a child! Why, teachers, if you attempt this mode, half your time in your class will be taken up by telling the children to sit still, not to be sly, and not to move

about. They cannot help it; you are lulling them into this very state, by your dry manner.

Oh! sire, there is much tact, as well as learning, required to win the attention, especially of a child. Go to an Infant School, and see the methods adopted there. What little child, that can walk, feels weary? Everything is adapted to its capacities; its attention is kept awake, and it learns lessons, and has precepts, and psalms, and hymns there impressed upon its memory, which teaching by no other means can accomplish. I am not saying this as exactly adapted to Sunday School instruction; but this mode must be the most useful, for it is the first which David prescribes: “Come, ye children, hearken to me.” Get their attention, and then you are in a ready way to get their souls; win their ears, and it is one of the doorways into their hearts.

Then, secondly, in order to apply this, as to the manner, you must win their affections, as well as their attention. Love does wonders. If you gain the heart, you have, naturally enough, the key to the understanding. A teacher is not likely to win a soul, whose love he does not win. Do you ever write a senior scholar letters, and letters in good English, well spelt, and not badly written? Letters remain. A child has a letter—a postman comes to the door, with a letter for Master Johnson, or John Thomas, or Sarah Speedwell, from the teacher; oh! the little document is treasured up by the child, as something particularly precious; and it is its own. How the news goes through the house directly—“I have got a letter from my teacher:” and it is read, and read, and read again, till the sentiments contained there find their way to that child's heart. It shows the child that there is one interested in its everlasting blessedness. Ah! when they can say, “See what an interest my teacher takes in me!” You know what the effect would be upon yourselves. There is some one of your friends takes a particular interest in you; and what is the consequence? A corresponding feeling in your own heart, a natural going forth of your heart towards that individual. Would you then, gain the souls of children? You must win their affections.

And then, in the next place, you must win their judgment. Your office is to teach them spiritual things,—how they may be pardoned, regenerated, sanctified, and saved. You must endeavor, then, to win their approval of these blessings; by showing them their guilt and danger, and their destruction without them; and for this purpose, you must ransack the Scripture of all its similes, its stories, its illustrations of the true effects of their fall, and make them all contribute to your help. Then place them the necessity of Christ's sacrifice, its merit, and its blessedness—that it has appeased wrath, and satisfied justice on their behalf; and the love of Christ and the Spirit, as

ready to save them. Faith will yield, if they do but embrace these things. And do not be inclined to think, when a child sometimes seems dull, as you are stating these truths, that your labor is lost: impressions are often made, when least suspected, and revived after certain seasons, when it was supposed they were long since buried.

Then, fourthly, win their confidence. If a child can say, by seeing the habits of the teacher, 'My teacher wants to do me good,' the impression of that child will naturally lead to confidence in that teacher. It is said of Mr. Whitefield, that individuals went to hear him preach, who were careless about the doctrines which he preached; but every one that went to hear him seemed to go away with the impression—That man wants to do me good. Display the exercise of authority, and it will not teach the children to comply; but only let them know, that you pray and watch over them, and delight in the work, and that it will be a happiness and an honor to see them saved with yourselves, and God shall crown these efforts. It will be the readiest way to win their souls.

Oh! what an opening this gives to win them! They are easily led, by those in whom they confide; just as we are, if we have confidence in our friends' wisdom or kindness. They may say anything to us, and it is almost an oracle to us; we are led on almost by what they say. A children of larger growth feel effect unconsciously.

Fifthly, if you would win their souls, you must win their habits. I do not know whether you have been as much impressed, as the preacher has been, with the word which Solomon uses, with respect to instruction: "Train up a child in the way he should go." Not only instruct a child, because an officer in the army may instruct a recruit to no purpose; but training that recruit is drilling him to habits of exercise. Now this is the difference.

It is very hard work to enforce those habits, which are proper for children; for as soon as they leave you, where, perhaps, they have only two hours' instruction, on a Sunday afternoon, they probably go home to their wicked parents and friends, and the impression of the Sabbath's instruction is soon swept away. And how little power the Sunday School Teacher has, in the time which is allotted for instruction, if he use even the best means in his power, to train these minds into proper and suitable habits!

Yet you must aim constantly, at training them to habits of obedience to yourself, and of obedience and regard to parents; and repeatedly must these be insisted upon. Train them to a fondness for God's house, or places where they hear the truths of the gospel delivered; train them to forethought, and to prudence in their general habits, and to economy in life. I think that in the South, we are very much behind the North, in some societies which they have, arising, probably, from

children being there, in factories, in much larger numbers than we can find them in London or its suburbs. Among them, little societies, of various kinds, are established; such, for instance, as a little subscription for funerals, for so much to be allowed them a week, when they are sick, or for so much to be given, when one of them dies. And this breeds a social disposition among the children, and takes away a great portion of that selfishness which exists in a very large proportion in all our hearts, and teaches them to care for one another, as well as provide for themselves, to a very great extent.

Habits of this kind have, I think, a wonderful effect upon their minds, as they grow up in life; the children perceive the temporal, as well as the spiritual interest, which the teacher took in them, while he was among them. I hope the teachers will endeavor to inculcate the habits I have mentioned on their children, if they would effectually win souls.

2. But I have been too long upon this portion of my subject. I said, however, I would look at it in another aspect; and that is, the result of winning a soul.

A soul won, is won for Christ. It is a reward for his toil; it is a fruit of the application of his redemption. He

— looks down and sees
The purchase of his agonies."

Formerly, it belonged to Satan, and was guided and ruled by him; but now it is Christ's, and now it loves its master, and does his work. Oh! how the master rejoices when the first tear of sincere repentance falls from their eyes! "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God," (that is, Christ rejoicing, while the angels surround him,) "over one sinner that repenteth." Every soul won, then, is an addition to Christ's friends, and a loss, of course, to the kingdom of Satan. Who that loves Christ, would not aim at this?

Again; a soul won, is won for the Church. The Church is a body of believers, who meet to worship their Lord, to imitate his conduct and example, and to uphold his kingdom in the world. A soul, formerly full of cursing, or bitterness, or indifference, or irreligion, now full of praise to his divine master; a spirit, previously "earthly, sensual, devilish," now "set on things which are above"—his habits sinful, now righteous—once "darkness," now "light in the Lord"—once far from God, now "brought nigh, by the blood of Christ"—once, a "stranger and a foreigner," now a "fellow-citizen with the saints, and of the household of God"—now, perhaps, teaches in the same school with you. Now he walks with God, and the Church has gained a friend, when the soul is won. Oh! glorious object!

A soul won, is won for the world. Why, when a child is converted, it is like taking a handful of salt, and casting it into the world, to preserve it from putrefaction; it is like

setting up a new lighthouse, on a dangerous coast, to warn mariners to keep off; it is like "a city set upon a hill, which cannot be hid," that others may gaze upon it; it is like dew, falling from heaven, in the midst of many people, to bless them, and make them happy; it is a peace-maker, cast among the wranglers and contentionists of the world; it is a guide for wanderers to the celestial city; it is a watchman, to warn men away from the danger, which is hurrying them to perdition, and to give them notice of the fires of wrath to come, which are to devour the Lord's adversaries; it is a winner of souls to God. You yourselves have won him, and he goes into the world to win others.

Again: a soul won, is won for yourself. Is not this a rich reward for the nights you have sat up, for the candles you have burnt, for the sleep you have lost, for the recreation you have given up, to study God's book, and to prepare yourselves in order that you might infuse good principles into that mind? Will it not be a blessed reward, when they are gathered to Christ? "Ye are our glory and our joy," says the apostle; and he says elsewhere, "Ye are our crown of rejoicing, in the day of the Lord." Yes, and Jesus Christ counts those precious souls that honor him, worthy of better honor—those who are aiming at and are successful in his blessed work. "They that turn many to righteousness, shall shine as the stars, for ever and ever." When you, in robes of glory, present them in your Master's presence, and say—"Here am I, Lord, and the children whom thou hast given me," for whom I prayed, and toiled, and laboured, and sacrificed, from love to thy precious self, who had saved my soul; to see him smile upon you, and say, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me,"—they will be the words that will enter into your very soul, the joy of which you shall never lose, while eternity itself lasts.

Then there is one thing, in order to this; and with that I close. Prayer must be always associated with your labor; prayer to get God's Spirit,—the spirit of love, tenderness, and sympathy, and forbearance, and zeal. If you are much with God, you cannot go among the children without communicating something of these feelings: and they soon perceive it. You need not tell a child that you have been with God in prayer; persons belonging to a Christian Church have no reason to talk much about having communion with God. If they have, it is like ointment in their right hand; it is sure to betray itself. There is something in their manner and temper, that people tell, just as if a delicious ointment was rubbed on a man's hand, and he goes into a house, and endeavours to hide it; the smell of it spreads everywhere. And if this be the case with you, my Christian friends, you will show

it to the children in your spirit and conduct, which they soon understand.

Be assured, teachers, from the Book of God, that Divine influence in teaching is every thing to you. You may use all means, and communicate all knowledge, but it will be in vain without this. Therefore, hear this last sentence—"It is not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." Get that, and you shall win souls to your blessed Master.

Sabbath Adult Classes.

I OBSERVE in the last number of the *Record*, a letter from "A Parish Minister," asking information on the best method of conducting "Sabbath Adult Classes." I am glad to see this subject taken up by you, as I am sure a few letters upon it would do good. I entirely agree with your correspondent, as to the importance of such classes. They are, when properly managed, the very life of a Church. It is generally from such classes that the best Sabbath-school teachers are obtained, and the largest accessions are made to the communion roll. Hence I think there is a necessity not only for such classes in connection with all our churches and chapels, but for giving the young people who attend them a far more extensive and connected course of religious instruction than has hitherto been given in most of our parishes. If it be necessary that our Sabbath-school teachers should be well acquainted with the truths which they teach, and that all our church members should be able to give a reason for the hope that is in them, then it is necessary, not only that they all should be well instructed in the doctrines, and duties of revealed religion, but that all should know something of the evidences of Christianity. The latter is especially required in our larger cities, where the faith of our young people is constantly assailed in warehouses and workshops by sceptics and deists. In these places the faith of our young people is often staggered by objections, which with a little instruction on the evidences, they could easily resist and answer.

With the view of meeting such cases, I formed in my own congregation, some years ago, a class which has been successful beyond my most sanguine expectations. Nearly the whole of the young people connected with the congregation, male and female, between the ages of 16 and 20, and a number of them above 20 years of age attend. There are often as many as many as 150 on the roll. My course of instruction includes not only the doctrines and duties of revealed religion, but also the evidences of Christianity. Of course the evidences are only considered in a popular way, and are not entered into in the same minute and critical manner as in a divinity hall; enough of them is taught to confirm the

faith of the scholars, and to enable them to give a ready answer to the common objections of the sceptic.

The books I have found most useful on the evidences are, Angus's 'Hand-Book of the Bible,' Dr. Cumming's 'Manual of the Christian Evidences,' and Whately's 'Lessons.' On the doctrines and duties, I now use no other books in the class except the Bible and Confession of Faith. I have tried the plan of putting catechetical books into the hands of the scholars to prepare lessons at home, but have not found it successful. It is a plan fitted to exercise the memory, but not so well adapted to improve the judgment or impress the heart. Whatever subject I am teaching, whether it be a branch of the evidences or a doctrine or duty, I first give a simple and connected statement of it to the whole class, either *viva voce* or from a book, and then examine them upon it till they thoroughly understand it. I always announce every Sabbath evening the lesson for the following Sabbath evening, and exhort them to read all the books they have upon the subject at home. This is, in my experience, a far more successful plan than the use of books containing merely questions and answers; they are too fragmentary and unconnected. The teachers will never keep up the interest of his class who uses any set form of printed or written questions. The questions should be framed at the moment, and suited to the capacity of the pupil. Each question should be suggested by the answer given to the previous one. No intelligent teacher, who has studied his subject well, can ever be at a loss for proper questions.

I meet this class on the Sabbath evening, because on no other evening of the week could so large a number be brought together at one time. It is of importance that such a class should always be held either in the church or some room or hall apart from the junior classes, and that the pupils should be no longer regarded as children, but as young men and young women. The minister should always teach this class personally, and be as seldom absent as possible. These young people attach to the minister's class an importance which they will not attach to any other. I can supply my pulpit for a Sabbath without any injury to my congregation, but the same cannot be said of my class. Your correspondent asks any one who may write upon this subject to mention results. Now, it is both a difficult and a delicate thing to speak of results, but this I can say, that all the members of my class seem deeply interested in the subjects brought before them. They are more regular in their attendance than in the junior classes. They make the best Sabbath-school teachers. I have always most satisfaction in admitting them to sealing ordinances, and many of them, I trust, are seriously impressed with the truth.

Hoping that these few remarks may be use-

ful to your correspondent "A Parish Minister, and to other readers of the *Record*—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, M. C.

GLASGOW, Dec. 2, 1862.

—Home and Foreign Record.

Bishop Colenso's New Work on the Pentateuch.

MANY of the readers of the *Record* must have heard of this book, and of the nature of its contents, though perhaps none of them have read or even seen the work. Great alarm is felt by some because of it, and doubtless it will unsettle the faith of not a few, but the permanent effect will, I believe, be good and not evil. "Truth, like a torch, the more it's shook it shines." We see proof of this in the religious history of the last hundred years in Germany. Where do our professors, students, and ministers now look for the ablest defences of Christian truth, but to the volumes of Tholuck, Hergstenberg, Meyer, and such like commentators, who were drawn out by the sweeping attacks of the Rationalists. And the late religious history of England proves the same thing. The publication of "Essays and Reviews," which excited such confusion in the British Churches, has been the means of calling forth an amount of learning and ability in defence of the truth that few gave the Church of England the credit of possessing, and which will entitle her to be considered one of the greatest bulwarks of Christendom. The "Aids to Faith" is not only an antidote to "Essays and Reviews," but is a permanent contribution of the greatest value to our positive theological literature. In the same way we have to thank deists and infidels for the noble works of Butler and Paley, and the other great defenders of Christianity in the eighteenth century; and thus it is that the assaults of Rationalist assailants always tend to awaken new thought, extend our knowledge, and establish truth on a firmer basis than ever. Our Protestant freedom of a fearless Bible criticism, is a proof of our reverence for the Bible—a proof that we regard it not as a collection of godly legends, but as God's truth.

While we thus think that the new book on the Pentateuch will not damage Christianity, and while we welcome all criticism, research, and sound reasoning, we cannot, as honest men, avoid deploring and condemning Dr. Colenso's conduct. Here is no question about liberty of thought or the right of private judgment in matters of faith. Every one acknowledges all that to the fullest extent, and it is dishonest and insulting to write about us as if we did not, by setting up such pleas on his behalf. But the charge is really this: You, Dr. Colenso, professed to the Church of England belief in certain doctrines; you vowed to teach those doctrines, and es-

pecially the Holy Scriptures as received by her; on that understanding, you receive from her high dignities and emoluments; yea, such confidence is placed in you that you are sent out as Bishop of Natal, to superintend the missions among the Zulus, to be the chief representative of the Church in that field; and then—while in that position, and enjoying those dignities and emoluments—you turn round, at the age of fifty, and, after a few months' enquiry, deny the authenticity of an important part of Scripture, and boldly proclaim that to be fabulous which the whole Church rests on as true. Such conduct is neither manly nor fair; it is the traitor's part. Think, speak, write what you like; but do not eat the bread of the Church, while you are undermining her foundation; and do not get up a whine about being persecuted, when we ask you to be honest. Oh! shame to Christianity when the *Saturday Review* is able to sneer at the prospect of a Bishop, rushing in hot haste to England, "across six thousand miles of ocean, to proclaim his spiritual overthrow by the first barbarian he encountered in his savage diocese!" And how much greater the shame, when such an one still fights in the guise of a Christian Bishop, and claims his salary, as a workman, worthy of his hire!

Although we have read much about it, we have not yet seen this wonderful volume, and therefore can only speak of its principles in very general terms. Its main position is that the narrative of the Pentateuch is not historically true, because many of its statements are opposed to the first principles of arithmetic. The first thing that strikes us here, is that Jews are just as much interested in this question, as Christians; and, accordingly, we find that in the "*Jewish Chronicle*," the Bishop is ably reviewed, and his objections rated at their due worth. This reviewer proves that every one of the objections was anticipated centuries ago by various rabbis, and most, if not all of them successfully answered; so that it seems the Dr. has only dressed up for us some old difficulties, long since dead and buried. He assigns three causes as having led the Dr. to his false conclusions:—(1st.) His implicit reliance on Our English translation of the Books of Moses, the looseness of which often misleads the critic. Should not the Doctor have rubbed up his Hebrew, before he rushed into print on such a subject? (2nd.) His unpoetical cast of mind, "which renders him incapable of divesting himself for the time of his modern western notions, and mode of viewing things, and sinking himself in the eastern mind and fashion, such as they were at the period and in the country, of the writer of the Pentateuch." Colenso is doubtless a great mathematician, but neither religion nor history is evolved mathematically. (3rd.) "His singular moral sense, over-refined to morbidity, which disables him from taking a proper view of the state of society, such as it existed in the age and the country of the Jew-

ish lawgiver." It is a good thing to be humane, but we are well-pleased that Neill was our general when we retook Cawnpore, and not Bishop Colenso.

As we have not read the book, we will only advert to one of its arithmetical impossibilities, because it is an old difficulty, lying on the very surface of the narrative, and because a highly valued friend writes to us, that it is the strong point of the book, and the real stumblingblock to him;—and that is, the plain, historical statement, that Moses, who was only the fourth from Levi, led out from Egypt a host which in 215 years had grown from seventy to over two millions. This is the unvarnished difficulty. Let us see if we cannot suggest some explanatory circumstances. (1st.) Remember that in the earlier stages of the world's history, population from various causes, increased with much greater rapidity than it does now. (2nd.) That even in modern times, under certain favoring conditions, the increase of a population is a marvellously rapid, as to be almost incredible. Thus, the Rationalist Commentator Kalisch refers us to the "authentic and interesting account concerning the Englishman Pine, who was, in the year 1589, by a shipwreck, thrown with four females, upon a deserted island South-East of the Cape of Good Hope, and whose descendants had, after seventy-eight years, (in 1667), increased to more than 11,000 souls," (on Exod. xii. 37). (3rd.) Moses nowhere asserts that the multitude who followed him at the Exodus, were descended from seventy persons. He tells us that such was the number of Jacob's "family," 215 years before, but he does not tell us the number of Jacob's "household," the number, that is, of the servants and dependants that must have been connected with such a patriarchal tribe. It was no part of his business to tell us that: he gives us the names of the heads of families, for the genealogies of the Jews required that to be told: but Scripture never goes out of its way, to give us information, merely that our scientific or historical knowledge may be nicely rounded off. But when we know that Abraham had 318 "trained servants, born in his own house, able to bear arms, we may be sure that the household of the wealthy Jacob contained as many, if not more, and of course all the males would be circumcised, and become part and parcel of the multitude, that afterwards went out from Egypt. And again, is it not highly probable that the same cause—the long, grievous famine—which forced Jacob down to Egypt, would also bring many of his Syrian kindred to the granary of the world, especially when they knew that they would have 'a friend at court, in Jacob's son, and if they did come, where else could they take up their abode but in Goshen, as kinsmen and followers of the patriarch. It may indeed be objected that those things are not recorded: but none but the veriest blockhead will stickle at this; for

if Scripture were to enter everywhere into all such minute particulars a dozen volumes would have been filled, and Moses, I presume, took for granted that his readers would have a share of common sense, and that they would not deny the same to him. (4th.) It is nowhere asserted nor implied in the Pentateuch, that there were only four generations of men and women, during the sojourning in Egypt. True, Moses and Aaron were fourth in descent from Levi: true, also, that God promised Abraham, (Genesis xv. 16), that in the fourth generation, his seed should come hither again," and so it did, for the Jewish leaders were the great-grand-children of Levi, who went down into Egypt, and the main body of the generation of which they were contemporaries, must also have been alive to go out at the Exodus; but how unthinking to argue so, if this proved that in the 215 years, there had only flourished four generations. Why, the very fact that Moses himself was old enough to be a great-grandfather, when he stood before Pharaoh, proves the absurdity of such a supposition. Even we Westerns, who do not marry at so early an age as they do in the East, allow only 30 years for the period of a generation; and it is our belief that in the 215 years referred to, there must have been more than a dozen generations of Hebrew parents, while we have the express testimony of Scripture, to the fact that the Israelites did multiply far beyond the common rate of increase. (Exodus i. 7.)

We throw out the above suggestions, to meet the difficulty. Others might be given, but these, in our opinion, are quite sufficient. Both the difficulty and the explanations are old as the hills; and had not Colenso been a Bishop, the re-stating of the question would have excited little attention. But even supposing that our knowledge of all the facts of the case is so imperfect that we are unable to explain fully this or any other of the objections, who but the shallow and irreverent sciolist would argue, therefore they cannot be explained, and therefore the Pentateuch is not true.

Innovations.

"CALL no man father," is a divine precept, warning us against blind attachment to any leader, in any movement in general and religious movement in particular. To surrender ourselves implicitly to a guide of "like passions with ourselves" in religious matters is the lowest possible depth of slavery. It is not only unmanly but idolatrous, not only a degradation of ourselves but a dethronement of God, who commands our undivided homage. They who aspire to lead on the authority of names or other shiboleths, and they who are led, are both guilty of disobedience to this precept.

I envy not the man whose cant and self

glorification have collected around him a crowd of staring, gaping devotees, nor that crowd itself whose debasement of reason may be read in the popular howl. "great is Diana of the Ephesians" no, should the demagogue be as successful as Mahomet, and the crowd as numerous as his followers.

When the world was but very partially enlightened, and in a state of transition from the ignorance of ages to the light of the glorious gospel—when consequently the popular mind was very malleable, it is not to be wondered at that some men, dippantly clever, and ambitious of leadership, should introduce new doctrines and forms, to the great scandal of religion, and the sorrow of its enlightened adherents. No wonder an inspired apostle inveighed vehemently against such would-be prophets and false reformers, in these significant words; "but there were false prophets also among the people, even as there will be false teachers among you, who privily shall bring in damnable heresies, and many shall follow their pernicious ways. In those transition times, traffic in heresies was a lucrative business, for the mass of the people were long accustomed to the ascendancy of blind superstition, and the servile subjection which the priesthood imposed. To human nature thus gulleable, may be traced factions large and small, civil and religious—the dandified little clique, and the mishappen unwieldy, monster-creation of fanaticism. Such associations have been, and still are formed at the beak of charlatans.

Innovations are at present greatly in vogue. Were these confined to the department of politics or other sublunary affairs, I had been silent. Inroads they might be on our conservative principles, in matters of dress, or cookery, or household economy, but we could bear them, for "the life is more than meat and the body than raiment." With a view to test the charms of innovation, I ordered my tailor some years ago to furnish me with a suit of superfine, on the model of that of one whose taste was reckoned the beau ideal of perfection. Alone, and anxious I surveyed myself in my new rig, and suffice it to say, that the inspection confirmed all my predilections for suitableness and antiquity, and all my antipathies to arbitrary fashions and changes, so much so that when at any time I don the discarded habiliments it is as a caveat, or protest against causeless changes.

Imperceptible changes grow often into wide-spread revolutions. Before the French revolution, buttons of a peculiar shape and color, and other toys were the theme of conversation and objects of pursuit. It was outwardly a small indication of the ennui, and restlessness of that most restless of all nations; but read in the light of succeeding events, it was a national relapse into savagism, whose delight in beads and buttons is but a hairsbreadth removed from delight in scalp and tomahawks.

In the second and third centuries of the Church, prior, and leading to the full development of the Church of Rome, similar puerilities, Episcopal lollipops and rarebits, were retailed, for the use of the faithful—Trifles, such as pet days—Christmas and Easter, were elevated in synodical discussion to an equal rank with the essential doctrines of salvation, until human rubbish had buried clean out of sight the pearl of great price.

At present, and for some time back the aspect of Protestant Christendom is very singular and ominous. We observe a restless desire of change everywhere, and innovations bud, blossom, and bear fruit in rapid succession. Now it is with respect to the posture of the body, and now with respect to a liturgy. At one time it manifests itself in a spasmodic unintelligible effort to suit the "spirit of the age." At another in a downright infidel attempt to overthrow the scriptures themselves. In all these, we do not hesitate to say, it is one and the same spirit of change which is at work, going where it can on all-fours, and where it cannot, lurking surreptitiously in the flowers of some thundering pulpit orator. From the chair of our own venerable Assembly, it has ventured to advertize its nostrums, or to speak more appropriately, to blow its upstart nose. From the pulpit of a Free Church it has recommended, as we lately read in the *Record*, a new drapery for the body spiritual of old orthodoxy, so as to make it look more respectable to pleasure-seeking Sabbath breakers. The next thing, will no doubt be the acting a spiritual drama. Why not? Has not Rome pandered to the inordinate thirst of her people for the theatrical, and Rome was not built in a day. And is it impossible that Protestants should ape the æsthetic customs of that Church. It is not only a possibility in some quarters, but an established fact. It is true that those quarters are few, and that the love of change in that direction is repudiated by the great body of our Church, and that of others, but unless the strong inherited attachment to pure and simple Presbyterianism, which obtains in Scotland, be roused to oppose this insidious invasion, it may become a source of gigantic evils. Freedom of discussion ought never to be in abeyance, and in our Church it is never discounted, but it evidently is an abuse of that privilege to employ it, as I said, about buttons, or, which is the same thing sitting, standing, or kneeling, in worship.

A change is no doubt, at times very advantageous to all institutions, but then, the necessity for it must be felt, and the reasons for it must be intelligible. What evils have arisen from standing during prayer? what from sitting during praise? what from the absence of a liturgy? If such accessories of devotion as are now being introduced had been the original ones, I would with equal confidence ask the same questions respecting them. I will for the present concede the same pro-

priety to the one set as to the other, for form are not essential to pure and undefiled religion whose seat is the heart. But reform must be; yes. But where is the superiority of the one over the other? True piety says use the modes stamped with the authority of centuries, which a regard to profound spirituality originated, and which scripture precepts authorise as clearly, at all events, as that can be substituted in their place.

Of Dr. Bissett I shall just say that he abused the confidence reposed in him, and departed in his closing address from the usual course of his predecessors. Perhaps his intentions were good in advising an affiliation in forms to the Church of England; but he betrayed either great ignorance, or an unjustifiable fear for the future of the Church of Scotland, when he recommended such course with the view of attaching to her communion the ranks of taste and culture. *Appropos* of this, it is right to observe that the Church in Scotland can surpass the Scottish Establishment in these very qualities, the existence of which his policy seems to ignore. The impression has gone abroad and found its way even into our *Record* through the ignorance of some correspondent, that she is deserted by the nobility. No such thing. A few have joined the Free Church, and a few who were all along Jacobites belong to the Scottish Episcopal Church.

The Duke of Argyll, Lords Belhaven, Bute, Selkirk, Breadalbane, Kinnaird, Mansfield, and Aberdeen, have never, to my own personal knowledge, swerved from their attachment to her. As I write from memory I will not hazard the names of other noblemen who answer her friends by princely donations, if not by actual membership. The names I have given furnish a sufficient answer to the taunt of plebeianism hurled at her by ignorant railers, as well as a sufficient cause why the moderator's object was uncalled for. But the element of nobility here or there, is never for a moment to be exalted in a Church, and my reason for adverting to it is to refute aspersions and stigmatize, as is due, the policy of the moderator. To make anything else of it would be to aptly illustrate the French *farces* in the matter of buttons, *ribbons* and *garters*.

Dr. Bissett is but a unit, and fortunately has little or no influence. His own Presbyterianism virtually censured him, the other day for this impertinent attempt at reform.

Let him and all innovators attend better to parochial duties, labouring in season and out of season in their respective cures and they will have little time or inclination for agitation.

I cannot help remarking, in conclusion, that it is a singular fact, that in almost all the revolutions and changes which ever occurred in the Church, some restless spirits among the clergy have been the active agents. To such clearly may be traced all the schisms

which distract the Church in our day. And as long as congregations "call any man father" in the sense already explained, so long will people be gullible and leaders ready to gull. Against this deplorable radicalism, the sure buckler is the knowledge of the truth, which emancipates both from sin and from the wiles of pseudo-reform. J. S.

Who is to blame?

ONCE ordained in, and inducted to a parish in Scotland, a clergyman becomes "part and parcel" of that community, indissolubly one with it in all its interests. There are to be his "lines," there, his "local habitation," and there will his name be known and remembered. His affections become centred there; there his time is spent, there his energies devoted, and his talents laid out on interest. The force of circumstances does not compel him to make it a mere "stepping-stone" from which he may hope, at some future time, to rise to something better, when opportunity offers.

He is not forced to make it a mere observatory from which to survey the "surroundings," to become a candidate for the first vacancy, offering superior advantages. The reverse of this state of things is the *exception* to the rule.

But that it is far otherwise with the colonial clergy is, and has been a matter of long and loud complaint. After a few years' labour in one congregation, they are willing to, and often do leave for another, and when a mutual acquaintance might begin to facilitate his labours, and render them more profitable, he is called to, and gladly accepts a new and untried field of labour. But, "who is to blame?" Before passing sentence, let us see where the fault lies. The young clergyman comes from our "Fatherland," full of sympathy with its institutions, second to none in the world; it may be fresh from the "halls of learning," or perchance, at duty's call, from some field of labour, where "workmen" are not so "few nor far between," as on our far distant shores. Preliminaries are arranged. He receives a call: and is in due course ordained and inducted. He enters on his important duties, with great promise of pleasure to himself, and much profit to others. All his energies are brought to bear upon the sacred duties of his responsible calling. He at once sets about an examination of the parochial machinery, making repairs where needed, and supplying parts that are wanting.

So far all is well: and if he be at all popular: the novelty of the thing creates and maintains, for a time, an excitement in the congregation, that awakens, for a little, even the most indifferent, to sympathise and help; and

minister and people are brimful of hope, with such flattering prospects. Days, weeks, and months are rolling past, with more than wanton speed: but because the excitement is among the things that cannot "go on," it gradually subsides, as the usual routine of life's "activities" come to claim their due share of attention.

A year has passed away; but not without leaving behind it ample evidence that it has been one, more of *disappointment*, than *hope realized*, to the minister. The heavy, measured step tells of departed buoyancy, the once joylit face, on which you could not look without catching up the happy spirit that irradiated it, is now pensive and sad: the former frankness and sociability have given place to constraint and reserve, the lip that was wont to smile upon all, is now set with disappointment: and the eye that beamed with confidence in all, now looks with a tinge of suspicion. In the discharge of his duties, he has discovered, to his unspeakable regret, that there is a "generation" in his congregation, "pure in their own eyes," and far more anxious and concerned about their minister's piety, than their own. They are "unreasonable men," expecting in their minister, what no mere man possessed since the fall, perfection. They have an eye for his faults, and are ever suspecting his virtue; sins that are quite trifling and pardonable in others, are heinous in him.

A hearty laugh, a humorous or witty expression, a genial, natural manner and talk, are regarded as not only unbecoming in him, but against such, *holy* hands are raised in horror, and *holy* brows contracted in censure, hence, if he have strong impulses, he must "hold them hard," and conceal them under the garb of professional seriousness, and become a hypocrite, if he would retain his influence with these. These are but trifles, but they cannot fail to discourage, and unsettle the mind of the most determined to do good.

But again, these "unreasonable men" who not unfrequently hold the "balance of power," in not a few congregations, expect their minister to echo *their* thoughts and opinions, and on disputed points to decide as *they* would. They expect, in every exposition, something suited to *their* peculiar circumstances, and if they be disappointed in their "unreasonable" expectations, they will not hesitate to criticise him with angry feelings and uncharitable words; and any idea that he may have given not in keeping with *their* opinions, they will denounce as *not* gospel. They, of course, know the whole "body of divinity" better than he does, and must be his interpreter of the Church Standards. Any new idea exposes him to the suspicion that he is not sound in the faith, and is set down to the score of one of the many *isms* which deserve only mingled pity and contempt. Hence it is evident that he was called, *not* to be a teacher, to instruct by bringing out of the gospel treasury

"things new and old," but to be their echo, a reflector of their *already formed opinions* and ideas (and probably, when occasion may require it, to lend a helping hand in political struggles). This, then, is another source of discouragement to the minister, and leads him to think of congregations more "reasonable," where his labours might be appreciated and his task more pleasant; and "who is to blame" if he does wish to better this state of matters by a change?

But there is yet another point to which we would allude as a disturbing cause, and on which there has been much plain speaking already, without much apparent good resulting, viz.: that there is a "generation" in every congregation always whining to the tune of "Poverty," who receive the spiritual services of their minister without a proper temporal acknowledgment. No true minister will ever preach with an eye to worldly results. He will never forget that his main purpose is to win *souls*, not to *acquire wealth*. But how much do the conduct of some show that they forget that their minister, in common with all men, has his physical and domestic wants. He needs his food and raiment as well as other men; a home he must have as well as they; and, according to the present arrangements of society, these can only be procured and supplied by money. Where is it to come from? As a general rule, it comes as the reward of labour. Does he not labour? What work is or can be more arduous than his? His is the exhausting labour of the brain and heart, that draws more freely and constantly upon the fountains of life and energy than any other. What work is more useful to society than his? And if it be the most useful, and at the same time the most uphill, it surely ought to meet with an ample secular return. "If we have sown unto you spiritual things, is it a great matter if we reap your carnal things?" "Even so hath the Lord ordained that they which preach the gospel should live by the gospel." Yet there are many who receive and expect large services, and make little or no return. There are families in congregations who spend more, per annum, for *tobacco* (not to speak of liquor) than to support the man who is giving the best energies of his cultivated mind, "spending and being spent" to save their souls. For a paltry subscription paid, probably by instalments of quarter dollars, some expect twelve months' preaching and great pastoral attention, by frequent visits. What is more unreasonable still, he regards the trifle he has subscribed rather as a *charity* than a *debt*. Charity, forsooth! Cail that charity, if you will, which you give for the food that perishes, and for the pleasures that are at best but poison; but, in the name of justice and reason, call not that *charity* which you tender to the man to whom you own your best ideas, your holiest impressions! It is *he*, with his sweating brain and ever anxious

heart, and *not you*, that shows charity. How can a minister discharge the duties of his office, if his mind be not kept from gnawing cares, and secular anxieties, by providing for himself and family the necessaries of life?

Are not these then some reasons that may justify a minister in turning his back upon his native land, to seek in another country what his own denies him by underrating his services? or if not leaving his native land under these circumstances, is he not justified in "changing his spots" in the field where he labours and leave congregations, who are *able* but *not willing* to pay him, in "spiritual destitution" until they learn to appreciate the opportunities they have thrown away. Were his position less precarious, as it is in the case of the parochial clergy in Scotland, then were he in a position to grapple with these difficulties we have mentioned; but when arrears on the part of congregations discover faults in their minister that before did not exist, then *dissatisfaction* and *non payment* ensue, and the minister to avoid becoming bankrupt, and steeped in poverty is forced to make a change. "Large congregations have for years been without pastors" and tho' not idle have not been doing a *tithe* of what they might; some have built Churches others have not! might they not in addition to this have been accumulating a fund that would supplement the ill paid salaries of pastors when they did get them? "Congregations" should strive more to remove the causes of their pastor leaving them before they so strongly characterize their leaving them in such strong language.

Far be it from us to bring these charges against any congregation indiscriminately, for we well know that there are in every congregation those who admit and deplore the unenviable circumstances of the colonial clergy as much as we do. Men who *do* much, and *sacrifice* much to ameliorate matters, but being left alone to "bear the burden" of it a heavy one, it must fall to the ground. We know congregations where the work is done by a few of its members, they are never in arrears in their part, they never fault their ministers, they are never officiously dictating what he should do and how he should do it, but by their earnest hearty co-operations lighten his duties and make his task pleasant. But it is unreasonable to expect that a *few* can continue to attend to their own, and the duties of others; and it is equally unreasonable to stigmatize a minister as a "traitor" because the force of circumstances has driven him from his native Province, or to say that he preaches for "filthy lucre's" sake if he simply ask for his own well earned stipend to procure with it the necessaries of life. Who then is to blame?

C. C.

FOR THE MONTHLY RECORD.

"The Noble Army of Martyrs
Praise Thee."

A B E L.

GREENLY the quiet meadows spread,
The south wind floated by,
And stately palm trees bent the head,
To list its melody.
Where rivers wandered cool and deep,
The gentle Abel kept his sheep,
Beneath the new-born sky.
Where Eden's light was changed and dim,
Reflected through the cherubim.

Without the gate, beyond the sword,
Whose circling b'ade of flame
Gleamed like the presence of the Lord,
As erst in wrath He came.
The humble patriarch reared his tent,
Beneath the exhaustless firmament;
Glorious, yet not the same
That held the light of Euen's skies,
And meekly offered sacrifice.

We know not how his soul was taught,
Whether by word or sign,
In vision, or through faith, was wrought
The miracle divine.
As thus from Adam's fall released,
He stood, the first accepted priest,
Before an altar's shrine,
And shadowed forth by pain and blood,
The offering of the Son of God.

He walked adown each fragrant field,
The flowers were young, like him,
He saw the fruit trees harvest yield,
From every blossomed limb;
But Eden's voices filled his ear,
And Eden's land was strangely dear,
Untill his own grew dim,
And Faith presented to his eyes,
A better, purer Paradise.

Whose every street like jasper glows,
Whose every gate a gem,
Lifting in glory to enclose
The New Jerusalem.
Where angels and archangels dwell,
Around the King invisible,
Whose glorious diadem,
The brightness of that heaven above,
Reflects its light on earth by Love!

This land of promise, Abel saw,
His prophet lips were dumb,
For type, and testament, and law,
Were shadows yet to come.
He saw beyond the darkness—Light,
Shining above sin's awful night,
God's wrath, and death's dark sum,
From Him, the woman's promised seed,
Who yet should bruise the serpent's head.

He saw, and seeing thus, believed,
He knew, as he was known,
The blessing and the hope received,
God offers to His own.
In humble toil, in love and faith,
Untroubled by the fear of death,
He passed his days alone.
Joint heir with Him whose kindred hand
Filled the waste places of the land.

Whose envious heart, and sullen face
Rebelled at God's decree.
How in these fathers of our race,
Man's angel guides, we see,
The one, with holy thoughts and will,
Leading us onward, upward still,
At last, Oh, Lord! to Thee;
The other, filled with sin's dark gloom,
Urging us downward to our doom.

And Cain despised meek Abel's faith,
Despised his offering given,
Whose incense, like a fragrant breath,
Ascended up to heaven.
Cain brought his tribute from the field,
Its fruits an evil odour yield,
Their smoke is downward driven,
And thus the sacrifice was vain,
For hatred filled the heart of Cain.

And God accepts no evil gift,
Up from the smoking sod.
He dared, in bitterness to lift
His heart against his God.
Enraged, not humbled by the voice,
That justified Jehovah's choice,
He sought his brother's blood,
Till where the altar fires decay,
The righteous Abel murdered lay.

First fruit of sin—Death's goodliest prize,
Won from earth's harvest ground,
Faith's living triumph, first to rise,
Where endless life is found.
Till then, a higher, holier race
Had filled the Godhead's dwelling place,
And there its trumpets sound,
But now in martyr robes arrayed,
One in the Father's image made.

A King, for earth was his by right,
A prophet of the Lord,
Who walked by faith, and not by sight,
Before the written word.
A priest, the first of all the race,
Who stood within the holy place,
And there an offering poured,
A martyr crowned, of all who stand,
Redeemed from death at God's right hand

Of all that noble army there,
He went the pioneer,
First of earth's mortal race, to share
The triumph bought so dear.
Even by the blood of God's dear Son,
Meek Abel stood not long alone,
Where saints their Saviour hear;
Soon from earth's land of death and sin,
God's ransomed children entered in.

And stood by martyred Abel's side,
Before His glorious throne,
Who now to us, as crucified,
Is fellow-sufferer known.
By faith, we see the living palms,
By faith, we hear the triumph psalms,
Borne down to meet our own;
Who still without the City's gate,
With yearning hearts for entrance wait

HALIFAX, FEBRUARY 5th, 1863. M. J. H.

Concerning Things which cannot go on.

Of course, in the full meaning of the words. Ben Nevis is one of the Things that cannot Go On. And among these, too, we may reckon the Pyramids. Likewise the unchanging ocean: and all the everlasting hills, which cannot be removed, but stand fast for ever.

But it is not such things that I mean by the phrase; it is not such things that the phrase suggests to ordinary people.

You can stand a very disagreeable and painful thing for once: or for a little while. But a very small annoyance, going on unceasingly, grows insufferable. No annoyance can possibly be slighter, than that a drop of cold water should fall on your bare head. But you are aware that those ingenious persons, who have investigated the constitution of man with the design to discover the sensitive places where man can feel torture, have discovered what can be got out of that falling drop of water. Continue it for an hour; continue it for a day: and it turns to a refined agony. It is a thing which cannot go on long, without driving the sufferer mad. No one can say what the effect might be, of compelling a human being to spend a week, walking, through all his waking hours, in a path where he had to bend his head to escape a branch every minute or so. You, my reader, did not ascertain by experiment what would be the effect. However pretty the branch might be, beneath which you had to stoop, or round which you had to dodge, at every turn; that branch must go. And you cut away the blossoming apple branch; you trained in another direction the spray of honeysuckle: you sawed off the green hough, beautiful with the soft beechen leaves. They had become things which you could not suffer to go on.

Any very extreme feeling in a commonplace mind, is a thing not likely to go on long. Very extravagant likes and dislikes: very violent grief, such as people fancy must kill them: will, in most cases, endure not long. In short, anything that flies in the face of the laws which regulate the human mind: anything which is greatly opposed to Nature's love for the Average: cannot, in general, go on. I do not forget, that there are striking exceptions. There are people who never quite get over some great grief or disappointment; there are people who form a fixed resolution, and hold on by it through life. I have seen more than one or two men or women, whose whole soul and energy were so devoted to some good work, that a stranger, witnessing their doings for a few days, and hearing their talk, would have said, "That cannot last. It must soon burn itself out, zeal like that!" But if you had made enquiry, you would have learned that all that had gone on unflagging, for ten, twenty, thirty years. There must

have been sound and deep principle there at the first, to stand the wear of such a time: and you may well believe that the whole nature is now confirmed irretrievably in the old habit: you may well hope that the good Christian and philanthropist who has gone on for thirty years, will go on as long as he lives;—will go on for ever. But as a general rule, I have no great faith in the stability of human character: and I have great faith in the law of Average. People will not go on very long, doing what is inconvenient for them to do. And I will back Time against most feelings and most resolutions in human hearts. It will beat them in the end. You are a clergyman, let us suppose. Your congregation are fond of your sermons. They have got into your way: and if so, they probably like to hear you preach, better than anybody else; unless it be the two or three very great men. A family, specially attached to you, moves from a house near the church, to another two or three miles away. They tell you, that nothing shall prevent their coming to their accustomed places every Sunday still: they would come though the distance were twice as great. They are perfectly sincere. But your larger experience of such cases makes you well aware that time, and distance, and mud, and rain, and hot sunshine, will beat them. Coming to church over that inconvenient distance, is a thing that cannot go on. It is a thing that ought not to go on: and you make up your mind to the fact. You cannot vanquish the laws of Nature. You may make water run up hill, by laborious pumping. But you cannot go on pumping for ever: and whenever the water is left to its own nature, it will certainly run downhill. All such declarations as "I shall never forget you:" "I shall never cease to deplore your loss:" "I can never hold up my head again:" may be ethically true: but time will prove them logically false. The human being may be quite sincere in uttering them: but he will change his mind.

And it is chilling and irritating to be often reminded of the refrigerating power of Time upon all warm feelings and resolutions. I have known a young clergyman, appointed early in life to his first parish; and entering upon his duty with tremendous zeal. I think a good man, however old, would rejoice at such a sight: would delightedly try to direct and counsel all that hearty energy, and to turn all that labour to the best account. And even if he thought within himself that possibly all this might not quite last, I don't think he would go and tell the young minister so. And the aged man would thankfully remember, that he has known instances in which all that has lasted; and would hope that in this instance it might last again. But I have known a cynical, heartless, time-hardened old man (the uncle, in fact, of my friend Mr. Snarling), listen with a grin of mingled con-

tempt and malignity to the narration of the young parson's doings; and explain the whole phenomena by a general principle, inexpressibly galling and discouraging to the young parson. "Oh," says the cynical, leartless old individual, "new brooms sweep clean!" That was all. The whole thing was explained and settled. I should like to apply a new knout to the old individual, and see if it would cut smartly.

"What is the use of washing my hands," said a little boy in my hearing: "they will very soon be dirty again!" Refuse, my reader, to accept the principle implied in the little boy's words: however specious it may seem. Whitewash your manse, if you be a Scotch minister, some time in April: paint your house in town, however speedily it may again grow black. Write your sermons diligently: write them on the very best paper you can get, and in a very distinct and careful hand: and pack them with attention in a due receptacle. It is, no doubt, only a question of time how long they will be needed, before the day of your departure shall make them no more than waste paper. Yet, though things which cannot go on, you may hope to get no small use out of them, to others and to yourself, before the time when the hand that travelled over the pages shall be cold with the last chill; and the voice that spoke these words shall be hushed for ever."

You understand me, my friend. You know the kind of people who revenge themselves upon human beings who meanwhile seem happy, by suggesting the idea that it cannot last. You see Mr. A., delighted with his beautiful new church: you know how Miss B. thinks the man to whom she is to be married next week, the handsomest, wisest, and best of mankind: you behold the elation of Mr. C. about the new pair of horses he has got: and if you be a malicious blockhead, you may greatly console yourself in the spectacle of the happiness of those individuals, by reflecting, and perhaps by saying, that it is all one of those things that cannot go on. Mr. A. will in a few months find no end of worry about that fine building: Miss B.'s husband, at present transfigured to her view, will settle into the very ordinary being he is; and Mr. C.'s horses will prove occasionally lame, and one of them a permanent roarer. Yet I think a wise man may say, I am aware I can go on very long; yet I shall do my best in my little time. I look at the right hand which holds my pen. The pen will last but for a short space; yet that is no reason why I should slight it now. The hand may go on longer. Yet, warm as it is now, and faithfully obeying my will as it has done through all those years, the day is coming when it must cease from its long labours. And, for myself, I am well content that it should be so. Let us not

strive against the silent current, that bears us all away.

"Shall I go on?" said Sterne, telling a touching story, familiar to most of us: and he answered his question by adding "No." "It is good," said an eminent author, "to make an end of a thing, which might go on for ever." And on the whole, probably this Essay had better stop. And at this genial season, of kind wishes and old remembrances, we may fitly enough consider that these New Year's days cannot very often return to any. All this habitude of being cannot very long go on. Yet, in our little span here, we may gain possessions which never will fail. It is not a question of Time, with that which grows for Eternity! God grant each of us, always more assuredly, that Better Part, which can Go On for ever!—*Good Words.*

Notes from Church History.

THE readers of the *Record* will, we trust, pardon us for drawing their attention, occasionally from "the Present" to "the Past," for reminding them of what has been already accomplished in History, instead of telling them of what is now being accomplished. And living as we do, in an age and country, where public attention is very much absorbed in the concerns of the Present, and the probable results of the Future, where the grand questions are "what is?" and "what shall be?" and not "what has been?" we think an occasional glance at History may not be unprofitable. We all know how closely the Present, the Past and the Future are connected, not only in order of time, but also in succession of events—that the Present is the child of the Past, just as the Future shall be the child of the Present. And for our own part, we are ready to confess that some of our happiest, and, perhaps most profitably spent moments, are passed, among "the things that were." Grand, wise and solemn teachers, are they, truly. Up they come from the shadowy Past, each having a tale to tell, and a lesson to impart. They bear us back to other times, and leave us among the events and the men of other years. They place us and the men of our age face to face with the "mighty dead," and then leave us to make our comparisons, and draw our inferences. There, they stand, embalmed in History, ready for our inspection. Yet that same History mellows and glorifies the character, and enables us through the calm light, which it throws upon each group, to view them with a calm composure, and a steady eye. There the tread of the warrior is still heard as of old, but now it approaches with muffled footfall—his armour is still buckled on, but the sword rests in the scabbard. The student still sits in his study, but his books are shut, and his lamp is gone.

out. The orator still stands in the forum, but his lips are mute, and his hand motionless, and the sailor yet may be seen on the deck, but no breeze wafts his ship onwards, for warrior, scholar, orator, sailor, all quietly wait, that we may examine them leisurely. Here we find ourselves in a cooler and calmer atmosphere. We are no longer jostled by the crowd. The war of commerce is far away—all is hushed and still, and suited for calm enquiry. Most men know what it is to rush away during the feverish heat of summer from the din and dust of a large city, far away, to the green hills and quiet country, and there, in the cool shade, leisurely pluck the wild-flower, and pass a short time in quiet reflection. And equally pleasant and healthful is it, at times, to rush backwards to History,—to leave behind us for a little, the busy cares of the Present, and other anxieties for the Future.

In nothing, perhaps, do men differ more widely, than in their views of the comparative merits and the relative glory of the "Present" and the "Past." There has always been in human society, a class of men known as "moppers," men who are everlastingly harping on the same sad and plaintive string, who seem to have lost, at least, all confidence in mankind, if not in the Governor of man's destiny—who point to the Past, as "the golden age," where virtue reigned supreme—who are dissatisfied that their lot has been cast among the degenerate men and the barren events of the Present, and who look forwards to the future with the most terrible forebodings of "misery and woe." The theory of such men is—that the world grows wicked as it grows old—that the progress of human society is from better to worse—that the development of the race is downwards—in short, that the great, the beautiful, and the good must be sought for in the Past. And were human society wholly made up of such men, the consequences might be easily foreseen, the wheels of progress would soon become clogged and motionless, the life blood of human society would very soon stagnate and cease its circulation. But there is always another portion of society, that serves most effectually to prevent this stagnation. According to them, the Past is equivalent to the Inferior, it is the Egypt of bondage, while the future is the Ganaan of rest. Every year, as it passes, brings the world nearer the brighter Future. Their watchword is "Onwards." Onwards at any price and at all hazards. "Throw down the old," cry they, and erect the new; throw down the false and set up the true, perish the miserable forms of the antiquated Past, build up the noble Temple of the Future, that the nobler man may come forward and worship. Their theory is, that the progress of man is from worse to better, that the world grows wiser as it grows older, as the river grows stronger when it nears the ocean, and the beauties of the plant increase, as you mount upwards from

the ungainly roots, the spreading leaf, up still, to the budding blossom, and the expanding flower. "Through the shadow of the world, we sweep into the brighter day," say they,—and therefore sweep, O world, that the brighter day may dawn."

The careful student of History will, however, not fall in discovering that while in either of the foregoing theories, there is an element of Truth, yet there is absolute Truth in neither. He will find that a want of Faith, and a melancholic Temperament exaggerates, in the one case, and an easy credulity and sanguine Temperament in the other. We think he will confess that History establishes the fact of Progression, that there is certainly an emerging from chaos, that the day of human History grows brighter, as its Sun mounts higher and higher, that the clouds and mist are gradually, though slowly dispersing, and that all the phenomena of the Past seem to augur the advent of a brighter and a better Future. He will find that the race of which he constitutes an atom, has not lived, and toiled, and studied, and died, wholly in vain, that through the agonies and struggles of the Past, something has been gained, and that this something is all the more precious, on account of the enormous price frequently paid as its purchase. He will indeed see generation after generation of men, like the leaves of our forests, grow up only to pass away, but like them too, leaving behind them some nourishment for a future generation. He will discover that the gems dug with immense toil from the mines of science have not been buried in the same graves with the discoverers—that the flowers plucked from the fields of knowledge have not been hopelessly scattered to the four winds of heaven, but that gems and flowers have been carefully preserved, and that mankind are greatly enriched by the treasure.

Still, let us not over-estimate all this. We live in an age when we hear much talk about Progress and "Development," much that deserves our best attention, and far more of what is mere "talk," shallow and superficial, though delivered in fine-sounding phrases and Philosophical Terms. This 19th century has witnessed an attempt to revive the old Monad Theory, and that peculiar kind of development so flattering to the dignity of our common nature, by making us merely a higher species of the monkey tribe. The same century too has witnessed the doctrines of "Development" applied with much cleverness and great ingenuity, and learning, to prove that what Protestants generally call "the abominations of Popery" is the natural growth of the doctrines of our Saviour, and consequently must possess the Divine sanction and approval. And everywhere we may hear declarations of human advancement, of a growth in knowledge, an accumulation of resources, an amassing of power.

But while we are ready to acknowledge the

fact of Progress, we think History warrants us in denying what is often supposed to be its Law. It may be stated thus, the human race in time, like a body projected into space, ever moves forwards, but with an ever increasing velocity. In opposition to this, we believe that the voice of Universal History declares that the natural tendency of man, unaided by any power from without, tends downwards and not upwards, that the civilized may relapse into barbarism, sooner than the barbarian mount upwards to civilization, or in other words, that man without his Bible seeks not the light but the darkness, and sinks lower and lower in the scale of being.

Yet, with the Word of God as his guide, and the life of Christ as his example, there may be, and there undoubtedly is a Progress not only in the life of the individual, but also in the natural life.

But what does Church History say with respect to this Progress? Does it tell us of uniform or accelerated motion in a direct line or of a motion neither direct nor uniform? We certainly think that its testimony is wholly in favour of the latter. Thus, for example, it records a season of great vitality, and shortly after a period of deadness. Now we read of a time of much spirituality, followed by one of cold formalism. At one period, the Church is diligently "strengthening her stakes, and lengthening her cords," but by and bye, she grows weary, and falls back into a state of apathy and listlessness. Shortly after, she seems to tread closely, for a time, in the footsteps of her great Captain and Head, but forsakes Him too soon, to pursue her own wilful and wayward course through the wilderness. Then, upon the whole, has the Church gained nothing during the course of ages? or (to come near home) has the Church of Scotland gained nothing for the last two or three centuries? Compare for example, the Church of the Present with the Church of the Covenant, and how must we strike the balance?—in favour of the Past or the Present?

We know that the representatives of the two classes we have already indicated, will find no difficulty in coming to a decision. Hundreds look back with pride to the days of a Knox, a Melville, and a Rutherford, but their pride is changed to humiliation and regret, when they turn to the present, because they believe that the glory of those days is departed. Others again have their minds made up for a different decision, and see in the days of a Caird, a McLeod, and a Cumming, the most abundant and satisfactory proof that the Kirk of Scotland has not been stationary, but has grown with the growth of centuries, and improved with the lapse of years. Perhaps we may find the Truth between the extremes. It is possible that while the Church has gained much, she has also lost something really noble—that during her advancement towards maturity, she has thrown aside some of those Christian

graces that adorned her youth and would serve to render her age still more comely. It is History alone that can determine the question. Perhaps, on examination, it may be found that the fiery zeal and unmistakable earnestness which characterized the Church during the days of the first and second King Charles are at least compensated by the wider and more tolerant Spirit of the Church in the days of Queen Victoria. Let us see. S. M. G.

(To be continued.)

The Signs of the Times.

BY AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.

THE age in which we live possesses many strange and extraordinary features, marking it out in strong and striking relief from all its predecessors. It is remarkable, politically, religiously and socially. It has made vast strides in science, literature and political economy. Discovery and invention are literally an every day occurrence. Extreme wealth and extreme poverty are in as close juxtaposition, yet stand out in as striking contrast, as in the days of Crassus. Kingdoms rise and fall like nine pins. Constitutions grow up, and perish like mushrooms. Revolution has become chronic everywhere, except in Great Britain. State measures which formerly would have marked an epoch in a century, are calmly chronicled in the newspaper, and neither surprise nor attract any very extraordinary attention. Russia, which has long been regarded as a stereotyped despotism, unchangeable and unassailable as her own snows, is convulsed by a smouldering rebellion, arising out of the emancipation of twenty millions of slaves, by the fiat of the Autocrat. Twenty millions of human beings, of the same race, colour and lineage as ourselves, cease to be chattels, personal property, part and parcel of the land which they till. They are now their own. Why, such a measure in any preceding century, would have given a name to it, and for all time, would, like the Revolution or Revolution, have been written in capital letters. In the present age, it is all but lost amidst the crowd of equally great and stirring events. France has changed her dynasty, fortunately without much bloodshed, and has waged or is waging great and decisive wars against Russia, Austria, Algiers and Mexico. She has passed through all grades of government, and ended in a thorough and successful despotism—under a wise and prescient despot. Austria is going to the wall, and is beginning to make concessions, as she is falling to pieces. The dream of Italian unity is being realized, partially beclouded by much intrigue and bad government. Rome trembles, but keeps her feet, bayed at by the thousands she has long imposed on and oppressed, but protected, flattered, threatened, courted, revered and robbed by the third Napoleon. Spain has risen out of the ashes of bankruptcy, and from

amidst the throes of anarchy, and is recovering some of her old strength, without casting away any of her bigotry or persecuting spirit. Prussia shakes her fist in the face of her sovereign, who stands with his back to the wall, and his vizor down, a sword in one hand and a constitution in the other. Germany is amidst her books, giving forth, amidst clouds of philosophical smoke, her learned dogmas on everything possible and impossible, in heaven and earth, the chosen Utopia of Christendom, the store-house of human learning, from which come forth theories and views, problems and speculations on subjects, the highest and the meanest, suited for every palate, and in support of every opinion. Britain, keen and ambitious, compromising, yet proud, sits queen among the nations, her domain wider and more consolidated than ever. She has proved her prowess at Alma and Inkerman, and still more lately on a hundred fields in India, victor everywhere, and bringing back by the throat, a rebellious dependency, ten times her size, and nearly ten times her population. The States of America, North and South, are tearing each other like the wild beasts of the desert, their country a huge modern amphitheatre, having for spectators, an astonished world. Gold is drawn from its secret recesses, in quantities such as Solomon or Cræsus, in their wildest dreams, never thought of, converging in tons to the mighty centre of industry and wealth, the Bank of England.

Ships plough the ocean, approaching in size, that, which finally stranded on Mount Ararat, hastening on their course, with the speed of the race horse, and never tiring.

Now-a-days, steam not only weaves the shirt we wear, but ploughs our field, grinds our corn, and, we believe, were it thought worth while, could be made to blow our nose, with all possible grace and delicacy. The tailor and seamstress throw aside their needle and putting their garment in a machine, bring it forth in a few minutes, stitched with a beauty and regularity which no human fingers could rival. Art and ingenuity are working wonders; by the aid of science, almost equal to the traditional miracles of the genii of olden time. Nay, greater far. The poets represent the Cyclops forging thunderbolts with Mount Etna for a furnace, but we question, if even their imagination ever armed them with a hammer twenty tons in weight, and wielded with the strength of a thousand Titans.

We can make the sun draw pictures, more faithful and beautiful than those of Apelles, and turn them off by thousands in a day.

If we had space, we might go on enumerating, but we must stop. Would, that these activities always acted in so beneficial or harmless a way. But the intellectual daring of man is equal to that of the fabled Prometheus. We would scale heaven itself in our folly, and some of us would even seek to teach the Most High Wisdom, or even call him to account for his doings, or boldly question his

infallibility. Is it a characteristic of the age that genius should cease to be humble and reverential, that the faith which satisfied a Newton, should be insufficient for a Colenso? O tempora! O mores! we might well cry out with far better reason than Cicero. Religion now-a-days is a queer medley. We fear that in many quarters, it has ceased to be synonymous with holiness of heart and life, with humble, undoubting, childlike faith. One party would dress it out in forms and gew-gaws, and torture it into turnings and genuflexions; another would strip it bare and deprive it even of a temple. What have we here? A book, written by a bishop, and given to the world, for its instruction and enlightenment. Let us open it and read the preface, setting forth the history of the author's mind, as his apology for endeavouring to destroy Christianity in the world. The book is the famous, or rather notorious work of Bishop Colenso. What does this book teach? to disbelieve all that we have held sacred, to consider the historical books of the Bible, in the same light as we do the Iliad of Homer, the work, not of Moses, but of some one who lived three or four hundred years later, taking the popular traditions of his nation, as the ground work of his story. The bishop tells us we must reject the history of the Creation and the Fall as a silly fable, the flood as an impossibility, the number of the children of Israel in the wilderness as a puerile absurdity. We confess we took up this book, with something like fear, lest we might meet something to stagger our faith. We read and read, and at last laid it down with pity for its poor author and devout thankfulness that it had dissipated any shade of doubt that might have been lingering in our mind. We are too near the end of our communication, to enter into any analysis of it, but we may simply mention that he takes up detached parts in no regular order, and does his best, with all the spirit of a special pleader, to make out his case. There is no appearance of one seeking for the truth, with an humble and reverential spirit, but rather with the utmost dogmatism and arrogance. He would have a Bible fact proved with all the rigid severity of a mathematical formula, calling in the aid of probabilities, only when they can be used against it. He commences, for example, with the family of Judah, in order to show the impossibility and incredibility of the Scripture narrative. Judah was 42 years old, when he went down with Jacob into Egypt. Judah marries a wife—has children, the wife of one of these deceives Judah, and bears him twins; one of these twins grows to maturity, and has two sons, and all this happens before Judah goes down with Jacob to Egypt. And this, Bishop Colenso pronounces monstrous and incredible. Any one who takes the trouble to read the Scripture account, will at once see the deliberate perversion of the passage by the critic, for Moses in the verses is stating simply the

family of Judah, who they were, and mentions among them Er and Onan, who certainly did not go down with Jacob, as they died before that event, and it is equally evident, though not expressly stated, that the sons of Pharez were not born till after the settlement in Egypt. We believe this wicked book will do good; though written against the truth, it will work for the truth. But this letter is already too long. If you think, Mr. Editor, it worth a place in your excellent journal, I shall be pleased; if it does not come up to the mark, I shall be pleased, for then I shall get something better than I have given. Meantime I remain,

BETA.

— o —
Address by the Rev. Dr. Brooke, of
Fredericton, N. B.

We have much pleasure in placing before our readers, the following graceful and appropriate address to his people, by the Rev. Dr. Brooke, on the completion of the twentieth year of his pastorate. The simple fact stated in the note, is in itself a striking sermon, and taken in connection with the satisfactory condition of the congregation, is creditable alike to pastor and people, and must be a source of much comfort and gratification to both:—

MANSE, FREDERICTON, }
12th Feb., 1863. }

MY DEAR MR. COSTLEY,

I have often wished to send you some communication for the *Record*, but have always put it off, for want of something that might be generally interesting to your readers. I do not know if I have such a thing to send you now, but, as it is, you are welcome to it.

On the 1st of this present month, (February), I had completed the period of twenty years, as minister, in my present charge. After preaching from the text, Acts xx. 26, 27, "I take you to record this day," at the close of the sermon, I addressed the congregation, pretty nearly as follows. Several persons have expressed a wish to see this address in print, and, in compliance with their request, I now send it to you for insertion in the *Record*.

Yours, &c.,

JOHN M. BROOKE.

DEAR BRETHREN,

The recurrence of this day, in a very peculiar manner, calls upon you and me, to serious enquiry, as to the effects of that connexion, that has now so long existed between us.

It is this day exactly twenty years, since I entered upon my duties, as pastor of this congregation. This must be regarded as a very large portion of the brief span of man's life upon earth, and, being what may be called the

middle stage, it may be considered the most important.

It is very far from being in a spirit of boasting that, at this period of my ministry I say, that, though conscious of much weakness and imperfection, I have, nevertheless, to the best of my ability, preached the truth to you: and I trust that in every doctrine that I have taught, in every warning I have uttered, in every invitation I have addressed to you, you have seen enough to convince you that my utterances have been those of a man in earnest, and of a man who felt the solemn responsibility of the work in which he was engaged.

The theme of my ministrations to you has been, as you all know, a free salvation through faith in the atoning blood of Christ, to every one who will receive it, avoiding the inconsistencies of Arminianism, on the one hand, and those of Antinomianism, on the other; keeping before your minds, from Sabbath to Sabbath, that, though salvation is altogether a work of grace, it calls every one who receives it to a life of holy obedience.

I desire to keep in mind that I must give an account of my stewardship, at the great day of reckoning; and suffer me to remind you, that you also must give an account of the use you have made of the means of grace which, during these twenty years, you have enjoyed without interruption.

Outwardly, as a congregation, we have prospered, more especially within the last twelve or thirteen years. The number of communicants, notwithstanding that many have been struck off the Roll, some in consequence of death, and some because of their removal to another place of residence, is now much more than double what it was, when I first came among you, and our pews, instead of being little more than half-filled, are now generally occupied. The attendance upon the means of grace, too, I think, upon the whole, has improved, although in this respect, there is still much to be desired. I have much cause to express my gratitude for those instances of personal kindness and attention, which I have received from almost every individual in the congregation.

But the great question still remains to be settled. How has the grand business of the Christian ministry been advancing all this while? Who among you, during the twenty years that are past, have been enabled through grace, to turn from sin unto God? Who have been quickened in the divine life? Who are they that remain still unmoved and unimpressed, by all the urgencies of the Gospel message, and all the tenderness of a beseeching God? And who—most deplorable of all!—have been more and more given up to the depravity of a heart hardened through the deceitfulness of sin?

I bless God that I have it in my power to say, and I do it with deep thankfulness, that my labours have not been altogether uncheered by success. It has pleased the Great Head

of the Church, "who walketh in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks, and holdeth the stars in his right hand," to give me to behold some fruits of my ministry. Still, it is to be feared that not a few, to whom for many years, I have addressed the message of the gospel, have not yet made the great transition from nature's darkness to God's marvellous light; and some, I am afraid, while time has been rushing on, and companions and friends have been falling around them, have become more and more estranged from God, and more given up to the practices of a "world lying in wickedness."

When I look back across the lapse of the twenty years that are past, what varied emotions arise in my mind! How many scenes of joy and sorrow have I been called to witness amongst you! and what a variety of character has passed under my notice! By many a sick-bed, have I ministered, and many of your relatives and friends, have I seen consigned to the grave. When I look around this congregation, to-day, I miss many of the "old familiar faces" of those who first welcomed me, when I came, a stranger amongst you, and cheered me by a constant attendance on my ministry. Their places are now vacant in the House of God, and their dust is mouldering in the grave-yard, hard by.

Could we draw aside the veil that shrouds the secrets of the future from our view, and behold the scenes that shall be unfolded during the twenty years that are to come; could we open that book in which is recorded that which shall be, how many unexpected things should we find written therein? We may not open that Book. It is sealed even as with seven seals; and it is in mercy that it is so. For many a heart would break, and many a soul be bowed down to the very earth, could the unseen future be now exposed to them. But we know this, that "the day shall declare it." Another page of that future is unrolled, every day that passes over our heads. And, when other twenty years shall have passed away, what shall meet the eye of those amongst us, who may be spared to behold that period? They may enter this house of prayer, but many of us will not be found here. Another may stand in the place which I now occupy, and others may fill those pews where you now sit. Our friends who would find us then, must seek for us in the grave-yard, and read our names upon the tomb-stone.

The future is not ours, and we have no right to count upon a single day of it, but the present is ours, and we ought to improve it. Let those, then, who have received the Lord Jesus, walk in him yet more stedfastly. Let those who are "almost Christians," become altogether so. Let those who are "halting between two opinions, choose this day whom they will serve." Let those who have settled down into callous indifference, or reckless abandonment, turn now from their evil ways, and begin, in good earnest, to "prepare to

meet their God;" let them, while mercifully spared "in the land of the living, and in the place of hope," "seek the Lord, while He is to be found, and call upon Him while He is near." Let us all endeavour, relying upon promised grace, to begin now to live so that if God should be pleased to spare us to witness the close of other twenty years, our retrospect of what is past shall bring us no bitter regret for misspent time, and neglected opportunities, and a life given up to worldliness and sin.

And should we be called hence, as many of us doubtless shall be, before other twenty years shall have rolled away, let us seek now, to "be found in Christ, not having our own righteousness which is of the law, but that righteousness which is by faith;" so that "when the earthly house of this tabernacle shall be dissolved, we may have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Thus, "whether we live, we shall live unto the Lord, or whether we die, we shall die unto the Lord, so that, living or dying, we shall be the Lord's."

And "now may the God of peace, that brought again from the dead, our Lord Jesus Christ, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work, to do His will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ, to whom be glory forever and ever. Amen.

—o—

Progress of Madagascar.

Most of our readers are aware that the island of Madagascar is one of the largest, most fertile and beautiful in the world. It is situated near the equator, but its great mountain ranges give it in many places a delightful temperature, so that it may be said to possess a climate superior to many European countries. Extending more than a thousand miles in length, by from three to four hundred in breadth it affords a wide field, both for moral, religious and physical culture. Till lately, it was under the rule of a female despot, notorious for her ferocity, her idolatrous superstition and her innumerable cruelties. Her son and successor promises to be a sovereign of a very different character. Fully cognizant of the advantages of modern civilization, and convinced of the absurdities and abominations of the pagan rites and customs of his country, he is labouring earnestly and with great judgment to introduce a better state of things. Anxious that his people should be enlightened, he has not only protected, but encouraged perfect freedom of intercourse with all nati-

ons. To missionaries, whether Protestant or Catholic, he has been especially attentive,—has himself embraced Christianity, and is most anxious that his subjects should embrace it also. We know of no more inviting field for missionary enterprise, and it is gratifying to find that the opening is being taken advantage of, by more than one of the great Missionary Societies of Great Britain.

We find in the *Illustrated London News*, a most interesting account of a mission to the sovereign of Madagascar, which sailed lately from the Mauritius. Its great length prevents us from giving more than a very meagre outline:—

In July last his Excellency the Governor of Mauritius, under instructions from the home Government, dispatched a mission to Anatanarivo, the capital of Madagascar, for the purpose of conveying an autograph letter and presents from Her Majesty Queen Victoria to his Majesty Radama II., King of Madagascar. The letter contained expressions of friendship and goodwill from her Majesty towards the King and his people upon the occasion of his coronation; and the presents which were sent in token thereof consisted of a large-sized, handsomely-bound Bible; a full-length portrait of her Majesty, in a richly-gilt frame; a complete suit of Field Marshal's uniform; a highly-ornamented rifle, by Wilkinson; a crimson silk umbrella, with carved ivory handle; a complete set of the newest instruments for a band of twenty-five performers; a very handsome silver-gilt tankard and six goblets to match, with sporting figures embossed upon them; and a crimson velvet mantle, richly embroidered in gold, for her Majesty Radojo, Queen of Madagascar.

The letter of her Majesty was entrusted to Major-General Johnstone for personal presentation. On his Lordship the Bishop was imposed the pleasing duty of delivering the Word of God, and upon Inspector-General Anson devolved the remaining duty of presenting the more solid tokens of friendship and good will to his Majesty and his Queen. The members of the mission were further directed to place themselves at the disposal of his Majesty to assist in doing honour, as representatives of the British nation, (should his Majesty desire it) at his approaching coronation.

The capital is situated about 5000 ft. above the level of the sea; but a member of the mission was so impressed with the continual descents, that at last he expressed his conviction that he had arrived at a point below the level of the sea. The villages between Andovoranto and Abordingavo (two days from the capital) are all similar, and equally if not more wretched than those already described,

with the exception that, after leaving the district of the traveller's palm, the walls are built of cocoa leaves flattened out, or of large rushes (papyrus) skewered together, which is but a very poor shelter, and the roofs are covered with coarse grass. The wacoa walls were converted into patent knife-cleaners by the mess-servants running the knives through and back three or four times. At Abordingavo, the entrance to the Ilova country, the houses assume the characteristics of those at the capital—namely, high pitched roofs thatched with papyrus, and the two wooden gables carried up about 6 ft. beyond the angle of the ridge, where they cross, and terminating in points, on each of which is fixed a small wooden bird with its wings extended, the effect of which is very pleasing. The walls of some of the houses are of upright plank about 2 in. thick and 6 in. or 8 in. wide, grooved on each edge to allow of a thin strip of wood to enter, and so connect them, leaving an opening between the planks of about an inch. These planks are further connected by two or three strips of wood about 1½ in. wide and ½ in. thick, which pass through them at intervals in their heights of about 3 ft. or 4 ft. These pieces are kept to the planks by means of, small wedges of wood. The floors of these houses are of earth covered with the universal mats; of others the walls are built of stiff clay, about 18 in. thick, very neatly finished, and have a very trim effect. These have generally one window and one door below, and a small window in the gable above. Glass is an unknown luxury, except in the palace and some of the best houses in Antananarivo. After leaving Reforonno, five days from the capital, the great forest of Anulamasoatra is entered, and here the mission were overtaken by heavy rains, which rendered the clay-soil on the steep and rugged sides of the mountains so slippery that it became almost impossible for either the marmites or the travellers to keep their feet, and palanquins had to be deserted towards the end of the day by even the oldest and least active of the party. The hollows at the same time became either pools of water or mud, more or less deep. This part of the journey was very fatiguing. Fortunately, none of the party suffered much in consequence, although this is considered one of the fever districts. The scenery on the river from Andovoranto to Maromby is exceedingly pretty, and the same may be said of that of the rest of the route; some the views, as from Mounts Ifody and Augarvo, are very fine. There are also some very pretty bits at the crossings of some of the rivers. The town of Ambatomanga from a distance, with its monumental rock, forms a very picturesque object.

On Saturday, 16th, the mission were entertained at dinner at three o'clock by the King; but it is customary on such occasions for the King to order one of his high officers to give

the dinner, at which the King himself does not attend. The dinner was given on this occasion at the house of the Commander-in-Chief, who is brother of the Prime Minister. They are the richest and most influential family, although not of noble blood, in Madagascar. The Commander-in-Chief is a very gentlemanly, intelligent, and good man, and one in whom the King places great reliance. The dinner was very handsomely arranged, the peculiarity of it being the great number of viands, each of which was removed in turn from the table and carved and handed round. There were also handed round at least a dozen different descriptions of a sort of mild curry with rice. There were about thirty-four persons, principally ladies and gentlemen of the Court, who sat down to the table, which was an unusually broad one. After dinner the room was cleared and dancing commenced, and about ten o'clock polking and waltzing, quadrilles, lancers, &c., came to an end, and the party broke up. The room was a fine large one, ornamented with small looking-glasses about 6 in. by 10 in. in gilt frames, placed side by side all round, or forming ornamental patterns on the ceiling, &c., and round the arches of a gallery which ran round the upper part. The effect was good, and considerable taste had been displayed in the arrangement. From the centre of the room was suspended a handsome glass chandelier.

On Monday, the 18th, the presents having all arrived, the presentation of them took place at one o'clock, by Capt. Anson, who had unpacked and tastefully arranged them in the Silver Palace, ready for his Majesty's inspection early in the morning. The King, being fond of music, was much pleased with the band instruments. The healths of the King and Queen Victoria were drunk out of the goblets which formed part of the presents. Queen Rabodo also seemed gratified (when the mantle was presented to her) that she had been remembered. At two o'clock the British Consul—who had arrived the day previous—was introduced to his Majesty, in company with Dr. Mayence, a French creole, of Mauritius. The Consul delivered his credentials and made a speech to the King, by which it appeared that he was anxious to prove that he had not quarrelled with the French Consul, and that he was not going to fight him. During the stay of the mission at the capital, besides the members of the French mission, there were present several Europeans, for the purpose of endeavoring to obtain concessions of land from the King. One of these, formerly a French planter at Mauritius, named Lambert, had been to Europe to endeavor to organize a Madagascar company, but failed. As he appeared to entertain monopolist ideas and to have no notions of free trade, probably it is as well he did not succeed. This individual had assumed to himself the title of the Duke of Imerina, and had

skillfully managed to obtain the signature of the King to a letter which he employed so as to lead to the supposition that he was accredited by King Radama II. as Ambassador to the Courts of Europe. It is to be hoped that no purses have been lightened in Europe in connection with this man's absurd schemes.

In contrast to such men there is, however, at present at Antananarivo a remarkable man well known in connection with the the history of Madagascar, the Rev. Mr. Ellis, who is now the head of the London Missionary Society, and also a private friend and confidant of King Radama, who, there is no doubt, derives great advantages from having so excellent and able a friend so close at hand. It is from this gentleman that the King receives daily lessons in the English language, and his Majesty kindly permitted some of the members of the mission to be present on some of these occasions, when he read very fairly out of the New Testament, commenting extensively and with great acuteness as he went on. Mr. Ellis had also a service every Sunday afternoon for the King and his Court at three o'clock, at which the mission and other English residents in the capital usually attended. The number of professing Christians is daily on the increase; and at one of the churches alone on one occasion at which the mission were present there was a congregation of 800 people.

The Americans, it is understood, are about to send a party of missionaries to Madagascar. Shortly before the coronation an interesting event took place—namely the reception of the chiefs of the Sacalanes, a warlike tribe who had not hitherto been entirely subject to the rule of King Radama. These chiefs were well received by the King, and appeared much pleased with their reception. They paid their "Hasena," and otherwise acknowledged their subjection to the King in the customary manner. Their followers then danced some of their native warlike dances before the King with their muskets (which were beautifully kept and in strong contrast to those of the King's army) in their hands.

The King honored the mission by dining with them on two occasions. He is a man of low stature, very active, and has great powers of endurance. Quick and excitable, but very intelligent; full of humour; kind-hearted, goodnatured to a fault. His boast is that he has never allowed any one to be put to death during his reign. During his mother's reign the greater part of his time was occupied in trying to prevent her cruelties, in which he was aided by a number of sworn followers, called "Menaniaso," or Red Eyes, from their never being supposed to sleep. These men now form his confidential friends, and act as a sort of Court detective force. There are some excellent and good men amongst them.

THE CHURCH IN NOVA SCOTIA.**Meeting of Halifax Presbytery.**

AN ordinary meeting of this Presbytery was held on the 5th of February, in the basement of St. Matthew's Church. In the temporary absence of the Moderator, the Court was opened with prayer, by the Rev. Mr. Martin. During devotional exercises, the Rev. Mr. Stewart arrived, and took the chair accordingly. Sederunt, Rev. G. W. Stewart, Moderator; Rev. Messrs. Martin, Scott and Boyd, Ministers; and Mr. John Taylor, Elder.

A commission from St. Matthew's session was handed in by Rev. Mr. Scott, in favor of Mr. John Watt, electing him representative Elder for the next half year, was read and sustained by the Court, and his name ordered to be added to the roll.

The minutes of last ordinary meeting were read and sustained as correct.

Mr. Martin reported that, on account of failing health, he was sorry that he had been unable to perform his ministerial duty since last meeting.

Mr. Stewart reported that he had fulfilled all Presbyterial appointments. He then received his appointments for duty in Musquodoboit and Truro, up till the next ordinary meeting of Presbytery.

Mr. Boyd (the Clerk) reported that, as directed by Presbytery, he had transmitted the Truro petition to the Colonial Committee. He read a copy of his letter to the Committee, which accompanied it. Also produced a letter from Mr. Laurie, the Secretary, in reply, stating that a copy of the Title deed would be called for by the Colonial Committee, before considering the petition;—the terms of which he had intimated to Rev. Mr. Stewart. Whereupon Mr. Stewart laid on the table, a copy of the aforesaid deed, which being read was ordered to be transmitted to the Colonial Committee.

Mr. Stewart reported that he had received, for missionary services, from Musquodoboit, the sum of £30, from Truro, £15, from the Halifax Mission Association, £26, making in all £70. The Clerk was ordered to furnish him with the necessary certificate, for drawing the balance of his salary from the Colonial Committee, for his seventh half year. It was gratifying to the Presbytery, and creditable to the Missionary, Mr. Stewart, that he was now drawing, as the balance of his salary from the Colonial Committee, but £19 sterling.

Mr. Boyd craved three months leave of absence, as he felt that his constitution required some brief relaxation from public duty, and respectfully solicited the Presbytery to grant his congregation pulpit supplies for the Sabbath forenoons during his contemplated absence. Mr. Taylor, representative Elder from St. Andrew's Church, cordially joined in the request on behalf of Mr. Boyd, and especially

in craving supplies for St. Andrew's pulpit. On consideration, the Presbytery unanimously agree to grant the leave craved;—and they further promise such supplies as they can give; which would be made a matter of arrangement with Mr. Boyd.

The session records were ordered to be produced at next ordinary meeting,—which was appointed for the first Thursday of May next. Closed with prayer. G. B.

WE understand that the Colonial Committee of the Church of Scotland have received the Rev. Mr. McKay with the greatest kindness, and evinced the greatest possible interest in the object of his mission, and are not only willing, but anxious to render him all the assistance in their power. With the present meagre information at our command, it would be premature and injudicious in us to express any opinion as to the prospects or extent of final success, but of one thing we may rest assured, that every effort will be made by our delegate, and that these efforts will be seconded and assisted with the whole influence of the Colonial Committee. We hope to have good news to communicate to our vacant congregations, soon.

Presentations.

ON MONDAY, the 23rd February, the members of St. Andrew's Church congregation, at New Glasgow, presented their worthy clergyman, Rev'd A. Pollok, with a handsome sleigh and furs, in token of respect for his person, and their high appreciation of his ministerial services.

THE REV. WILLIAM McMILLAN begs, with heartiest thanks, to acknowledge the receipt, per Mr. McKay, of a splendid set of new harness, from the ladies of the West Branch River John congregation: a present intrinsically valuable and useful, but the more highly appreciated, when it comes, as this does, as an expression of sympathy with him in his recent loss by fire. This is not the first substantial expression of their good will, they have shown him since he came to labor among them, for which he owes them his best thanks. They have done and are doing much to help and encourage him in his arduous duties, by their hearty co-operation, and such acknowledgement of his earnest and heart-given services cannot fail to strengthen the bonds that unite them, by stimulating him to greater zeal and making them more susceptible of receiving good impressions from his ministrations. This too, he receives as a token that his labours among them have not been in vain.—*Pictou Colonial Standard.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE Rev. Mr. Dykes has been appointed by the Crown to the first charge of Ayr parish.

THE late Mr. Forbes of Bryndie has bequeathed £500 in aid of the funds of the Scottish Episcopal Church Society.

THE Rev. H. Stirling has intimated his resolution to demit the pastorate of U. P. Church, Dunning, in a short time, as he intends to go abroad.

THE ladies of the Indian and Jewish Associations have to acknowledge with thankfulness the receipt of legacies from the late Miss Davidson, of Forrest Street, Edinburgh, namely, of £600 to the Indian and £150 to the Jewish Society.

CATHART YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.—On Wednesday evening the first lecture in connection with this association was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Smith of Cathcart, in the Parish School-Room, to a large and respectable audience. The learned Doctor chose for his subject—"The Evidences of Christianity," which was handled in such a manner as reflected the highest credit on the lecturer. The lecture was frequently and deservedly applauded, and was listened to throughout with the most marked attention.

THE JEWS OF ROME.—What, then, is the present condition of the Jews in Rome? It is shameful, intolerant and unchristian. A ban is upon these poor children of Israel, which is demoralizing to them and unworthy of the century and of the Church. They are branded with ignominy, oppressed by unjust taxes, excluded from honourable professions and trades, and reduced to poverty by laws which belong to barbarous ages. Shut up in their Ghetto, and forced to earn a miserable livelihood by the meanest traffic, they are then scorned as a filthy and dishonest people. Forbidden to raise their head, the Church that has crushed them under its decrees points at them the finger of scorn because they creep and crawl beneath their burdens. The favors

granted them are hypocritical and visionary—the injuries alone are real—*Roba di Roma*, by W. W. Story.

A NEW Protestant Church has been recently opened at Havre. The ceremony was the more remarkable from the character of the congregation, which was composed of various sects of Christians. All the authorities of the town and of the arrondissement were present. A sermon was preached by each of the two pastors of the community, of which the subject was Liberty of Conscience. A collection was then made for the unemployed operatives of the town, which produced 1800*fr.*

THE HOUSE OF PEERS.—We find from "Who's Who in 1863" that the House of Peers at present consists of 1 Prince, 2 Royal Dukes, 3 Archbishops, 25 Dukes, 30 Marquises, 161 Earls, 29 Viscounts, 27 Bishops, and 159 Barons, making a total of 436 members, as the present Bishop of Bath and Wells sits in the House also as Baron Auckland. In addition, there are 19 Peers who are minors, and await their coming of age to take their seats in the House. The Peers of Scotland and Ireland, who are not Peers of Parliament, number 114, of whom five are minors. There are 14 Peeresses in their own right. The members of the Privy Council in England and Ireland are 226. There are 852 Baronets, 479 Civil or Military Knights, and 112 Noblemen and Baronets, who are also Knights of the various Orders of Knighthood. There are 735 Companions of the Order of the Bath, 7 Field Marshals in the Army, 506 Generals, 380 Generals in the Indian Army, 326 Admirals, and 157 Queen's Counsel and Sergeants-at-law.

We are willing to allow agents a commission to the extent of forwarding six copies for the price of five; or we will send ten copies for 5 dollars. Single copies, 3s. 1 1-2d.

All communications intended for publication to be addressed to John Cestley, Pictou Academy; letters on business to be addressed to Mr. William Jack.

Printed and published for the proprietors, on the first Saturday of each month, by SIMON H. HOLMES, Standard Office, Pictou.

SCHEMES OF THE CHURCH.

1863

HOME MISSION.

February.—Cash East Branch East River Congregation,	£1 17 6
Cash West Branch East River Congregation,	1 18 10
Ladies' Association, Saint Andrew's Church, New Glasgow,	5 0 0
Saint Andrew's Church Congregation, New Glasgow,	2 12 6
Total,	11 8 10

1863

YOUNG MEN'S SCHEME.

February.—Cash Rev'd G. L. Grant, Prince Edward Island,	£7 13 6
Cash Roger's Hill Congregation,	1 7 6

£9 1 0

Pictou, Feby. 25th, 1863:

W. GORDON, Treasurer.