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THE
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BOOKS.

In our day the declaration of Solomon continues to prove correct, "of making many books there is no end." The position of the age furnishes opportunity for reading, which was unknown for many ages. Books have ceased to be the peculiar treasure of Kings. The press has rendered the lore of the past accessible to the masses, and with untiring energy brings to the light the thoughts of giants, and pigmies, and ordinary mortals. It becomes therefore a question which every one must settle—What books ought I to read? Selection is necessary. Even of good books, so many exist that a judicious choice is demanded. On the part of the reader, consideration is required, as to his circumstances of advancement in knowledge, the time at his disposal, his mental power, and literary tastes. The character of books, must also be taken into account in determining their claim to our consideration. Select the truthful. When you find an Author labouring to prove what is evidently false, it is a waste of time to pursue his tortuous course. The German proverb "He lies like print," will remind us that implicit faith is not to be placed in all that is published. Beware of those books introduced with boastful and pompous air. The flourish of trumpets, and braggart "I am Sir Oracle," are nauseous to a correct taste. There are books that it is worse than a waste of time to peruse. In this category we place romances and most novels. Viewed in the abstract we could not bring a sweeping sentence of condemnation against all works of the imagination. There are noble exceptions; but the press teems with a pernicious and destructive literature. We judge that a depraved taste is begotten, nursed and grows strong, by the homœopathic doses of lackadaisical tales administered so often in newspapers. Hence we expect a demand to spring up for stronger and more ardent admixtures. Are we not startled at the influence on society, which an indulgence in the intoxicating cup produces, and struggle to rescue Man from the curse? There is however something analogous in the mental intoxication produced by an insatiable passion for devouring romances and novels. The stern realities of life become distasteful and irksome. While the course of the hero of three volumes is followed as if it were a matter of life and death, the graver necessity of attempting the culture of the readers own mind is neglected. The pestilential vapours of a moral quagmire are inhaled, instead of bracing the soul by climbing the mountain in pursuit of knowledge, to breathe the uncontaminated atmosphere of a pure and healthy literature. The moonshine of a tale too often

unfits the mental vision for the pure sunlight of grave and elevating truth. Even the tears evoked by the recital of woes, which have no correspondence in the events of real life, are of questionable good, since the benevolent affections are expended over sorrows that never had an existence. The heart must surely be hardened thus to real distress, as the tragic and exciting are not always present where humanity calls for help. Novel reading is not to be ranked as a preparation for earnest work towards the amelioration of the woes of mankind. With the Young it has the effect of unsettling the mind as to the profession or calling in life they shall embrace. Many a Youth has adopted absurd and ruinous views of life, become dissatisfied with the parental home, and wandered forth to become a fugitive and a vagabond, whose views have had their source in portraits of pirates, footpads and villains, painted as heroes, and held up to the admiring gaze of inexperience as successful in their villany. A due concern for the welfare of the youth of the country, demands of us an emphatic protest against the indulgence that would carelessly surround the path of the Men and Women of the future, with temptations to read what must enervate and blight the powers of the mind. Nor does the plea exist, that such is the dearth of interesting books, that excursions must be made into the domain of an unchristian literature. There are wide and fruitful fields, apart from questionable ground, waiting for the toil of the reaper, inviting him to fill his bosom with sheaves. There are gardens full of precious fruits and beautiful flowers. In every department of erudition, a galaxy of "Men of renown" present to us their choicest treasures. Aside from the great of other nations, our own tongue is enriched by the works of a host of intellectual giants, like the

" Stars of heaven, sown thick as a field."

To secure a preference in any mind for those books, where the Divine Spirit of Christianity casts a tender and ennobling influence on every form of thought, is a work which would well repay our attempt to induce discrimination and selection in the books we read. The authority and sway of true religion is not to be denied and ruled out in the realm of literature. What then is the Christian's test of good books? It has been well said—"The book that hath not the spirit of Christ is none of his." What volumes are we called upon by this test to lay aside and reprobate? All the *trifling* books must go. Occasional flashes of native wit and humour are admissible. They frequently light up the argument, and give a charm to the page and a zest to the reader. But works in which there is nothing but a studied attempt to excite the risible and to promote laughter, must be repudiated as incompatible with the dignity of our nature, and the solemnity of our relations. All the *prostrating* literature must go. The tendency of much of the popular writings of the day is to make the soul passive rather than active—act upon humanity, rather than to rouse humanity to act upon it. One of the greatest objections to what is called fictitious literature is not its fictitious style, for much of the Bible comes to us in that garb, but its deteriorating influence upon the mind. It is mental alcohol. It sets the mind to act in dreamy elysiums; steals from it all the necessary energies for the duties of life; makes it intensely alive to ideal sorrow and heroism, but dead to sorrows and heroism of the real world. It is reported of a popular novelist, that, after he put forth a portion of his work, and was proceeding with the remainder of the tale, he re-

ceived numerous letters entreating him to bring his heroine to a happy end, stating that the happiness of the writers depended upon the issue. Is it not an ineffable disgrace to allow our natures to be thus acted upon? We trust the day is dawning when both man and woman will feel themselves insulted by any writer or speaker attempting to act thus on their sensibilities, rather than to rouse their reason and enthroned their conscience. Such literature grows phantom-corn, not veritable fruit; food for sylphs, not for men. These emasculating, gasy books must be renounced, for the *Spirit* of Christianity is that of power and truth. Its aim is not to nourish sickly sentiment, but to awaken healthy thought; not to make men whine and laugh amidst fleeting visions, but to worship and labour amidst immutable realities. All *anti-religious* literature must go. All books which aim to crush the religious element in man, quench the sense of moral obligation, rupture the tie which attaches him to the Everlasting—whatever form they assume—whether they come in the philosophy of Hume, the wit of Voltaire, the scurrility of Paine, or the eloquence of Gibbon—we must repudiate, for the spirit of Christianity is that of reverential loyalty to the Eternal. All *sensual* literature must go. The writings which appeal more to the passions than to the reason, excite more animal feeling than spiritual thought, kindle in the inner temple more carnal fire than mental light, whatever garb they assume—narrative or novel, poetry or prose; penned by Fielding, Moore, Byron, or even geniuses superior to either—are condemned by the spirit of that system which demands the mortifying of the flesh.—All *temporizing* literature must go. Books that lower the standard of moral obligation, that advocate expediency rather than right as the rule of life—that enforce what is best now, rather than what is right for ever,—that view man rather as the citizen of time than the offspring of the Infinite and the heir of eternity, must be put away from us. They are hostile to the spirit of that religion which requires us to do all to the glory of God. Judging books, then, by the simple and practical test propounded, how much of the literature of the world is antagonistic to the spirit of Christianity?

We leave our readers to ponder the important thought contained in this testimony; and close by solemnly urging a deeper interest and closer study of the book of books.

“ This book, this holy book, on every line
 Marked with the seal of high divinity,
 On every leaf bedewed with drops of love
 Divine, and with the eternal heraldry,
 And signature of God Almighty stamped
 From first to last; this ray of sacred light,
 This lamp, from off the everlasting throne,
 Mercy brought down, and in the night of time,
 Stands, casting on the dark her gracious bow,
 And evermore beseeching men with tears
 And earnest sighs, to read, believe and live.”

HOW THE CHURCHES DO, IN ENGLAND.

The brother in authority in these pages, says that some notes by an eye-witness of the state of religious matters in England would interest his readers.

The many inquiries addressed to me for such information point in the same direction. I am quite willing to respond to the call, so far as I can, though the little island is so full, both of the life of the present and of the memories of the past, that I have but gathered a few fragments.

In general, I received the decided impression that England, in the Christian as well as in other senses, is, in commercial phrase, "looking up." Henry Ward Beecher said, in a sermon preached some time before the *Trent* affair, that if he were asked in what country of all others Christianity had most thoroughly impregnated the character and life of the people, he would answer, without doubt, in England. It does not become us to make any comparisons in the matter, but it is evident that there is a very great and constantly advancing religious influence exercised on all classes of British society. There are great deficiencies and evils still, it is confessed; but these are not hidden or denied. They are searched out, and some effort is made to remove them. A man convinced of sin is really a better man than in his hardened days: yet he feels a thousand times worse. The public conscience, in England, seems to be in this hopefully sensitive condition.

The condition of the Establishment demands the first notice in any account of the religious state of England. A writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, some time since, classed the several parties in the Church of England under the names of High Church, Low Church, and Broad Church. Under the first were included the old-fashioned High Churchmen and the modern-antique Puseyites. The former I believe to be—as they were. The latter seem to be declining in influence. They never were *popular*—for sturdy English common sense revolted against many of their doctrines and practices, but they had many enthusiastic adherents among the wealthy and cultivated class. So many, however, under their teaching, have—with a too faithful logic—gone on to Rome, that others have become alarmed, while the loss of able leaders has weakened those that remained. The Low Church, or Evangelical clergy, are much more numerous than formerly, and are now amply represented among the ecclesiastical dignitaries. Their preaching—which is generally a simple and earnest presentation of the Gospel, in our own sense—is decidedly the most acceptable to the great bulk of the English people. Thank God for that! But many of them are very exclusive in their spirit. Their retention of office in the Establishment, compelling them to use words whose obvious meaning they pronounce deadly error, is a standing marvel. The Broad Church party is a comprehensive designation for those who are neither high nor low. Dr. Arnold and Archdeacon Hare are claimed as representative men of this class—devout, earnest, learned, strongly opposed to Puseyism, but also charging the Evangelical party with great narrowness. The doctrinal views of the Broad Church men are not defined, indeed, they eschew exact definitions. The writers of the "Essays and Reviews" belong to the "extreme left" of this party. It is, in my judgment, the rising party in the church, the favourite one of the young men at the Universities. The combination of the Puseyites and Evangelicals in refusing to pay Prof. Jowett a full salary for teaching Greek, on account of his opinions, has given him the immense advantage of being a martyr. There seems every prospect that the battle that has been fought in Germany over the whole question of the authority of the Scriptures, will be now renewed in England. But while, for con-

venience sake, the clergy of the Establishment may be classed as above, the laics, in many cases, are not sharply drawn, and among great numbers of the laity there is a strong aversion to party divisions. They like a man of moderate disposition, devout in spirit, and earnest in doing good. If they can secure these things, his theology is a minor consideration.

There is great activity in the Church of England now, in building and endowing churches and schools, and multiplying agencies of every kind to reach all classes of the people. To a Voluntary, it is specially gratifying to know that the ample sums thus expended are derived mainly from the free-will offerings of the people. Churchmen themselves see that this vein of gold is more productive than that of Parliamentary grants. The clergy, as a body, are devoting themselves to their duties, and the fox-hunting and dancing parsons are almost an extinct race. The social position of the Establishment, embracing, as it does, the Court, the Aristocracy, and the Gentry, gives it an immense advantage. "Dissenters" are looked upon as an inferior class of society, and where they are few in number, and thus unable to furnish a circle of congenial friends for the well-educated and aspiring children of wealthy parents, these desert the chapel for the church. In some cases, it must be admitted, that they may enjoy a ministry as faithful, if not more so, than among Dissenters. Where this happens, what tie remains to the chapel? To maintain their ground against the secular advantages of the Establishment, Nonconformists ought to be able to offer a better spiritual home, and oftentimes they do.

In spite of losses from such causes, however, Nonconformity did not seem on the whole, to be losing ground. Chapels are multiplying on every hand, and earnest preachers do not fail to find congregations, especially in the large towns. The objections to the Prayer-Book which led to the withdrawal of the 2000 Clergymen in 1662, remain in full force, and press so strongly on multitudes of conscientious men, in pulpits and in pews, as to make it impossible to conform. The Bicentenary Commemoration is being heartily entered into, and will doubtless lead to a more thorough exhibition of the grounds of dissent—from the pulpit, the platform and the press—than has been usually made of late years. That noble secession is right worthy of commemoration. The principles on which it took place, the Prayer-Book being unchanged, and the Act of Uniformity still operative, are of as great practical necessity and value in 1862 as two hundred years ago, and should be declared and insisted on accordingly. There is danger, however, to our own spirit in all "anti" movements. Hatred of evil is not identical with the love of good. We are tempted to confound persons with systems. One may be a zealous dissenter, but a cold Christian. Hence, double watchfulness is needed to preserve piety and charity in a controversial campaign. The best of our brethren in England are sensible of this peril, and are earnestly striving to deliver their testimony for Christ and his truth in such a spirit as to bring them nearer to their Master. The true strength of our churches, alike in England and in Canada, will not be found in the errors of those from whom we have separated, but in the truth and love that reign among ourselves. Souls cannot live on protests.

The Bicentenary Fund will be chiefly devoted to the erection of Chapels, a work which seems to have a growing value in the eyes of our friends at home. There are at least three Chapel-Building Societies in operation, the

London, the English, and the Lancashire. These Societies very rarely assume the entire burden of a new building, but make grants to the parties on the spot who have undertaken it. Before they vote any aid, they thoroughly satisfy themselves in regard to the need for the proposed Chapel, and of external assistance, the substantial character of the building, the sufficiency of the title and the completeness of the Deed of Trust, and it is an invariable condition that the Society's last payment shall pay the last bill for site and building. What a horror they have of debt! To put a church and minister in possession of a commodious building, entirely paid for, they consider to be giving them a fair start.

The style of the modern Chapels is in startling contrast to that of the Meeting-Houses of our forefathers. The barn-cra has passed away. The Grecian seems to be waxing old. The Italian is also on the wane. And the Gothic period has come in with universal acclamations. There are several noble structures of this order,—such as Cavendish St., Manchester, and Square Chapel, Halifax,—with lofty spires of solid stone, which have been erected at a cost of some £20,000. But multitudes of humbler places are pointed out to show that “the ecclesiastical style,” while possessing a peculiar beauty and sacredness of association, is also susceptible of as complete an adaptation to the purposes of worship and teaching, and as much economy in construction, as any other.

(To be continued.)

F. H. M.

Trans-Atlantic Retrospect.

The Bi-centenary movement is progressing in a manner worthy of the event; with an earnestness and vigour, a practical appreciation of what is best calculated to perpetuate and strengthen those glorious principles of fidelity to conscience and God, which the two thousand so nobly illustrated, that we believe, when the Tri-centenary shall arrive, the Nonconformists of 1962 will be able to point to many an enduring result of the movement of this year, and name it as the beginning of great success, a wider and more enduring sway for the truths which are identified with Bartholomew's Day, 1662. Lectures are being delivered, meetings are being held, both in London and the Provinces, for the purpose of detailing the facts and illustrating the principles of the ejection, tract and book follow each other in rapid succession, giving a more permanent record of the same facts; while the opposition to the movement in the Established Church has resulted in giving to it increased power and impetus. Some of the Episcopal ministers who have hitherto shewn a catholic spirit and fraternized with Dissenters, have joined in the attempt to cry down the celebration and misrepresent its spirit; notably in this class is Dr. Miller of Birmingham; in many respects an estimable man, but who has been induced to place himself as a defender of the State-Church and an opponent of the Bi-centenary celebration. His lecture on “Churchmen and Dissenters; their relation as affected by the proposed Bi-centenary Commemoration of St. Bartholomew's day, 1662,” was very able, but he is not the equal of Mr. Dale, the successor to John Angell James, who replied in another lecture bearing the same title, which appears

to have been a marvel of power and eloquence, carrying away the audience in tumultuous applause. It is of course impossible to give even a sketch of the lecture, but on one point we may quote a few passages. The *Record*, and other Episcopal authorities, have objected to Dissenters commemorating the event, on the ground that they are not the successors or representatives of the ejected; this was repeated by Dr. Miller, and is thus replied to by Mr. Dale:—

“ It might still be objected that although in some great points they agreed with the Nonconformists of 1662, yet on other great points they differed from them—that objecting to the Establishment altogether, they were not the body to celebrate men who agreed with an Establishment—that objecting to tithes altogether, they were not the body to celebrate men because they had been deprived of their tithes; and that for these and other reasons they had no right to celebrate them at all. He replied they would have been very glad to give the prominent position in this celebration to other men. (Cheers.) They would have been very willing to occupy a subordinate place—instead of speaking, they would have rejoiced to applaud while others spoke. It was not in their power to render such a magnificent homage to the memory of the victims of the weakness of Charles and the tyranny of Sheldon as other men might have rendered. (Cheers.) There were men—there were clergymen in our own time ministering at the altar of the English Church, who objected—as the Two Thousand did, to the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration, to language used in the Confirmation Service, to absolution in the Service for the Visitation of the Sick, to the Burial Service; it belonged, he admitted it, to them, rather than to Congregationalists, to do honor to the heroic fidelity and conscience of the men of 1662. They could do it in a nobler fashion, on a grander scale. The truest, fittest, sublimest celebration of the Bicentenary, would be for eight or ten thousand of the Evangelical clergy who objected to these services in the Prayer-book, but who obtained their ministerial office and income by avowing their ‘unfeigned assent and consent’ to all the book contained, to come out—and to declare to the English people that they could no longer retain a position which they acquired by professing to approve what now, at least, they rejected. But Nonconformists saw no sign of such a movement—(loud laughter)—and since no one else commemorated them, the Congregationalists thought it their duty to do so themselves. Still, there was time enough yet; and if the clergy would come out they should come into the front rank, and the Nonconformists would fall into the rear immediately. (Loud cheers and laughter.) They were volunteers, and would not object to be led by the officers of the regular army—(renewed cheers and laughter)—and he promised them that, if they came, they should receive a welcome which would make them forget for ever that controversy ever separated them. He would promise them that if they now followed the example of the Two Thousand, became their genuine successors, they would cast their chapel-building schemes to the wind; and their Bicentenary fund, which would soon be multiplied, should be given with a hearty good will to help in erecting houses of worship for the clergy and congregations of the Free Church of England. (Loud and continued cheering.)”

The general committee have not been idle, but have drawn up the following resolutions, they are very long, but so important that we insert them unabridged:

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE CONFERENCE HELD IN THE CONGREGATIONAL LIBRARY, NOVEMBER 28TH, 1861, AND JANUARY 16TH, 1862:—

I. This conference—deeply impressed with the Christian heroism of the 2,000 Ministers of the National Church, who, on St. Bartholomew’s day, 1662, relinquished their livings, and voluntarily subjected themselves to great privations and sufferings, rather than give their “assent and consent” to what they believe!

to be untrue, and grateful to God for that religious liberty which their secession helped to accelerate and secure—recommends the Congregational churches of this country to observe the Bicentenary of that great event by special thanksgiving and prayer, by the wide diffusion of information illustrative of English Nonconformity, and by the creation of a Fund, to be called the Bicentenary Nonconformist Memorial Fund.

II. That the proposed Memorial Fund be raised by donations, Congregational Collections, and Sunday-school offerings; that the donations may be made either in one amount in 1862, or in three separate instalments in the course of 1862, 1863, and 1864, but that report shall be made of any contributions which may be extended by the liberality of donors beyond that period; that the sums paid may be appropriated by the donor to *any one or more* of the following objects—that is to say, *either* to the erection of a Memorial Hall in London for the use of the Congregational Body, together with the creation of a Fund for the endowment of Periodical Lectures on the principles of Nonconformity, and the publication of a literary Memorial of Nonconformity, or to any one or more of the following objects—Chapel Extension, British Missions, Evangelistic Labours, Educational Agencies, the Pastor's retiring Fund, the Extinction of Chapel Debts, the necessary Working Expenses of the Committee, or any other Denominational object the donor may select; that the money thus subscribed may be expended locally, or be remitted directly to the Treasurer of any one or more of the Institutions selected by the donor, or to the Treasurers of the General Committee, to be appropriated by them according to the wish of the subscriber, it being understood that where no preference is expressed by the contributor it shall be placed at the disposal of the Committee, and it being further understood that the contributions in all cases are to be *special* and *extra*, and to be reported as such by the Local Treasurer, so as not in any degree to interfere with the ordinary income of the various religious Institutions.

III. That for the wide diffusion of information illustrative of the principles involved in the Secession of 1662, this conference recommends the adoption of the following methods:—

1. Sermons on the subject on Lord's-day, August 24th, in every Congregational pulpit throughout the land.
2. District Conferences.
3. Public Meetings or Lectures in large towns, and especially in localities from which the Nonconforming Ministers were ejected.
4. Deputations from the Central Committee, Lay and Ministerial, wherever specially required.
5. The extensive circulation of books and tracts bearing on the principles of religious freedom, and the independence of Christ's Kingdom.

IV. That, devoutly recognising the grace of God in the faithfulness of the Nonconforming Ministers of 1662, in the subsequent diffusion of Christian truth, and in the growth and development of spiritual life in all evangelical communities, and humbly acknowledging the dependence of every human effort on the gift of the Holy Ghost for the purity and revival of the Church of God, and the subjugation of all things to Christ, this Conference earnestly recommends that some portion of time during the week previous to the 24th of August next be set apart for special thanksgiving and prayer in private and public.

V. That a Committee be formed to carry out the objects contemplated in the Resolutions already adopted, consisting of the gentlemen whose names are now to be read, with power to add to their number; that this Committee have the power to apply to any one or more of the objects already agreed upon, any moneys not appropriated by the donors, and to appoint at an early day a Secretary or Secretaries; that the Committee be instructed to secure, by correspondence with each county Association, a representation in the Corresponding or General Com-

mittee, which General Committee is requested to select from their number a proper representation of each district to form an Executive Committee.

VI. That this Conference requests John Remington Mills, Esq., Egham, Surrey; John Crossley, Esq., Halifax, Yorkshire; and John Kemp Welch, Esq., London, to act as Treasurers of the Fund.

Meanwhile the first subscription list has been published, and is a noble illustration of the liberality and earnestness of our brethren in England; it is short, but amounts to the sum of £56,997 5s. sterling! Pretty well for a beginning, our readers will say. Bringing this power to bear upon the objects indicated in the resolutions, will, we believe, by the blessing of God, give an impetus to the cause of conscientious nonconformity, which will carry it on to far greater triumphs than it has ever yet witnessed.

The intelligence about, we can hardly yet say from, Madagascar, is still of an encouraging character. In addition to the following extract from the *Missionary Magazine*, we find that Mr. Toy, of the Western College, has been ordained as a missionary to Madagascar, in connexion with the London Missionary Society. Others are to follow immediately.

A letter from Rev. W. Ellis, dated Mauritius, Jan. 4th, states that the number of native Christians has not been exaggerated in the representations of their friends, but actually exceeds their largest calculation. Those who were imprisoned for their Christianity are all set free. They have returned to their homes, and, under the auspices of the new Government, enjoy unrestricted religious liberty. They are now eagerly looking for the visit of Mr. Ellis to the capital, and, through him, they entreat the society to send missionaries and teachers forthwith. With equal urgency they beg for Bibles and other books from which they may acquire Scriptural and useful knowledge; and in all these measures they have the sanction and cordial concurrence of the new Sovereign. There is one cause for anxiety—the excessive generosity of Radama towards Ramboasaloma, his rival, who is also brother of the present queen, obviously endangers the life of the king and the welfare of the people; and the heathen party who espouse his cause is powerful, and headed by unprincipled men of sagacity and courage. Mr. Ellis says:—

“Although no communication has been received from Mr. J. J. LeBrun himself, since his arrival at the capital, his letters from Tamatave and places on the way, together with the accounts sent subsequently by others, conveyed the gratifying tidings that he had been joyfully and affectionately welcomed by the Christians, among whom he had, by means of an interpreter, publicly preached and administered the ordinances of Baptism and the Lord's Supper. It was further stated that he had been kindly received by the king, who had given him a residence within the precincts of the court, had fitted up a room in his own house as a temporary royal chapel, in which Mr. LeBrun officiated, and where the king and others attended religious worship. It was also added that Mr. Le Brun preached in one of the chapels in the capital, and that David Johns Andrinado, the evangelist from Mauritius, had preached in twelve different places in the capital to large assemblies. I find it difficult to realise in my own mind a change contrasting so strangely with the state of things in the capital at the time of my visit in 1857, when words of Christian instruction and encouragement could only be breathed in whispers, and acts of Christian worship could only be attempted in secret; and if the recital has proved so affecting to me, what must the actual occurrence of these changes have been to the Christians themselves!

The members of the Embassy appear to have been deeply impressed with the strong attachment manifested along the whole line of their march, and in the capital, towards the English; as well as with the fluency with which numbers

of them could read the few books they possessed in the native language. They justly ascribe both to the labours of the Society's Mission during the reign of Radama. The members of the Embassy, the captains of vessels trading to Madagascar, the letters from the people, all speak of the great eagerness of the latter for copies of the Scriptures and other books."

Six missionaries were to embark for Madagascar at the end of March.

We see by an advertisement that it is proposed to present Mr. Miall, editor of the *Nonconformist*, with "a substantial token of the esteem entertained for his character, and the gratitude felt for his eminent public services," on the 14th April, 1862, the day on which the *Nonconformist* comes "of age," that being the twenty-first anniversary of the issue of the first number. Those who remember the beginning of the *Nonconformist*, and have been witnesses of its untiring energy, its patient zeal in the cause of civil and religious liberty, and who can mark the effect it has had in raising nonconformity to be a power in the country, will feel that Mr. Miall is rightly entitled to such a mark of respect and confidence. We trust that the result will be worthy the occasion.

CONGREGATIONALISM IN AUSTRALIA.—The Melbourne correspondent of the *Morning Star*, speaking of the lamented death of the Rev. A. Fletcher, of St. Kilda, says, "He was much respected, not only amongst Congregationalists, but amongst all denominations of Christians. His loss can be but ill-sustained by the Independents here, who are singularly deficient in able men. If they are not losing ground, they are certainly not making that progress which other denominations—the Baptists for instance—are undoubtedly making. They want good and able men. It is useless sending out second or third-rate men."

PROTEST OF ROMISH PRIESTS AGAINST THE TEMPORAL POWER.—The *Daily News'* Malta correspondent says:—"There is to-day (Feb. 8) handed about Malta a very long and well written protest to the Pope, printed at Naples, and signed by about 6,000 of the Roman Catholic priests. Several chapters have affixed their official seal to it, and it looks very like Protestantism, but they call it pure Roman Catholicism. It urges the Pope to abandon his temporal power, restore the Church to its primitive state, and to remember that a great majority of his clergy are from the people.

Official.

CONGREGATIONAL COLLEGE.

Receipts since 31st December, 1861.

Owen Sound, per Mr. W. Smith.....	\$5 37
Montreal, per Rev. Dr. Wilkes	227 35
Sheffield, New Brunswick, per Rev. R. Wilson	12 00

N. B.—Persons in charge of contributions are respectfully reminded, that by vote of the last Annual Meeting, the accounts of the College will hereafter be closed on the 31st of May, so that they may be audited before the meeting.

Shall we not hear from every Church, which has not remitted, before that time?

F. H. MARLING, *Secretary.*

Toronto, 28th March, 1862.

Correspondence.

A SUGGESTION.

To the Editor of the Canadian Independent.

DEAR SIR,—Amongst the various instrumentalities now employed for the dissemination of truth, and the correction of error, the Religious Magazine fills an important place. Not only is it a powerful agent in proclaiming those truths which are admitted by all bodies of christians, but it presents a channel through which may be advanced those views which are peculiar to the body by which such Magazine is sustained.

I have long been of the opinion, Mr. Editor, that we, as a body have not sufficiently availed ourselves of the opportunity thus presented for advancing those truths which are the peculiar characteristics of the Congregational Churches. Our Magazine is, without doubt, a means of much spiritual advantage to many of its readers; yet we can see no good reason why we should not, to a greater extent, by its aid, aim at circulating our principles as widely as possible.

Unless we do this, I do not see how we can reasonably hope to see them more generally adopted.

Would it not be well if some portion of our Magazine was set apart for this, and the brethren *urged* to contribute thereto.

Hoping that this may receive the attention of my brother Ministers,

I am yours very cordially,

R. H.

Pine Grove, March 17th, 1862.

NOTE.—The pages of the *C. I.* have always been open to the contributions of brethren on the great questions which are recognized by us as Congregationalists. Able articles on such topics are ever welcome.—ED. *C. I.*

NOTES OF MISSIONARY TOURS.

WESTERN DISTRICT, NO. 2.

In anticipation of a meeting of the Western Association at Hamilton on the following day, it was arranged that the brethren connected with it should leave their homes a day earlier, and hold *two* missionary meetings on Monday evening,—one at Barton, four miles south of Hamilton, and the other in that city. That at *Barton*,—the sphere of Brother McGill's labours, and until recently, occupied by Brother Allworth,—was, I am informed, a good meeting as to attendance and interest, but as to *pecuniary* returns, behind last year. Indeed, Barton has *gradually decreased* the amount of its contributions ever since 1857. I hope our brethren there are not growing "weary in well doing." Especially should this *not* be the case, after they have enjoyed a season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, as they have recently done.

The meeting in HAMILTON was not so small as on some former occasions, although by no means large. Dr. Irvine, of Knox's Church, assisted the deputation in a very cordial and interesting address. Collections, the same as last year, \$38 50. The church in Hamilton has had a long struggle with

debt, and various other sources of discouragement; but appearances seem to indicate that "the morning cometh." The debt is gradually melting away before the "littles" of a *weekly subscription*, which in the course of the year amount to, if not a "muckle," at any rate a considerable sum. We commend the plan to all whom it may concern. Every body knows that when a respectable church edifice is put *out of debt*, it has a host of admiring attendants who *before* would not look near it! Get out of debt, therefore, if you want to increase the number of your friends.

Tuesday and Wednesday evenings were devoted to the Association, or rather to the Church with which it had met.

On Thursday evening two meetings on behalf of our Missionary Society were held,—one at SCOTLAND, and the other at KELVIN,—at neither of which was I present. The former, I am told, was not so large as usual, owing to the unfavourableness of the weather; but was altogether, an interesting and effective meeting. Collections not yet completed, but even now in advance of 1861. The latter was a large meeting,—at least, as large as the house will permit,—it always is. The collections however, seem never to be affected by the size of the meeting, or the eloquence of the appeals. It was the same \$19. and a few cents that it has been, almost every year since 1856, when they gave us somewhat over \$20: he that gave a dollar, gives a dollar still; and he that gave two dollars,—but there isn't anybody that can afford to do that but the *minister!*

Two meetings were held also on Friday evening. That at BURFORD, which the writer felt constrained to attend because a certain "John Mark" in the deputation departed for home on Friday morning, was a first-rate meeting. Whether it was a good meeting *because two other* missionary meetings had been held in the same village during the week, or whether it was so *notwithstanding* the fact aforesaid, I cannot decide: I am inclined to think the former is the correct view. The missionary spirit is one and the same everywhere, and you cannot quicken that spirit on behalf of any *one* of our missionary societies, without in some measure enlisting it on behalf of them *all*. Certain it is, at any rate, that the Burford meeting was a most effective one; and effective, not so much, I think, from any impetus imparted to it by the speakers, as it was from the previous interest felt in the cause by the hearers. Burford is progressing nobly; may "their zeal provoke very many!" Collections, \$56 39.

The NEW DURHAM meeting was also a most successful one,—the best for many years, if not the best ever enjoyed. Brother Snider writes me that in collections, and subscriptions pledged, we may look for over \$40! We never before received more than \$33 in one year. This is encouraging. Altogether the Western District is doing well. Eastern Brethren will need to look after their laurels!

W.

WESTERN DISTRICT No. 3.

After a Sabbath's rest,—such *rest (!)* at least as the Sabbath affords to one who returns home wearied, only to undertake more exhausting labours still,—Messrs. Clarke, Ebbs, and Hay, met on Monday, February 10th, at

BRANTFORD, where we had, if not *the best*, one of the best meetings on behalf of our Society, both as to attendance and spirit, that the writer ever remembers to have attended there. The speakers were apparently in their best mood, retaining still "a sweet savour of Christ," from the services of the previous day, and glowing with the warm emotions, which the truths they had been preaching to others, had enkindled in their own bosoms. The addresses were thoroughly *missionary* in character, having had nothing about them to provoke "the crackling of thorns," sometimes heard upon such occasions; nor yet, on the other hand, the prosiness and inanity, which, in our desire to repress all *unhallowed* emotion, we sometimes impart to our speeches and prayers at such gatherings, as if *solemnity* and *dullness* were synonymous! And, by the way, *lay* brethren are quite as much at fault in this respect as ministerial brethren. How often have I seen a prayer-meeting utterly destroyed as to all quickening influence, and many who had come to it in hope of receiving some spiritual impulse, *prayed to sleep*, or what is just as bad, into *indifference*, by this style of address at the throne of grace. It was not so much the *length* of the prayers offered (though that is a mistake often committed), as the *tone of voice*, and *drawing manner*, and *mumbling articulation* of the brother leading the devotions of the meeting, that did it. Man is a creature of extremes; and one extreme is to "cry aloud," like the prophets of Baal, and the other is to mutter so indistinctly that nobody but one at our elbow can understand us. We commend to all who may feel the applicability of these remarks to themselves, an attentive perusal of the Apostle's directions concerning the use of "*unknown tongues*," in prayer, in 1 Cor. xiv: 14-19.

We should like to pursue this subject farther, and may perhaps advert to it at some future time, but in these "Notes" it is a digression, and we must return to our narrative. The Brantford cause, as most of the readers of the *Canadian Independent* know, has suffered more severely, probably, than any other in the Western District, from the crisis of 1857, having lost, since that period, no less than 83 members by *removal* and *death* alone. Its financial resources, of course, have been proportionately crippled. We are hopeful, however, that the tide is turning. There have been several most interesting cases of conversion, and addition to the Church, recently; the attendance has been slightly on the increase; and lastly, though not the *least* hopeful of the signs of returning prosperity, the contributions to our Missionary Society have been gradually increasing for two years, and will this year fall but little short of \$100. It deserves mention, too, in passing, that the congregation recently paid the Pastor their *Annual Donation visit*, the proceeds of which amounted to a little over \$60.

From Brantford, the Deputation proceeded to

PARIS, where we were joined by Brother McGill, of Barton. The weather being unfavourable, the audience was scarcely so large as on some previous occasions; and as the Pastor eschews all subscription lists, and personal calls, on behalf of the Society, the collections fall short of last year about \$10. The deficit would have been greater still, had not two gentlemen contributed \$20 each,—one constituting himself, and the other, his pastor, a *life member* of the Society;—an investment, we need hardly say, we cordially approve,

and commend to the more wealthy of our members throughout the Province! Who will follow suit?

GUELPH was our next appointment. Here we had the pleasure of meeting with Brethren Marling and Baker, who were on their way to the *twin* ordination services at Eramosa, and Garafraxa, an account of which was furnished by Brother Barker in the last number of the *Independent*. Assisted by these beloved brethren, and also by the Rev. W. S. Ball, of the Canada Presbyterian Church, the labours of the Deputation were light. The addresses generally were appropriate and good, while that of Mr. Marling, setting forth the condition of the British Churches, and the marvellous religious activity everywhere manifest among them, was extremely interesting. We wish it could be repeated before every one of our congregations in the land. The meeting was every way an effective one; not only was the collection good, but good seed was sown for next year, which we confidently expect will then, under the Divine blessing, yield an abundant return. \$56 are a handsome contribution, but our cry, like that of Francis Xavier, the Romish Missionary, is, "*amplius! amplius!*"—more, more!

On Thursday morning, the brethren aforesaid, Dr. Lillie, (who had arrived by the morning train from Toronto,) Brother Clarke, and the writer, together with several members of the Guelph Church, proceeded to

ERAMOSIA, where, in the afternoon, Mr. John Brown was set apart to the work of the christian ministry, and installed Pastor of the Speedside Congregational Church. After that service, which was necessarily very lengthy, and exhausting to both preachers and people, it was hardly to be expected that our Missionary Meeting would be very largely attended, or that the speakers would be able to awaken much interest. In both respects, however, we were agreeably disappointed, for the meeting proved to be both large and interesting, and the collection (\$20.62), the best ever sent us from Eramosa.

A cold drive of twelve miles, with a biting wind, and drifting snow in our faces, the monotony of which was occasionally relieved by an upset, or a contest with King Winter, who now and then seized upon our more prominent facial organs as his lawful prey, brought us, on Friday, to the village of Douglas, in

GARAFRAXA, where Mr. Robert Brown was ordained, and inducted into the pastoral charge of the church of our faith and order in that township. Here, too, the Missionary Meeting, which we had rather feared would have been a comparative failure, on account of the length of the afternoon services, was an excellent one. "Cold feet" again interfered somewhat with our comfort, but there were warm hearts there, and many of them; the log chapel indeed, was filled, and a collection of \$11, evinced the interest of the assembly. Then turning our faces homeward, Brother Marling and the writer travelled nearly all night, (with the thermometer from 15 to 20° below zero); took the early train from Guelph on Saturday morning, and arrived at home in the afternoon—we speak for *ourselves*,—*sick!*

W.

Brantford, March 21, 1862.

News of the Churches.

BEWARE!—REV. NOBLE ARMSTRONG.

We learn from the *Daily Prototype* (London, C.W.) of March 8th, that the above-named person, claiming to be a minister of the Gospel, was brought before the London Police Court, on Friday the 7th instant, charged with drunkenness and disorderly conduct. He was fined one dollar and costs. This individual has been trying to impose on the generous trust of christian ministers and others, with plausible stories. Should any party desire further information respecting Mr. Armstrong's antecedents, both in the United States and Canada, the requisite direction may be obtained by applying to the Secretary of the Congregational Union.

MR. WEED ON MR. SPURGEON.

We have just returned from the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon's tabernacle, where this remarkable preacher dispensed and divided the word of his Master among seven thousand hearers! I give this figure as the number of the auditors, because there are six thousand rented seats in the tabernacle, and these were all occupied, while a thousand more, at least, edged into the aisles and lobbies.

The Tabernacle is an immense structure, with two galleries. The pulpit is even with the floor of the first gallery, circular in form, with a railing over which the preacher inclines, and in the pulpit, behind him, his deacons sit. The choir (very numerous) are disposed in front of the pulpit, on the basement, and behind the pulpit, in the first gallery. The congregation unite with the choir, the preacher "lining" the hymn, as parsons in the country did in the olden time.

It is idle to go there without first securing a seat. Mr. Layard, Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, had kindly obtained from Mr. Spurgeon a direction which conducted us to his own pew, where, though but ten minutes late, our two seats were the only unoccupied ones to be seen. As we were by the pulpit, within ten feet of the preacher, we looked into the eyes and faces of this vast multitude of people.

The text was from the eighteenth chapter of the first book of Samuel, and the first three verses, recording the affection and love of Jonathan for David. The sermon was earnest, glowing and evangelical—the manner fervid and impressive; and less exciting than the many preachers whose enthusiasm creates no particular remark. There were no eccentricities of language, no straining for effect—no effort to startle. In short, it was a sensible, well reasoned discourse, delivered with animation, calculated to edify and improve well-informed listeners, of whom his congregation seemed to be composed. The Christian doxology, with which the service closed, was sung with exalted and sublime effect.

Mrs. Spurgeon, with whom we sat, invited us into a retiring room to see her husband, with whom we had ten minutes conversation. He has been eight years in this work, preaching, lecturing, organizing, &c., constantly; he is still fresh and vigorous. His burthens are lightened, he said, by the zeal and devotion of his deacons, who take good care of him and his flock. His church consists of 2,000 communicants and his congregation of 6,000.

The tabernacle cost £30,000. It is on the Surry side of the Thames, about a mile from Westminster Bridge.—*Albany Evening Journal*.

THE LIQUOR LAW.

J. J. E. Linton, Stratford, in the 29th number of the *Challenge*, just issued, says the Grand Jury, at the late Quarter Sessions in that place, presented that the license system is the cause of the great increase of crime and minor offences so often brought before grand juries. On the preceding, the *Sarnia Observer*

comments thus: "There can be no doubt whatever, that the indulgence in the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, the traffic in which is legalized by the License system of the country, is the cause of at least three-fourths of all the vice and crime which are becoming so fearfully prevalent; so that some change by which the flow of this fearful tide may be arrested, seems imperatively necessary,"

EQUITABLE LIQUOR LAW.

Mr. William Smith, of Owen Sound, is the author of what he styles an Equitable Liquor Law. He proposes that those who are opposed to the traffic in liquors should be relieved from the burdens imposed by the traffic on the revenue; therefore those who vote "No License" annually, shall be exempt from special "Liquor Rate." This "Liquor Rate" shall be imposed annually by a County Board, and shall provide by a special rate on a special class, (that is, only those who have not voted "No License,") for those expenses resulting from intemperance which are now included in one aggregated sum along with other expenses. If ratepayers, to escape the special tax, vote, "No License," and by so doing make a majority of votes on that side, there will of course be no license in that municipality.—*Toronto Evening Journal*.

NO MORE FUGITIVES TO BE RETURNED.

"President Lincoln on Thursday, signed the bill which goes into immediate operation, viz.: all officers or persons in the military or naval service of the United States are prohibited from employing any of the forces under their respective commands for the purpose of returning the fugitives from service or labor who may have escaped from any person to whom such service or labor is claimed to be due, and any officer who shall be found guilty by a Court Martial of violating this article of war shall be dismissed from the service."

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The Rev. A. Browning, a Wesleyan Missionary from Canada, writes from Fort Hope, British Columbia, on the 10th November: "I am building a Church at Fort Yale, which I hope to get finished with little if any incumbrance. This is the more remarkable, as the lumber will cost us \$40 per thousand, and all else in proportion. Catholics, Jews, and the disciples of Confucius have alike subscribed to its erection; in fact the name of but one Methodist member is found on the subscription book. There is Kwong Lee, \$10; Yanloo Sang, \$5; See Fo Chow and See Foo Hung, \$5; Hie Fe, \$4; Quang Shong, \$2; Ti Sang, \$5; and a Doctor somebody, the amount of which I am unaware of. The largest amount on my book is \$100, the donor being a fortunate Cariboo miner.

EGYPT.

A correspondent of the *News of the Churches* writes from Alexandria:—

"I soon noticed that, since my last sojourn in Egypt, great alterations had taken place in favour of travellers, and especially of missionaries. I was surprised to hear that the Protestant missionaries have free passage on the railway to Cairo and Suez, having nothing to do but to produce a testimony from the consul of a Protestant nation that they are missionaries. The Roman Catholics were the first that obtained this privilege. The Viceroy, who seems to be altogether a liberal man, then extended it to all Christian denominations, which was equal and just. Even the Copts, the Armenians, and Greeks in his own country may avail themselves of it. Also the Protestant deaconesses at Alexandria enjoy the same privilege. Another, and to me the most important change, consists in that every Sunday a German service is held at Alexandria. There is also a French sermon preached by the same minister who has to preach in German. The Evangelical Church owes this excellent arrangement to the late King of Prussia. Some English and Scotch missionaries have a prospering school at Alexandria

and also in the harbour, where the Viceroy has placed a vessel at their disposal, for the special purpose of preaching to the Copt mariners. My dear colleague preached on Sunday evening to about sixty of them, assembled in the floating chapel. Among them were also several captains with their wives."

WHAT IS THOUGHT AND DONE AT ROME ?

(TRANSLATED FROM LE SEMEUR.)

This is a question that a great many persons have asked themselves, doubtless, within a few months, and to which they would like to be able to reply, for it is at Rome that the Italian question must be decided. Victor Emmanuel, Garibaldi, and Cavour have not concealed their views in this respect ; they have clearly and positively declared that the new Italian Kingdom must be proclaimed in the eternal city, that this city is its natural, its indispensable capital. But before the great work of political regeneration in Italy is crowned with success, the temporal power of the Pope must be abolished, and as the "Holy Father" clings infinitely more to earthly possessions than He of whom he calls himself the disciple, it is no very easy thing, and we can not expect it to take place without violence. It is a gordian knot that must be cut.

There is at Rome among the partisans of temporal power, two different parties, that of action, and that of inaction. The party of action desire a vast movement among the Catholics of Paris, Madrid and Vienna against constitutional monarchy, and all ideas of progress. It is composed of fanatics, who consider modern ideas impious, and who, as has been well said, are more Papists than the Pope, and more rabid than the *index-expurgatorium* and the inquisition. M. DeMerode, who insulted General Guyon, is the centre of this faction.

The other party, that of inaction, has at its head the Cardinal Antonelli, who is generally acknowledged to be as artful as he is wicked. He is essentially for inaction, says a correspondent from Rome, for the *encycliques* without consequences, for diplomacy. This is why it is believed that he might not be very much opposed to a final arrangement. This individual aims to repair the "barque of St. Peter," but he has no faith in the operation of that galvanism which is calculated to break everything recommended by the party of action, such are his feelings and plans. With that he is calm, polite, patient, never contradicts the Pope directly, whose sensitive soul listens to every noise, and every thought, but finally finds more security in prudent counsels.

These two parties are composed principally of priests, officers of the Government, and others, who, like them, are interested to maintain temporal power. As for the people, the partisans of the middle ages rely so little upon them that they would not intrust Rome a moment to the national troops.

To return to the friends of the Pope, who are especially the friends of abuses, as it is seen, let us see what they are doing. We copy this account from a letter from Rome. After having said that they were having a great *neuvaine*, to prevent a manifestation of the wrath of heaven against the many thefts committed in the churches, the correspondent continues :—"This *neuvaine* appears, though strange to say, to have been the principal business at Rome for ten or twelve days. The Cardinal published a circular mandate upon this subject, in which he spoke of Heliodore driven from the temple, which seemed to be an allusion to Victor Emmanuel.

Since this mandate, all the churches of Rome (300 and more) are in prayer, with tapers burning, with the wafer on the altar (the holy sacrament), with priests crying from their platforms, clad in red, in short with all the fantastic accompaniments of the Romish ceremonies. The Holy Father has gone to the Madeleine at this time for one of his afternoon drives. For this purpose a little manifestation was organized. There was much clamor. It is well known that these manifestations are got up by functionaries of the government and their

sons. These things can be concealed in a large city; but every one knows them in Rome.

The neuvaine against the robbery of the churches was not very successful; the night of the day it commenced, the little church of St. Matthew was robbed of all its chalices and ciboriums, and the consecrated wafers themselves were taken. At the Vatican, it is said that there is at this moment an extraordinary letting loose of the passions. It is pretended that fires which have taken place, as well as these robberies of the churches, are the results of political events. The college of St. Michael is also represented as an example of the wrath of God upon the world. It appears certain, at least, that facts have become known of a fabulous demoralization among this multitude of young people, whose professors and directors are nevertheless almost all clergymen, *monsignori*, with a Cardinal at their head. Comments are superfluous; the thoughts and acts of papacy prove equally that she belongs to another age; that she is really a mummy, and that the interest of Christianity requires that this corpse of the ancient times be replaced by a living body, in other words by a political and religious system in harmony with the true wants and the noble aspirations of the people.—*Canada Baptist*.

Bills from the Fountains of Israel.

HEIRSHIP.—A SERMON FOR CHILDREN.

BY THE REV. J. E. CLARKE, M.A., DERBY.

“If children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ.”—Rom. viii 17.

The Bible is the most wonderful of books. It has in it deep things, which the wisest of men may think over for years, and not be able to fathom; and yet it has much that any child can easily understand.

This eighth chapter of Romans is one of the deep and difficult places. It requires a clear head, and a mind practised in thinking, even to follow the thread of the apostle through it. But we can all understand the text. It says, “If we are children, *then* we are heirs;” if children, not necessarily in years, but children of God, then we are “heirs of God, and joint-heirs with CHRIST.”

The first question which we have to ask about this text is, “How can *we* be children of God?”

Here is a ragged boy begging along the street, and a gentleman gives him a penny. He is a kind-hearted man; but do you think there is any chance of his making that beggar boy his son? Not the least. He is walking away quite pleased with himself for being so charitable as to give him a penny. Here is a carriage rolling past; smart people look out of the windows; they see the beggar boy—they are sorry for him perhaps; but there is still less chance that they will ask him to get into the carriage, rags and tatters and all, and become like one of their children.

But here comes a carriage that every one stops to look at. In front there are men on horseback, called outriders, all dressed in the royal livery; and here comes the Queen’s state carriage, with its cream-coloured horses! The people stand still as it passes, and the men all raise their hats from their heads. Is there any chance that the Queen will ask the little ragged boy to come down from the lamp-post, and set him among the princes and princesses of the blood, and make him as one of the royal children? There is *no* chance. And yet there is a King far greater than our Queen—One who is higher than the kings of the earth—who is “King of kings, and Lord of lords”—“who maketh the clouds His chariot, and the swift winds His messengers.” This King looks down from

Heaven on the children of men, and He says that any of them may become "the children of the Most High."—Ps. lxxxii. 6.

In what way is this strange adoption to be brought about ?

Jesus, the King's own Son, took on Him man's nature. He clothed Himself with flesh and blood, and in human form He bore man's sins, and on the cross He suffered death for every man; and, therefore every one who now believes in Him, clings to Him, and trusts in Him, becomes a child of God. Let me beseech all of you to try and be children of God. Thank God, there is nothing to *pay* for it; thank God, there is nothing to *do* for it.

Some of you know what it is, when you have been harshly and unkindly treated, when you have been in trouble and danger, to fling yourself, with aching heart and streaming eye, into your mother's arms, and there to feel that you are safe and sure of comfort. Just so we must try to cast ourselves into the arms of Jesus; and so, trusting, leaning, looking unto Him, we have *that* faith, through which we become altogether children of God. "And if children, *then* heirs." I suppose most of you know the meaning of this word "heirs." When a rich man dies, one of the first questions asked is this, "Who are his heirs? who gets his money?" And if he has not made a will, then his money goes to his eldest son, or is divided amongst his nearest relations.

There was a beggar died not long ago, in Dundee. He died in the work-house, as every one thought, in the deepest poverty; but when his rags were searched, no less than £700 was found hidden among them, for the poor beggar was a miser. "Miser" is just the Latin word for "wretched;" and who is so truly wretched as a man who has money, without the heart to make use of it?

When the news of the beggar's hoard spread about, many persons soon came and said they were his relations; and they wished to share his money, though they had taken little enough notice of him so long as they thought he was only a poor tramp. But it was found that the rich beggar had one son, who was in Australia; and therefore, all the other relations were put aside; for, if a *child*, then he was the *heir*. Letters were sent to Australia, to tell the son of his inheritance; but when the letter arrived, the son was dead; and so there was a trial in the court of law, to settle who should have the beggar's money.

It is by being nearest kinsman, or being chosen by the person who owns the property, that any one becomes an heir of earthly things. It is by being chosen by God, and being His children, that we become "heirs," or "inheritors" (another form of the same word) "of the kingdom of Heaven."

This is what marks an inheritance from any other kind of property.

They are not heirs who get anything by *buying* it. There was a Jewish king who had set his heart on making a garden of herbs in a plot of ground that belonged to a neighbour of his. So the king said unto him, "I will give thee for it a better vineyard; or, if it seem good to thee, I will give thee the worth of it in money." And Naboth saith to Abab, "The Lord forbid it me, that I should give the *inheritance* of my fathers to thee."—1 Kings xxi. 3. Naboth clung to his vineyard, because it had been left him by his father. With Ahab's money in his hand he might have bought a better vineyard; but he could not have bought an *inheritance* for himself.

They are not heirs who get anything by *servicing*. When Jacob, by six years' hard service as a shepherd, had earned the flocks and cattle of Laban, they were justly his *property*, but they were not his *inheritance*. They were the inheritance of Leah and Rachel, Laban's daughters; and so they said to Jacob, in complaining of their father's treatment of them, "Is there yet any portion or *inheritance* for us in our father's house?"—Gen. xxxi. 14.

They are not heirs who get anything by *fighting*. When the children of Israel marched into the land of Canaan, and took possession of it, they could not be

said to *inherit* it; but to their children, and their children's children, it became "the lot of their inheritance."

It is not, then, by *paying*, or *servng*, or *fighting*, that we become heirs, but by being children: "If children, then heirs."

Heirs of whom?

There were many who wished to be heirs of the Dundee beggar, because he had £700. No one cares to be heir of a poor man; but the more any one has, the more eager people are to be his heirs. But who is so rich as God? for He "maketh poor, and maketh rich; He bringeth low, and lifteth up; He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill, to set them among princes, and make them inherit the throne of glory."—1 Sam. ii. 8.

And of this God, "if we are *children*, then we are *heirs*."

And what a heritage is this that He has for us—"everlasting life in heaven!" We hear these words so often, that they carry little meaning to our minds. We shall see most of their deep meaning, if we show some things in which this inheritance of the saints will differ from our present state.

St. Peter tells us that this inheritance is "incorruptible, and undefiled, and fadeth not away."—1 Pet. i. 4.

Here, everything is more or less corruptible. There is a worm in every rose-bud, a flaw in every joy; but in heaven there is no seed of corruption, no inlet for decay. Here, everything is more or less defiled. Sin, and sorrow, and sickness, soon stain the happiest lot; but there, "nothing that defileth" can enter; sin can find no place in "the new heavens and new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." Here, everything is fading away. Look back only a few months or weeks, and how many things *within* us have faded away from each of us—hopes and fears, plans and prospects, that filled our whole minds a few weeks ago,—where are they now? Something has happened that we did not expect, and they have all passed away as the morning cloud or the early dew.

Yes, and things *without* us have faded away. Children or parents, friends or neighbours—they have faded away, and been quietly laid beneath the green sod, soon to be forgotten, save by one or two faithful hearts.

But in the heaven of God there is no fading away. There, there is to be no more change, no more death!

Oh! even from these things we may surely learn that it is a precious and glorious inheritance that God has in store for His children. But the next words of the text raise it far above our understanding; we are not only to be heirs of God, but "*joint-heirs with Christ*." Christ is the King's own Son; from all eternity he has been with the Father-God; and yet to every one of His children, God says that He will make them "*joint-heirs with Christ*." Man grudges and quarrels with his fellow-man, with his own kindred, about a share of paltry yellow dust; God, in Christ, freely offers, even to those who have been rebels and enemies, a share of heavenly bliss and glory. Would you like to know *how* rich Christ is, whose heritage God's children share? Christ Himself tells us, "The Father loveth the Son, and hath given ALL THINGS into His hand."—John iii. 35. And again He says, "ALL THINGS that the Father hath are Mine"—John. xvi. 15.

How can we lay hold of such a thought as this? That the outcast child that wanders through the streets at night, friendless, homeless, starving, and lifts its languid eye to the stars in the blue vault above, and seems to see in them the loving eye of that Jesus of whom it has heard in happier days gone by, and then lies down to sleep and die upon a doorstep—what a thought it is, that the soul of such a child goes up, from its rags and nakedness, from its poor wasted skin and bone, straight up to be joint-heir with Christ, "the King of Glory."

But though the thought is too high for our grasp, there is no doubt of its truth. God Himself, in the Revelations (xxi. 7), spake to St. John the self-same fact,— "He that overcometh shall inherit ALL THINGS, and I will be his God, and he shall be My son."

Now, before we can be heirs of any one, *that person* must die; but before we can be heirs of God [in full possession] *we* must die. It is through the grave and gate of death that we must enter on the inheritance; the dark tomb is the only gate into the land of glorious light.

A boy was walking with his father one fine morning, and he asked that they might go to the top of a hill, which he saw in the distance before them, and gaze over the country far and wide. His father said "Yes," and they started off in high glee. But the way was long, the sun was hot, and there were no trees to shade them from its scorching beams. The road became rougher and rougher; and as they came to a winding part of it, they lost sight of the hill altogether. Then the boy's patience and courage failed; he sat down and began to cry, and complained bitterly that his father was not leading him by the right way—that, instead of guiding him to the bright and sunny hill, he was keeping him in the hot and dusty road, where all was dull and dreary. "My child," said the father gently, "this is the *way to the hill*; you can't get there unless you travel along this path."

The conduct of those who are travelling to God's hill, is often just like the conduct of this little boy. They thought that the way would be smooth and easy—they find it is difficult, and sometimes painful, and so they are ready to murmur; but when they get near to God's hill, then they look back on the way by which their Father has led them, and they sing—

"I thought that the course of the pilgrim to heaven
Would be bright as the summer, and glad as the morn;
Thou showedst me the path, it was dark and uneven,
And rugged with rock, and all tangled with thorn.

"I dreamt of celestial rewards and renown,
I grasped at the triumph which blesses the brave;
I asked for the palm-branch, the robe, and the crown,
I asked—and thou showedst me a Cross and a Grave."

And there is no other way, even for children, than this that passes through the grave.

But what child is afraid in the dark, when he has hold of his father's or his grown-up brother's strong and loving arm? And so no child need fear, who clings to Jesus as his elder brother, and walks on simply and trustingly to that God whom he sees revealed in the face of Jesus Christ. The road may be rough, but he heeds it not, for it is the road to glory.

Dear children, you are none of you too young to enter on this road; they get on the best who begin the soonest. One of those who last month listened to the Children's Sermon with you, and who remembered it when he got home—he has gone. In his life there was thought and goodness beyond his years. In his sickness, as his health, there was earnest prayer; and so in his death there is hope—and we rejoice when we think that he is waiting peacefully till the glad time, when he shall enter on the fulness of joy, which is in store for all who are "heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ." It is not too soon, then, for any of us. His grave, his little tablet on our schoolroom wall, speak to us, and tell us that we should all be walking humbly with our God.

And this need not, ought not to make us sad. God is not a gloomy Father to His children. He likes to see them smile as well as sigh. It is the same God, who at one time "giveth us plenteousness of tears to drink" (Ps. lxxx. 5), by whom, at another, "our mouth is filled with laughter, and our tongue with joy."—Ps. cxxvi. 2.

There is nothing of gloom in God. It is a libel and a lie to say so. Listen to the birds—God's birds; is there any gloom in their notes of ringing gladness? Look at the flowers—God's flowers; do not they breathe joy as well as beauty?

And if there be no gloom in God, there should be nothing gloomy in living near Him; and if we could live always near Him, there would be none. The

sorrow is, because we so often lose hold of God's hand ourselves, and because we see so many madly dashing God's kind hand away from them.

But, even if it were *all* gloom, surely we would be wise to endure heaviness for a night, when we know how great the joy that cometh in the morning.

What more can God offer us, than to be joint-heirs with His own Son? Oh! how bitter will it be, if, when we might have been so highly favoured, we find ourselves, at last and for ever, heirs of hell, and joint-heirs with Satan.

Don't let us lose the heavenly heritage by delay. Don't count on youth and strength.

"Boastest thou thy youth and strength,
While the storm around thee raves?
Go and ponder well the length
Of the little church-yard graves.

"Count their number o'er as well,
Though the task may mournful be;
And whatever tale they tell,
Hear it as a voice to thee.

"Learn to flee while yet you may,
Learn to flee from sin and sorrow;
Say not, 'Tis too soon today,
Lest it be too late to-morrow."

Christian Treasury.

Fragment Basket.

COUNTERFEITS.—"To be or not to be?" That is not the only question that has been put to you long ago. It is generally allowed, almost without an exception, that to be godly, virtuous, and a follower of Christ is a good thing. The real question we have to do with is,—*"To be, or to seem to be?"* That is the struggle of the present age, as it has been the contest of all times. It shall continue for a little season, but we cannot be doubtful as to its issue. Nowadays there is a temptation for men to act as if to look like a Christian was as useful as to be one. The demon Counterfeit, says:—"If charity be an admirable grace, let our name figure in every subscription list. If it be a great and good thing to do something in the service of God, let us help others who are doing something, and that proxy service will do as well. If to possess godliness is difficult, let us profess it, and we will have all the advantage of it without the labour." Again, he will tell you that if you wish to gain the confidence of your employer, and religion stands in the way, you must seem to be religious, and you will succeed; but you must keep a guard upon your lips, and tune your speech after the orthodox fashion. Then, he argues, "How much cheaper it is. Where sculptors have produced statues in marble, you fill up with figures in plaster. They will not cost a hundredth part as much, and will answer every purpose. Economy should be the order of the day. It is troublesome to repent; it is expensive to give up sins, to tear off lust's right arm, to be born again, and to pass from death to life. By the pretence of godliness you will win all, and without any trouble or pain." How many, tempted by this short cut, accept the counterfeit and neglect the reality! Then saith the evil one, "It looks quite as well, and will last as long. Play your cards well, avoid all appearance of evil, and the keenest observer will fail to detect you." Now, you may play at this masquerade all through your youth and manhood, and even when you grow old you may scatter a halo of saintship around your hoary head, while your heart is as black as hell. Time was when men boldly declared what they believed was right; but, says the fiend, "We know better now—this is not an age of bigots. We may swear to certain articles while we mean the contrary thing, and yet be thought good men. And so expansive has the charity of the age become, that I do not doubt such men may be received as the recognised preachers of Christ. I, who call a spade a

spade, and speak in plain Saxon terms, can sometimes hardly tell whether I am standing on my head, or whether I am without my head, or with my head minus the brains, when I hear what I thought to be black heresy described as orthodox in another point of view—and when I am told that when a man says precisely the opposite to what I say, our statements are exactly the same, and that we mean the same thing, only from our two idiosyncrasies we have different ways of stating the same truth. Now counterfeit is the man for such an age. He will never grow angry with an opponent, because he has nothing to be angry about. He is a very nice man for all companies, a very delightful person for a drawing-room, because he will never raise any controversies. He is just the man for editors of periodicals and the conductors of newspapers. He is the very individual to whom the age points as one up to the times, and free from all stereotyped notions of the barbaric past. Now, it is fair to admit that there is something in this style of reasoning—that is to say, just enough to make it take. Alas! how many there are who profess what they never experienced, and wear colours which are not their own. How many tradesmen are there who hold themselves out as *honest simply because it answers their purpose?* They would not wish to be thought rogues, but they are rogues for all that. How many young men in warehouses are there who, if their masters compelled them to lay aside scruples, would not do so? Thank God, we have thousands of employers and tradesmen who would not do the wrong thing, but still we read of daily disclosures of the contrary. No doubt some men make a good thing of religion. By the mere profession of godliness, their shops may be thronged and their business advanced. Goods will move off more rapidly when perfumed with godliness. In England, at least, the advantage is as much on the side of profession as non-profession. It is but honest to say so, and, therefore, men have inducements to counterfeit the possession I have mentioned. It is said that there were many hypocrites in Cromwell's time. I do not think many were to be found in Charles II.'s reign as it did not pay. If a man then professed godliness he lost his emoluments and soon got into the common gaol. At the present time the case is different, and I rejoice to see an awakening among the people to the blessings of religion. We have even had preaching in theatres, and our churches, with hardly an exception have started a little; but the same showers which make the flowers rejoice, also bring out the snails and slugs from their hiding places. Out of good cometh evil, and though the revival meetings have in some instances had a beneficial effect, they have been the means of persons, in whom the habit of imitation is stronger than the principle of honour, taking credit for conversions they have never experienced.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

“THE MARCH OF MIND.”—There two classes of precious things in the world; those that God gives us for nothing—sun, air, life, (both mortal and immortal); and the secondarily precious things which He gives us for a price; the secondarily precious things, worldly wine and milk, can only be bought for definite money; they never can be cheapened. No cheating or bargaining can get a single thing out of nature's establishment at half price. Do we want to be strong? we must work. To be hungry? we must fast. To be happy? we must be kind. To be wise? we must look and think. No changing of place at a hundred miles an hour, nor making of stuffs at a thousand yards a minute, will make us one whit stronger, happier or wiser. There was always more in the world than men could see, walk they ever so slowly; they will see it no better for going fast. And they will at last, and soon too, find out that their grand inventions for conquering, as they think, space and time, do in reality conquer nothing; for space and time are in their own essence unconquerable, and besides did not want any sort of conquering; they wanted *using*. Well, but railroads and telegraphs are useful for communicating knowledge to savage nations. Yes, if you have any to give them. If you know nothing *but* railroads, and can communicate nothing but aqueous vapour and gunpowder—*what then?* But if you have any other thing than those

to give, then the railroad is of use only because it communicates that other thing; and the question is what that other thing may be. Is it religion? I believe if we had really wanted to communicate that, we could have done it in less than eighteen hundred years, without steam. Most of the good religious communication that I remember has been done on foot; and it cannot be easily done faster than at foot pace. Is it science? But what science—of motion, meat and medicine? Well, when you have moved your savage, and dressed your savage, fed him with white bread, and shown him how to set a limb—what next? Follow out the question. Suppose every obstacle overcome; give your savage every advantage of civilization to the full; suppose you have put the red Indian in tight shoes; taught the Chinese to make Wedgewood ware, and to paint it in colors that will rub off; and persuaded the Hindoo women that it is more pious to torment their husbands into graves than to burn themselves at the burial—what next? Gradually thinking on from point to point, we shall come to perceive that all the happiness and nobleness are near us, and yet neglected by us; and that till we have learned to be happy and noble, we have not much to tell, even to red Indians.—*Ruskin*.

THERE ARE NO TRIFLES.—There are no such things as trifles in the biography of man. Drops make up the sea. Acorns cover the earth with oaks, and the ocean with navies. Sands make up the bar in the harbor's mouth, on which vessels are wrecked; and little things in youth accumulate into character in age, and destiny in eternity. All the links in that glorious chain which is in all and around all, we can see and admire, or at least admit; but the staple to which all is fastened, and which is the conductor of all, is the throne of Deity.

Poetry.

MARY MAGDALENE.

BY THE LATE FRANCIS S. KEY.

To the hall of the feast came the sinful and fair,
She heard in the city that Jesus was there;
Unheeding the splendour that blazed on the board,
She silently knelt at the feet of the Lord.

The hair on her forehead so sad and so meek
Hung dark on the blushes that burned in her cheek;
And so sad and so lowly she knelt in the shame,
It seemed that her spirit had fled from her frame.

The frown and the murmur went round thro' them all,
That one so unhallowed should tread in that hall;
And some said the Poor would be objects more meet,
For the wealth of the perfume she poured on his feet.

She heard but her Saviour, she spoke but in sighs,
And she dared not look up to the heaven of his eyes;
And the hot tears gushed forth with each heave of her breast,
While her lips to his saudals were throbbingly pressed.

In the sky, after tempest, as shineth the bow—
In the glance of the sunbeam as melted the snow,
He looked on the lost one, her sins are forgiven—
And Mary went forth in the beauty of Heaven.

Family Reading.

LET ME DIE THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.—A TRUE STORY,
BY THE REV. J. DE LIEFDE.

(Continued from page 304.)

The Major was silent. He felt that the soldier had thrust the point of his spiritual sword into his heart. He perceived that it would be a serious matter to answer in the affirmative, if the contrary were true; it would be a falsehood very much equal to a perjury. He tried to avoid the necessity of giving a decisive answer.

"What do you mean by that question?" asked he.

"I mean," replied the Italian, in a calm, solemn voice, "whether you believe that you *are* a saved sinner, that your sins *are* forgiven, that your debts *are* paid, that you *are* a child of God, and an heir of the heavenly inheritance, through Him who suffered, and died, and rose again from the dead for you?"

"No," answered the Major in a scarcely audible voice; "I cannot say that. I hope our good Lord will take me into His Paradise after my death; but to say that I *am* saved, and that heaven is mine, that's a grand matter, Bianchi,—a very grand matter, sir, which, I believe, but very few come to."

"Well, then," replied the Italian, "permit me to say, dear Major, that you have not yet *taken* the shield of faith. It may be in your tent; it may even lie down close to your feet; but it is not on your arm. You will never be able to stand against the wiles of the devil as long as you are not sure that you are Christ's, as long as you are not sure that He has saved you."

"True," answered the Major; "I fully perceive the correctness of these conclusions. But where is the fault, and what would you have me to do?"

"It appears to me that your fault is self-righteousness, Major. You try to conquer the devil first, and then you will give yourself to Christ. But that will never do; for it is a true saying of the Lord: Without Me you can do nothing. Christ's salvation is only to be obtained as a free *gift* of God; but you try to deserve it by your own self-improvement. Now this is a long, tedious, hopeless struggle. You will never attain such a height of virtue and purity as to fill you with the assurance, that you have enough of it to satisfy God, and to deserve the heavenly glory. You will continually feel that you come short of the required amount. So you will never be at peace. You will always be in doubt, in anxiety, in fear. You will every now and then cast a glimpse at Christ, and indulge the hope that He will, at the end of your hard labour, come between with His grace, and make up full weight for you. But, at the same time, the question will disturb your soul, how much you are to afford on *your* part, in order to move Him to grant *His*. Of course you cannot tell. You may have enough already—you may not yet have one thousandth part of what will be required; you cannot tell. So, notwithstanding you believe in Christ and His grace, you continue in doubt and fear. Now, Major, you, as a soldier and a leader of soldiers, know as well as anybody else, that a doubting, staggering, and frightened man is a bad warrior. You know that our great King Fritz, before the battle begins, always tries to banish doubt and fear from the minds of his soldiers. He rides through their ranks, and inspires them by shouting, "Courage ye heroes! Ours is the victory! We shall defeat all our enemies!" And then he orders a quantity of spirits to be given to each of them, to make them fearless and beyond every doubt. And thus, being made *certain* of their success, they throw themselves upon the enemy with irresistible power. Now the same method is applied by our heavenly Chief Captain, when leading us to the holy warfare. He banishes fear and doubt from our minds. "Be fearless," cries He. "I am with you. I have saved you. I am your Redeemer. I have bruised the serpent's head. I have finished all the work for you. Be of good cheer, and rejoice; for I am your God, and none shall pluck you out of My hands." Now, if we *believe* that word—and it surely is more trust-

worthy than that of any earthly king's—He at the same time gives us His Spirit, whose influence is much stronger and prompting than that of the spirits which inspire our army. It is the spirit of love, of joy, of peace,—expelling fear, and giving assurance instead,—bearing witness with our spirit that we are the children of God. And this is the very thing required to give us courage and perseverance to the end. For a doubting and trembling warrior is more than half conquered. To gain the victory, enthusiasm is required. But what manner of enthusiasm can there be in a soul which is uncertain whether heaven or hell will be its destiny? And this paralyzing uncertainty is always the lot of those who try to establish their own righteousness. It is true, we cannot gain the victory over our enemy without fighting. But to be able to fight successfully, we must be made free first. No soldier can use his sword well whose limbs are burdened with shackles; and no sinner can defeat the devil as long as he is sighing under the load of a disturbed conscience. But Christ is revealed unto us, that we should be freed of every weight, and, leaning on His cross, should rise joyful and ready for every battle. But we only can do this, if we desist from any attempt to help ourselves, and give our heart and soul to Christ as our only strength and refuge. It is only then that our conscience can be at peace. However great and monstrous our sins may be, we then know that they are cast into the depth of the sea, and that they will not be brought into judgment. Justified by grace, we have peace with God through Jesus Christ our Lord; and in this peace, we have strength from God to leap over every wall the enemy puts in our way, and to go through every band, he leads on to fight against us."

"Very true, very true," exclaimed the Major. "But now tell me, Bianchi, are you sure of your salvation? Have you no fear and anxiety?"

"To the honour of my blessed Saviour, I joyfully say, that I have peace with God through Him," answered the Italian, with beaming eyes. "Tired with the hopeless toil of saving myself, I at length have obeyed that sweet word of Jesus: 'Come to Me, and I shall give thee rest for thy soul.' I have gone to Him; I have laid down the burden of my sins at His feet; and I have believed that He has done and suffered all that is required for my salvation. Since then, I have taken for granted that I am God's child through Him, and that the joy of His saints in heaven is my future portion."

"But do you not sometimes doubt whether anything of all that is true? asked the Major.

"Oh yes," replied the Italian, "those doubts attack me every moment; but I deal with them as Abram dealt with the fowls that came down upon his sacrifice, I drive them away by a prayer or a hymn. I know I have to expect these darts of Satan every now and then, as long as I am abiding in this tabernacle of flesh and blood. But I know, at the same time, that I just *then* must show that my faith is as surely from God as my doubts are from the devil. I know that my flesh will always doubt; it will never believe in God's word. In fact, it *cannot*; for its very nature is to mistrust the Invisible One, and to give the lie to everything it does not see with its own eyes, or handle with its own hands. Now my justification by grace cannot be seen, nor can my salvation through Christ be touched with hands. No wonder, then, that my flesh will never allow that I am justified and saved. In the first period of my conversion, I was greatly alarmed at this phenomenon. I struggled day and night to bring the feelings and frames of my flesh into harmony with my faith. And sometimes, indeed, I succeeded in bringing about a smooth, calm state of mind, or even a state of heavenly rapture, which I took for that true peace of which Scripture says, it passeth all understanding. But, alas! it soon proved only a short armistice. I found, that if I was to postpone my joy in God till my flesh was in perfect harmony with God's Spirit, I never should rejoice at all. So I gave up that hopeless attempt, and henceforth I try to follow the example of our father in faith, Abraham, of whom it is said, that "he being not weak in faith, considered not his own body now dead." So when

those feelings of doubt and despondency arise within me, I at once set my face against them like a flint, not to give the devil the pleasure of putting me out; and I betake myself immediately to my Saviour, to talk with Him about His work and promises, which are yea and amen. Of course, I sometimes am not sufficiently on the alert, or overwhelmed with a spirit of drowsiness. But my faithful Shepherd does not allow me long to continue in those cold, dismal quarters. His Spirit whispers into my soul, that I must get up and leave that place as quickly as possible. He causes me to perceive that I am lying at the brink of a dangerous abyss, that doubt leads to unbelief, and that staggering is the commencement of falling. Thus scared up from my lethargy, I speedily return to my Saviour to strengthen my heart in His grace, and to be afresh confirmed in the assurance of my salvation, in spite of the devices of the devil, and the faithlessness of my flesh."

"Ah, you are a happy man," exclaimed the Major. "I wish I were like you, Bianchi. I sometimes have moments at which I would believe that there is hope for me, but they are very rare and short. I wish I were like you indeed."

"Ah, sir," replied the Italian, "why could you not? You know I am of the same sinful clay as you and all the children of Adam; and I do not see that there can be any reason why Christ should be less willing to save you than me. The helmet of salvation, which He gives to His soldiers, fits your head as well as mine. But, certainly, it cannot cover yours as long as you persevere wearing your own crown. You must give up your work as hopeless, sir, and fling yourself at the feet of Jesus. That is the only way; and if you walk in it, you will find yourself in a new world at once. The difference between what you are now, and what you will be then, is like night and day. You now are in perpetual doubt and fear, with only a few exceptional moments of hope; you then will be in constant peace and rest, and doubts will only be exceptions. You now are walking in a dark valley, through which only now and then a twinkling star casts its faint glimmer; you then will walk in the rays of the glorious Sun of righteousness, whose brightness is too powerful not to dispel the occasional clouds, that from time to time may rise at the horizon."

"You have spoken a good and faithful word to me, my friend," said the Major. "I feel I must take it to heart. Pray for me, that the Lord may bless it to my soul. Now, as to your present position, return to your prison. I will try what I can do for you with the Captain."

"Thank you, Major," said the Italian; "but if I am not too bold, I should venture to put an urgent request to you."

"What is it? If I can be of any service to you, with all my heart."

"You know," said the Italian, "that I was enlisted into the army through the medium of recruiters. In my ignorance, and under the influence of liquor, I signed for ten years' service. Six of them have elapsed already. I was pretty well satisfied with the soldier's life as long as I served the world and took a delight in the pleasures of sin; but since it pleased the Lord to open my eyes for His heavenly kingdom, I found myself in the midst of Sodom. My soul is vexed day and night with the excessive wickedness and blasphemy I am compelled to witness. You cannot wonder that I continually pray my God to deliver me out of that company. Now, if it is anything possible, I beseech you to grant me your influence with the king, that he may give me my dismissal, and permit me to return to my own country."

"Poor fellow," answered the Major, "I must say to you at once, that what you ask is quite impossible. We have just received an order from the king, to recruit as many men as can be got. The negotiations of peace between the king and the Austrians are broken off. A new battle is at hand, and no one knows how long this bloody war will last still. So, you see, I cannot for one moment take your request under consideration."

"I see," replied the Italian; "but," added he, after a pause, "never mind, I shall nevertheless get my dismissal ere long."

"Bianchi!" exclaimed the Major, "what are you about? You don't mean to say that you will make away with yourself?"

"God forbid; no, Major," replied the Italian, taking a step backward from fright at the idea. "I only mean to say, that I have a feeling about me as if the Lord is about to give me my dismissal, by taking me out of this world to His heavenly home. And that certainly will be by far the best."

With these words, the Italian took leave of his officer and returned to his prison. The Major looked after him with compassion and admiration. "Ah," he sighed, falling back in his arm chair, "I wish I could help that good man; and I wish I could speak as calmly about my death as he about his."

The next morning the Captain entered the prison, and, muttering a word or two like "mercy" and "pardon," permitted the Italian to quit the place, and to go to the Bradenburg regiment. It was the Lord's day. He found his friends assembled for prayer. They strengthened their hearts in the fellowship of the saints, through the Holy Spirit. Last of all, our Italian offered up prayer; and it appeared to all who were present, as if a saint already in glory was speaking through his lips. He prayed like a departing child of God, ready to ascend to his Father's house.

And such he was indeed. Soon the army was led out to the battle, and the thunder of the cannons resounded over the heads of the warriors. It was a hot day. Frightful was the havoc which the hostile fire committed in the regiment of Major von Benedeck. The Italian happened to stand at a short distance from him. On a sudden, a cannon-ball takes away the Italian's head.

"Oh, look!" exclaimed the Major; "is it possible! Bianchi has got his dismissal! The Lord has given it him."

On the evening of the same day, the Major von Benedeck was lying among the wounded and dying at the hospital. A ball had struck his left arm, and nearly shattered it to pieces. While he was being carried away from the battle-field, he whispered into his servant's ear, "William, go as quick as you can to the neighbouring village, and request the minister to come and see me immediately. Tell him that a poor lost sinner craves his consolation."

The minister was soon at the Major's bed, even before the surgeon could appear.

"Had you not better postpone our conversation till after your arm is dressed?" asked the minister.

"No, no," replied the wounded one, "my soul is of greater importance than my arm."

He thereupon revealed the state of his soul to the worthy clergyman, and told him his conversation with the Italian. "This man," he closed, "was killed this morning before my eyes, and I am sure he blessed the moment when the cannon-ball struck his head. To him the field of death and destruction was a Mount of Olives, and death itself an ascension into heaven. But it is not such to me. Perhaps I shall die from this wound; and if so, I desire to die the death of that righteous one. Please, speak to me words of instruction and consolation, and pray with me. Forget that you are speaking to an high officer of the army. You are speaking to a poor, wretched, trembling malefactor now, who only wants to know whether there is grace for him still, and whether there is still room for him at the feet of Jesus."

Tears started from the eyes of the minister when the wounded one said these words to him. Could he for one moment question what answer was to be given here? Here was a humble supplicant lying in the dust of the earth, crying for mercy, poor, hungry, and thirsting after the righteousness of God. He had torn the self-made crown off his head, and was standing before Jesus now, with the supplication on his lips, "Cover me with the helmet of Thy salvation!" The minister proclaimed a full Christ, a loving, all-accomplished, and all-sufficient Saviour, to that anxious inquirer. And even before the surgeon could begin the

amputation, the Major, with eyes beaming from joy in his Redeemer, requested the minister, with and for him, to praise God for His unspeakable gift.

The Major recovered from the operation. Though one-armed, yet he continued his situation in the army. His king would not lose such an able, valiant, and faithful officer; and the Major consented. He perceived that his high position in the army might afford him many an opportunity for the furthering of Christ's cause amongst so many poor, blind fellow-sinners, who had every hour of the day to look death in the face, and knew no Saviour for their souls. He also kept in mind, that the Lord had some of His children amongst them, and that he, from the height of his position, might often pour down a refreshing stream upon their souls, if they should find themselves in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is.

WHY I GAVE UP SMOKING; BY A MISSIONARY.

I was a smoker, and the son of a smoker. I began to smoke when I began to preach; that is, when about twenty years of age. Most of the preachers of my acquaintance did the same: I thought it preacherly to imitate them. I smoked during the time I was at college: that was contrary to the rule of the institution; but then the president was a smoker too. In after years, however, when we were having a friendly chat over our pipes, he positively and solemnly assured me that, if he had found me out, he would have expelled me from the college *instantly*. When about to sail as a missionary to a distant land, I recollect having the honor and felicity of having, in a little room, not three miles from Paternoster Row, in London, a pipe with a veteran in the service, whose praise was and is in all the churches. "A fine thing," said he, with a little Scotch accent, "is a pipe of tobacco in a hot climate. Let me recommend you, my young brother, to take with you a good stock of pipes and tobacco." You need not ask me whether I did so. In the course of time, however, when labouring as a missionary, I felt compelled, for the sake of example, to become a teetotaler, and to throw myself heart and soul into the total abstinence movement; but still adhering to the beloved pipe.

In a parcel of temperance tracts, which I obtained from England, was one headed, "DOST THOU SMOKE, BILL?" I read it, and it made me feel uncomfortable. Some copies of it had got into circulation among my people before I was aware of it. A fine black young man came to me one day, and, after bowing and scraping, and bidding me "good morning," asked, "Will massa please give me one leetle tract?"

"Yes, Quamina, and welcome; which will you have?"

"Dat tract called 'Does you smoke, William?'"

(He thought it would be too vulgar, in my presence, to say "Bill;" politeness led him to say "William.") I gave him the tract; but I felt I would rather he had asked for any other than that, and my uneasiness was increased. The tract was evidently attracting some attention. It was condemning, amongst the people, their pastor's habit.

One night soon after Quamina's visit, having knocked out the ashes of my last pipe, before retiring to rest, a colloquy took place between my conscience and myself, of which the following is a faithful report:

Conscience. You have given up all intoxicating drinks, and you have done well. Why not give up that smoking too?

Myself. I cannot. It is a pleasant habit, to which I have been addicted for fifteen years.

Conscience. Does it do you any real good?

Myself. I must confess that it does not.

Conscience. Is it not in a variety of ways positively injurious to you?

Myself. It is; both my judgment and experience are against it.

Conscience. Do you not, at temperance meetings, feel that many of the arguments you urge against alcoholic drinks tell with almost equal power against the use of tobacco?

Myself. I cannot deny that I do.

Conscience. How much have you spent on tobacco during the fifteen years that you have been a smoker?

Myself. Oh, not much; I never smoke cigars, except when some ship captain makes me a present of a few; they are otherwise too expensive; the pipe is much more economical.

Conscience. But how much has the pipe cost you since you became a preacher? Try to form an estimate.

Myself (after a long pause). The amount, I find, is larger than I thought it was; I cannot, however, exactly say how much it is.

Conscience. But I insist upon knowing. Honestly, now, can it have been less, on an average, than two pounds a year, or thirty pounds in the fifteen years?

Myself. I believe that will be somewhere about it.

Conscience. And how much, during the same period, did you contribute directly towards the spread of the Gospel?

Myself. I really cannot tell; for I try not to let my left hand know what my right hand doeth.

Conscience. Come, come; none of that cant and nonsense. I insist upon knowing. Call to mind your contributions, and give me some approximate idea.

Myself (after another long pause). I believe about ten pounds.

Conscience (in a thundering voice). What! only one-third of what you have spent upon tobacco?

Myself. Only one-third!

Conscience. And yet you are a minister of the Gospel?

Myself. Yes, I am.

Conscience. A missionary sent out to this distant land?

Myself. Yes.

Conscience. Supposed, of course, to be a very good man?

Myself. Yes.

Conscience. And your business, as a missionary, is to try to make those black and coloured people around you good?

Myself. Yes.

Conscience. You tell them that their money is not their own; and you urge them to deny themselves, and to make sacrifices, in order that they may be able to contribute towards the support and spread of the institutions of Christianity?

Myself. I do.

Conscience. You urge even the children not to spend their little pocket-monies in oranges, mangoes, sugar-canes and sapadillas, with other fruits and sweets, but to give it to send the Gospel and plant Sabbath schools where they are not yet known?

Myself. I do.

Conscience. A pretty fellow, then, you are! During the time you have had the honour of being a minister of the Gospel, you confess that you have yourself spent three times as much of God's money on that worthless weed, or, rather, that injurious poison, tobacco, as you have given for the spread of that glorious Gospel, which you call "HEAVEN'S BEST BOON TO MAN!" And yet you have the face to call upon others to deny themselves for that purpose! Shame, shame upon you.

Myself. I am ashamed and confounded. I scarcely ever felt more despicable in my own eyes than I do at this moment. FROM THIS NIGHT FORTH, I VOW THAT I WILL NEVER SPEND ANOTHER PENNY IN TOBACCO.

Conscience. Good, good! stick to that, and you will be more worthy of your position and office.

So ended the colloquy. Having asked God to forgive me the great sin of which I had been guilty, and to grant me grace and strength to carry out the resolve I had just made, I went to bed. The next day was the commencement of a great conflict. At the usual times for taking the pipe, the craving for it was very strong.

I managed to resist it, however, by putting to myself a few plain questions, such as, "What is the matter with you? Why are you restless and unhappy? Have you a headache?" "No." "A toothache?" "No." "Have you pain in any part of your body?" "No." "Are you cold?" "No." "Hot?" "No." "Are you hungry?" "No." "Thirsty?" "No." "Then why, in the name of all that is rational, are you not contented, and even thankful to God, for the exemption from pain which you enjoy?"

In this manner I lectured myself against the unnatural craving. Every time I resisted the appetite, I felt that I had achieved a victory; that I was rising higher in the scale of being; that my moral strength was augmented; that I was getting more into harmony with God's laws and my own conscience; and that my example, in regard to the youths of my congregation, was becoming more worthy of me as a Christian missionary and pastor. Ere long the craving ceased; the appetite died away; I was emancipated! And now I would not be again enslaved for "all the world calls good or great." Most devoutly do I thank God for my deliverance both from alcoholic drinks and from tobacco. Against them both I am determined to battle till I die.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO WORK.

There is a class of minds—unhappily a large class—who are disposed to yield to gloomy apprehensions and fearful forebodings of the ultimate prevalence of Romanism in these lands. They dwell, in moody musings, on the large number who are said, from time to time, to abandon the Protestant creed, and to place themselves under Romish guidance; and emphatically they dwell on the fact of the Papal invasion of recent times. Do you not remember, they sorrowfully say to us, how an old man, then in inglorious exile from his own dominions, a mere "crowned allegory" at Gaeta, assumed the right of cutting and carving our Fatherland, and of planting bishops in sees of his own creation, and of appointing a cardinal legate at their head, and of thus preparing the way for the introduction of canon law, and of the nameless oppressions and abominations which naturally flow from it? We need not, therefore, in the presence of these most formidable obstacles, make an effort to counteract these dark and insidious doings of modern Jesuitism. The torrent is too strong for us to hope to stem it. Now there is a strong delusion in all this, and we must try to dissipate it. We admit, then, that in recent times Romanism has made a certain *kind of progress* in these lands. The chapels, schools, nunneries, monasteries, and priests have increased much. But the real question is, *how and why* have they increased? Is Romanism increasing by the conversion of the native Britons—the children of Protestant parents? That there are some such conversions is a matter of course. There is no error so absurd, no system so monstrous, that it cannot be effectually recommended to some minds, predisposed in some way to receive it. Strange would it be if a system so imposing as Romanism, and so adapted to the various propensities of human nature, should make no proselytes in such a country as this. Here and there some ignorant person may be bewildered by a show of argument. Here and there some one is moved by the "pomp and circumstance" of Romish worship, by the pictures and statues of saints—by the sign of the cross that scares away evil spirits, and the holy water that sprinkles the unclean—by the vestments of the priesthood and the swinging censer—by the awe with which the audience bow before the visible object of adoration in the shape of the consecrated wafer—by the associations of romance and poetry, and the picturesque ideas of feudalism and monkish sanctity connected with the Church of the middle ages—or, peradventure, by some of those doctrines which so fascinate the imagination even of enlightened minds of a certain constitution. Here and there a girl, placed by unthinking parents in a convent school, or a boy, imprudently committed to Jesuit tuition in a Roman Catholic college, has come out, after a sufficient course of training, a hearty proselyte. But, in the face of all these admitted facts, we

maintain that not only is there no room for discouragement, but every ground for encouragement and hope.

Examine the question in the light of *inspired predictions*. These predictions announce that God intends to move by great judgments and calamities inflicted on the nations which yield themselves to Antichristian domination; and when these physical resistances are destroyed, then will the time have come to extend the institutions of the Gospel throughout the world. Benevolence, like the air, will move to fill up the vacuum. Like the light from its great fountain, it will fly to cheer the nations that sit in darkness. And having no resistance to encounter but the simple power of error, the conflict will be but momentary, and the victory complete. This also is in accordance with prophecy, for, immediately after the fall of Babylon is announced, all heaven breaks forth in ecstasy, saying, "Let us rejoice and give honour to him, for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready."

Once more. The *history of the past* affords ample encouragement. Let us enter on the great enterprise animated with the conviction that what man has effected by the blessing of God, he is capable, by the same potent aid, of effecting again. Here history comes in to our aid. She unfolds her records, and places before you the memories of the past. She reminds you of the time when the Papal power was paramount over all the powers and principalities of earth; and yet, as if struck by a thunderbolt from eternity, it was shivered into ten thousand atoms. The heroes of the Reformation, by whose wisdom and energy that glorious change was effected, were exposed to dangers and surrounded by difficulties to which we, their privileged descendants, are happily strangers; and we have facilities and means of usefulness of which they had no experimental knowledge. Every form of difficulty entangled them. Every kind of terror was arrayed against them. The magnitude of Papal power was almost beyond estimation. It had never failed to crush its opponents. The movements of the Albigenses had been defeated, the lips of Huss and Jerome had been sealed; and the Lollards had been prostrated beneath its gigantic strength. The world was its home. It had its altars amid the vine-clad hills of France and the barren heaths of Scotland. Its temples stood where the Druid had piled his rude stones and the Saxon had worshipped Woden. Its splendid ceremonies had charmed the senses of Northern clans, and captivated the imagination of Southern Europe. It had crowned Pepin, honoured Charlemagne, and immortalised Martel. It had decided on astronomy, and maintained the sole empire in law and politics. It was sovereign at the fireside and every mart of trade. It was a hero in every romance, and a warrior in every battle. It held the keys of heaven and earth. It was above God. Such was the Papal system when Luther appeared. And could he and his associates shake it? Armed with Divine power, they made it tremble. Its robe of scarlet was rent. The mask was torn from the face of the impostor. Faith triumphed over dogmas, knowledge vanquished superstition.

We are much more favourably situated than these fathers of the Reformation were. The light of science, the growing intelligence of the age, the spirit of inquiry now happily awakened, the diffusion of the sacred volume, the freedom of the pulpit and the press, all these advantages we have; and if we slumber over our obligations, great will be our guilt, and sad our doom in the day of the final reckoning. But we will not, and we cannot, despair. One course is alone left to us; but that course is clear. There is wisdom in pursuing it, there will be glory at its close. Give us a free Bible, a free Sabbath, and a free pulpit, and we have no fear of Rome. Anything short of these, if made our trust, would be enthusiasm; anything more, except the blessing of Heaven to give them efficacy, would be supererogation!—*The Great Conflict of the Age.*

To save one soul is worth a man's coming into the world, and richly worth the labors of his whole life.—*Burnet.*