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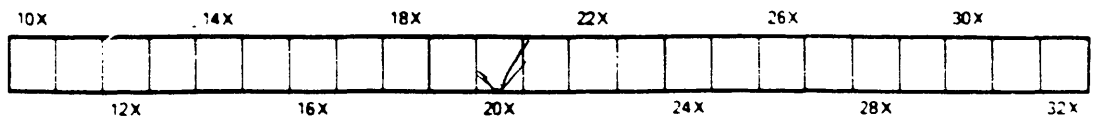
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No. 4.

WALKING WITH GOD.

Running our eye down the pages of a most ancient biographical record the other day, our attention was suddenly arrested by the following very brief but comprehensive sketch—"Enoch walked with God; and he was not; for God took him." Had we met with it any where else, we should have suspected that, like a good many other sketches of departed worth, it was the too partial estimate of loving and sorrowing survivors. But the record is as faithful as it is honourable, for the biographer was divinely inspired, and it must therefore be accepted as the testimony of Him that "seeth not as man seeth." It is all the more remarkable, moreover, because, while the sacred writer mentions the names of a number of others in the same godly lineage, all that we learn of them is that they lived so many years, begot children, and died. Here, however, was a character of rare excellence and beauty, and the inspired historian rescues it from oblivion by the brief but most suggestive notice referred to.

We cannot, for a moment, suppose the distinction to imply that Enoch was the only godly man of that generation. The descendants of Cain had doubtless by this time become grievously corrupt and violent, but there must have been many "sons of God" among the race of Seth besides the one so signalized by the sacred writer. Piety of the type of that of Enoch, however, has always been comparatively rare, and is so still; and there is a growing danger that, amid the pressure of worldly engagement, and the many calls to Christian activity in the present day, too little attention will be given to the cultivation of the heart, and the maintenance of that daily walk with God, which is the hidden spring of all spiritual life.

True piety is a thing, not of external activities only, but of the affec-

tions and principles and emotions. The kingdom of God must be set up *within* us, before we shall have either the motive, or the strength to labour for its establishment in the hearts of others. And we are therefore weak or strong for serving or for suffering, just in proportion to the nearness with which we live to God. Who does not know how much easier it is to speak of Christ to others, when we consciously have Him in our own hearts, "the hope of glory," and realize our personal interest in His atonement and intercession? And who has not felt, on the other hand, that without such a sense of pardoning mercy, his words have fallen from his lips lifeless, and that, like Samson, when "the Lord was departed from him," he was attempting something which he was spiritually incompetent to do?" "Without Me," says Jesus, "ye can do nothing."

We are not enough *alone* with God. Our private devotional exercises, instead of commanding the best and freshest of our time and energies, are too frequently crowded into a very few hurried moments, at the beginning and close of the day. Between haste in the morning, and weariness at night, there is often but little opportunity, and less inclination left, for that quiet communion with God, and study of the Scriptures, which must ever lie at the foundation of all spiritual progress. We "grow in *grace*" only as we grow "in the *knowledge* of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

It is related of Martin Luther, who was remarkable for his devotional habits, that on one occasion, when particularly hurried and anxious in view of the labours before him, he remarked, "I cannot get through with less than three hours of prayer this morning." How many Christians, in the present day, would have reversed the process, and sought to find time by *shortening*, rather than *lengthening* the devotional hour! Luther was right, for a greater than Luther has set us the example, now of "rising up a great while before day" to pray, and now of "continuing all night in prayer to God." And if even His immaculate and spiritual nature demanded such protracted seasons of communion with His Heavenly Father, they can scarcely be less needful to us!

There is, it is said, no "Royal" road to learning, nor, we may add, as a general rule, to distinction of any kind, understanding by the phrase, a way to eminence without painstaking effort and perseverance. But there is a Royal road to eminence in piety—

"The way the holy prophets went;
The way that leads from banishment;
THE KING'S highway of holiness"—

there is no other. It is not indeed free from toil and difficulty, but the footprints of the Master may be seen upon every step of the way, and love makes it pleasant and easy to tread where He has trodden. Nay more; he that will listen shall still hear the voice of Jesus, day by day, as truly as the primeval pair in the bowers of Eden, and shall have fellowship with Him as real and quickening as the wondering disciples that journeyed with Him to Emmaus. "If a man love me," He says, "he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." The promise has but one condition—obedience—the fruit of faith and love. The cause and effect of Enoch's Divine fellowship are both explained to us in a single sentence, in the eleventh chapter of the Hebrews—"before his translation, he had this testimony, that *he pleased God.*" All true fellowship must have its origin in kindred sympathies and aims. He, therefore, that would enjoy Enoch's high privilege must imitate his high example, and seek to be brought into constant and lively sympathy with Jesus in regard to the great ends of his incarnation and death; and he that would please God, and aim at a more intimate "fellowship with the sufferings" of Jesus, must hold daily communion with him:

"So shall our walk be close with God,
Calm and serene our frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads us to the Lamb."

STRAY SHEEP.

The Sydney correspondent of the *English Independent* writes:

"It is unhappily a common experience of ministers here to find those who are living regardless of religion, but who were regular attendants and, in some cases, members of Congregational churches in England. It frequently appears that such leave home with the full intention of settling down in one of our churches on arriving in Australia, but the ups and downs to which they are exposed on landing unsettle them, the application is postponed, and ultimately the habit is formed of entirely neglecting the ordinances of religion. Will our brethren at home kindly take note of this, and if any of their congregations leave for Australia will they not only give to such letters of introduction, but also write a few lines to some minister in the colony to which the bearer is going? If no minister is known, one of the secretaries of the Union of the colony might be written to, and he would intimate the circumstance to his brethren."

The experience adverted to is unfortunately not confined to the Australian colonies; we meet with numerous instances of the same thing in Canada. We have never received, indeed, any large accessions to our membership from the British Congregational Churches, most of those who emigrate having been prepossessed in favor of Australia, by the persistent efforts of our leading religious journals to write up that coun-

try to the disparagement of our own. Not a few, however, of those who every season find their way to our shores, are lost to the denomination, and in some instances to the Church of Christ, from the cause above alluded to. We therefore cordially endorse the suggestion of our English namesake's correspondent, and would strongly urge upon pastors the importance of putting those about to emigrate, or to remove to other localities, into immediate communication with the ministers in the places to which they are removing. We would also earnestly recommend members of churches about to remove to *take letters of transference with them*, and not wait till they settle down before they ask for them. The dangers of dissociation from Christian fellowship are so great that it is better to connect one's self with a church, even if it should be for only three months, rather than wander round, as many do, oftentimes to drop their profession altogether.

There is among us another sore evil under the sun, to which we must advert in this connection. We know not how it may be with emigrants to Australia, but some who come to Canada forget all their good training in England, and suddenly become enamoured with Presbyterianism, or Methodism, or even Episcopacy, as soon as they discover how much more respectable and influential these forms of religious belief are than our own. They can't endure the chilling shade of poverty and unpopularity after having been associated with the leading Nonconformist body in Britain, and sat, as they boast, under some of the greatest preachers of modern times. And so they find some reason for *not liking* the Congregational church, or minister, or meeting-house, very well, and quietly slip over the way, and connect themselves with an organization that costs less per head, and commercially and socially pays better.

Nor is the failing chargeable against British emigrants alone. We have known cases of a similar character among members of Eastern churches coming to reside in the towns and rural districts of the West. Deacons and others have come from Montreal and elsewhere, who could find no church or preacher among us good enough for them, and who, after having been "dandled upon the knees" of Congregationalism, have forgotten all their obligations, and lent their influence and wealth to the building up of other denominations. We know of localities in which it is said that there are more persons professing to hold our principles *outside* of the Congregational church than there are *within* it, and that from no fault of the present incumbent. What *their* principles are worth may not, perhaps, be difficult to estimate. Probably we have lost but little beyond their *money*. But, be that as it may, such a course is wholly unworthy of any one belonging to a Christian church, and we hope all our ministers will use their influence to prevent the repetition of it in future.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

The *Church Union* advocates the union of the Baptists and Congregationalists:—"Let Congregationalists and Baptists with all earnestness seek to meet on cordial terms, and strive to see how near they agree, rather than how far they differ. Surely, Satan's kingdom would tremble, and his agents be filled with disappointment and rage, if it were

announced to him that a union had been effected between these two grand divisions of the Redeemer's army."

And why might it not be? Of course, there can be no such organic union between us as there is being brought about between different branches of the Presbyterian and Methodist Bodies, since the very principle of Independency forbids it. We are not "a Church," but "churches," each being without law, so far as Synodical control is concerned, but "under law to Christ." But why, if proper Christian charity and forbearance were in exercise, might we not come to some understanding, at least upon Missionary ground, according to which the first occupant of a new field, whether Baptist or Congregationalist, should be left in undisturbed possession, until there was material for *two* strong churches? It is easy to see that this cannot be, so long as the principle of *strict* or *close* communion is maintained by our Baptist brethren. Believers in Christ ought to have, and must have fellowship at the Lord's Table, and if conscientious Congregationalists cannot have it with their immersionist brethren, they must have churches of their own. And thus the separation continues. If, however, Baptists will admit us to their fellowship on the same terms on which we are willing to admit them to ours, viz., that of every Christian being "fully persuaded in his own mind," there will be but little difficulty about effecting such a union as is possible in the circumstances. We put the question to *them*, therefore, why might it not be? Would they be any less worthy of the name they bear, if they were to conform more to the practice of their English brethren (most of whom are *open* communionists), and less to that of the Americans? Do they think the Lord Jesus Christ, "both theirs and ours," is more glorified by their separating from us on the disputed point of the *mode* of baptism, than he would be by a visible unity between us in Him? We wait for a reply.

PRINCE ARTHUR'S VISIT.

"Why can there be no other way devised for entertaining Prince Arthur, and introducing him to the Canadian public, but a ball? A large portion of the community deem dancing an irrational amusement, the remnant of barbaric times, and inconsistent with the spirit and precepts of Christianity. It is generally an accompaniment of the drinking usages of society, which temperance men are labouring to destroy. Why should the drinking and dancing portion of the community take the Prince and Governor-General in hand, as if they were the whole people? Could we not have a public meeting of welcome, with music and addresses, and a programme that all loyal citizens could unite in? Surely all the loyalty of the country is not possessed by the wine-drinkers and dancers!"—*Christian Guardian*.

THE RECEPTION OF THE PRINCE.—Does it not show rather a paucity of invention, as well as a rather low state of religion amongst the people of this Dominion, when nothing can be devised in the way of a public *fete* in honour of Prince Arthur, but balls, balls, balls! Everywhere dancing is the order of the day, or, rather, of the night; and, though we think it less injurious than wine at public dinners, there can be no question that it suits the moral sentiments of only a portion of the community. Now, we would ask: Are the religious people, who, on principle, decline to attend balls, of no account? Can nothing be devised in which all could join, without sacrifice of principle,

on an occasion so auspicious! We are glad to see the *Christian Guardian* speaking out upon a subject which we regard as of importance to the whole country, and which certainly requires consideration."—*Witness*.

With all true and loyal sons and daughters of Britain, we greet the son of our beloved Queen with a hearty welcome to these shores, and should be glad to take part, in any rational manner, in showing him honour. But if every visit from a member of the Royal Family is to be made the signal for a general "speer," in which Sir John and Sir George, and a few others of our rich Canadian Nabobs are to be "dined and wine-d," and quadrilled at the expense of the people who can't afford to go, and wouldn't if they could, then we think the less we have of them the better. There is quite enough of drunkenness in high places as it is, without our having such an illustrious example set before us to increase its respectability. Would that a young Prince, so noble and generous in nature as he is reported to be, could see the evil which wine-bibbing is doing, and could shun both the drink and the men that use it!

HOW CHRISTIAN CHURCHES SUPPORT THE DRINKING CUSTOMS OF SOCIETY.

An Essay read before the Menion Conference, at its late Meeting in Franklin, Mass.

BY REV. WILLIAM M. THAYER.

A fair, candid, Christian, though plain discussion of this subject is what we propose. The truth expressed in love, without fear or favour, is demanded both by the times, and the cause of temperance.

All churches do not lend support to the drinking customs, as all churches did not lend support to slavery. In many, an influential minority do this, and these pernicious customs gain power by their example.

Before proceeding directly to the point in question, three self-evident proofs should be started:—

First. A church should be in advance of the world in supporting good things. Rev. Newman Hall says:

"Christian people, not by proud pretension, but by the manifestation of superior zeal, ought always to be fighting in the front rank of the battle of philanthropy, and whenever selfishness or tyranny raises its head, and whenever ignorance, vice, or anything that tends to bring men down, and degrade and make them miserable,—whenever these enemies of humanity rise up, they ought to feel, whoever else may coronate them or fail to oppose them, that at the first symptom of the struggle, they will always hear the invincible tramp of the Christian Church advancing to the rescue of humanity."

Second. A church should befriend every true reform. Whose duty is it, if the church be excused? Says Dr. Cuyler:—

"Every true and timely moral reform should be born and nursed, and reared and supported by the Church of Jesus Christ. There is not a single moral precept which sinful humanity needs but the church should teach it; there is not a wholesome example to be set but the church should practise it. That Christian Church will be the most Christ-like

which does the most to 'seek and to save the lost'.....If the Church does not save the world, then the world will sink the church."

Third. Professed Christians should do nothing upon which they cannot ask the blessing of Almighty God. Prayer is a test of Christian conduct.

With the statement of these self-evident truths, we remark that a church sustains the drinking customs by tolerating moderate drinking, particularly wine-bibbing, among a class of its members. In our cities and larger towns particularly, a class of church members drink wine. Proof is not necessary; the fact is well known. Their influence to lure youth to the wine-cup is greater than the influence of non-professors. Several years ago a youth left his teetotal, Christian home in the country, to reside in Boston. He connected himself with a Sabbath school, where, in two years, he formed many acquaintances. Among his associates were two youths older than himself, who were members of the church. Our young friend, though not a Christian, had never drunk a glass of intoxicating liquor. At the solicitation of these two professed Christian young men, he took his first glass of wine; and he became a drunkard. Had not those two wine-bibbing associates been professors of religion, he would have refused their invitation. But he reasoned thus: "These young men belong to the church: I do not. If it be right for them to drink wine, it cannot be wrong for me." After ten or twelve years of intemperance, this young man reformed; and he was converted to Christ two years ago. We had the pleasure of taking him by the hand, and receiving these facts from his lips.

Rev. Dr. Campbell, of London, said, "I can tell you that there has scarcely been an instance requiring from me the exercise of church discipline, or the exclusion of members, which has not arisen through strong drink."

Dr. Guthrie, of Edinburgh, says, "I have seen no less than ten clergymen, with whom I have sat down at the Lord's table, deposed through drink."

And Rev. William Jay, of Bath, says, "In one month, not less than seven dissenting ministers came under my notice, who were suspended through intoxicating drink."

The oldest pastors, both in Europe and America, are a unit in their testimony that the most prolific cause of discipline is intemperance. Of course moderate drinking is tolerated by the church, otherwise there would scarcely exist a case of drunkenness to be disciplined. Drunkards are made of moderate drinkers. Drinking is tolerated until it grows scandalous by excess.

Again, a church sustains the drinking customs by treating its moderate-drinking members with as much respect and confidence as it does members who practice total abstinence. This implies that moderate drinking is not an evil,—that total abstinence is not more worthy of respect than wine-bibbing. Some of these men are made pastors and deacons—only a few in Massachusetts, we grant, though enough to compromise some of our churches in the matter. Some are made superintendents and teachers in Sabbath-schools. Some are elected to positions of trust and influence in benevolent societies. Some are officers in Christian associations and conferences. Some manage Christian and Sabbath-

school conventions. Some edit religious papers. And occasionally one is prominent and active in the great missionary enterprise. So that it is evident that wine-bibbing is not a barrier in Christian society. In other words, it is accounted of little consequence by the churches who thus honour them. But should it not be considered of great consequence? Suppose these members were known to be theatre-goers, as they are known to be moderate drinkers—would they be thus honoured and trusted in spiritual things? Yet theatre-going does not cause a fractional part of the vice and misery caused by the inebriating cup; and, of course, it is not so great an evil.

It was such facts which caused Rev. Albert Barnes to say: "The use of wine by professing Christians, and by ministers of the gospel, is highly injurious by example, and is that to which men constantly appeal to keep themselves in countenance; that in fact, the principal danger among the young men of our cities and towns, and especially among those who claim to be of the higher class, is from the use of what is called wine, and that as the consequence of this use, sustained as they are, to some extent, by the example of professing Christians, multitudes of them are on the way to the grave of the drunkard.

What shall Christians have to do with customs which, by any possibility, can lead to such results?

The extent to which moderate drinking is tolerated in our churches may be inferred from the cases of discipline occasioned by intemperance. There is scarcely a church that has not gone through with the experience of disciplining one or more members for intemperance. Out of New England the cases are more numerous than they are within it, because the churches are more favourable to wine-drinking. In England it is still worse. Rev. Newman Hall says:—

"More persons have been excommunicated from Church-fellowship on account of this vice, than of all other inconsistencies put together. And how vast the aggregate of such lamentable cases! Supposing that there are 30,000 Christian communities of various denominations in England, and that during the last three years each church has lost one member through intemperance (and this is a supposition much below the truth), then we have a loss to the church of 30,000 members during three years. This is equal to an annual loss of fifty churches of two hundred members each."

The Home Department.

THE SCULPTOR OF BRUGES.

BY MARIE SIBREE.

(Continued from page 103.)

The faith that you scorn and trample on, has taught me to forgive and pray for those who have made me a captive for life, with broken health, and every promise of youth unfulfilled.

"Yet you spoke of hope just now," said Cuthbert, looking half-

admiringly at Hans, as he stood there in his chains, erect and undaunted, his bright eyes as full of fire as ever.

"Yes; I have a good hope—not for this world, but of life everlasting; that no one can steal from me. Are you the bringer of any tidings?"

"No, Hans, your fate is still in the hands of our Sovereign; and his coming is delayed through state affairs in Spain. I came with the faint hope that time and solitude would have shown you the folly of persisting in this heresy. Your hopes of everlasting life are utterly vain, while you refuse to acknowledge the supremacy of the true Church. Your faith is mere fanaticism; it will fail you in the hour of torture and death." In his heart Cuthbert knew it was very seldom that their Protestant victims were intimidated by any amount of pain.

"He that has kept and sustained me hitherto, will keep me to the end," said Hans, with a quiet confidence. "I don't put my trust in dead saints, but in a living God, whose word cannot fail."

"But the Church is the only true interpreter of that word. Not to every one is given the gift of understanding hidden things, this honour is reserved for her ministers alone."

"The Bible saith not so, Cuthbert. You have read to little purpose if you know not that it pleased Christ, that the Father had 'hidden these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes.' You fear the loss of power if the people should read the Bible for themselves. You tell poor blind sinners of indulgences, and penances, and interceding saints, whereby sin may be expiated, when it is written, 'I am the Lord; and beside me there is no Saviour;' and again, 'I am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine *own* sake.' And this Word does not direct ignorant people to the priest; it says, 'If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to *all men* liberally.' Christ bids us learn of *Him*, and come unto Him; and while He condescends to stand and knock at the door of my heart, promising to come in and sup with me, shall I keep Him waiting and knocking, while I listen to foolish fables, while I call upon the Virgin, while I sprinkle myself with water, and seek for righteousness at the hands of a man, perhaps more sinful than myself? Shall I keep Him waiting when He brings me truth, and cleansing, and righteousness, and pardon? Yet this is what you would have me do, and close the door against my Lord and Saviour, and trust my soul to your guidance."

Few priests in Cuthbert's day ever saw the Scriptures, except in detached verses, used in the service of the Church, or passages that might be met with in their religious books, where the original meaning was frequently distorted to serve the purposes of Romish teaching. The soft, luxurious devotee might overcome poor Auka, until she almost believed that he carried the keys of heaven; but he was no match for one who had studied the Bible diligently, and had made it his meat and drink. A few feeble arguments he used, to which Hans returned no answer; and the sun bursting out again, the prisoner picked up his tools, and continued his work.

"Your progress will be very slow, Hans, if you can only work when the sun illuminates that little portion of the wall."

"Yes," said Hans, regretfully: "I should have thought it a poor, mean service once; but now I know that my Master measureth not so

much our work, as our willingness and love. My implements are rude, and my performance will be imperfect ; but it is my all, and will not be rejected."

"I see," said Cuthbert, "that although you pretend to disdain the helps and quickeners to devotion, which our Church so mercifully provides, yet, the earliest moment your genius can begin to stretch its wings again, your first feeble effort is directed to supply this want. However much your mind and heart may be perverted, however far you may have wandered, your genius, with true instinct, flies back to its first love."

Hans paused from his chipping ; and tossing back his hair, exclaimed, half-scornfully, "My first love was the goddess of beauty ; but even in that state of heathenism I was never so depraved as to bow down before the work of my own hands. And now that I have learned the second commandment, delivered on Sinai, and confirmed by Christ Himself (but which your Church has purposely omitted from her decalogue), I should indeed be perverting the gifts God has given me, if I used them to provide means to disobey and insult Him. Dark and dreary as this place is, my devotions have not yet been so cold and heavy as to need the aid of sensual objects. *My* help cometh from the Lord, and my quickening from the Holy Spirit."

"Then why carve this image, if unnecessary to your worship ?" asked Cuthbert, rather mystified, and unable to think of a crucifix apart from beads and prostrations.

"As one would try to draw the portrait of his dearest friend and benefactor, whom having not seen, he yet loves. True, this will be but a dim outline, a mere shadow of the Being my mental eye beholds ; but my hands must obey my thoughts and desires, that all go out towards him. Your idea of the religious purposes of art is a very narrow one, Cuthbert : you would confine it to one single use, and that unlawful and most self-deceptive. To me, its influences are unlimited, weaving themselves into our daily life ; purifying our thoughts and passions, even our very dreams. But alas ! many are so blind, they will not look at things with their inward eyes ; they gaze on the material, form, and colour, and there they rest, seeing nothing beyond a cause for admiration at the skill displayed or a suitable object for idolatry. You wonder why I carved this crucifix. You have taken my Bible from me ; why should not I record upon my walls the one grand truth it contains—that Christ is our sacrifice ? By this rude, unfinished work, I shall be constantly reminded of my Saviour's unassured love, and boundless compassion for sinners. I shall see the hatefulness of sin, by the cost of its atonement. When I am tempted to murmur at my lot, and think these chains an unnecessary addition to my sufferings, these wounded hands and feet will mutely ask if *my* pains are like unto what I do bore for me. When sad, these stony lips will say, in tender tones, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee !' and when bitter thoughts towards my enemies fill my breast, I shall hear my Saviour say, once more, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' These, and a thousand other things, will this sculpture say to me ; but it will *not* be my God, my idol—this hand would instantly destroy it, if there were to me the slightest likelihood of its becoming so. I worship the invisible *alone*, and am not dependent on material aids, though I am interested in this labour of my hands.

"I cannot profess to understand your new philosophy, Hans; it is only charitable to suppose that your reason is affected—that indeed you are gone mad, as Father Augustus suggested last year."

"If this be madness, then I would that you also were mad, good Cuthbert. But so did they judge St. Paul himself, when he testified concerning Jesus Christ, that He should save the people from their sins."

"Well, Hans, I had a lingering hope that your prison doors would have been opened. It rests now with the King, and if you refuse his Royal clemency, then I fear this will be our last meeting."

"I have sworn allegiance to a greater King than Philip of Spain, and can say nothing but what He shall command me," replied the prisoner. "Though Philip should give me 'his house full of silver and gold, I cannot go beyond the word of the Lord my God, to do less or more.'"

Hans continued his labour when the sun favoured him; and, notwithstanding numerous disadvantages, he felt that his last work far excelled all former productions, in spirituality of expression.

The summer ended, and found Philip still lingering in Spain; but he did not forget the heretic. When, indeed, did that cruel-hearted monarch ever neglect an opportunity of gratifying his malignant feeling against all who crossed his will? Besides the King's unfailing memory and minute journal, the busy emissaries of Rome, residing in Bruges, sent more than one request for permission to try, and, if guilty, to condemn the prisoner. Philip's vengeance slept until the month of October, when he gave orders that the victim should be given over to the Inquisition.

Early one morning, when Hans awoke, he was surprised to see a light in his cell; some one was holding a lamp near his crucifix, attentively and minutely examining it. Then, to his dismay, as Hans looked, the lamp was set down, and its bearer knelt before the figure, making the sign of the cross. Hans sprung from his bed of dirty straw, and the movement caused the kneeler to turn round: it was Cuthbert himself, who, strongly against his will, had been deputed to carry the King's message to the friend of his boyhood. He rose, and lifted the lamp. Hans quietly stooped and picked up his tools, as if he meant to put a few more touches to his work.

"It does not want another stroke," said the priest, surveying it again, with undisguised admiration. "I am filled with wonder when I think of the implements by which it has been wrought. Surely if His Majesty once saw this, he would reverse his sentence."

"Then my fate is at last sealed?" exclaimed Hans.

Cuthbert mutely signified assent; he had no heart to utter the truth.

"Well, I am ready; only let me alter one or two features: I see that after all I have made a mistake."

"Mistake!" said Cuthbert, "it is perfect. Stop, Hans; stop! what are you doing? Now, indeed, you *must* be mad." He seized the sculptor's arm—but it was too late; with a few dexterous strokes of his stone and nail, Hans had completely destroyed his beautiful piece of carving. The figure was too much mutilated to serve any religious purpose. He shook off Cuthbert's hand, and looked sadly on the wreck before him.

"Here I bury my ambition: my last earthly hope has perished. But never again shall a fellow-creature be tempted to sin by my work. I,

who worship the Invisible alone, will not provide graven images for other men to bow down to. You have desecrated my offering, Cuthbert, by your act. Lead on, now ; I am waiting to be offered up myself."

The priest was really angry. "I have nothing more to say ; in three hours you will be summoned to answer for your abominable heresy. This last piece of folly will not soften the hearts of your judges, rest assured."

God only knew what a sacrifice the prisoner had just made for conscience sake.

We will pass over those three sacred hours, during which perhaps he felt that all human weaknesses were not overcome. But he left his cell for the still darker, closer dungeon of the Inquisition, with a firm step and undaunted spirit. His trial was conducted with the mock ceremony that always marked Inquisitorial proceedings. His judges were exasperated by his calm and lofty bearing ; for he spoke to them as one who was beyond their reach, as if already he was at rest—fearing nothing, and hoping nothing, in this life : and, in their rage, they sentenced him to the cruelest tortures their diabolical ingenuity could devise.

But, although their instruments of torment wrung from him sighs and tears, and sometimes groans, they could not make him retract one word of the bold confession he had made, in the open streets of Bruges, and in the presence of his judges. An unseen hand seemed all the time to be holding him up, and ministering to him ; sometimes, in his greatest agonies, wrapping him in unconsciousness, till the bitterness was past ; and ever to his ears sweet words came, now soothing as a mother's song to a sick and weary child—now full of promise and encouragement. As his bodily frame sunk beneath sufferings such as no pen can describe, his spiritual strength was renewed, daily ; and his fiendish tormentors, as they hovered round him, with masked faces and unrelenting hearts, tried in vain to wear out his patience and endurance.

About a week after his punishment began, a new brother was admitted to the Order. He was a young man, of Irish descent, with all the generous impulses of his nation ; and on his first introduction to the torture-chamber, where the professed successors of holy apostles were engaged in the pious work of compulsory conversion, by every species of pitiless barbarity, this novice in Church policy could hardly conceal his astonishment and disgust. For his own sake, it was well that the indispensable black mask hid his face from his brethren, or the compassionate looks cast towards the sufferer on the rack, would have exposed him to suspicion and contempt. Hans lay in extreme pain, but with an expression of childlike submission on his noble countenance, that would have touched any heart that was not utterly hardened. He did not notice the addition to the number of inquisitors ; but when the young novice's duties lay in personal attendance on the victim, Hans felt at once that gentler hands were touching him, that something *human* was breathing, even in that foul atmosphere. At certain times the severities were relaxed, and the crucifix, holy water, relics, and other tests offered to the sculptor. But, without wavering, he answered them in the words of Scripture. Christ fulfilled the promise, made so many years before ; for it was given him, "in that same hour, what he should speak." "Never was there a more obstinate heretic," said one inquisi-

tor; "and they all speak in the same tongue. No amount of torture drives the words of that mischievous Book out of their minds. They have an answer ready for everything; and this man's boldness increases as his strength declines." "Yes," said another, "I think he is anticipating a speedy death, as the only release from pain. This morning he discovered that his right arm was useless; and, to try his fortitude, I told him, through his wickedness and folly, he would never be able to lift a mallet again; but he just looked at his hand, and said, in his cant phraseology, 'This hand has often offended;' and afterwards muttered to himself, 'Now, indeed, my labours are ended, and I would fain go to rest.' I see it was ill-advised to take away his only hope: the value of life seems to have been measured by his powers of working. We must rekindle the love of life; promise to restore his useless limb, to exhort or entice from him, by any means, but one faint admission. It will be worth all our pains, and will shake his own confidence."

Accordingly, the work of cruelty was suspended for several days; cordials and stimulants were administered; the shattered, dislocated limbs were bound up; and into the prisoner's cell were brought all the appliances of the sculptor's art. But Hans was beyond the reach of such temptations, and felt that he was only being reserved for further trials—which was, indeed, the case; for, finding that their leniency failed to reawaken any interest in life, or in his former pursuits, his judges passed their final sentence upon him. He was to be burned alive—the common fate of heretics in the sixteenth century.

An emotion of joy thrilled through the prisoner's frame, when he learned that, in less than twenty-four hours, he should be set free. Left alone in his cell, he tried to collect his thoughts and pray; but body and mind were enfeebled, and at times his senses wandered back to his boyish days. "Put away your book, Cuthbert," he murmured; "the sun is setting in a sea of glory; and, there! the evening carillons have just begun. How the sweet sounds rise and fall! they throb through my brain, and strange visions come and go—creatures of fancy, who, as I look at them, change and dissolve, like yonder gold and crimson clouds. * * * Did you say it was morning? Let me sleep on, I am very weary, and my hands are so tired; yet be patient, my soul, a little while and then you shall find rest. * * * Mother, I dreamt that they took me to prison, and I seemed to live there for ages, though they told me it was little more than one year; but for months I saw no light, and I thought my hair turned grey, and I became an old man before my time. * * * Ah, there is the sunbeam! I must get up and work. Soon I shall enter a higher school, and grasp the immortal. How heavy my chains have become! I must finish my carving to-morrow. To-morrow! did they not say I might go home to-morrow? Lord, clear from my sight these mists of earth, and let me look on Thee alone. My eyes grow dim, I cannot see Thee, Lord. My ears are heavy, I can only hear those chimes; make me to hear Thy voice! Rouse up my fainting soul, that it may meet Thee joyfully! Oh, I am sick and worn; hide me, Saviour, in the clefts of Thy rock, until this last storm is overpast!"

At midnight, some one crept stealthily along the corridor that led to Hans's dungeon. A careful hand unbolted the door, and as cautiously

closed it again. Hans had not heard a sound. His heart was far away; and his senses were greatly deadened by fever; but the light from a lantern (hitherto concealed under the intruder's cloak), flashing across the prisoner's eyes, recalled his wandering thoughts. The person who carried the lantern was invisible in the gloom, so that Hans only saw the light. "Hast thou sent to fetch me even now, Lord?" he asked, softly; "I am ready to go. Thou knowest I am ever Thine, and only wait for Thee."

"He takes me for an angel visitant," said the stealthy visitor, who was the young Irish novice. Then throwing back the cowl and removing his mask, he bent over Hans, saying, "It is no angel that has come to you; but one who wishes to learn the secret of your strength and patience."

Hans manifested no surprise; but he tried to rouse himself, and fix his attention on the questioner. "It is Christ, nothing but Christ."

"What is Christ?" asked the novice, fearing he had not been understood.

(To be continued.)

JOHN PLOUGHMAN'S TALK ABOUT WIVES.

It is astonishing how many old sayings there are against wives; you may find nineteen to the dozen of them. The men, years ago, showed the rough side of their tongues whenever they spoke of their spouses. Some of these sayings are downright shocking; as, for instance, that very wicked one, "Every man has two good days with his wife,—the day he marries her, and the day he buries her."

It is much to the women's credit that there are very few old sayings against husbands; although, in this case, sauce for the goose would make capital sauce for the gander. They must be very forbearing, or they would have given the men a Roland for every Oliver. They can not be so very bad after all, or they would have had their revenge for the many cruel things which are said against them.

A true wife is her husband's better half, his lump of delight, his flower of beauty, his guardian angel, and his heart's treasure. He says to her, "I shall in thee most happy be. In thee, my choice, I do rejoice. In thee I find content of mind. God's appointment is my contentment." In her company he finds his earthly heaven; she is the light of his home, the comfort of his soul, and (for this world) the soul of his comfort. Whatever fortune God may send him, he is rich so long as she lives. His rib is the best bone in his body.

The man who weds a loving wife,
Whate'er betideth him in life,
Shall bear up under all;
But he that finds an evil mate,
No good can come within his gate;
His cup is filled with gall.

A good husband makes a good wife. Some men can neither do without wives, nor with them: they are wretched alone in what is called single blessedness, and they make their homes miserable when they get married. They are like Tompkin's dog, which could not bear to be loose,

and howled when it was tied up. Happy bachelors are likely to be happy husbands ; and a happy husband is the happiest of men. A well-matched couple carry a joyful life between them, as the two spies carried the cluster of Eshcol. They are a brace of birds-of-paradise. They multiply their joys by sharing them, and lessen their troubles by dividing them ; this is fine arithmetic. The waggon of care rolls lightly along as they pull together ; and when it drags a little heavily, or there's a hitch anywhere, they love each other all the more, and so lighten the labor.

When a couple fall out, there are always faults on both sides ; and generally there is a pound on one, and sixteen ounces on the other. When a home is miserable, it is as often the husband's fault as the wife's. Darby is as much to blame as Joan, sometimes more. If the husband won't keep sugar in the cupboard, no wonder his wife gets sour. Want of bread makes want of love ; lean dogs fight. Poverty generally rides home on the husband's back ; for it is not often the woman's place to go out working for wages. A man down our parts gave his wife a ring with this on it : " If thee don't work, thee sha'n't eat." He was a brute. It is no business of hers to bring in the grist ; she is to see it is well used, and not wasted. Therefore I say, short commons are not her fault. She is not the bread-winner, but the bread-maker. She earns more at home than any wages she can get abroad.

It is not the wife who smokes and drinks away the wages at "The Brown Bear" or "The Jolly Topers." One sees a drunken woman now and then, and it's an awful sight ; but, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, it is the man who comes home tipsy, and abuses the children ; the woman seldom does that. The poor drudge of a wife is a teetotaler, whether she likes it or not, and gets plenty of hot water as well as cold. Women are found fault with for often looking into the glass ; but that is not so bad a glass as men drown their senses in. The wives do not sit boozing over the tap-room fire : they, poor souls ! are shivering at home with the baby, watching the clock (if there is one), wondering when their lords and masters will come home, and crying while they wait. I wonder they don't strike. Some of them are about as wretched as a cockchafer on a pin, or a mouse in a cat's mouth. They have to nurse the sick girl, and wash the dirty boy, and bear with the crying and noise of the children ; while his lordship puts on his hat, lights his pipe, and goes off about his own pleasure, or comes in at his own time to find fault with his poor dame for not getting him a fine supper. How could he expect to be fed like a fighting-cock, when he brought home so little money on Saturday night, and spent so much in worshipping Sir John Barley-corn ? I say it, and I know it, there's many a house where there would be no scolding wife if there was not a skulking, guzzling husband. Fellows not worth their salt-money drink and drink till all is blue, and then turn on their hacks for not having more to give them. Don't tell me : I say it, and will maintain it, a woman can't help being vexed, when, with all her mending and stitching, she can't keep house, because her husband won't let her. It would provoke any of us if we had to make bricks without straw, keep the pot boiling without fire, and pay the piper out of an empty purse. What can she get out of the oven when she has neither meal nor dough ? Bad husbands are great sinners, and ought to be hung up by their heels till they learn to behave better.

They say a man of straw is worth a woman of gold ; but I can not swallow it ; a man of straw is worth no more than a woman of straw, let old sayings lie as they like. Jack is no better than Jill, as a rule. When there is wisdom in the husband, there's generally gentleness in the wife, and between them the old wedding wish is worked out : "One year of joy, another of comfort, and all the rest of content." Where hearts agree, there joy will be. United hearts death only parts. They say marriage is not often merry-age, but very commonly mar-age : well, if so, the coat and waistcoat have as much to do with it as the gown and petticoat. The honeymoon need not come to an end ; and, when it does, it is often the man's fault for eating all the honey, and leaving nothing but moonshine : when they both agree that, whatever becomes of the moon, they will each keep up their share of honey, there's merry living. When a man lives under the sign of the cat's foot, where faces get scratched, either his wife did not marry a man, or he did not marry a woman. I don't pity most of the men-martyrs : I save my pity for the women. When the Dumow flitch is lost, neither of the pair will eat the bacon ; but the wife is the most likely to fast for the want of it. Every herring must hang by its own gill, and every person must account for his own share in home quarrels ; but John Ploughman can't bear to see all the blame laid on the women. Whenever a dish is broken, the cat did it ; and whenever there is mischief, there's a woman at the bottom of it. There are two as pretty lies as you will meet with in a month's march. There's a why for every wherefore ; but the why for family jars does not always lie with the house-keeper. I know some women have long tongues ; then the more's the pity that their husbands should set them going. But, for the matter of talk, just look into a bar-parlor, where the men's tongues are well oiled with liquor, and if any woman living can talk faster, or be more stupid, than the men, my name is not John Ploughman.

When I had got about as far as this, in stepped our minister, and he said, "John, you've got a tough subject, a cut above you : I'll lend you a rare old book to help you over the stile."—"Well, sir," said I, "a little help is worth a great deal of fault-finding ; and I shall be uncommonly obliged to you." He sent me down Archbishop Secker's "Wedding-Ring ;" and a real arch-fellow that Bishop was. I could not do any other than pick out some of his pithy bits : they are very flavoured, and such as are likely to glue themselves to the memory. He says, "Hast thou a soft heart ?—it is of God's breaking. Hast thou a sweet wife ?—she is of God's making. The Hebrews have a saying, "He is not a woman." Though man alone may be good, yet it is not good that man should be alone. "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above." A wife, though she be not a perfect gift, is a good gift, a beam darted from the Sun of mercy. How happy are those marriages where Christ is at the wedding ! Let none but those who have found favour in God's eyes find favour in yours. Husbands should spread a mantle of charity over their wives' infirmities. Do not put out the candle because of the snuff. Husbands and wives should provoke one another to love ; and they should love one another, notwithstanding provocations. The tree of love should grow up, in the midst of the family, as the tree of life grew in the garden of Eden. Good servants are a great blessing, good

children a greater blessing ; but a good wife is the greatest blessing : and such a help, let him seek for her that wants one ; let him sigh for her that hath lost one ; let him delight in her that enjoys one."

To come down from the archbishop's roast beef to my own pot-herbs, or as they say, to put Jack after gentleman, I will tell my own experience, and have done.

My experience of my first wife, who will, I hope, live to be my last, is much as follows : Matrimony came from paradise and leads to it. I never was half so happy before I was a married man as I am now. When you are married, your bliss begins. I have no doubt that, where there is much love, there will be much to love ; and, where love is scant, faults will be plentiful. If there is only one good wife in England, I am the man who put the ring on her finger ; and long may she wear it ! God bless the dear soul ! If she can put up with me, she shall never be put down by me.—*The Sword and Trowel.*

INDIVIDUAL WORK.

Whenever a church so far mistakes the end of its existence as to suppose that its main business is to keep itself warm and comfortable by the enjoyment of its ordinances, it is certain to discover its error sooner or later. Ordinances will prove deceitful cordials to men who will not work the work of God. The warmth which once they found in the services of the Lord's house, will die out of them, and professors will shiver, even in the midst of them, as we sometimes shiver before a fire, when we seek for that heat without which warmth would come at once, were we by vigorous exercise to accelerate the circulation.

It surely is not an extravagant demand to make, when we say that no man ought to be a member of a Christian church, who is not able to point definitely to some work he is doing for Christ, or to assign some sufficient reason why he is doing none at all. In many instances it may be almost wholly restricted to the home circle. This must be the case with many Christian mothers, who have families demanding all their available time and energy. It is not for these to climb into garrets, and dive into cellars, to visit and relieve the victims of sickness and poverty. Christ has found them work in their own house. They are to make their children the daily witnesses of their piety ; they are to convince them that Christianity has not spoiled, but sanctified, and even glorified their motherhood.

But there are thousands in our churches who are environed by no such narrow limits. Home does not present a sphere sufficiently wide to exact and exhaust all their time and energy, and these cannot secure an acquittal, either from their conscience or their God, unless they have elsewhere some well-defined work, to which they have given themselves as by vow and consecration. There is no slight criminality attaching to that man or that woman, who, if the great Husbandman were to come at any moment of the day or night, would be unable to show him where is his post of labor in the vineyard. If he be neither planting, nor watering, nor gathering out stones, nor burning destructive roots, nor mending the fences, what advantage does the vineyard or its owner reap

from his presence at all? And how will he face the hour of reckoning, when only those who have toiled will receive wages.—*Rev. E. Mellor, England.*

BESSIE'S REPORT.

Bessie was the daughter of a distinguished lawyer in Iowa. I am sorry to say he was a profane and wicked man. But though much given to profanity, he never allowed himself to swear in the presence of his family. His little daughter he almost idolized. That she loved her papa very tenderly was most evident; but she loved the dear Saviour also, and had been taught that profanity was exceedingly wicked. Two years ago this winter, a farmer was delivering some wood at her father's wood-pile, and the latter went out to give some directions about it. The fence was between the two men, the lawyer being on the side nearest the house. For some reason or other he became excited and swore terribly at the farmer. Soon, however, he went into the house, but his attention was instantly attracted by his darling Bessie, who was crying as if her heart would break. "Why, Bessie, what is the matter?" he inquired in a subdued voice. Getting no reply he went out, supposing it to be some trifling matter, but upon returning in a few minutes, he found her still sobbing deeply, and he took her up on his knee, and began to press her for the cause. "Are you sick Bessie?" "No, papa; but I went out on the stoop a few minutes ago, and heard two men talking, and one of them used very wicked words, and I was afraid it was the one on this side of the fence."

The appeal was more than the profane father could withstand. It soon became most evident that the little preacher, though drawing her bow at a venture, had lodged an arrow where it had taken effect. Her father found no peace till he welcomed the Saviour to his heart, and became a decided and earnest Christian, exchanging the language of profanity for that of prayer and praise to God; and he is now a regular attendant upon the weekly prayer meeting, and takes an active part in all religious movements.—*Advance.*

THE DEVIL FOILED.

More than thirty years ago, in a manufacturing village, in New Jersey, it was thought best to organize a church and establish public worship. But the people had little wealth, and hence it was necessary to enlist every available family, and individual, in the new enterprise. Many of the good people were connected with a Presbyterian church only one and a half miles distant. One half mile from the new church a considerable stream afforded a natural division line between the old and the new parish, and near it lived a very worthy well-to-do member of the old church, who owned a pew there, and could about as well go over the bridge to church, as to incur the additional expense of church accommodations and taxes in the new one.

Singularly enough, perhaps, the new church in providing themselves with officers, elected Mr. H. as one of their elders. For they were not

alone in the opinion that "deacons and elders" "should be men of some means" or at least, that it would be well to elect such to office if they happened to live near the borders of another parish in which the taxes were lower. Mr. H. having been made an elder, gave his sympathies and his pecuniary aid to the new enterprise. But what his qualifications for so important an office were, beyond his moderate wealth and his proximity to his old associations of church and family friends, we shall soon see.

Mr. H. appeared to love the doctrines and institutions of religion, and was punctual in his attendance on the services of the sanctuary and of the weekly prayer-meeting; but, elder as he was, his voice had never been heard in the social meeting, nor in family worship. Indeed, he had never heard his own voice in prayer. His pastor had often conversed with him on the subject, but he uniformly insisted, and with apparent sincerity, that for him to pray anywhere, except mentally, was an utter impossibility. He admitted the importance of it, and expressed the strongest desire to be able to do it, but said he had frequently attempted to do it, and had as often failed. He had kneeled with a firm resolve and had persevered with great effort, but all to no purpose. He could not utter one word. It seemed to him that the devil stood before him, or at his side, on every such occasion, and so utterly confused and confounded him that he could not speak. His wife testified to the truth of his assertions, and that she had witnessed his persistent but unavailing efforts.

One afternoon his pastor called at his house with special reference to the matter. And after hearing these and similar details of his struggles and failures, he assured him he was foregoing both his privilege and his duty, at the instigation of the devil; that he could pray and he must pray; that he needed only to resist the devil and he would flee from him; that God's grace was sufficient, and trusting in it he would surely conquer his enemy. His wife and daughter—two godly women—were present. His pastor then proposed that they should all kneel together, and that each should pray. He would lead, then the wife and daughter in turn, and lastly that Mr. H. should follow. He certainly could, and they would all remain upon their knees until he did.

Trembling in every fibre of his body, and covered with perspiration as if he had been swinging a scythe, he kneeled and listened to three brief but appropriate prayers. His pastor then said: "now Mr. H. be calm. Don't be in a hurry—we are not. If you need anything that God has to give, ask him for it. Use the simplest possible language. We shall wait for you, and the Lord help you out of this snare of the devil."

They waited and silently prayed. He struggled as if in mortal conflict for some minutes, and at length broke out in one expression of petition. Soon another, and then another still, in quicker succession, till, Christ strengthening him, in that closely contested conflict he gained the victory.

His prayer ended, they rose, his face showing the marks of the conflict, but glowing, nevertheless, with delight at the result.

His pastor then said to the daughter, "to-night and in the morning, get your Bible and carry it to your father, and sit down and wait for him to lead in your devotions." She promised, and so did he. And

from that hour that house had its family altar. Let all those who think they cannot pray, go and do likewise.—*Congregationalist*.

“STICK TO YOUR BUSH.”

Mr. Morgan was a rich and also a good man. The people of the town respected him, sent him to Parliament, and seldom undertook anything without asking his advice. If a school-house was to be built, the plan had to be talked over with him. Widow P—— asked him what she should plant in her field. Farmer L—— always got his advice in buying cattle, and Mrs. R—— consulted him about bringing up her boys. When asked how he was so successful, Mr. Morgan said: “I will tell you how it was. One day when I was a lad, a party of boys and girls were going to a distant pasture to pick whortleberries. I wanted to go with them, but was fearful that my father would not let me. When I told him what was going on, and he at once gave me permission to go with them, I could hardly contain myself for joy, and rushed into the kitchen and got a big basket, and asked my mother for a luncheon. I had the basket on my arm and was just going out of the gate when my father called me back. He took hold of my hand and said in a very gentle voice: ‘Joseph, what are you going for—to pick berries or to play?’ ‘To pick berries,’ I replied. ‘Then, Joseph, I want to tell you one thing. It is this: When you find a pretty good bush, do not leave it to find a better one. The other boys and girls run about picking a little here and a little there, wasting a great deal of time, and not getting many berries. If you do as they do, you will come home with an empty basket. If you want berries stick to your bush.’ I went with the party, and we had a capital time. But it was just as my father said. No sooner had one found a good bush than he called to the rest, and they left their several places and ran off to the new-found treasure. Not content more than a minute or two in one place, they rambled over the whole pasture, got very tired, and at night had but very few berries. My father’s words kept ringing in my ears, and I stuck to my bush. When I had done with one, I found another and finished that; then I took another. When night came, I had a large basket full of nice berries, more than all the rest put together, and was not half so tired as they were. I went home happy. But when I entered I found my father had been taken ill. He looked at my basket full of ripe blackberries and said: ‘Well done, Joseph, was it not just as I told you? Always stick to your bush.’ He died a few days after, and I had to make my way in the world as best I could. But my father’s words sunk deep into my mind, and I never forgot the experience of the whortleberry party—I ‘stuck to my bush.’ When I had a fair place, and was doing tolerably well, I did not leave it, and spend weeks and months in finding one a little better. When other young men said, ‘Come with us, and we will make a fortune in two or three weeks,’ I shook my head and ‘stuck to my bush.’ Presently my employers offered to take me into business with them. I stayed with my old house until the principals* died, and then I had everything I wanted. The habit of sticking to my business led people to trust me and give me a character. I owe all I have and am to this motto: ‘Stick to your bush.’”—*Northern Advocate*.

Literary Notices.

Some time since a notice was inserted here of Rev. Josiah Miller's *Hymns and Hymn writers*. The work has now passed to a second edition, and is entitled, *Singers and Songs of the Church*. (London: Longman.) It is much enlarged and improved, so that probably no one volume contains as much of information on its subject as this. Hymnology is becoming daily of more importance in the estimation of Christian men, and deservedly so. The store of good hymns is accumulating very rapidly. Many admirable collections have appeared, but most of them want winnowing. It is interesting to observe how in prayer and praise Christians of various bodies feel their unity in Christ. When we love and enjoy a hymn, we want to know who wrote it, and all about him and it. This is just the information which Mr. Miller's book supplies.

The Life of our Lord. By Rev. William Hanna, D.D., LL.D., is now completed. (Edinburgh: 6 vols. fcap 8 vo.) Dr. Hanna was the assistant of Dr. Guthrie, but has now retired from pastoral labours. He was also the biographer of Chalmers, his father-in-law, and most gracefully did he perform the work. A cultivated scholar, of singularly mellow Christian character, and of very un-sectarian sympathies, he had high qualifications for undertaking the task now finished. The first volume in the series was *The Last Day of our Lord's Passion*, which has now reached the seventeenth edition. It is exquisitely done; with all a critic's skill, a Christian's reverence, and an evangelist's fervour. If the succeeding volumes, which have been published at intervals, viz., *The Earlier Years*, *The Ministry in Galilee*, *The Close of the Ministry*, *The Passion Week*, and *The Forty Days after our Lord's Resurrection*, are as well executed,—as we doubt not they are,—a very valuable addition has been made to Christian literature. "The Great Biography," as Dr. James Hamilton called it, is more and more continually concentrating upon itself the attention of Christian students, preachers and authors. The fact of the fourfold telling of that wondrous story in the condensed Scriptures, is better appreciated. Let the work go on. Let every one bring his treasure, and place it at the Master's feet. Let every one draw the picture from his own point of view, and each will give us some fresh aspect of the myriad-sided glory of the Lord. We are looking, for instance, with much eagerness, for Henry Ward Beecher's promised work on this theme, which is announced to appear shortly. His big heart and glowing genius will interpret to us much of the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ.

The name of Caesar Malan is known over the whole Christian world as that of a most pure and loving spirit, whose writings have gone everywhere doing good, and whose conversations with his many visitors from every land in his beautiful home in Geneva, are cherished among their brightest recollections of European travel. He was, however, a separatist and a recluse, standing very much aloof from all churches, while loving individual Christians with rare fervency. One of his favour-

ite topics was that of personal assurance as essential to true faith. On this he accosted every visitor. The story goes that one of these, on parting with him, was already in his carriage, when Mr. Malan said, "Farewell, we shall meet in heaven." "Yes, I hope so," said the other. "Hope so, hope so, is that all? come down into the house again; I must put you right on that point." *The Memoirs of Cæsar Malan*, edited by one of his sons, have recently been published. (London: Nisbet & Co.)

Another volume of biography, of a very different class, is the *Memoirs of Sir William Hamilton*, by Professor Veitch, of Glasgow University. (Edinburgh: Blackwood.) As a faithful account of the life of one of the chief masters of philosophy, a man of prodigious mental power, who seemed to have read everything—no one could refer to a book that he did not know,—it has a very special interest; and it also throws valuable light on the views of Sir William, which, to the deep regret of all metaphysicians, were never given to the world in a complete and systematic form from his own pen.

Philosophical speculations have lost none of their charm, to judge by the multiplicity of works issued on such subjects. We have mentioned, above, the life of Sir William Hamilton, which is, in effect, an exposition of his philosophy. There has also appeared a new edition of James Mill's *Analysis of the Phenomena of the Human Mind*, edited by Alexander Bain, Andrew Findlater, G. Grote, and J. Stuart Mill. To the work of Prof. Noah Porter, on *The Human Intellect*, we have already referred. In Moral Science, Mr. W. H. E. Lecky, has published an instalment of a *History of European Morals, from Augustus to Charlemagne*, containing the first chapter, on the Natural History of Morals. We cannot notice these works at length, but we call attention, with pleasure, to the fact, that first-class works on abstract themes are not impossible in an age which seems so full of untoward movement and bustle.

Our philo-liturgical readers will be interested in the announcement that Rev. G. W. Conder, of Manchester, has lately published *A Form of Morning and Evening Service, for the use of Free Churches*. (London: Hodder and Stoughton.) It is based on the Anglican Prayer Book, with several modifications, and an opportunity for free prayer. The author has introduced it into his own congregation, "with great unanimity." He is one of the sturdiest of Nonconformists, a man of much originality and courage, of various culture, and of especial musical tastes. By all means, let him and his people use their liturgy, if they can agree so to do, and find it for their edification. But we venture to predict that not half a dozen other congregations will adopt the compilation, however excellently it may be made.

A valuable contribution to the History of the Reformation in England, has been made in *The Oxford Reformers,—John Colet, Erasmus, and Thomas More*, by Frederick Seebohm. (London: Longman.) These

three worthies were pioneers in the work of Reformation, and the earliest work in such causes is always the hardest, while, like other underground foundation labour, it is very apt to be overlooked.

Another work from M. Renan has just appeared, the third of his series on the Origins of Christianity. The "Life of Jesus," and "The Apostles," are now followed up by *St. Paul*. As the production of a man of great learning and genius, who has travelled amidst the scenes of the Apostolic story, and has a marvellous faculty of reviving, by his fancy and his pen, the life of the old world, this book will have its value for those who know how to read it. But it is marked by the same characteristics which made the writer's "Life of Jesus" so offensive,—an air of patronage and criticism, an obdurate anti-supernaturalism, and a reckless twisting of facts to suit a preconceived purpose. Even in this wilderness, however, there may be discovered flowers of moral beauty and spiritual appreciation which relieve its arid wastes, and give some hope of coming fruitful fields.

British and Foreign Record.

It was predicted by the defenders of the Irish Church establishment, that the Disestablishment measure would prove but a sop to Cerberus, stimulating the Romish Hierarchy to demand still more. Of course, we all knew whom we were dealing with, and that nothing short of the complete subserviency of the State of Britain to the See of Rome would ever satisfy the Papal claims. But this did not prevent our pleading for the satisfaction of such of their demands as were just and right. To refuse such, would be to put a powerful weapon in their hands; to grant them, is to secure the advantage for ourselves.

The new manifesto of the entire (Romish) Episcopate of Ireland, headed by Cardinal Cullen, is but a reassertion of the claims put forth in every part of the world, in favour of "religious,"—that is, priestly,—education. There must be a Catholic University, or at least a Catholic College in a National University; Catholic Normal and Model Schools; and Catholic Day Schools; the whole to be managed on "Catholic principles," that is, with the clergy as supreme throughout, the laity having the privilege of paying the cost and receiving implicitly the teaching of their "ghostly fathers." The sacraments are to be denied to those parents who send their children to the mixed Model Schools. It remains to be seen how the Government will deal with these lofty demands. Some members of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet,—notably, Mr. Chichester Fortescue, Chief Secretary for Ireland,—are too well inclined to "pacify" the priesthood; but public opinion in Britain sets with a very strong tide in the anti-denominational direction, and we greatly doubt whether Parliament would sanction much more of concession in this matter. As yet, Mr. Gladstone has not declared himself. It will be one of the knottiest questions he will have to solve. His success in framing the Church Bill augurs well for his legislative skill. But no adroitness in

arranging details will compensate for any laxity in the principles of the measure. The overwhelming demonstration of public sentiment against "concurrent endowment" of churches, last Session, will have a fine bracing effect in relation to the concurrent endowment of church schools.

The Duke of St. Albans, who has hitherto been known chiefly as a very "fast" young man, whose intimacy with the Prince of Wales was thought of evil omen for the latter, has suddenly appeared in a new character, as a Church Reformer! One of the livings to which he inherited the right of presenting incumbents, having recently become vacant, the Duke referred the choice of a successor to the parishioners themselves, as the parties most deeply interested. The letter in which he communicated this decision is really a very sensible production, and has excited universal comment by the Press, in a far more favourable tone, too, than might have been expected. But the practical difficulties in the way of a popular choice, in such a constituency as that of a Church of England parish, are very formidable. There is no "church," as with us, apart from the congregation; it would even be difficult to say who was or were not "communicants;" but to throw the thing open to the entire parish, that is, to all householders, or ratepayers, or voters, would be to drag the candidates through the foulest dirt. There are a few cases in point which too abundantly prove this. Were the Church but disestablished, it would not be difficult to define its *bonâ fide* membership; but being a "national" institution, every one belonging to the nation belongs also to the church, and discipline is impossible. The discussions on this proposal will contribute a share of influence to the rapidly-advancing separation of Church and State. Already, some are advocating the election of bishops, instead of their nomination by the Crown.

Dr. Cumming's ostentatious application to the Pope, for a hearing in the Ecumenical Council, has met with the only reception that could have been expected. "No open questions here, between Catholics and heretics; first submit, and own the authority of the church, and then receive whatever the Council may declare as of the Faith. Protestants are not invited to fight, but to surrender."

The true character of the modern theatre is being exhibited by its own votaries. A new play, *Formosa*, which is filling Drury Lane with most aristocratic audiences, is attacked on the ground of its immorality, as founded on the career of a loose woman crowned by a brilliant marriage. The author and manager retort, first, that the "legitimate drama," Shakespeare and the like, empties the house, and cannot be made to pay; and, secondly, that all the great popular operas are as immoral as *Formosa*, the only difference being that in the play the words are spoken in English, which in the opera are sung in Italian or French. The retort is effectual against play-goers; but what an indictment of the theatre as the "school of virtue" it is said to be! and what an indictment of the "society," *par excellence*, which can only be amused by such sporting with vice! Take out the adultery and the murder, and a play is as flat as ditch-water!

The House of Lords has shewn its teeth by throwing out the University Tests Bill without a second reading. Well, Dissenters can afford to wait a little longer, for another year; the Bill will be made more thorough, and it will be carried! Next year the Government are pledged to take up the question of National Education; and, doubtless, all parts of that great interest will come up for full discussion and final action. Every sign of the times goes to show that "National, not Denominational," is the watchword of the future.

The friends of the American Board C. F. M. will be glad to learn that, although a month ago, there was great danger of the year closing with a heavy debt, Secretary Treau says curiously, Sept. 14th, "the increase of the *legacies* has nearly balanced the decrease of the *donations*," and that the accounts had just closed with a debt of only \$5925. Does not that look as if the Lord had been sending death to unloose the grasp of some whose money was being improperly kept back from his cause? The annual meeting is to be held this year at Pittsburgh, Pa., October 5. The American Missionary Association also appeals to its supporters "not to forget that the Association is still carrying an embarrassing debt, and that this is the season of the year when our harvest burdens are upon us, the demands on our treasury, in the settlement of the accounts of missionaries and teachers, exceeding our income by thousands of dollars. We hope that those churches that purpose to aid us during the coming months, will make their contributions as promptly and as liberal as possible."

BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSION.—The Rev. W. Stewart furnishes the *Canadian Baptist* with the following interesting items regarding the Mission among the Telogoos. Under date of Nelson, June 12, Bro. Timpany writes:—"We are baptizing here now almost every week. Last Sabbath evening, five received the hand of fellowship. This morning, seven came from Alloor asking baptism to-morrow. If the work of grace at Alloor continues, we shall soon have members enough to form a church there. At another place, twenty miles from Nellore, quite a number have lately been baptised, and many more are enquiring. O that the Lord of the harvest would send us native preachers, and money to sustain them!"

"Brother Clough has not baptized any lately, because *he has no water!* It is our very hot season."

"We are anxiously waiting the arrival of Brother McLaurin."

It is expected that Bro. McLaurin will sail for the East towards the end of October, immediately after the meeting of the Convention in Woodstock, when designation services will be held. The outfit for him and his companion is now in the course of preparation. Special contributions or donations towards it are earnestly requested. They may be sent to the Secretary in Toronto, or to the Treasurer, T. S. Shenston, Esq., Brantford.

[Brother Clough must have patience. His brethren here often have to wait for the opposite reason, viz., on account of our very *cold* season, winter, and the risk of health, and even life, which would be incurred by immersion in ice-water. But if we could be assured of his willingness to listen, we could tell him of a mode of Christian baptism requiring so little water, that Peter obtained enough to perform it in Cornelius' house by simply asking, "Who can forbid water that these should not be baptized?" and one that equally suits all seasons, whether on the coast of Greenland, or in the desert of Sahara.—Ed. "C. I."]

INTERESTING DISCOVERIES.—There seems to be a reasonable expectation of the discovery of the site of the Garden of Eden, if we may credit Sir Henry Rawlinson, the distinguished Assyrian explorer, and President of the Royal Asiatic Society. At a meeting of that Society, held in London on the 31st of May, at which he was inaugurated, he made a speech, in which he expressed his conviction that the Babylonian writings and monuments, now in the possession of the British Museum, would turn out to be intimately connected with the earliest Biblical writings, and that, before long, the whole of the early history given in the Book of Genesis, from the time of Abraham, downwards, would be found existing in its original form among these primitive stone records. He also announced that in a short time, he should submit to the Society evidence that the name, "Garden of Eden," was the old and natural name of Babylon. He stated that there were Babylonian documents which gave an exact geographical description of that Paradise in which the opening scene of human history is laid, answering precisely to the topography and the geodætical particulars of Holy writ. In them he has found the four rivers, or rather, the four branches of "the river which went out of Eden to water the garden," mentioned by the very same names, Pison, Gihon, Hiddekel, and Euphrates. He also met with accounts of the flood, and the building of the Tower of Babel, which bear with singular directness and value upon the Biblical narrative of those events. If he should realize all that he anticipates, he will have given to the world one of the most interesting archaeological and antiquarian discoveries ever made.—*Traveller.*

The Great Revival in Richmond, Ind., still continues. Meetings are held in most of the churches three week-day evenings. Several saloon-keepers have been converted, and helped to obtain other employments. One, whose saloon had been the scene of daily prayer for weeks, inaugurated his new grocery store with a public union prayer meeting. At the meeting in the Friends' meeting-house, sixty conversions are reported. The part which the Quakers have taken in the revival is severely censured by the *Philadelphia Friend*; but *The Friend* of London, while admitting that some of the proceedings are novel, yet "hesitates to say that there is anything essentially inconsistent with Quaker principles." It is curious, but of late, there have been several indications that our Quaker friends are coming more into line with the rest of the religious world.—*Congregationalist.*

Correspondence.

BACK NUMBERS OF REPORTS WANTED.

DEAR EDITOR,—Allow me, through your pages, to request a personal favour from any one who may be able to do me the kindness. I am very desirous of replacing in my library a complete set of our Union, Missionary, and College Reports, such as I once possessed; but which was destroyed by fire with the rest of my library and household effects in 1866. Through the kindness of friends, I have obtained parts of these sets. The following are yet wanting, and any kind reader of this request, who can supply one or more, will confer a much esteemed favour, by mailing to my address at Ottawa.

Wanted—The three reports for '63; Union and Missionary do. for '61; Missionary for '60; Union for '59; do. for '58; Missionary and Union for '57; Union and College for '54; College for '53; all three of Canada West for '52; Missionary and Union for '50; all for '48 and earlier. If any writ-

ing is on the pamphlets, care must be taken before mailing to remove such, or the Post-office will not forward them as printed matter. They must be prepaid, in order to their transmission; but I will gratefully repay postage, when I know to whom I am indebted for such favours.

Yours affectionately,
EDWARD EBES.

P.S.—I have none of the reports of the Congregational Union of Eastern Canada prior to the amalgamation of the two; and should greatly value any contributions towards a set of these.

Ottawa, 20th September, 1869.

INDIAN MISSIONS.

NORTH-WESTERN TOUR AMONG THE INDIANS ON THE GREAT MANITOULIN AND THE NORTH SHORE OF THE GEORGIAN BAY.

It was at 5.50 a.m. of the 29th day of June, 1869, that we left the hospitable manse of the West Presbyterian Church, Toronto, for the Northern Railroad, *en route* for the steamer at Collingwood, for our annual visit to the Indians on the Great Manitoulin, and the north shore of the Upper Georgian Bay. For some time the weather had been cold and rainy. It had been raining, raining all through the month of June until the whole country was one scene of humidity, and this morning the signs were all in favour of the continuance of the same depressing state of the atmosphere. Our locomotive forced its way amid thunder, lightning, storm and rain, until we neared Collingwood, when the sombre clouds cleared away, the king of day assumed his reign, and we said, "Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun." Thus cheered and encouraged for our journey, we found a welcome, and good quarters once more on board the good steamer *Waubuno*, and made for Owen Sound, a fine town of some four thousand people, and rapidly growing; the inhabitants fondly dreaming of a bright and glorious future on the completion of the narrow gauge railroad from Toronto, and the settling up of the North-West.

We reached that port at 7 p.m., where we took on board our companion, the Rev. R. Robinson, and left at 9 p.m., with a fair wind and a cloudless sky. Three steamboats are now on the route between Collingwood and Fort William, which plainly indicates the increase of travel and the demands of trade in this direction, and we were informed that the *Waubuno* last season realized a net profit of seven thousand dollars. We passed Lonely Island at 6 a.m., and reached Killarney two hours later, whose inhabitants we found pleased and happy. At last the Government have surveyed the village, laid out streets and building lots; deeds had been given after long and patient waiting for them. Thus an impetus had been given to this village, beautifully situated at the entrance of the Straits, leading to the upper bay. This commanding position and its fine arable lands, of some four or five thousand acres, with which it is flanked, are sure indications of future growth and prosperity. At 10.50 a.m., the steamer stopped to land passengers and freight at Little Current, which nestles on the Great Manitoulin, at a strait between it and the island of *La Cloche*. We were pleased to witness some signs of growth, since last year. More white people are settling in that place, and the Indians are being driven further back. Here the Rev. Mr. Sins, of the Church of England, ministers with acceptance and success. At four p.m., we reached the Spanish River, where has suddenly sprung up in these wild solitudes a thriving place of business. Within two years there have been erected two mills, one of large dimensions, with upright and circular saws, by Smith, Wyatt & Co., of Toronto. We learned that these mills were capable of cutting one hundred thousand feet of lumber in the twenty-four hours, and that

sixty thousand feet were actually cut in ten hours on the day of our arrival. These mills are giving direct employment to more than eighty men during the entire year, among whom were some ten or twelve children of the forest and lake. These mills are situated on Aird Island, at the mouth of the Spanish River, where along its banks lies the timber location which supplies the mills with logs. There is also in connection with the mills a fine steam tug and sailing vessel for carrying away the lumber. Spanish River is one of the finest streams on the north shore, and its entrance into the bay is diversified with scenery partaking of the elements of the beautiful, the picturesque, and the sublime. A Spaniard was the first settler on its banks; hence the name. At this place employees rejoice in the possession of a good store, where supplies of all kinds can be obtained at Owen Sound prices. There are also the necessary boarding-houses and dwellings for the accommodation of the men.

In the evening of the day on which we landed, the men were collected in one of the large dining rooms for public worship. Mr. R. preached a good practical sermon, for which we received many thanks, especially as we found that we were the first Protestant ministers who had conducted public worship among them since the erection of the mills. From an intelligent Scotchman we learnt some interesting facts relating to the honesty of the Indians. He had seen much of them, lived among them for more than twenty years, and he could testify that the difference between *meum et tuum* was much better understood by them than by many of the whites; he had entrusted property and food to their care under circumstances of peculiar temptation, and had ever found them faithful and trustworthy.

We were happy afterwards to be enabled to spend a Sabbath at the Spanish River, when the Christian people there gladly availed themselves of the opportunity of keeping holyday by the observance of public worship, in which there was a mixture of the whites and the Indians. Discoursed on prayer and conversion, as illustrated in the case of Saul, the chief of sinners. There was a still larger attendance in the evening, when Mr. R. preached an excellent sermon, upon the Kingdom of God, likened to a merchantman, seeking goodly pearls, &c.; while all this was going on, and sincere, humble and heartfelt worship was presented in the large saw mill, the enemy of souls was busy in his vocation. A half-breed had bought a barrel of whiskey, and was holding Bacchanalian riot on an opposite part of the Island. At this place we met with Peter Kessiack, one of our Missionaries, who came with his boat to facilitate our progress and our work.

The next morning, we left for one of our mission stations at She-she-gwah-ning. We started at 10 a.m. with a fair wind, which however left us at 2 p.m. we took our dinner on board and after struggling against wind and waves, we landed at 8 p.m., ten miles distant from our destination, having made but 25 miles during the day. Here we made tea and got our supper, after which, in accordance with our custom the previous year, we conducted worship, both in English and Indian, and again those valleys and rocks resounded with prayer and praise to the Great Father of all. We then retired to our tents.

WILLIAM CLARKE.

News of the Churches.

Zion Church, St. John, N. B.—It seems that we were misinformed in regard to the rumoured acceptance by Rev. J. G. Baylis of the invitation to Danville, Q. In a letter just received from him he writes, "Will you kindly, in your next issue, say that I remain in St. John, at the earnest solicitation of my people, my health having greatly improved."

Bethesda and Rugby, Oro.—The new Congregational Church at Bethesda, Oro, was opened on Sabbath the 25th July. The opening sermon was preached by the Rev. R. T. Thomas, of Toronto, who was before employed in preaching in Oro, during his vacation, when a student of the Congregational College.

On the Monday following, the dedication feast was held, when the building, which is capable of holding over 200 persons, was well filled. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. J. Finch (Baptist), the Rev. J. Woodsworth (Wesleyan), Rev. R. T. Thomas, and the Pastor. It was quite a successful meeting; the most happy spirit prevailed, and the proceeds amounted to over \$50.

The building is 45 x 30 ft., and 18 feet posts—partly Gothic in style, and altogether a very pleasant and attractive house of worship. There is a debt of about \$150 still remaining, which the people hope to pay off this fall. It is intended to build a parsonage immediately after the debt on the church is removed.

The Rugby, Oro, Congregational Church having been enlarged, so as to accommodate 100 persons additional, was re-opened on Sabbath the 8th of August, by the Rev. Principal Lillie, D.D., who preached morning and evening to good congregations.

The building is now 50 x 24, and is capable of seating about 200 persons. The old part has been newly plastered, painted and shingled, so as to correspond with the new, and thus it has the appearance of a large new building. The amount necessary to pay the expense of this improvement has been subscribed by the congregation, and will be paid this Autumn. The burden has fallen upon a very few persons, but they have subscribed liberally and cheerfully the whole amount.

The Douglas Church.—DEAR BRO. WOOD,—I have no doubt but you will be glad to know how the work of chapel-building goes on in the village of Douglas. Owing to the wet weather, those who took the contracts of the stone and brick work were so hindered with other jobs that they could not commence ours till about a month after the time specified. This led some to suppose that we had abandoned the idea of building this season, if not for ever; but about the middle of August, the stone work was begun. On the 2nd inst., the bricklayer came on with a good force, and since that time, the walls have risen with great rapidity. In two weeks more, they will be ready for the roof, and the carpenters say it will then take them about eight days to make all things ready for the plasterer.

We are now able to say that all the work of drawing material will be done without one dollar of cash outlay.

We had intended to have the usual ceremony of laying the foundation stone, but the hurriedness of the season prevented; so we have concluded to have some public demonstration in a few days, at the setting of the "designation stone."

We are much obliged to you for the hint you gave our sister churches a few months ago, with reference to the practical sympathy you think we need; and in this connection, I would say that we have not gone far to seek such help yet, and that for several reasons, chiefly because, first, we were anxious to do what we could ourselves before asking aid from others; and secondly, we thought the feeling prevailed in some quarters that we were not in right good earnest about building at all.

I need scarcely say that we all feel greatly pleased with present prospects. When the "Head over all things to his Church" is the master-builder, who need fear?

I am yours, &c., &c.,

ROBERT BROWN.

West Garafraxa, Sept. 17th, 1869.

Bible Christians.—This branch of the Methodist family reports, after allowing for 53 deaths, 251 removals, and a number whose names have been dropped for unfaithfulness, an increase of 4 Churches, 80 persons on trial for membership, 127 approved members, or a total increase of 207. There have also been several Sabbath Schools organized, with an increase of 40 Teachers and 381 Scholars.

The following important resolutions, adopted at the last Conference, but not generally acted upon, were reaffirmed at the late meeting at Hampton :—
That with a view of bringing the children of our members and friends into closer relationship to the Church, we resolve :

1.—That where practicable, such of our Sabbath School and other children as shall accept an invitation to receive special religious instruction, be formed into catechumen classes, under the care of suitable persons; to be appointed by the Elders' meetings; and that they be made the subjects of discipline, religious instruction, and encouragement suited to their age and capacity.

2.—That the names and attendance of said children be recorded in a book to be provided for that purpose, and that the returns be made annually, through the Quarterly and District Meetings to the Conference.

3.—That they be continued in this relation until the Elders' Meeting shall judge them fit to be received on trial for church membership, or they be otherwise removed from such relation by action of the Elders' Meeting.

4. In order that parents in the church and our friends generally may have these matters properly laid before them and explained, and that they may be induced to co-operate with the ministers in these attempts to train up their children in the Lord, we further resolve, that every pastor shall, as soon as possible, call a general church meeting to which he shall read the resolutions, offer what remarks he may think necessary, and take steps to carry into effect the directions herein contained,—a move in the right direction, always provided that those "received on trial for church membership" be admitted upon a credible profession of faith, and not a charitable expectation that they *will be converted* after they get into the church.

The Y. M. C. A. Convention of Ontario and Quebec.—For the reason explained elsewhere, we were not able to be present at the opening session of this important gathering. We condense, however, from the *London Advertiser* and other sources, the proceedings previous to our arrival.

The business meetings of the Convention were held in the Primitive Methodist Church, and not as at first announced, in St. Andrew's Church, that building having been refused by its minister, although previously promised by the trustees.

After the usual preliminary prayer-meeting, the Chair was assumed at 2½ p. m., by John McDonald, Esq., of Toronto, President of the last Convention, who, in his opening address, referred to the influence of that Convention on the country, and the improved condition of public feeling towards religion, which the popularity of its meetings proved. The Convention then proceeded to the election of officers, which resulted as follows ;—J. McDonald, Esq., of Toronto, President ; Sheriff E. C. Thomas, Hamilton, D. Wilson, LL. D., Toronto, J. R. Dougall, Montreal, D. W. Beadle, St. Catharines, Vice-Presidents ; A. I. Mackenzie, Secretary ; F. B. Whittemore, Assistant-Secretary.

Verbal reports were then called for from the various Associations, 25 of which were represented by over 100 members ; but for these, although in many cases most interesting, we have not space. The remainder of the afternoon was devoted to the discussion of the question, "How shall our members be made more deeply interested and active in religious and benevolent efforts, especially in relation to young men ?" It was opened by a very practical address by R. R. McBurney, Esq., of New York, and closed by an eloquent one by the Rev. Mr. Potts, of Hamilton.

The "Welcome meeting" was held in the beautiful Centenary Church, which, although seated for 1,600 persons, was completely filled by a most attentive and interested audience. Sheriff Thomas was called to the chair, and after the customary devotional exercises, the Mayor, Mr. O'Reilly, in a brief address, extended a hearty welcome to the delegates in the name of the citizens, and the Rev. D. Inglis did the same in the behalf of the churches.

Mr. John McDonald, President of the Convention, and Professor Wilson, of Toronto, then followed with two most admirable addresses. The former dwelt chiefly on our duty to young men coming as strangers to large cities and towns, and urged the necessity of our seeking to surround them with good influences and winning their souls to Christ. He referred very touchingly to the case of a young man who committed suicide in New York, leaving upon his table a note with the request, "Bury me in my own lot in Greenwood. My end would have been very different had I had any one to take me by the hand!" Save the young men, said Mr. McDonald, truly, and you save the Dominion—you save the world!

Professor Wilson regarded Young Men's Christian Associations as one of the fruits of a revival of true religion. They were "a grand Christian Free Masonry" that was planting itself all over the European and American Continent, and doing incalculable good. The Portland International Convention of Y. M. C. A., which he had the privilege of attending, represented a membership of 90,000 of the best and most earnest Christian young men of the land. But when we remember that there are *seven millions* of young men on the North American Continent, we begin to think, "what are these among so many?" Now, the young men are the life and hope of a country, and if we are to have a history free from the blots which disfigure the escutcheons of almost all older lands, we must get them right. Employers, he said, ought to encourage the movement, for as a London merchant who made no pretension to piety once said, when giving a good subscription to the Association in that city, "Your religion *pays* after all; it answers our purpose to have *honest* young men."

R. R. McBurney, Esq., of the New York Association, then followed with a most encouraging review of the progress of the movement during the last seventeen years: during which the Associations have increased from 3 in 1842 to 659 in 1869. He urged the necessity of their keeping out of debt; having good, attractive rooms; each member having some specific work to do, and all working specially to bring young men to Christ.

The next morning, after a season of prayer and conference, the Convention discussed the necessity and practicability of establishing and sustaining Associations in small towns and villages, and the objects to be accomplished by them. The discussion was introduced by Mr. L. P. Rowland, of Boston, in a very able and interesting address. Boston, he said, has 3,100 members in its four Associations, but it has also 2,500 rum-shops! Here was work enough for them to look after. "Churches," says Spurgeon, "are like velocipedes—only by keeping in motion can they stand." So it is with Y. M. C. Associations. They must not wait till they can do some big thing before they attempt to do anything, but must do what they can do. He mentioned the case of a young man who failed in his first attempt to pray in public, being unable to get beyond the opening invocation of the Lord's prayer, but whose failure led an unconverted man to reflect that he could not call God his Father, and ultimately to seek Him through His Son, Jesus Christ. Thus the feeblest among them could do something.

Others followed in a similar strain. Said one: "If you haven't timber to build a ship, build a smaller craft." Half a dozen Christian young men of the right spirit, or even less, could organize an effective association. Instances were given in which this had been done. What they need is not show, but Divine power.

Next came two addresses, at the request of the committee, by ourselves

and the Rev. Mr. Simpson, of Hamilton, on "Walking with Christ." Mr. Simpson's address was admirably suggestive, and calculated to stir up all who heard it to a desire for a more intimate "fellowship with the Father and his Son, Jesus Christ."

The various exercises were interspersed with gems of Christian song, by Mr. Thomas Dexter and daughters, who performed the same service so well last year, and who had kindly come from Toronto, at the request of the Committee of Arrangements, to take charge of this important feature.

The report of the Executive Committee occupied the remainder of the morning, but does not call for any special remark. The Associations are generally prosperous, and six new ones have been organized.

After the noon recess, Dr. Ormiston introduced the second topic on the programme, viz. : "How may Christians best co-operate in promoting the cause of Christ?" All true Christians, he said, must be in sympathy with one another, and with Christ, in spreading the gospel. The cause of God is above sect, and must ever be so regarded; and every effort should be put forth to help forward the great philanthropic and non-sectarian movements of the day, such as Bible, Tract, and Temperance Societies, City Missions, &c. We ventured to say a few words on behalf of the Bible-woman work, which has been productive of such blessed results in London and elsewhere, and which, for over two years, has also been tried in Brantford with much success and satisfaction. Other methods were named and commended, in which Christians might co-operate in great catholic objects, and the discussion was closed by Mr. Hague, of Toronto, in an eloquent appeal for a more *visible union among all who love and trust in the same Lord and Saviour.*

The question drawer has become a familiar feature in all such gatherings of late, and added no little interest to the proceedings of the afternoon. But the questions raised in this way being numerous, and the answers withal being only the individual opinions of the several members, none of whom were entitled to speak *ex cathedra*, we cannot furnish even a synopsis of them in the space and time at our disposal. We must in the same way dispose of the report of the Resolutions Committee.

The last topic discussed was, the best method of conducting cottage prayer meetings, and reaching the neglectful and neglected classes. It was ably introduced by Mr. Dougall, of Montreal, and spoken to by several other gentlemen, but the hour of adjournment arrived, and the discussion was prematurely stopped, before the Convention had well got into the subject.

The "Farewell meeting" was held in the Central Presbyterian Church (Rev. Dr. Ormiston's), and was even larger than that of the previous evening.

The speakers were Mr. Dougall, Dr. Carlyle, Mr. Rowland, of Boston, Mr. Hague, and Rev. Messrs. Towers, of Birkenhead, McLennan, and W. Morley Punshon. The address by the last named gentleman was undoubtedly the speech of the evening, and was full of wise, loving, and timely counsels to the members of the Associations, whom he eloquently urged to singleness of aim, resoluteness of purpose, and humble dependence on God for success in their special work. There was one benefit, he said, which these Associations conferred upon a certain class of young men in the old country, and it was this :—Some years ago, in London, a wealthy merchant, who employed somewhere about 100 young men in his establishment, called upon the Secretary of a Young Men's Christian Association, and asked him if he could recommend to him one of the members to undertake the moral oversight of the house. This experiment has worked so well that there are now in London some fifteen or twenty young men holding similar situations, who have been sent to them by the Young Men's Christian Associations. They have nothing at all to do with the business of the establishments in which they are employed, their sole occupation being to attend to the moral welfare of the employees. If that system was a new one it was one worth adopting in some of the large establishments both in Canada and in the United States,

for he felt that a large amount of good would result from it. There was another thought he would like to impress upon his hearers, which was, that they would do well to keep constantly in mind the responsibility they had assumed by undertaking the work of Young Men's Christian Associations, and he urged them to look well to their moral repute; and concluded a long and eloquent speech, which was frequently interrupted by vehement applause, by pointing out to his hearers that they had to fight a good fight in sustaining those truths for which their fathers had fought so nobly on many a battle-field before.

The President then, in a few appropriate words, bade them farewell. He felt that God would bless what had been done at the Convention, and he appealed to those delegates who had been present to put forth their best efforts to further the interests of the Association by all the means that lay in their power, and, by the aid of the Almighty, they would be successful.

Some disappointment was felt that so few of those invited from the United States and the Maritime Provinces were present. Perhaps, however, it is as well that we should be thrown more upon our own resources; for while our wants are very similar in many respects to those of the cities and towns across the lakes, we have also some which are peculiar to ourselves.

The Convention meets next year at Ottawa.

Canada Temperance Union.—"Somebody blundered," and, as a consequence, the C. T. Union and the Convention of Y. M. C. Associations, met the same week, and almost the same day of the week, the former in Toronto, on Tuesday September 7th, and the latter in Hamilton, on Wednesday the 8th. Being in session simultaneously, the best we could do was to divide our time between them. We are, therefore, dependent for what notice we can give of the proceedings of the Temperance Union mainly on the reports of others.

About 200 delegates were present. In the absence of the President, Hon. Malcolm Cameron, of Ottawa, the Rev. W. Scott, of Napanee, took the chair. After the usual preliminaries, the annual report was read by the Secretary. Mr. R. S. Williams, and the several Standing Committees were appointed. In the evening, a public meeting was held in Bond Street Baptist Church, where able and interesting addresses were delivered by Rev. Drs. Aylesworth, of Owen Sound, Thornton, of Oshawa, Ormiston, of Hamilton, Dr. Jewett, of Tennessee, and Rev. I. Towers, of Birkenhead, England. We have not room for a report of them.

Wednesday morning was devoted to reports by the Rev. F. B. Aylesworth, one of the agents of the C. T. Union, and the Rev. W. Scott, its commissioner of statistics. The latter was a very lengthy but most valuable document, prepared at great expense and labour, and the Union ordered 20,000 copies of it for circulation.

The afternoon was largely spent by an unfortunate wrangle arising out of the report of the adjudicators upon the prize essays, the Executive Committee having altered the terms upon which the prizes were offered by the previous Convention. It was finally arranged that the first prize of \$100 should be given to the writer of the essay signed "*Stat nonnen in umbra*," and a second, of \$50, to that of the one signed "Unus." It was subsequently announced that the writers were respectively the Rev. W. H. Withrow, M.A., of Toronto, and the Rev. Principal Carman, of Albert College, Belleville.

The Committee on Resolutions also presented a report which evoked much discussion, but there were few of its clauses adopted that are worthy of notice.

The Committee appointed to consider the propriety of establishing a temperance newspaper reported, recommending that a prospectus be issued defining the objects of the publication, and by that means ascertain what amount of support said journal would receive, and also, that if a guarantee to

the extent of 1,000 subscribers at \$1.50 per annum be obtained, the executive may proceed to the establishment of a journal on such a basis as in their judgment may best serve the financial and general interests of this organization. The report was adopted.

In the evening, a public meeting was again held in the Adelaide Street W. M. Church, at 7:30 o'clock. The attendance was very large. The Rev. A. Sutherland led the devotional services, after which a number of effective addresses were delivered. We have only room for a brief synopsis of that by Dr. Jewett. After remarking that all enterprises go on in the world just as men put into them four elements of power,—time, thought, capital, and labour,—and that one reason why the temperance cause does not go forward as fast as we wish is because we do not put in some of these elements in the proper proportion, he went on to say—some of you may say that in my enumeration I have neglected to put in one great element—the blessing of God. I may say if a man keeps the laws of God, that will come in consequence. God has ordered that the good work should be done in this world through the agency of his children, and if any of us fail in our aim we are amply repaid for our toil in our self-development. * * * * A man said to me the other day, “Do you think that you are going to conquer this thing?” I said yes, of course I do, for I believe there is a time coming when the lion shall lie down with the lamb; but I tell you it will not come while half a dozen grog shops are standing round. Six grog shops are enough to spoil a millennium. (Laughter). There is one thing in connection with this matter that I am sorry for, and that is, that there should exist in the community numerous errors respecting it—the subject has been little studied, and perhaps you may be surprised at my making this statement. But how often have you studied this subject during the past year, sir?—how often you, madam? I do not care who it is. How many hours have you given to it? Have you given one? There are many men, practical temperance men, who have not given as much time to a consideration of how to get rid of the horrible curse of intoxication as to the construction of a green-house. (Laughter). And the ladies of Toronto have spent more money in purchasing mantle ornaments than they have in aid of the temperance cause. (Renewed laughter). I would fight this battle against alcohol in every way. In the social circle I would ridicule it, and point my finger at it. Is there anything in the world more ridiculous than to see a parcel of men and women standing over a table, bobbing and bowing to each other, and then touching glasses? (Laughter). Ha! it makes me sicker than Ipecacuanha. Did you ever see two persons each take up a peach, bow, and touch peaches. (Loud laughter). Henceforth call all these things infamous, and sneer at them. I will do it. Anywhere and everywhere fight it. Fight it in the sick room. It is a great shame that the profession of which I am a member, and of which I am ashamed, should prescribe alcohol in their practice. They do it not because they think it is good, but because they like it themselves. That is the case with doctors on our side; how it is on this I do not know. They may be paragons of excellence here for all I know. The medical profession at the present day are prescribing four times as much alcohol as they used to do. Why? Because the profession is crowded, and they endeavor to make themselves agreeable to the people. This they do by recommending medicine in the shape of wine, which their patients like to take. I would fight this thing in the church, but, thank God, I have little reason to do so now. In the denomination to which I belong, in the State of Massachusetts, we have not a drinking minister or deacon. Why? I would as soon think of Satan in a prayer-meeting at the present day as to see a rum-seller in a church in our State. (Laughter). I would fight alcohol at the polls, also.

The Dr. then concluded by showing, by the aid of chemistry, the poisonous nature of alcoholic stimulants.

A short session was held the next morning, when a resolution was carried

earnestly requesting the officials in the various localities to do their best to secure the enforcement of the Temperance Act of 1864. A proposition from the United Canadian Temperance Alliance to join the Canada Temperance Union, was accepted. Votes of thanks were then tendered to the several railways; and the appointment of a lecture committee concluded the proceedings. The next annual meeting will be in Montreal.

Sabbath School Association of Canada.—The Sixth Provincial Convention will be held in the Wesleyan Methodist Church, Bridge Street, Belleville, Ontario, on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, 12th, 13th, and 14th October, 1869.

Pastors of Evangelical Churches, other Ordained Ministers, and one Delegate from each Sabbath School in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, are cordially invited to attend, and take part in the proceedings. Ample provision will be made by the Christian people of Belleville for the reception and comfort of Ministers and Delegates. The Executive and Local Committees have used their best endeavours to make the proposed meeting profitable and pleasant, as a school of instruction, and a social gathering, calculated to render teachers more efficient, and to inspire them afresh for their work.

The valuable assistance afforded at previous Conventions, by eminent and earnest brethren from the United States, has induced the Committee to solicit the attendance of the Rev. E. Eggleston, editor of the *National Sunday School Teacher*; W. Reynolds, Esq., of Peoria, Illinois, and the Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, jun., of New York. The Rev. R. F. Burns, D.D., of Chicago, the warm and able advocate of Sabbath Schools, has promised (D.V.) to be present. Mrs. Smith, of the Normal School, Oswego, will give specimens in Infant Class Teaching. Philip Phillips, Esq., that Master in Sabbath School Song, is expected to conduct the singing, and address the Convention on singing in Sabbath Schools; and some of our gifted Canadian brethren are deputed to introduce subjects proposed for consideration. With such a staff, and with assembled workers from all parts of these Provinces, the best results are anticipated. Yet remembering that "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it," the fervent prayers of God's people are asked, that His glory may throughout the meeting be kept in view; that wisdom from on high may direct and control the proceedings, and that great grace may be upon all assembled; so that a spirit of love and forbearance may prevail, and blessed results may follow.

It is recommended that the first Sabbath in October be set apart for special prayer for the Convention. Those intending to be present must notify Wm. Johnson, Esq., Secretary of Local Committee, Belleville, *immediately*. Railways and Bay of Quinte Steamers will grant the usual facilities.

Official.

Widows' and Orphans' Fund.—Received from Church at Albion, Ont., \$3.

J. C. BARTON,

Treasurer, Widows' and Orphans' Fund.

Montreal, 20th Sept., 1869.

Once when Father Taylor, in preaching to his audience of seamen, found himself entangled suddenly in a thicket of accumulated clauses, he extricated himself by exclaiming, "I have lost track of the nominative verb, but my brethren, one thing I know—I am bound for the kingdom of Heaven!" That was oratory superior to rhetoric! It was getting the wine of eloquence by crushing the grapes of style.

Obituary.

MR. JAMES WICKSON.

On Sunday, the 5th ult., in Zion Church, Toronto, the Pastor, Rev. J. G. Manly, delivered a sermon in relation to the recent decease of Mr. JAMES WICKSON, founded on these words—"For to me to live is Christ, to die is gain." After adverting, in the introduction, to the particularity of the Apostle's utterance, the preacher proceeded to show that the Christian's life is both from Christ and for Christ, and that his correspondent death is gainful; and then illustrated the whole subject by the following account of the deceased :—

Such a life and such a death belonged to our dear departed friend and brother, who was known among men as JAMES WICKSON. He was a member of this church from its commencement, in 1834, which was also the year of his arrival in Canada, till his decease, aged 76, on the 3rd day of last month (August), and a deacon till his growing infirmities compelled his retirement. His love for the church of his Canadian choice knew no abatement, and his character in it, as well as in England, was without spot or stain. During an eighteen months' vacancy in the Toronto practical pastorate, from the departure of the Rev. W. Merrifield, in 1836, till the Rev. John Roaf's arrival, in 1837, and in the occasional absence of a minister to occupy the pulpit, Mr. Wickson conducted the service and read a sermon. In various ways he proved himself an active, earnest, efficient Christian; particularly in his kind and wise regard to children and young persons. Both in England and in this country, he was a zealous and successful Sunday-school worker, not only in connection with his own church but otherwise, as in this very city and at Eglinton and Yorkville. Soon after his arrival he established, and usually conducted a prayer meeting in his own house, in Yorkville, which was long remembered and cordially acknowledged by many as a means of great profit and enjoyment. In the promotion of the total disuse of alcoholic drinks, he was a foremost and effective labourer. His clear intellect, facility of expression, and power of apt and enlivening illustration, as well as his genuine sympathy with the wants and interests of his fellow men, qualified him for effective speech in the Sunday-school, the prayer meeting, and the Temperance assembly. His affection for the young was evinced in his sympathy with the students of the Congregational Theological Academy, whom he often invited to the refreshment of his pleasant country residence; and it was he who first sought to lead the present respected pastor of the Bond Street Congregational Church into the work of the ministry. Though strongly attached to his own free form of Christianity, from the commencement of his spiritual life, he evinced a noble absence of prejudice and sectarianism. Before the formation of this church, he worshipped by turns with the Presbyterians, under the ministry of the Rev. J. Harris; with the Baptists, under the ministry of the Rev. Mr. Stewart; and occasionally with the coloured people, under the ministry of the Rev. Washington Christian. It deserves to be particularly noticed how he rose above the unworthy prejudice of colour, at a time when the slave power was so rampant, and prejudice of colour so rife. He took great interest in Mr. Christian, as an earnest Christian worker, and accorded him the hospitalities of his table.

Our departed brother's sympathies and activities took a different and wider range, aiding in the settlement of the Clergy Reserve question, and co-operating with the Bible Society and the Religious Tract Society. He appears to have acted on the principle of the old Roman, but hallowed and empowered by Heavenly influence—"I am a man, and I count nothing belonging to man foreign to me."

To read the truth at home, and to hear the truth abroad, as well as to

communicate the truth to others, were eminently characteristic of our departed friend. He was, however, a man of one book. One who knew him well says—"The Bible was his chief delight, his constant companion. His reverence for the word of God was deep and abiding. He never would permit any article to be placed upon a copy of the Bible, and has been known to purchase a mutilated copy, that it might not be dishonoured as wrapping paper. Towards the close of his life, he read no other book; and when too weak to read himself, he was scrupulously exact in listening to his appointed portion, according to his own marginal marks, refusing to consent to any curtailment. He was a devourer of Scripture, meditating in the divine law, like the Psalmist, "day and night." "The Lord's day and the Sanctuary," says the same friend, "he regarded with peculiarly devout and reverential feeling. Once, when consulted about Sunday reading, he said—'The Bible is the Sunday-book;' and with this his own conduct and his household arrangements exactly agreed. Many well remember his venerable form in the house of God, as he sat with upturned face and fixed attention, hearing the message of salvation. He was very solicitous to train his family, by example and precept, in the fear of God, like Abraham of old, of whom the Lord said—'I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord.'" Indeed, it were difficult to find a better reproduction of the Abrahamic spirit and the Abrahamic blessedness. Blessed with a wife, likeminded with himself, he lived to see every one of his nine children walking in the Abrahamic faith, and adorning the doctrine of God their Saviour. Out of ten children, the highly-favoured parents were bereaved of only one, that God in infancy called home as they journeyed from the old world to the new; and in a long life together of 55 years, they never saw a death or corpse in their dwelling. To them, as to Abraham, God was a shield and an exceeding great reward. The very aspect of our departed friend, in his old age, was eminently patriarchal. One could scarcely see him without thinking of the father of the faithful; and one can scarcely hear how God preserved him and his, in Yonge Street, shortly after their arrival, while Asiatic cholera raged around them, and entered the very next house on either hand, without remembering how God took care of the patriarchs wherever they went.

The review of such a life would be utterly imperfect without reverting to its beginning. Whence came the excellence of such a character? It is not native to man; it is not general among men; it cannot be self-created; it stands out in such marked and thorough contrast with the course of the world as necessarily to imply a divine source and cause. In London, England, our departed friend was born in 1793, and born again in the first year of his married life; for in 1815 he joined the Congregational Church, in Camberwell, London, under the ministry of the Rev. Mr. Innes. To this he was mainly led by the beloved partner of his long and happy married life. Both themselves and their parents had belonged to the Anglo-Episcopal Church, but till the year ending in 1815, he had not been led to decision for Christ, and to the knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins. How truly our venerable friend's heart was then subdued and sanctified by the grace of God appears from a consistent, earnest, useful Christian life of fifty-four years, 19 in England, 35 here. In him, as in all God's children, divine life at once evinced itself in acknowledgment of Christ and in ardent activity for him. In London, on Sunday morning, he taught in the Sunday school, and led the children to public worship; in the afternoon, he taught again in one of the classes; and in the evening, he gathered together the poorest particularly, to make known to them the salvation that is in Christ Jesus; thus evincing that he lived by Christ and for Christ. It deserves to be noted as a lesson to young Christians, and as a reproof to the indolent, that besides all this on the Lord's day, he found time for a Sunday teachers' prayer meeting, and for the visitation of the sick and destitute, and that all this was the labour of his wedded life.

not his single. May his mantle fall on the young people of this church and congregation! From the outset of this church, Mr. Wickson appears to have been the guiding spirit, in Sunday-school instruction, tract distribution, arrangements for worship, and in securing a larger church edifice for the growing congregation, even in the absence of a settled minister. Nor did he and his excellent fellow-workers labour in vain, as the history and propagation of this church prove; for not a few have been led to Christ and greatly aided in their progress to the skies. No place was dearer or sweeter to him than the prayer meeting; no work was more facile to him than the apt and attractive instruction of children; and no aspect of the Christian life was more distinctive of him than the hope of heaven, which often found utterance in the words—

“Father, I faint, I long to see
The place of thine abode;
 I'd leave thine earthly courts and flee,
 Up to thy seat, my God.”

His habitual communion with God was often indicated by unconsciously audible ejaculations, as he walked by the way or engaged in business, and by the fact that in his own family few moments passed without his utterance of some passage of scripture, or some stanza of a hymn. His humility appeared in the expression of his wish that his epitaph should be the words of the Psalmist: “This poor man cried, and the Lord heard, and delivered him out of all his troubles.”

In suffering, as in action, God's grace was glorified in him. After acute pain, more or less, for many years of his life, he was, in the last year or two, unconscious of it, and he often expressed his sense of God's goodness to him in this exemption. He was accustomed to note his slowly failing strength, and say—“I am evidently lower, but it is all right;” and often added—“I surely cannot last long now.” Though sometimes *thinking himself dying*, death had no terrors for him; though sometimes in heaviness, he held fast the beginning of his confidence steadfast to the end; and though abashed before God by a sense of his utter unworthiness and the divine perfection, he was not left comfortless or long depressed.

Who can contemplate unmoved the close of such a life? While the outward man perishes, the inward man is renewed day by day. The Father of mercies and the God of all grace knows how to refine his children's hearts, and perfect their preparation for heaven. Both consciously and unconsciously, the work goes on; sometimes in doing, sometimes in suffering; sometimes rapidly, sometimes slowly; sometimes in a short life, sometimes in a long life; sometimes without unharnessing in either battlefield or workfield, sometimes, apparently long unemployed; but always under the mysterious influence of that Spirit whose emblem is the wind, always by the grace of Christ, and always to the glory of God the Father. In the gathering shadows and greater weakness of life's last days, *our beloved and honoured friend* was made conformable to all his Christian antecedents. To a venerable friend he said—“I am going home.” To a weeping relation he said—“Don't fret, we are all going to heaven.” To the last, he was conscious of his surroundings, saying—“I see you all;” and one of his last utterances was—“I trust in Jesus,” thus realizing the aspiration—

“Happy, if with my latest breath
 I may but gasp His name,
 Preach Him to all, and cry in death—
 Behold, behold the Lamb!”

Such a death is conquest, not subjection; such a death is home-going, not home-leaving; such a death is sunrise, not sunset.

“Mortals cry—‘A man is dead;’
 Angels sing—‘A child is born.’”

Who shall "point the moral" of such a consummation, or "adorn the tale" of such a career! It is itself vocal with instruction; it is itself pregnant with influence; it is itself radiant with light. "He, being dead, yet speaketh." The chief survivor and the kinship-circle and the friendship-circle need no studied condolence or comfort. Such a husband, such a father, such a friend and brother is a precious legacy. Such a name that Christ engraved on his own hands, and now emblazoned on the tablets of immortality, casts contempt on all earthly honours and human eulogies, and abides in the heart like Eden's fragrance or heaven's own lingering harmony. A little while, and you shall rejoin him; for a little while follow him; he is now one of the great cloud of witnesses that surround and survey you; cast away every incumbrance, and look steadfastly to the Author and Finisher of your faith, till he returns with his saints to finish redemption and open his final heaven.

In such a pulpit estimate as this, the bereaved church must not be forgotten. The church that could not appreciate such an accession and such a departure, would not be entitled to church name and rank. My brethren: the oldest brother on our roll is gone, the patriarch of our Israel is ascended. This church's primary deacon is with Christ in paradise. Let us thank the great source of our endowments and enjoyments that such a member and such an officer was so long ours; and let us prove ourselves worthy of our origin and progress and principles, by fidelity to our Head. I think myself honoured to have been the beloved pastor, the sixth and last pastor, of such a Christian; but I will not here detail my intercourse with him, or his demonstrations to myself. Let us pray and strive that we may be as he was in genuine piety, in humility and love, in spirituality and consistency, in activity and efficiency, in perseverance and progress. The grace of God that alone can make us such, and that alone we glorify in him, should be all our trust and strength, and wealth and joy.

My beloved young friends of this church and congregation: I entreat your earnest study of a life of such worth, that began in early manhood, so that yours may be a life like his; and since I cannot at present dilate upon the lessons to yourselves that are now suggested, I affectionately invite you to ponder them with me here, on next Lord's day morning.

To all that are unsaved, I commend this proof and illustration of the preciousness and power of true religion. Without this, James Wickson would have been nothing; with it, he is the honour of the church and the beloved of God. What could earth without God avail him now; and what can it avail you, if you postpone salvation, neglect Christ, and become the cast-away of Heaven? O come to Christ, who loved you and died for you, who reigns and pleads for you, who all day long spreads out his hands to receive you. Come to Christ, who casts no comer out; and come now, for only now he calls.

Gleanings.

THE HEALTH OF SCHOOL CHILDREN has attracted the attention of the Massachusetts Board of Education, and their last report contains important statistics as to the exhausting effects of over-exertion of the brain. In one school of 86 pupils, only 54 had refreshing sleep, 59 had headache or constant weariness, and only 15 were perfectly well. The cause of this is thus accounted for. The most celebrated medical men, according to facts and opinions given in the report, say that the hours devoted to brain-work should not exceed six hours for healthy men, and three hours for children. But in the above school it was found in addition to the six hours of school, 31 studied three and a half hours, 33, four hours, and 12, from four to seven hours. The report states that in places where schools are in highest reputation, the above example is the common experience.

CHRISTIAN MEASURES.

A Christian pound weighs sixteen ounces, and is at least evenly balanced.

A Christian yard is thirty-six inches, and is not shortened by the handling of the stick.

A Christian ton is two thousand pounds, and is not roughly judged, but conscientiously weighed.

A Christian bushel contains two thousand two hundred and eighteen cubic inches, and is filled brimful.

A Christian day's work is ten hours, and is diligently and faithfully engaged in the employer's business.

A Christian bargain or sale is one in which there is neither cheating for profit nor lying for gain.—*Living Epistle.*

PREVAILING PRAYERS.—A Christian Mother, who had a son that had gone off in a vicious course, and deserted and otherwise cruelly treated her, was lying upon her death-bed. When asked if she entirely forgave the erring boy, she replied: "How could a mother do anything but forgive? But I know, moreover, that God will forgive him." And then, in response to an inquiry as to the ground of her confidence, she said: "Ah! sir, one to whom so many tearful prayers cleave will never be suffered to perish."

What a soul-tranquilizing assurance! Petitions, for Christ's sake, in behalf of the wandering, go up as delightful incense to the throne of God. There is power in the soul-wrestling of a Christian relative. Let saved hearts bind their dear ones round about with believing, tearful, importunate prayers. Send them up with strong confidence, based upon the divine promises. "The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."—*Selected.*

MAKE HOME HAPPY.—Readings, declamations, pantomimes, simple games, acting and rehearsals, are all innocent amusements, and can be enjoyed at home with far less expense than to go abroad for them. This course will give you the love and confidence of your children, which you must have to serve them well, and make them feel that home is the best place in the world. It is the course that will save your sons from the haunts of vile companions, and your daughters from being enticed, through the hope of pleasure, into rude and forbidden ways. Your young folks will have fun and frolic, and if you make them leave it outside of your dwelling, they will go out to find it and enjoy it. Home, then, is the safest and most profitable place for amusements. Here bring your music, your gambols and carols; here let the merry voices ring in social merriment, while you, if you have cares and sorrows to weigh down your heart during the day, lay them apart from yourself for the time, and put on a glad spirit, and live over again your gay and happy hours. It's no use to carry a sad face always, and it is not right to cloud the sunshine of the young heart. A child without a childhood, a youth without youth, is a sad picture for the world to look upon.—*Selected.*

A witty Frenchman sends to a Paris paper a protest purporting to come from the Chimpanzee in the Jardin des Plantes, who complains that from every group of visitors he hears the same comment: "Why, it is just like a man!" He denies the impeachment, and alleges as a few of various reasons, that "The Chimpanzee never was known to gamble in stocks; that the Chimpanzee never was known to pass its life in making itself hideous and ridiculous, under the pretext of fashion; and that the Chimpanzee never eats without hunger, nor drinks without thirst.