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THE
CHRISTIAN INSTRUCTOR.

APRIL, 1860.

“THAT THE SOUL BE WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE, IT IS NOT GOOD”—Prov xii.

ON THE INFLUENCE OF POPERY ON NATIONAL
PROSPERITY.

BEING A LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE THE NOVA SCOTIA PROTESTANT ALLIANCE, AT HALIFAX, ON TUESDAY, 10TH JANUARY, 1860;

By the Rev. George Patterson.

[Continued.]

But let us pass on to the continent of Europe, and enquire how far, on review of the whole countries in which Protestantism and Popery respectively bear sway, the same thing is found to hold good.

We begin with Belgium, because it is that country which Roman Catholics are most ready to claim as an exception to our theory, and which is on the whole the most flourishing Roman Catholic country in Europe, we of course do not mean the most powerful as a nation, but in which the largest amount of material prosperity is diffused through the community. And mark here, that it has every advantage in its favor. It has a rich soil and a free government. It has freehold farms—it has the Protestant element, and the arts and manufactures which found a refuge there from the storms of persecuting eras in other countries. Here then are all advantages. Yet the same rule applies. The most Protestant parts the most prosperous. Those portions where the exiled Huguenots settled, enjoy the highest degree of prosperity. The South West, where Popery settles densest, exhibits such a picture of indolence and wretchedness, as to be called the Ireland of Belgium. It is liable, like Ireland, to periodical famines, and its condition forms as frequent a subject of discussion in the Belgium Chambers, as does Ireland in the British Legislature, and that its general prosperity is overrated, is evident from the fact, that no country but Ireland suffered such horrors from the failure of the potatoe crop.

But contrast Belgium with the small Protestant state to the North of it. Originally a few sand banks at the mouth of the Rhine, Holland has been rescued from the sea. How little did she owe to na-

ture. She had not one good harbor in all her coasts, her soil originally the sand cast up by the sea, could yield nothing that would have formed a basis for trade, and even timber to build her ships and all the raw material of her manufacture had to be imported, yet in spite of all these disadvantages, she became the first commercial nation of the world. She built commodious havens where nature had denied them. Her soil was the theatre of mighty deeds, and the asylum of Protestant liberty, when the most of continental Europe fell under the power of tyrants; and by her commercial genius, she replenished her inhabitants with the riches of the Orient. She alone it was that contested with England the empire of the Seas, her fleets sweeping the channel, and even entering the Thames, to beard the lion in his den. And to what did she owe her greatness? Every reader of history knows that her greatness may be dated from her noble and triumphant struggle against the King of Spain, in his efforts to compel them to embrace the Romish faith, and that all her greatness was owing to her Protestantism. To this she still owes her superiority over the Continental nations in the virtues of industry, frugality, sound morals and love of freedom.

Did time permit we might take you up the Rhine and show you how the same rule applies to those places along its banks—How for example, the Free Protestant state of Frankfort is the scene of extensive banking operations, of commercial prosperity, and of great agricultural advancement, and contrasts with the semi-popish duchies and electorates lying around it. We might show how the German states which received the good seed sown by Luther, contrast with the Austrian and Bavarian kingdoms to the South. But the influence of the two systems cannot be better seen than in Switzerland. And here we shall avail ourselves of the description of an eye-witness.

“No traveller,” says Dr. Wylie, “yet penetrated the mountain barriers of Switzerland, who was not struck, not more with the grandeur of its snows and glaciers, than with the striking and mysterious contrast which Canton offers to Canton. A single step carries him from the garden into the wilderness, or from the wilderness to the garden. He passes, for instance, from the Canton of Lausanne into that of the Valais, and he feels as if he had retrograded from the 19th back into the 15th century. Or he quits the kingdom of Sardinia, and enters the territory of Geneva, and the transition he can compare only to a passage from the barbarism of the dark ages to the civilization and enterprise of modern times. He leaves behind him a scene of indolence, dirt and beggary; he emerges on a scene of cleanliness, thrift and comfort. In the one case the very soil appears to be blighted; the faculties of man are dwarfed; the towns and villages have a deserted and ruinous look; and one sees only a few loiterers, who appear as if they felt motion an intolerable burden; the roads are ploughed by torrents; the bridges are broken down; the farm houses are dilapidated; and the crops are devastated by inundations, against which the inhabitants have neither the energy nor the forethought to provide. In the other case, the traveller finds a soil richly cultivated; elegant villas, neat cottages, with patches of garden ground, carefully dressed; towns which are hives of industry; while the countenances of the people beam with

intelligence and activity. The traveller is at first confounded at what he sees. The cause to him is wholly incomprehensible. He sees the two cantons lying side by side, warmed by the same sun, their soils equally fertile, their people of the same race, and yet their bounding line has a garden on this side, and a desert on that. The traveller discovers at last that the same order invariably obtains—that the rich cantons are Protestant, and the poor cantons Popish; and he never fails to note down the fact as a curious coincidence, even when he may fail to perceive that he has now reached the solution of the mystery, and that the Popery and the demoralization before him stand related as cause and effect.”

A similar contrast is presented between the Protestant cantons of Switzerland, and the adjoining Kingdom of Sardinia. Says Dr. Murray, (Kirwan), “I passed from Genoa to Turin, and from Turin to Geneva through Chambery. About 3 or 4 miles from Geneva, you pass through a gate, leaving Sardinia behind you. In five minutes you are persuaded by the style of building, the appearance of thrift, the evidences of taste, of wealth, of intelligence, by the altered appearance of the people, the tillage, the mode of dress, that you are in a Protestant country. After spending a few days in Geneva, I passed through Bonville and Salanche to Chamouni. A few miles from Geneva you pass through another gate, and enter the Kingdom of Sardinia; and the exchange of decent houses for tents—of neatly dressed people for rags—of a self-sustaining people for beggars—and the appearance of crosses, priests, and pictures of the Virgin, soon convince you that you are within the dominions of Popery.”

But before surveying Popery in Italy, let us look at it in two countries which we have passed, viz: France and Spain. The former from its extent, central position, and resources, as well as the genius of her people, was meant to be one of the first of European nations. At the opening of European history she took the lead, and after a period of decadence she again assumed this position under Louis XIV. Since that time her progress has been steadily downward. Doubtless she is nominally richer than in the days of the Grand Monarque. But considering the difference in the value of money and the progress of Protestant States she is poorer, or at least relatively so.

A short time ago a M. Randot published a work called “The Decline of France” in which he showed the comparative position of France with the great Protestant States. From this we present a few facts. In 1816 the population of France was 30,000,000, and in 1848, 35,000,000. During the same period England had risen from 19½ to 29 millions, and Prussia from 10 to 16 millions. Thus, during that period, France had added only 1.7 to her population while the others had added 1.3. But more than this, by the last census of France, it appeared that the population had been nearly stationary during the period since the taking of the previous census, and in many districts it had decreased, while notwithstanding the large diminution in Ireland, that of the British Empire had largely increased.

Again, the shipping of France in 1788 amounted to 500,000 tons, that of England to 1,200,000; but in 1848 that of France amounted

only to 683,280, while that of England amounted to 3,400,000. In other words in 1786 the tonnage of England was double that of France, but in 1848 it was five times.

Again he shows by the returns of the Income Tax, that though its area is greatly larger and its productive power higher, it yields a less revenue than that of England and Scotland, not to speak of Ireland, to which, owing to the neglect and oppression of British statesmen, the Income tax at that time did not extend.

And even as to physical stature we have some extraordinary facts. In 1789 the legal stature of an Infantry soldier was 5 feet 1 inch, but it was gradually lowered till by the law of 21st March 1832, it was fixed at 4 feet 9 inches, 10 lines, and not without reason, for the average number of recruits fit for service according to the last law, but who fell short of the old standard, amounted on a yearly average to 37,326, so that if the ancient height had been required, it would have been necessary to send away half the men called on to perform military duty.

In a word, M. Randot investigates all the elements of a nation's power—population, wealth, commerce, health, public force, morals, and on all finds written, **DECADENCE.**

Perhaps however France does not present so fair a field for examining the fruits of Popery as other countries, as she is plainly the least Catholic of the Catholic nations of Europe, and because infidelity more than Popery has for some time been the ruling principle of the French nation. But perhaps to this very cause may be traced the fact that she has not sunk as other Papal kingdoms have done. Time will not permit us to enter upon the examination of the questions which this subject might start. We therefore pass to those countries where Popery has reigned undisturbed—where it has had the whole field to itself, and where it has been allowed free scope to work out its own native results.

And first we turn to Spain. Here is a country which a mere glance at the map would lead us to believe was intended for a great country. Washed by two seas, traversed by noble rivers—whose rich valleys and fertile plains yield the cereals of temperate climates interspersed with the cotton and the rice, the sugar-cane, the mulberry and the vine—possessing the richest minerals, and standing out prominently forth into the Atlantic, as if intended to be the very seat of commerce, she has every natural advantage that would render her a powerful country and the home of a great people.—And such it was. Under the Moors it was the garden of Europe.—Under her own Princes, she was once the proudest kingdom of the earth. Of them it was first said that on their dominions the sun never set. Yet now what a spectacle does she present—despite all her natural wealth and historic renown. What is her position? At home, her harbours without ships—highways without traffic—villages in decay—her mines unwrought—her soil half tilled—her exchequer bankrupt. And abroad, bereft of all public influence. And why?—Her decay is to be found written in the history of the infernal inquisition, in the bigotry of her people and superstition of her rulers.—Popery it is that has degraded Spain—that has destroyed the manliness of a nation so that one of their own writers has not less truth-

tully than powerfully said, "The inquisition found the Spaniards a nation of heroes, it left them a nation of *hens*."

But if we would see the ruin which Popery brings upon the nations, we must go to Italy. Upon a fairer realm, the sun shines not. No description is necessary of its ancient grandeur. But where is it now? But what has she become under the influence of Popery?—Her arts, her letters, her empire, her commerce, and her domestic peace are, utterly extinguished. Her literature is all but extinct.—The trade of her cities is at an end, and her towns swarm with beggars, who can find neither employment nor food. Her agriculture is in the most wretched condition, and some tracts naturally fertile are entire deserts. "In truth, says Dr. Wylie, on entering an Italian town one feels as if the last trumpet were about to sound. The world and all that is in it, seems old—very old. Man is old, his dwellings are old, his works are old, and the very earth seems old. All seems to betoken that it is the last age, and that the world is winding up its business preparatory to the final closing of the drama. Commerce, the arts, empire, all have taken their departure, and have left behind only the vestiges of their former presence. The Italians, living in a land which is but a sort of sepulchre, look as if they had voted that the world cannot outlast the present century, and that it is but a waste of labour to rebuild anything or repair anything. Accordingly all is allowed to decay—roads, bridges, castles, palaces; and the only thing which is in any degree cared for is the churches.*

Where is now the commerce of Venice, she that sat as Queen upon the waves—that said I am of perfect beauty—that sent her fleets to the ends of the earth, and gathered to her the riches and glory of all nations?

Her daughters had their dowers
From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East
Poured in her lap all gems in sparkling showers;
In purple was she robed, and of her feast
Monarchs partook and deemed their dignity increased.

In the 16th century the Reformation knocked at her gates, and for a time it appeared as if the stranger would have been admitted. Had it been so, the chair of her Doge might not now be empty, nor the Austrian manacles pressing upon her limbs. But alas she preferred to admit the Inquisition. Protestantism was extinguished in blood. And now her glory is departed.

Empty halls,
Thin streets and foreign aspects, such as must
Too oft remind her who and what enthalls,
Have flung a desolate cloud o'er Venice, lonely walls.

We have already noted the contrast between Geneva and the Kingdom of Sardinia on the North. This country is indeed less under the influence of Rome than the Central and Southern States of Italy, but just in proportion does its physical and social condition improve. "You feel" says Kirwan, "on entering Sardinia, that you are beyond the shadow of the sceptre of Pio Nono, from the improved condition of the people, and the evidence of growth which everywhere present themselves. But yet you feel that you are in a Papal

* Pilgrimage from the Alps to the Tiber.

country, where Popery is the religion of the people, and where save amid the valleys of Piedmont, Popery has had for ages an open field. And yet the degradation of the masses is most striking. They are tunneling the Appenines for a railway from Turin to Genoa, and in June last, (this was written in 1852), I saw an army of women performing the work of horses, carrying on their backs in baskets, the stones and clay from those tunnels and depositing them in the valleys over which they are raising embankments. I saw women carrying limestone from the quarries to the kilns in which they were to be burned! This is a sample of the civilization which Popery has conferred on Sardinia. While there is an improvement upon Rome and Naples, in this country, yet the fruits of Romanism are mainly the same." Since this was written, it is known that a most rapid improvement has been taking place in that kingdom, but it has been coincident with such a relaxation of the ties which bind it to the Papal See, as indicates that they may be soon entirely severed.

But take Naples, where Popery has it all to her mind—where the king, the queen, the Government, the press, the army, the navy, all the appliances of education, are under its control. "If for priests," says Kirwan, "there is an earthly paradise, it is Naples." But when you turn to the people, alas! what a sight. Poverty, wretchedness, rags, lazaroni, beggars, soldiers, mountebanks, and donkeys, meet you everywhere. The masses of the people are ignorant, superstitious, and immoral beyond your conception. And as you pass from the cities and large towns through the country, the most astounding evidences meet you everywhere, that you are among a semi-barbarous, superstitious, illiterate, and most degraded people. And the despotism of Russia or of Turkey, is American liberty, compared with the horrid despotism of Naples. Popery, like the sun in mid heaven, has all Naples to itself, and intolerable despotism, abject poverty, stupid ignorance, gross superstition, and priestly arrogance, are the gifts and blessings which she confers on the people."

But we must come to the Papal States, and we may remark here that surely there can be no fairer way of testing the fruits of a system than by examining it at home, where it has had full scope. If we wished fairly to judge of the influence of Presbyterianism, should we not go to Scotland, or if we wished to judge of the influence of the Episcopacy, would we not look to England, or of Independency, to New England? And surely we can have no fairer way of testing the influence of Romanism than by examining the condition of the Roman States. And here let it be premised that no country in the world has greater natural advantages.

"The Plain," says M. About, "is of prodigious fertility. Wheat yields fifteen to one in good land, thirteen in medium, and nine in the poorest. The uncultivated fields transform themselves spontaneously into excellent pasturage. The vine and the mulberry thrive wherever they are planted. The mountains produce the finest olive trees and the best olives in Europe. A varied, but generally very mild climate, ripens the productions of many different latitudes. The palm and the orange succeed in half the country. The richest flocks in the world are scattered over the plains in winter and the mountains in summer. All commodities necessary for the

food and clothing of man grow readily, and as it were joyfully. If men there lack bread or shirts, Nature has no reproaches to make herself, and Providence washes its hands of it."

But every traveller on entering the country remarks the desolate aspect of the country. "A strange silence and dreariness," says a recent traveller, "brooded over the region. The land seemed keeping its Sabbaths. The fields rested—the villages were asleep—the road was untrodden. Had one been dropt from the clouds, he would have concluded that it was but a century or so since the flood, and that these were the rude, primitive, great-grand children of Noah, who had just found their way into these parts, and were slowly emerging from Barbarism. The fields around, afforded little indication of such an instrument as the plough; and one would have concluded from the garments of the people, that the loom was among the uninvented arts. The harnessing of the horses formed a curiously tangled web of thong and rope and thread, twisted, tied and knotted. It would have puzzled Oedipus himself, to discover how a horse could ever be got into such gear, or being in, how it could ever be got out. There seemed a most extraordinary number of beggars and vagabonds in Peter's patrimony. A little congregation of these worthies awaited our arrival at every village, and whined round us for alms, so long as we remained. Others, not quite so ragged stood aloof, regarding us fixedly, as if devising some pretext on which to claim a paul of us. There were worse characters in the neighbourhood, though happily we saw none of them. But at certain intervals we met the Austrian patrol, whose duty it was to clear the road of Brigands. Peter, it appears to us, kept strange company about him—idlers, beggars, vagabonds and brigands. It must vex the good man much to see his dear children disgracing him so in the eyes of strangers."

The Times correspondent writing from Forli, on the second of last October, thus describes the towns under papal rule.

"The first sight of Forli, or indeed of any town, late in the Papal dominions, is enough to wring the heart of the most indifferent looker on. A vast solitude, with the grass every where growing in the streets; the people rari nantes, one third beggars, huddling together at the door of their greasy cafes; hardly one well dressed, or even indifferently shaved and washed person to be met; squalor and filth at every step, the vilest smells,—the whole sewerage running above instead of beneath the ground—men lost to all sense of decency, women on the door steps staring boldly, and accustomed to stand, and almost to court, the hard stare of all the passers by—all betokens the sheerest contempt of all the modern arts of civilization, and exhibits a powerful contrast with what long habit has made familiar even in the shortcomings of Tuscan gentleness and politeness; it makes you feel that that mere step across the Appenines has forced you back a thousand miles into the savageness and nastiness of mediæval barbarism."

To be concluded in our next.

THE CARDROSS CASE.

It is of the utmost importance that the present position of this case, now exciting so much interest, should be clearly understood. Many were, till recently, of opinion that the Free Church had hitherto withheld from the Court of Sessions all access to the documents which embody the constitution of their Church, and from which the nature of the relation in which a minister of that Church stands to the body, may be ascertained. But this, according to the report adopted by the Commission, was a mistake. They had, previously to the late decision, furnished to the Court, their Claim of Rights and their protest, together with their Ordination Formula. All that they had withheld, was the sentences of suspension, in the first instance, and of deposition, in the second, which the General Assembly had passed upon the pursuer. These they had considered themselves justified in withholding, on the ground that they seemed to be required for the express purpose of being judged of by the Civil Court, and set aside by that Court if it should see cause to do so. This was what the pursuer demanded; and it seemed to the Free Church that to yield this, in the circumstances, would be to concede the whole question of the authority of their Church Courts over their members. In making this declinature they lodged preliminary defences—that is to say, a statement of the grounds on which they hesitated to concede this point. These grounds were twofold: first, that as a Church they claimed an authority in spiritual matters, with which authority such a yielding up of their spiritual decisions was incompatible; and secondly, that the mutual relation and agreement between the defender and the Free Church bound him, by his own voluntary act, to submit to the mind of the Church as embodied in the decisions of its Supreme Court; and that, consequently, he was violating his ordination vow in carrying an appeal from such decisions to any court whatever. On these two grounds, the one embodying a claim of spiritual independence, the other pointing to the agreement or “contract” between the parties, they declined to satisfy production in so far as the contract was concerned; for, as just stated, they put the Court in possession of the documents embodying their constitution as a Church, and the relation in which their ministers individually stand to the body. Having gone thus far, they imagined that the Court would have sufficient data from which to perceive that this was strictly a spiritual matter, over which the civil tribunals had no control, and that they would dismiss the appeal of the defender accordingly.

Instead of doing this, however, the Court of Session, by its late interlocutor, demanded that they should satisfy production in the matter of the sentences as well as in that of the contract. They said they must have the former—that is, the sentences—produced as well as the latter. And the great question with the Free Church came to be, Ought this demand to be complied with or, no? There was another point here, however, of essential importance; and that point was, that the interlocutor of the judges affirmed that the Court repelled the defences only as defences against satisfying production,—that is, they gave no judgment on these defences in themselves considered; they neither approved nor condemned any principle or plea which they might be supposed to embody, so that they might be fallen back upon and pleaded at a subsequent stage by the defenders, the same as if no judgment had been given at all. Such, then, was the state of the case as left by the late decision of the Court of Session; and the question now came, What was the duty of the defenders at this point? Should they satisfy production to the extent required, or should they at once carry their appeal from the Court of Session to a higher tribunal?

There was a difference of opinion for some time upon this point, even among Free Churchmen themselves. There was some who said that they should appeal at once to a higher court; because, from the indications of the speeches of the Lords of Session, it was evident that it must come to that at last, when they would have made a concession, and when consequently their appeal would have to be made from lower ground. Because, secondly, the Court of Session was already in possession of the sentences,—these being the very matters complained

against by the pursuer, who had gone into Court with these sentences in his hand, for the express purpose of having them reduced; and that, consequently, the Court must intend to review them in order to ascertain whether they were in accordance with the Church's formulas, and endorse or set them aside accordingly. And, thirdly, that there was quite enough on the face of the case, previous to the late decision of the Court, to show that it was strictly a spiritual case—a case of ecclesiastical discipline, and, consequently, not coming within the scope of civil tribunals, and that the production of the "sentences" would not make this one whit plainer than it was before. On such grounds as these there were some who counselled the policy of an immediate appeal.

On the other hand, there were those who said that nothing would be lost by complying with the decision of the Court, while it would have a more respectful and conciliatory aspect to the civil tribunals of the country; that no decision having been given on the merits of their preliminary defences, nothing important had been decided against them whatever; that their claim of independence was yet untouched, and that they could fall back upon that at any moment that it might be impugned, whether by the Lords of Session proceeding to go into the merits of the sentences or otherwise; and that they would have a better platform on which to appeal to the House of Lords, and, if defeated there, for appealing to the country and agitating for a repeal of the law; that, in the meantime, they were bound to infer that all that the Court of Session meant by their late interlocutor was, that they should be furnished with all the documents necessary to enable them to come to a conclusion as to the real nature of the case; that although they might know these sentences from the deposition of the pursuer, yet the technicalities of the law required that they be furnished by the defenders as well, inasmuch as, being Church documents, they were supposed, strictly and properly, to belong to the Church. That in all these circumstances, it was the duty of the Church, to "satisfy production" in regard to the sentences, guarding themselves, if possible and necessary, by a note to the effect, that this was done, not as recognizing the right of the Court to go into the merits of these sentences, but simply as intended to furnish it with the information which was necessary to show that this was strictly and properly a case of discipline, exclusively pertaining to the courts of the Church.

Such was the position of the case when the Commission of Assembly was called, to consider what, in these circumstances, ought to be done. That meeting was held on the 18th of last month. The attendance was numerous, although some eminent men, owing to uncontrollable circumstances, were unable to be present. Able speeches were delivered by Mr Dunlop, one of the legal advisers of the Free Church, by Dr. Buchanan of Glasgow, and by Dr. Pegg of Edinburgh. And the result of the whole was, an unanimous decision to "satisfy production" to the extent required—guarding themselves, however, in so doing, by an accompanying minute to the effect "that their compliance with that order (the order of the Court of Session), is not to be held as an acknowledgment on their part of the right of the Civil Court to review sentences of the Church exclusively spiritual."

The grounds upon which this decision was taken, were those which we have indicated in a former part of this article, with this addition, that "by refusing to satisfy the production, and withdrawing, at this stage, from the defence of the action in the Civil Court, the Church would inevitably invite and incur a decision against her claims; a decision which, although pronounced *contra non producta*, the Church, following out the precedent of refusing to plead, could not consistently at any future time challenge, or endeavor to get reduced."

In this position then the case now stands; and it remains to be seen how the Civil Court will deal with this concession, if concession it may be called.—Should they declare that with all these documents now in their hands, they perceive that it is strictly a spiritual case, and one which, accordingly, it is not competent for them to take up, the matter will be at rest, and the authority of churches as such, within their own sphere, fully recognized. But if, on the other hand, it shall proceed to look into the merits of the sentences, to review them and perhaps set them aside, it will then be for the Free Church to consider whether it should not withstand the interference, and appeal to a high-

er court. It is abundantly evident that this, although primarily, is by no means exclusively, a Free Church question. It goes much deeper than the interests of any particular denomination, and, for "better or for worse," touches the well-being of every Nonconformist body in the land. It is of the utmost importance, therefore, that the matter should be well weighed and its principles understood. There is nothing necessarily adverse in the mere interlocutor of the Judges last given; but the speeches by which that interlocutor was heralded, do certainly indicate claims which the Nonconforming churches of Britain would find it difficult to accept.

It is stated, for example, by Lord Deas, that the only source of jurisdiction, whether temporal or spiritual, flows from the State. Is this the case? Then, indeed, no Dissenting Church has any jurisdiction at all. They never applied to the State for it; and since they do not acknowledge the State as the legitimate source of spiritual jurisdiction, they would not accept it at its hands, although it were offered. It is perfectly true that they possess no spiritual jurisdiction as derived from the State, but they have jurisdiction nevertheless, and claim, as churches, enjoying toleration under the British Constitution, to be protected in the exercise of it, instead of being punished for so doing. In other words, they must be allowed to have authority over their members or ministers in matters of a strictly ecclesiastical character. On any other principle, discipline is impossible, and a Church without discipline is a mere nullity and a name.

Again, it was stated by the Lord President, that the Court might not seek to repon the complainant in his spiritual office; but that it could give damages, as is frequently done in cases where literal reparation is impossible. Now, passing in the meantime the fact that this indicates a claim or right on the part of the Court to go into the merits of the case—which it plainly does—the following questions may with all deference be put: First, If you cannot repon the man in his office, why do you entertain the case at all? It is *reponing* that he asks; and if he has asked what you cannot give, why do you not dismiss the complaint as irrelevant, instructing the party, if you will, to come up with a claim for damages, which you say you are able to give, and not for re-position in his spiritual office, which you assert is beyond your power? But, secondly, why *cannot* you repon him in his spiritual office? You say that you can give him damages; in other words, you can find that he has sustained injustice and injury at the hands of the Church. Why then do you not remove that injury? Why do you not see him righted, if it really, as you assert, lies within your province to do so? Giving him money is not righting him. It is not what he wants. He wants to be reponed in his office; and if you have the right to judge in his case at all, you have the right of putting him into the position from which he has been wrongously removed. The one power, if we mistake not, logically involves the other. And not only so; but if you have the right, it is your *duty*, and especially if, as in this case, the complainant *asks* you to do so. Nothing can absolve you from this duty but the *impossibility* of the thing,—such an impossibility as exist in the case of a man who has lost his leg by a railway accident or otherwise;—here it is admitted that you can do no more than give damages. But no such impossibility exists in this case; and if you have a right to say that the individual complaining has been wronged, you have equally a right to see that wrong repaired,—in other words you have a right, and it is your *duty*, to put him, if it is possible, which in this case it is, into the *precise position* from which you have found that he has been wrongously driven. What then would be the result of this? That spiritual sentences might not only be reversed in words, but in fact. Men who had been found incompetent for the ministerial office, and who had been removed from it by the Church Courts to which they had sworn allegiance, might be put into that office again by the fiat of the Civil Courts. We do not say that that the Court contemplates this; far from it. But it is a question whether it is not involved in some of the principles laid down.

No Church would hesitate to satisfy the Civil Courts as to the nature of any case which might be carried before them by appeal—by showing them the documents which embodied their constitution, and the obligations under which its ministers or members have come to that Church, by their own act, and their spiritual decisions too, if necessary to a clear apprehension of the case; but this

is a very different matter from agreeing that these courts should rejudge the case, and indorse or reverse the decision as they might see fit.

It is much to be regretted that a wrong impression of the *status quo* of the case was allowed to go abroad and to circulate for so long a time; since articles were written, and speeches delivered, which might have been somewhat modified had it been understood that the contract had been in the possession of the Court, and that the sentences only had been withheld. The Commission have stated in their report, in the plainest manner, that such was the case, and the same was reiterated by the speakers at the meeting; and although there are parties who still doubt this, and even contradict it, we hold ourselves bound, in the meantime at least, to accept the statement of the Commission, as that of the party which *ought* to know best what it has done. The next step of the Court of Session will be anxiously looked for. At present, the Free Church has undoubtedly taken the right position, in satisfying production to the fullest extent.—*U. P. Magazine.*

THE BROWN JUG.

In the course of my pastoral visits, I called upon a man who was a member of my congregation, a farmer, between fifty and sixty years of age, a plain man, accustomed to daily labour. He was not a communicant, and I had no reason to think him to be a pious man. He was a regular attendant upon the religious services of the Sabbath; but I had never seen him in any religious assembly at any other time. He was regarded as a respectable man, I believe, in all respects. His wife was a pious woman, whom I had sometimes conversed with, and who had expressed to me her anxiety in regard to the religious state of her husband. He had been for so many years living under the means of grace, without being led to repentance and faith in Christ; that she was afraid his mind had settled down upon some ruinous error, or in a strange stupidity, so that he never would become a Christian. She said she had often talked to him on the subject of his religious duty; but he seldom entered into any free conversation upon it; indeed, "he would say almost nothing at all about himself." He would *hear* what she had to say, without any opposition, and with apparent willingness; but he seldom made any reply, except to make some general acknowledgement of the importance of the subject. He had a family of children, the most of whom had already arrived at the years of manhood, and none of them manifested any disposition to obey the gospel in spirit and in truth. They were a moral and industrious family. The sons were much like their father, with the exception, that they were less frequently seen at church. The family resided at some distance from my residence, and I had not known them very intimately, except the mother, as the rest of the family were usually absent in the field when I called at their house,

Before the time to which I refer, I had never found this man at home; nor had I been able to converse with him at all in reference to his religious duty. Soon after I entered the house, his wife retired from the room, and left me alone with him. I immediately addressed him on the subject of religion. He appeared candid and solemn. I found that he had no hope in Christ. He said that religion had, for many years, appeared to him as a solemn and important duty. He wished he was a Christian. He said he was fully sensible, that he was a sinner in God's sight, and was exposed to his righteous justice. He referred to Sermons which he heard from Sabbath to Sabbath; and said it was a wonder to him, that they did not influence him more. But he supposed that he had "little true conviction of sin," and little sense of his real condition, or he should be a different man.—In this manner he spake of himself very freely for a long time.

He appeared to me to be a man of respectable mind, rather slow in thought and in sensibilities, but of sound judgement, and of some discrimination.

I urged him to give his instant and prayerful attention to his salvation; but he did not seem inclined to yield to my solicitation. I pressed it to him stroag-

ly. I recited to him the promise of God, made to them that seek him; and the threatenings of God against the neglecters of salvation. Still he appeared unmoved. I then concluded to put together, in a manner adapted to his cast of mind, some of the most urgent appeals that I could think of. I commenced.

Said I:—

"You are already somewhat advanced in life. Your remaining years will be few. You have no time to lose. You have lost enough already. If you do not become a follower of Christ soon, you never will. You have a family of children. You have never set them an example of piety. You have never prayed with them as you ought to have done. Your neglect goes far to destroy all the influence which their mother might have over them. They copy your example. God will hold you accountable for a father's influence. You may be the cause of their ruin, because—"

"That often trouble me," said he, (interrupting me in the middle of what I designed to say.)

"It ought to trouble you. It is a serious matter, for a father to live before his sons without acknowledging God, without prayer, without hope, just as if he and they had no more interest in the matter of religion than the beast, whose spirit goeth down to the earth."

"Yes, indeed it is," said he. "And now I am getting to be an old man I wish I could get religion."

You can. The whole way is clear. God's word has made it so."

"I will begin," said he, emphatically. "But I wish you would make a prayer with us. I will call in Mrs. E——and the boys."

He immediately called them.

After my saying a few words to each of them and briefly addressing them all, we knelt together in prayer. As we rose from our knees, he said to his children, very solemnly:—"Boys, I hope this visit of our minister will do us all good. It is time for us to think of our souls." I left them.

The next Sabbath they were all in church. At the close of the morning service I had some conversation again with the father. He appeared to be honestly and fully determined to "deny himself, take up his cross, and follow Jesus Christ."

He continued very much in this state of mind for some months, sensible of his need of Christ to save him, and prayerful for divine mercy. I saw him and conversed with him many times. He did not appear to make any progress either in knowledge or sensibility. He did not go back; but he was stationary. He prayed in secret. He prayed in his family. He studied his Bible. He conversed with me freely. He sought opportunity for conversation. Uniformly he appeared solemn and in earnest. But he found no peace with God, no hope in Christ. Evidently he was in deep trouble of mind.

As he was not a man of much cultivation of mind, I aimed to teach him the truth in the most plain and simple manner. I proved everything and explained everything. It was all in vain. Months rolled on. He continued in the same state. It was impossible to discover or conjecture what kept him from Christ.—His condition filled me with solicitude; but I studied it in vain.

I made inquiries about him among his friends and neighbors, to learn if possible his whole disposition and his character of mind. But I soon discovered, as I thought, that I knew him better than anybody else.

More than six months after he began to give his prayerful attention to his salvation, as I was riding towards his house, just at a turn in the road, where it would round a hill, which hindered our seeing each other till we were close together, I suddenly met him. He was riding in his one-horse wagon towards the village. I stopped my horse to speak to him, and I thought he appeared disposed to pass on. But as the road was narrow, and I had stopped my carriage, the wheels of our vehicles almost touched each other, and he could not well get by. We had a long conversation, as we sat in our carriages, in that retired and romantic spot. But I discerned no change in his religious feelings. He was as determined, but as hopeless as ever.

At length my eyes happened to rest on a brown jug, which would contain about two gallons, and which was lying on its side, under the seat of his wagon.

The thought came into my mind, that he might be accustomed to the use of stimulating drinks, and that that might be an injury and a hindrance to him in his religious endeavors. I had never heard or suspected that he was an intemperate man. Probably the idea never would have occurred to me that strong drink might be his hindrance, had I not been utterly unable to account for his stationary condition in respect to religion. I instantly resolved to speak to him on that subject. But it was an awkward business. I did not know how to begin. I would not insult him, and I did not wish to injure his feelings. He was an old man, near sixty—old enough to be my father. And to suggest the idea, that he might be guilty of any excess, would seem to be cruel and uncalled for. But I thought it my duty to make some enquiry. So I began:—

“Mr. E., where are you going this morning?”

“I am going to the village—to the store.”

“I see you have got a jug there, under your seat; what are you going to do with that?”

He cast his eye down upon it, a little confused, for an instant, as I thought; but he immediately replied:—

“I am going to get some rum in it.”

“Are you accustomed to drink rum?”

“I never drink any, to hurt me.”

“You never drink any, to do you any good.”

“I have thought it did, sometimes. I do not drink much.”

“Do you drink it every day?”

“No, not every day, commonly. We had none to use in the field this year. In all our haying, till we came to the wet meadow; when the boys said we should get the fever, if we worked with our feet wet, and had nothing to drink.”

“So you have used it, since that time. You carry it into the field, I suppose?”

“Yes; we commonly do, in haying and harvest.”

“Well; at other times of the year, do you keep it on hand, in your house?”

“Yes; I always keep it. But it is only a little that I drink; sometimes a glass of bitters, in the morning,—or, when I am not well, and feel that I need something.”

“Mr. E., when you are perplexed, annoyed, or in some trouble; do you never take a drink on that account?”

“I am very apt to. It seems to keep me up.”

“Well, now, just tell me; for a good many months back, since you have been troubled on the subject of religion, you have been accustomed to resort to it, ‘to keep you up?’”

“Yes; at times. I feel the need of it.”

“In my opinion, that is the worst thing, my dear friend, that you could do!”

“Why, I only drink a little at home. I have not carried it into the field, except in haying time.”

“So I understand it. But one question more: Have you not often, at home, when you have felt downcast in mind, on account of sin, taken a drink, because you have felt thus troubled?”

“I believe I have done it sometimes. I cannot tell how often. I never thought much about it.”

I had become convinced by this time, that he was, at least, in danger; and that it was not at all an improbable thing, that his drinking just kept him from repentance. I told him so; and then began, with all my sagacity and power of persuasion, to induce him to quit all intoxicating drinks forever. At first, he appeared not to believe me at all. He heard me, just as if he had made up his mind, and did not care what I said. His eyes wandered carelessly around, over the fields and trees, and then turned upon his old horse, as if he was impatient to start on, and get out of the way of a lecture which he disbelieved. After a time, however, and while I was stating to him some facts within my own knowledge, to show the uselessness of strong drink, he became apparently interested in what I was saying. He listened, and I went on with my plea. As I explained the effect of intoxicating drink upon the mind, and upon the feelings, and the conscience of men, he hung down his head, and appeared to be lost in thought. After a while, as I kept talking, he cast a glance at his jug; then looked up;

and then his eyes fell back upon his jug again. I kept reasoning with him; but he did not look at me any longer,—he did not appear to be thinking of what I was saying. He appeared rather to be engaged in deep thought; and his eye often turned upon his jug. By-and-by he slowly reached down his hands, and took hold of it. With a very solemn countenance, and without saying a word,—(he had not spoken for half an hour)—he placed the brown jug upon his knee. I talked on, watching his silent motions. He turned his head very deliberately around, one way and the other, as if he were looking for something; his eyes glancing here and there, as if he did not see what he desired. I kept on talking to him.

Just at the spot where we were, the road swept politely round a huge stone, or a rock, which rose about ten feet above the path; and as those who built the road could not get it out of the way, the path made rather a short turn round it. This rock was within three feet of his waggon. His eye was fixed upon it, and then glanced back to the jug upon his knee. Then he looked at the rock, and then at his jug again, and then at me. And thus his eye continued to wander from one to another of these three objects, as if it could not get beyond them.—At first, I was in some doubt which of the three was the most attractive to his eye,—the rock, the brown jug, or myself. But in a little time I noticed that his eye rested on the brown jug longer than on me. At length I was lost sight of altogether, (though I continued talking to him,) and his eye glanced backwards and forwards, from the brown jug to the rock, and from the rock to the brown jug. All this time he maintained an unbroken silence, and I kept on with my lecture.

Finally he seized the poor jug by its side, wrapping the long fingers of his right hand half round it, and slowly rising from his seat, he stretched up his tall frame to its full length, and lifting the brown jug aloft, as high as his long arm could reach, he hurled it, with all his might, against the rock, dashing it into a thousand pieces. “Whoa! whoa! whoa!” (said he to the old horse.)—“Hold on here. Whoa! whoa! Turn about here. Whoa! We will go home now.”—The horse had suddenly started forwards, frightened at the clatter of the brown jug, and the pieces which bounded back against his legs and side.—The start was very sudden; and as my long friend was standing up, it came near to pitch his tall figure out of the wagon backwards. However, he did not fall. As he cried “whoa! whoa!” he put back his long arm upon the side of the wagon, and saved himself. He soon stopped his old horse; and deliberately turning him round in the street, till he got him headed towards home, he put on the whip, and without saying a word to me, or even casting a parting look, he drove off like Jehu. I drove on after him as fast as I could; but I could not catch him. He flew over the road. And when I passed his house, about a mile from the jug-rock, he was stripping off the harness, in a great hurry. We exchanged a parting bow, as I drove by; and I never spake to him about rum afterwards.

Within a single month from this time, that man became, as he believed, a child of God. His gloom and fears were gone; and he had peace, by faith in Jesus Christ.

About a month afterwards, as I passed the spot, where such a catastrophe came upon the jug, and where my long friend came so near to be toppled out of his wagon; I noticed that some one had gathered up some pieces of the unfortunate brown jug, and placed them high up, on a shoulder of the rock. I saw them lying there many times afterwards; and thought that my friend had probably placed him there, as an affecting memorial—he might have done a worse thing.—*Spencer's Pastor's Sketches.*

POETRY.

ABEL IN HEAVEN.

As when the seeker findeth
The gem most rare and bright;
As when the warrior, brave and bold,
Wins banners in the fight;
So joy'd angelic messengers
From earth far off and dim,
Returned to the skies, with noble prize
Shouting their seraph hymn.

Triumphant, from the spot where blood
First stained the young earth's sod,
They bore the soul of martyr'd saint
To Heaven and home and God;
And ere the clay was sepulchred,
And ere a mourner wept,
Through heaven's gate, in royal state
The angel convoy swept.

Hail! first arrived in glory,
Thy welcome angels sing:
Thy martyr's brow is diademed
By thy Redeemer's king;
In heaven thou art a wonder,
A novel sight to see;
Throned seraphs gaze, in rapt amaze
On thee, saved soul, on thee!

Hark! Hark! the stranger spirit
Uplifts the voice of praise;
Whilst wondering Heavenlists well pleased
To those entrancing lays.

The new song that he singeth
His voice alone can sing:—
"He loved me, and washed me
And made me priest and king."

As when a thousand choristers
Have stay'd the flow of song,
That one sweet warbling voice might pour
Its music in the throng;—
As when the songsters of the grove
Are hushed at evening's fall,
The nightingale alone is heard,
The sweetest of them all.

As when the chimes of Ocean
Have settled into calm,
And stealing o'er the water comes
The sailer's vesper psalm;—
So, harps and voices all were hushed,
And Seraphs bands were stilled,
As Abel's song, the raptured throng
Of listening angels thrilled.

That solitary singer
Sings now in a mighty band;
For thousand thousands since have joined
From every age and land.
O, may we swell the minstrelsy
With which vast Heaven rings:—
"He loved us and washed us
And made us priests and kings."
—*Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

THE BIBLE AS A SCHOOL BOOK.

Before I state my arguments in favour of teaching children to read by means of the Bible, I shall assume the five following propositions:

I. That Christianity is the only true and perfect religion, and that in proportion as mankind adopt its principles and obey its precepts, they will be wise and happy.

II. That a better knowledge of this religion is to be acquired by reading the Bible than in any other way.

III. That the Bible contains more knowledge necessary to man in his present state than any other book in the world.

IV. That knowledge is most durable, and religious instruction most useful, when imparted in early life.

V. That the Bible when not read in schools, is seldom read in any subsequent period of life.

My arguments in favour of the use of the Bible as a school-book are founded, first, in the constitution of the human mind. The memory is the first faculty which opens in the minds of children. Of how much consequence, then, must it be to impress it with the great truth of Christianity before it is preoccupied with less interesting subjects! There is also a peculiar aptitude in the minds of children for religious knowledge. I have constantly found them, in the first six or seven years of their lives, more inquisitive upon religious subjects than upon any others; and an ingenious instructor of youth has informed me, that he has found young children more capable of receiving just ideas upon the most diffi-

cult tenets of religion than upon the most simple branches of human knowledge.

There is a wonderful property in the *memory* which enables it, in old age, to recover the knowledge it had acquired in early life, after it had been apparently forgotten for forty or fifty years. Of how much consequence, then, must it be to fill the mind with that species of knowledge, in childhood and youth, which, when recalled in the decline of life, will support the soul under the infirmities of age, and smooth the avenues of approaching death! The Bible is the only book which is capable of affording this support to old age; and it is for this reason that we find it resorted to with so much diligence and pleasure by such old people as have read it in early life. I can recollect many instances of this kind, in persons who discovered no attachment to the Bible in the meridian of their lives, who have, notwithstanding, spent the evening of them in reading no other book.

My second argument in favour of the use of the Bible in schools, is founded upon an implied command of God, and upon the practice of several of the wisest nations of the world. In the sixth chapter of Deuteronomy, we find the following words, which are directly to my purpose: "And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might. And these words which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart: And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up."

I have heard it proposed that a portion of the Bible should be read every day by the master, as a means of instructing children in it. But this is a poor substitute for obliging children to read it as a school-book; for, by this means, we insensibly engrave, as it were, its contents upon their minds; and it has been remarked, that children instructed in this way in the Scriptures, seldom forget any part of them. They have the same advantage over those persons who have only heard the Scriptures, read by a master, that a man who has worked with the tools of a mechanical

employment for several years, has over the man who has only stood a few hours in the workshop, and seen the same business carried on by other people.

We hear much of the persons educated in schools in England turning out well in the various walks of life. I have inquired into the cause of it, and have satisfied myself that it is wholly to be ascribed to the general use of the Bible in those schools.

I think I am not too sanguine in believing that education, conducted in this manner, would, in the course of two generations, eradicate infidelity from among us, and render civil government scarcely necessary in our country.

In contemplating the political institutions of the United States, I lament that we waste so much time and money in punishing crimes, and take so little pains to prevent them. We profess to be republicans, and yet we neglect the only means of establishing and perpetuating our republican forms of government—that is, the universal education of our youth, in the principles of Christianity, by means of the Bible; for this divine book, above all others, favours that equality among mankind, that respect for just laws, and all those sober and frugal virtues which constitute the soul of republicanism.

DR. BENJAMIN RUSH.

CHURCH MUSIC.

"Hearing a choir sing is not worship. Reading the hymn through in a merely intellectual attention to the thought is not worship. Such a feeling is often the result of architectural or artistic causes. A person for instance, has entered a cathedral. He is awed by the grandeur and solemn hush of the place. He yields to an irresistible feeling of solemnity, and afterwards goes away, and feels, perhaps, as though he had worshipped. Not so. He has merely indulged in what may be called architectural awe. Such a feeling is a legitimate effect of elevated art. But this is not worship. The place and the supreme object of worship lie higher than mere architecture, or music, or sculpture, or painting artistically enjoyed, bear the soul. For, in the enjoyment of art, as in the enjoyment of natural scenery, we are recipients; the

mind, therefore, is in a passive state. Whereas, in worship, the mind is in an active state. We must rise through nature to nature's God; and, in sacred art, unless the soul be impelled forward one step further, to definite action, it is not in a condition of worship. For no passive state, no condition of mere feeling, can involve this. Worship involves an act. Feeling may, and should, accompany this act, but cannot constitute it. And in a sacred song we must not only, as a mere act of intellect, attain to the thoughts of the words, but we must utter that thought upward to God, before we can be said rightly to worship."

THE CONFSSIONAL FROM A STAISTICAL POINT OF VIEW.

At a meeting held in Southampton, on Wednesday, to protest against the Confessional in the Church of England, Mr. Palk said—the effect upon society by the Confessional might be predicated by the results experienced in those countries where it is tolerated. In Protestant England there were four murders out of every million of the population every year; in Ireland, 18; in Belgium, 18; in Sardinia, 20; in France, 31; in Austria, 36; in Lombardy, 45; in Tuscany, 56; in Bavaria, 68; in Sicily, 90; in the Papal States, 113; and in Naples, where King Bombay reigns in all his power, 174 in the million. In Ireland, where there was 1 illegitimate child, in London there were 4; in Paris, 33, in Brussels, 35; in Munich, where the Virgin-mother was stuck up at the corner of almost every street, where they had military, where guns were fired in her honor at particular festivals, and where persons were seen bowing in adoration of her, there were 48; in Vienna, 51; in Rome, favored Rome, with her priests and cardinals, and all the pomp of her Church, 73; while to the Foundling Hospital at Rome, the inmates of which were generally supposed to be illegitimate children, there were regularly admitted every year 3160. That was the state of society in a country where the Confessional and priestly absolution were rife, and Lord Shaftesbury might well say, "The Confessional is both foul, infamous, and disgusting."

RULES FOR CHRISTIAN CONDUCT.

"Abhor that which is evil—cleave to that which is good."—Rom. xii. 9.

1. Adhere, most scrupulously, to truth: and labor to preserve the strictest integrity.

2. Engage in no pursuit in which you cannot look up unto God, and say, "Bless me in this, O my Father!"

3. Strive to be as kind, forbearing, and forgiving, as you can, both to friends and foes.

4. Never speak evil of any one, on any pretence whatever.

5. Strive to recommend religion, by the courtesy, civility, and condescending character of your conduct.

6. Watch against irritation, positiveness, unkind speaking and anger; study and promote love.

7. Mortify lusts, sensuality, and sloth. Rise early.

8. Never allow others to speak well of you; nor especially permit yourself to say or think anything of yourself, but as poorly done. Keep down pride; let it not be indulged for a moment, and watch against it. "God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble."

9. Shut out evil imaginations and angry thoughts.

10. Let it be your sole business here to prepare for eternity,—consider every moment of time in that view.

11. Remember that you have to contend with a legion of devils,—a heart full of deceit and iniquity, and a world of enmity with God.

12. Pray that you may ever rejoice in the advancement of Christ's Kingdom, and the salvation of sinners; and labor in every way to promote these objects.

13. Strive to preserve a praying mind through the day; not only at the usual and stated period, but every where, and at all times, and in all companies.—This is your best preservative from error, weakness, and sin.—*Legh Rich.*

SANDWICH ISLANDS, PAST AND PRESENT.

1. When the missionaries first went to these islands, some forty years ago, no one could read, neither the chiefs nor people. But now schools are established all over the islands, and in all parts of them, and as large a proportion of the people can read as with us.—

They have quite a number of books, including the Sacred Scriptures, in the Hawaiian, or native language, and the progress of the people in this respect is really astonishing.

2. Forty years ago, the chiefs possessed all the lands, and almost everything else that might be called *property*, and the people nothing. No common man was secure in the possession of a pig, or any other animal that he might raise, or any vegetable or fruit, if a chief or the king should take it into his head to demand it for his use. But now the people are protected by *laws*, sufficient and suitable, which are enforced. All are protected in their persons, property, and avails of their industry. The wrong doer and oppressor is sure to be punished, as with us. In this respect the change has been wonderful.

3. When the missionaries first went to those islands, the inhabitants knew nothing of *marriage* and its sacred duties. It was customary for a man to take a woman, and live with her till she had a child; then he would turn her off, and get another. The state of society in this respect was inconceivably deplorable. It is far otherwise now; for thousands of families live in the enjoyment of the blessings and happiness of legitimate marriage, as with us. Forty years ago, nothing was more common than for a ship, as soon as it had cast its anchor, to be surrounded by twenty or thirty, or fifty women, nearly if not entirely naked, swimming around the vessel, and climbing up its sides. This has long since ceased, to the great indignation of wicked men, who naturally hate the religion which caused the change, as well as the men who introduced and propagated that religion.—It is too true, that while there are many excellent men to be found among our seamen, there are not wanting some of the very worst specimens of the human race.

4. The government, forty years ago, was arbitrary, despotic, and careless. It is far otherwise now.

5. And lastly, out of seventy-five thousand, or at most eighty thousand inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands in these days, more than twenty two thousand are members of evangelical Protestant churches. This is as large a proportion as among us, if not larger.—Some of their churches are self-sustaining, or nearly so; and in all of them

there is a spirit of benevolence and Christian missions which is highly creditable. Their Missionary Society has sent several missionaries to the Micronesian, and, we believe, some other islands. For years, one of their largest churches sent annually quite a handsome contribution to aid the Protestants in France in the work of spreading the Bible and a true Christianity in that Empire.

REMARKABLE INCIDENT—REVIVAL
AT SEA.

One of the most extraordinary and interesting incidents which have occurred since the commencement of the revival movement, took place on Friday night last. While the mail steamer *Stag*, was on her trip from Belfast to Glasgow, a number of the cabin passengers, among whom were Brownlow North, Esq., a number of ministers of the Free Church and a Christian gentleman from Belfast, assembled on the quarter deck about half-past eleven o'clock, after the vessel had cleared the Lough, and was fairly out in the Channel. The night was beautifully clear, and quite calm—the surface of the sea almost like a mirror. The conversation among the group having turned upon the great work which the Spirit is accomplishing in the North of Ireland, the Belfast gentleman remarked that he had witnessed manifestations of the “awakening” influence, accompanied by physical symptoms of deep impression, more or less marked, among members of every evangelical denomination with one exception—that of the Society of Friends. At the very time, while this conversation was going on, a young man ascended the quarter-deck, and respectfully, approaching the parties standing together said, “A young woman forward has been stricken down.” The party immediately proceeded to the portion of the vessel indicated, and found a young girl leaning against some packages of merchandize stowed on deck, surrounded by a number of persons who seemed deeply interested in her condition. It was soon ascertained that she was not only a native of Ireland, but—strange coincidence—a member of the Society of Friends; that she had been convinced of sin at a religious meeting a few evenings before, and so overwhelmed by a sense of the danger of her soul

that she was constrained to cry out for mercy then and there, and which, by the Divine blessing, she found. At the request of some ministers of the Free Church, religious exercises were conducted on the deck of the steamer by the gentleman from Belfast already referred to. The 40th Psalm was given out, and sung with peculiar fervency by the large party assembled, the young girl heartily joining in it. Nothing could be more startling or impressive than the sounds of praise and prayer wafted, in the still midnight, over the wide expanse of waters—reminding some who listened, to them of Paul and Silas singing in their prisons at Philippi. The entire scene, indeed, formed one of the most solemn and interesting incidents that have been witnessed.—Several of the hands of the steamer, who were of the watch on deck, joined in the services.

THE UNCONVERTED WORLD.

Have our readers ever considered how large a portion of the inhabitants of our globe are without God and without hope in the world? The population of the globe is estimated in round numbers at one thousand millions. Of

these, three hundred and thirty millions are the followers of Buddha, adherents of a system of utter atheism, which acknowledges no God, no Redeemer, no resurrection from the dead. One hundred millions are the worshippers of Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, the most subtle and sophisticated of all the religions of the heathen, and at the same time the most utterly obscene and licentious. One hundred and fifty millions are Mohammedans. One hundred millions are African idolaters, worshipping sticks, stones, or animals, as fetiches, and given up to the most debasing idolatry. Ten millions are idolatrous inhabitants of the islands of the Pacific and Indian Oceans. Sixty millions are connected with the Greek Church, and though versed in its corrupt creeds and image-worship, know not the true God. One hundred and fifty millions are Roman Catholics; and though individuals among them may even through its mummeries have found Christ, yet the great masses are ignorant of Him.—Finally, one hundred millions are nominally Protestants, and how small a portion even of these are really Christians? Truly there is need to pray, "Thy kingdom come," &c.—*American Presbyterian.*

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

RAGGED PAT, OR TRY AGAIN.

In our village there lived a pleasant old man, whom we used to call "Old Herbert." He had long white hair, which the wind blew about his wrinkled, yet always smiling face; for I do not think there was any body in the village who was so happy as Old Herbert. He was not rich, for he had to work for his living, and he had no relations except a little grand-daughter; yet he always had a pleasant word for everybody, and especially for little children. He was the village cow-keeper, and had to see that the cows did not stray off the common.

Old Herbert had a seat made for him at one end of the common, cut out of an old oak tree; and he was very fond of sitting there and telling stories to the children when they came out of school,

whilst his little dog "Tweezer" ran after the cattle. One evening, just as the sun was going down behind the hills, making everything to look like gold in its beautiful light, a number of boys and girls who were playing on the common saw old Herbert in his favorite seat, and they at once set off running towards him.

"Good evening, my pretty dears," said he: "I'm right glad to see so many red and rosey faces. Why, you look as if you had been robbing the cherries of their bloom."

"Ha! ha! old Herbert," said Johnny Bates, laughing. "We have been running to see who would get here first and now, we are here, we want you to tell us a story."

"Oh yes! do please tell us a story," chimed in all the others.

"Well, what shall the story be about?"

"Oh anything you like, old Herbert, only please tell us one," they answered.

"Very well, then, as I am to choose, I will tell you one about a little Irish boy who was called 'Ragged Pat.' Pat was a poor little orphan boy, who had no one to take care of him, except his grandmother, and she was blind. Pat's clothes were all torn and ragged, and he had no money to get new ones with; and if you had seen him, I dare say you would have thought he was a very stupid boy. But beneath those ragged clothes there beat a warm and loving heart, and Pat would often go out of the cottage to have a good cry when he saw that his grandmother was ill, and would soon die away for want of good food. Sometimes one of the neighbours would come in to clear up and make things tidy; and not a day would pass, but something in the way of food was sent in, just for friendship's sake," as they said; but for all this, they were very poor and Pat was always longing for the time when he would be big enough to go out to work in the fields for his grandmother.

"One day, when Pat was about six years old, as he was walking along the sea shore, he picked up a few shells, and then he began to jump and skip about as if he were very pleased.—What do you think it was for?"

"I know," said little Mary Green; "he had found a pearl 'long with the shells."

"No, he had not," said old Herbert. "But he thought if he were to gather some of the prettiest of the shells, he might be able to sell them away up in the city, and give the money to his grandmother. He threw his cap up into the air, and at last sat himself down to think of the many things which the money would buy. 'But I haven't got it yet,' said he. So he set to work at once, and gathered about fifty, which he washed very clean, and then took them to the city, which was about three miles off. But Pat found it was a good deal easier to gather, than to sell them; and though he asked every one who came by, whether they would 'Please to buy some purty shells,' he did not sell one. 'Never mind,' said he to himself, 'it's no use being down, and I'll *thry* again.' So three days every week Pat took his shells to the city, and sometimes he sold as many as came to sixpence, and sometimes none

at all. There was an old gentleman who used to buy some of Pat every week, and one day he said to him:

"My boy, would you like to learn to read?"

"I'd like to *thry* sir, if any one would be afther teaching me."

"You would like to try, would you? Very well, then, if you come down to my house to-morrow night, we will see what can be done."

"Pat thanked the gentleman, and the next evening, after washing his feet well under the pump—for he had got no boots—he went and learned his first lesson from the gentleman.

"Many a night after this, if you had been going past Pat's cottage you would have heard him coming over his spellings by the light of the pale moon, with no one to keep him company except the donkeys on the common. It was not long before Pat was able to read, and I cannot tell you how much pleased his grandmother was, when one night he took home a little Bible which he had bought out of his earnings, and read a chapter to her out of it. Pat loved his Bible very much; and though the priest told him he had no business to read it, yet there was something inside him which seemed to say that the Bible was right and the priest was wrong, and he determined not to give up the Bible, but try to learn more about Jesus Christ and the way to heaven.

"Pat was very fond of flowers, and at almost all times of the year, some were sure to be seen in his grandmother's garden, and he used to think that the happiest people in the world were gardeners and those who had plenty of flowers. The kind old gentleman who had taught him to read, had a very nice garden, and he would often let Pat walk round it to admire the beautiful roses, tulips, and lilies that were grown in it. One day, when Pat was weeding his garden for him, he asked him if he would like to be a gardener.

"Oh yes, sir!" answered Pat, "I would like it very much."

"The gentleman then told him that a friend of his wanted a boy to help him to take care of his orchard and garden, and that if Pat liked he might have the place. You may be sure that Pat did like, and as he went home on the next Saturday evening with half-a-crown in his pocket, (his week's wages,)

he thought himself quite a rich man. —But I see that I must make haste with my story, as the sun will soon be gone and we shall be left in the dark.

“Pat kept his place for many years; but when his grandmother died he began to think about something else besides gardening. He had often read about the heathen, who live in countries many thousand miles away, and who knew nothing at all about Jesus Christ, but who live and die in their sins and wickedness, without any one to teach them the way to heaven. Pat had read about these, and he was very sorry for them, and said that he would like to be a missionary to go out and teach them. Whilst at his place, Pat had saved up some money, and with this he bought some books, and by the aid of his friend, the old gentleman, he learned a great many things which a missionary ought to know; a missionary must know the language of the people to whom he is going, and he ought to know a little of medicine, and how to build, and plant, and sow, and a little of carpentering, and tailoring, because he has to do, and make every thing for himself; and Pat had to study and work hard to learn all these things. At last he came across the Irish Channel to London, and from thence he was sent out to Africa to the poor Negroes, and for ought I know, he is there now, serving his Lord and Master Jesus Christ. There now, what do you think of my story?”

“I'm sure its a very nice one,” said Charley Smith, “and we all thank you, old Herbert, for telling it to us.”

“Now Pat had a little motto of his own, which he used to say whenever he felt downcast and discouraged, and it was ‘Try again.’ If he did not do a thing the first time, he tried again, and again, and again till he did do it. I heard once of a little girl named Polly, and one day when she was at school her teacher said she thought the work Polly had got to do was too hard for her; but Polly answered, ‘I can do anything I put my head to, teacher.’ That may have been rather a smart answer of Polly's, but it was not quite true. If we get to heaven—and we all want to go there—and have our sins forgiven, and love Jesus Christ as we ought to love him, we must put our hearts to it. We must not trust to our heads, because if we do, when we die and appear before

the judgment bar of God, he will not know us, and it will be a fearful thing at the last day, for God not to know us. There, now, make haste off and run home, and do not forget what I have been talking to you about.”

SHORT SERMON FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

Many of our little friends have by some means given themselves a very foolish habit of making use of many words and phrases, which are of no use to any one, and do not at all relieve the mind of the speaker. This practice is not only very foolish and silly, but it is decidedly wrong. Let me illustrate this by a case in point. Here is Harry Hills a smart little boy of six or seven summers, loved by all who knew him. His mother is our neighbor, and a low picket fence divides our gardens. A few years ago, while I was weeding a plot near the fence, I heard some one exclaim impatiently;

“By jimminy, that's too mean.”

I looked up and saw Harry, who colored up to the roots of his hair, as I asked,

“What's too mean?”

“Why, you see I was raking here in the garden, and my rake caught in a root, and three of the teeth came out.”

“Yes, Harry, I see, but suppose all the teeth had come out, or even the rake broke so that it would be impossible to mend it, is that any reason you should swear about it?”

“But I didn't swear, I only said——.”

“Yes, Harry, I am sorry to say you did. By jimminy, is just as much an oath, as is any other. By anything, no matter how small, is swearing, and the fact is you take an oath. Do you understand?”

Harry did, and the bright tears rolled down his cheeks as I talked to him of “little oaths,” and showed him the step was small from these to the time when he would, without thinking, take the name of his Creator in vain.

Since that time I have not heard Harry use any word not necessary to shew his meaning. Children, think of this, and remember to “swear not at all.”—*Independent*.

THE KIND LITTLE GIRL.

A very poor man had a very good little girl. She had a fat, chubby, sweet face, and her cheeks looked like

peaches when they are ripe. Her hair hung in ringlets all over her head, and some rich father would have made her look like a fairy with nice dresses and costly trinkets. But Lulu's father was poor, and her clothes were only decent; but she, sweet girl, was kind and good which is better than to be rich. Riches have spoiled a great many little girls, but Lulu had no chance to be spoiled in this way.

One day she saw a lame old man going by, wretchedly clad, with a pack on his back. Lulu thought he must be cold or hungry, or need something to make him comfortable, so out she ran, without saying anything to her mother, and soon overtook the stranger.

"Man!" said she, "My father always gives poor folks something to eat; won't you come back and get some bread?"

The old man turned about as if he were surprised. Perhaps he thought a bird of paradise had just dropped down there and was singing. He was unused to such soft, sweet voices as that; and then her message was so kind and good!

Lulu thought the old man did not understand her because he stood and gazed upon her in silence. So she said again,

"My father always gives poor folks something to eat. Won't you go back with me and get some bread?"

The old man smiled—he could not help it. If he had felt cross, we doubt if the cross could have kept down that smile. He turned about, and Lulu took his hand and led him back to the house. What do you suppose her mother thought when she saw her little daughter leading in that ragged stranger?

"Here mother," said Lulu, "is a poor lame man who is hungry, won't you give him some bread?" Her mother looked pleased, and hastened to feed the stranger, while Lulu set him a chair close by the fire, and viewed him from head to foot, as if she thought he were Lazarus, as poor and good.

We need not tell how long he stayed, nor what he said about Lulu when he went away. We are more concerned to know what our young readers will think and say about this kind little girl. Was it not a beautiful spirit that caused her to think of the beggar's wants? Ought not every boy and girl to be as thoughtful and kind? Remember the charming lines,—

"Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

"Little seeds of mercy,
Sown by youthful hands,
Grow to bless the nations
Far in distant lands."

LITTLE BELLA'S FOUR TEXTS.

"Mamma," said little Bella, a girl of six years old, one evening to her mother, "I have four texts, one for the morning, and one for the middle day, and one for the evening, and one for when I go to bed; shall I say them to you?"

"Do, my love," replied her mother. "My morning one, said Bella," is—'Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners'; and my middle of the day one is—'Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest'; and my evening one is—'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out; and my one for when I go to bed is—'God is love.' "And very good and appropriate I think they are," said her mother, "for when you say in the morning—Jesus Christ came to save sinners—you may think, well, I am a sinner, so he came to save me, how I should love Him for that! and how I must try to obey Him all day; when by the middle of the day, perhaps you have been naughty, and feel sorry for it, or something may have vexed you, and then that verse come comes sweetly in your mind—Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest; and in the evening, however naughty or foolish you may have been, you can still remember the promise—Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out; and then when bed time comes, and you look back on all that has happened during the day, and how kind God has been to you in many ways, you can say with all your heart—God is love." "Yes Mamma," answered Bella eagerly—that's it! when I say my morning text, and think Jesus came to save me, I will love Him and try to obey him; and in the middle of the day I will say, Come unto me, and I will go to Jesus and ask him to wash me in His blood, and then I will feel Him taking me in His arms, and I will say—I will do that thing mamma wants me to do, and I will be good; and in the evening when I say, Him that com-

eth unto me, I will in no wise cast out, I will think—Jesus won't say, go away! I want a better little girl than you! and at night when I go to bed I will remember all these things, and I will say, God is love.

THE LITTLE GIRL THAT LOVED JESUS.

A little girl who seemed to have loved her Saviour from her infancy, asked on her death bed, for her money. She held it out in her silken fingers. "This is my all," said she; "I give it to the heathen." Her work was done. She sank down to her long rest. But her face began to brighten, as if some unseen sun was shining on it. "Oh, mother, who are they?" said she; "bright folks are holding me up in their arms; and I see the Good Shepherd, too!"—She died. But heaven lingered long in her face.

LITTLE MARY BELL; OR, WHO CAN HELP ME.

It was a lovely day in June, and the glad sun in the high heavens poured down upon the earth his flood of golden light. One could not, throughout the country, gaze upon a more beautiful spot, or a happier looking home, than that of Mary Bell, the sweet cottage of Willonslee. A small green gate, opening from the highway, led into the park in which the cottage stood, while behind was the garden, a perfect picture of neatness and beauty. On the day of our story, it was bright and gay with summer flowers, roses and carnations, sweet peas and mignonette, shedding their combined fragrance all around.—The humming bee buzzed from flower to flower, sipping its sweet feast, and the little birds sang praise to the great and good Creator of all. But there were other sounds in the garden on this sunny day, besides bees and birds, for there were merry voices and joyous tones ringing through the air. It was a hot day, being Mary's birthday; and besides her own brothers and sisters, she had been allowed to invite Carry and Jane Low, and Grace Proctor and her brother Fred, to spend the day with her. After having partaken of some delicious cherries which Mary's papa pulled for them, the children began to play at many different games. First of

all they made a daisy chain, and suspending it between two trees, to a branch of which each end was attached, they jumped over it one by one, till some little jumpers, not being quite expert at the leap, snapped the slender links, and the poor daisies lay scattered upon the grass. Then a game at "hide and seek" was started, and all, with one exception, entered heartily into the play. "Now you shall seek us, Mary," said Grace to her little friend, who, amid all the fun looked sad and spiritless. "What, are you going to cry, and on your birthday too, and you six years old?" "Cry! nonsense!" exclaimed Harry, one of Mary's brothers, a fine high-spirited little fellow, and ardently attached to his sister. "You must not cry to day, Mary, or you'll cry all the year round, you know. No, no; I know what she wants; she wants to play at horses, and not 'hide and seek.' Come along then, Polly, I shall be your horse, and you shall whip me on as fast as you like."

"Oh, I cannot play just now, Harry," said Mary, as the tears glistened in her deep blue eyes; "I am too mis'ble to play."

"Too mis'ble to play," re-echoed the boy in a tone of surprise, "I'm sure I think this is the best day, and the best fun we ever had; and then there's all your presents after dinner too, Mary," added Harry affectionately.—Won by her brother's entreaties, Mary began to play, although her little heart was heavy and sad. At last, however, unable longer to join in the amusements of her companions, she seized the opportunity of being for the moment unobserved, and ran into the house. She quickly found her way to her mamma's side (her usual resource in every distress), who was seated at the drawing-room window working, and had not failed to observe the languid, downcast looks of the usually cheerful little Mary. For the last day or two she had been struck with the air of more than usual thoughtfulness on the dear child's face, but had abstained from asking any question as to its cause, being well assured that ere long it would be confidently poured into her ear. It was a solemn time in the neighbourhood—the Spirit of revival was among the people; many were crying out, "What must I do to be saved?" and turning to Jesus. Much and earnestly had Mrs. Bell

prayed that her own home circle might not be passed by without a blessing, but might be visited with drops from the heaven-sent shower.

"Mamma, mamma!" exclaimed Mary, rushing into the room, and hiding her face in her mamma's knee, "Mamma, mamma, I'm perfectly mis'ble."

"What is the matter, my child?" asked Mrs. Bell, hastily throwing aside her work, and lifting Mary in her arms. "What is the matter? Have you fallen? Are you hurt, darling?"

"No, no, mamma, not that; but I am so bad, so wicked, and I've come to ask you to help me."

"How help you, Mary?" said Mrs. Bell, as she pressed her lips against her little daughter's burning cheek, and parted the fair curls that streamed over her tearful eyes.

"Oh, to get my sins all taken away!" and she added with deep earnestness, "to get Jesus to love me, mamma."

"Dear Mary, I cannot help you."

The child looked up into her mamma's face in wonder and distress, and murmured, "Mamma cannot help me—mamma who always helps Mary."

"No," continued Mrs. Bell, "and papa even cannot help this little girl, but—"

"Then who can help me?" almost screamed the agitated child. "Oh! somebody must help me."

"Jesus can, and Jesus will, if you ask him, dearest Mary," said her mamma earnestly.

"Come away then, mamma!" said Mary, rising hastily, and gently pulling Mrs. Bell. "Come away up stairs with me—quick, quick, where nobody will come in. Oh! come—quick, quick."

Mrs. Bell followed Mary, as she almost flew up stairs to the nursery.— There, having closed the door, Mary knelt down, and clasping her little hands together, prayed in the most earnest way: "Oh! Lord Jesus, I am very mis'ble—very, very unhappy—I am so bad, so wicked, and so unlike your own little children. And mamma says she cannot help me, and that papa can't, but *that you will*. Oh! Lord Jesus do, *do help me*, and wash away all my sins in your own blood, and make me your happy child."

The Lord Jesus hearkened and heard this simple prayer—He, who when on earth had said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them

not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven," lifted this burdened soul in His own arms of love, and gave her rest in His own bosom. He spoke peace, and He alone could do it; for there is but one Mediator between God and man,—the faithful and loving man Christ Jesus.

In simple confidence, little Mary laid the burden of her sins at Jesus' feet, and believed that He would blot them, every one, out of the book of God's remembrance, so that when sought for they should no more be found against her.

"Oh! mamma," said Mary, as she again nestled in her mamma's arms, "the weight is gone—Jesus has taken it away. How happy I am, I am one of Christ's lambs now." And she added as she looked up in Mrs. Bell's face, "I am so glad it is done on my birthday!"

"His holy name be praised," said Mrs. Bell in a tremulous tone; "and, Mary, remember that Jesus has given you rest *through His death*. What a great and costly price He has paid for our redemption!"

"Oh yes," said Mary, into whose mind passages of scripture now arose, which she had committed to memory, "By His stripes we are healed."

"How hateful sin is," said Mrs. Bell, "when we think that nothing but the death of Christ could take it away."

"Oh yes, I hope Jesus will keep me from sin."

"If you seek His Holy Spirit, He will sanctify you and guide you, dear child."

"Yes, I know He will, because Jesus said so. Oh, mamma, Christ will send Him to me, I am quite sure, because He promised that, when he went away, He would send the Comforter, even the Spirit of truth."

Thus did little Mary and her mamma sweetly converse, until the former, exhausted and wearied, fell fast asleep in her mother's arms.

Long and fondly did Mrs. Bell gaze on her sleeping child, and the silent prayer went up to the throne, that the Lamb in its midst would seal in His blood the union now made between Him and the little immortal soul before Him.

Mary continues a consistent and devoted follower of the Lord Jesus, her precious, loving Saviour, and her influence is felt by all around. Her companions, who knew how dejected and burdened she had been, and had seen

that all the enjoyment of a birthday party, all the beauty of gardens and flowers, and even the love of parents, and brothers and sisters, had failed to make her happy, now ask what has given her so much peace and joy. Her simple answer is, "It was my sins that made me so unhappy, and gave me

such a weight, and mamma could not help me, neither could papa help me; but oh!" she exclaims, while her sweet face kindles with a glow of happiness, "Jesus could, and Jesus did help me, and now I am saved, washed lamb of His happy, happy fold."

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

REV. MR. CHINIQUY AND HIS PEOPLE.

St. Anne, Kankakee Co., Ill., February 9th, 1860.

To the Editors of the Presbyterian.

Messrs. Editors.—Some six months ago we were saying to our Christian friends, "In giving up the errors of the church of Rome, we have gone directly to Jesus and to his testimony, the Holy Bible. We shake hands with all those who trust in Jesus and Jesus alone and who take the word of God, under the guidance of the Holy Ghost, for the only light and guide of their conscience. . . . Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Baptists, Methodists, are in our minds the battalions of the great army of the Lord, called to fight the battles of the gospel, and whose captain is Jesus.—May all these vallant battalions of the Lord, always turn their strength, energies and arms against the common foe, the great prostitute who is sitting on the city of the Seven Hills, and is drunk with the blood of the saints! May all these parts of the great army of Jesus never fight against each other!

"We pray with tears of humility, our merciful Redeemer to direct our ways through the thousand difficulties which are before us; and we ask all those who believe in Jesus, and have washed their robes in his blood, to pray for us, that we may be directed by the spirit of God, the Holy Ghost, in the choice we will have to make sooner or later, of the place we will have to occupy in the great army of the Lord—called the Holy Catholic Church."

Since that letter was written, with very few exceptions, the most prominent men in the different branches of the church of Christ have pressed us more and more to make our choice; giving

many good reasons to convince us that it was the will of Providence that we should make that choice as soon as possible; promising us, with a true brotherly love, to address their fervent prayers to the throne of grace, that we might be guided by the spirit of God, in that important step.

It would have been a want of Christian wisdom and humility, on our part, to resist longer so many charitable warnings coming from the most faithful disciples of the Gospel in every branch of the Church of Christ, in the United States, and in Canada, and we have, the last week, made our application to the Presbyterian Church to have the privilege of connecting ourselves with it. Our request has been received and granted with a kindness and a spirit of charity which has filled our hearts with joy and gratitude.

God knows that we have taken this step without any sectarian views and that we have lost nothing of the admiration we have always entertained, since our dear Saviour has revealed himself to us, for the truly Christian virtues which are so shining in all the other branches of the great Christian family. We hope that our connection with the Presbyterian church, far from enfesbling the ties of Christian charity which united so many hearts to us, among all the various families of the children of the gospel, will strengthen them and make them only more durable. Ah! what a triumph for the Church of Rome, if our connection with the Presbyterians would be the cause of some unchristian remarks, or feelings, from some of those who call themselves and whom we believe sincerely to be the true disciples of the gospel! One of the most universal and dangerous illusions by which the Church of Rome keeps her poor blind slaves in her

chains, is to make them believe that the Episcopalians, the Baptists, the Methodists, the Congregationalists and Presbyterians are all forming different religions, hating and anathematising each other—that there are no ties of unity, no bonds of charity between them.

That fatal error, which the church of Rome entertains by every means, does more than anything else to keep her millions of slaves in their awful superstitions.

I will then say to our Episcopalian, Methodist, Baptist and Congregational friends. "Do you wish to help the church of Rome in deceiving the world and propagating her fatal errors. Give us now the cold shoulder,—rebuke us for what we have done,—cease to show us that admirable charity which has dried so many tears, healed so many wounds, strengthened so many hearts, and enlightened so many anxious souls in this colony. Then, the great Apostate Church, will trumpet all over the world your unchristian feelings—she will proclaim your rebuke, she will exult over your want of charity."

No, my dear children friends, instead of uniting yourselves to the great enemy of the free gospel—Jesus, in vilifying us for what we have done; help us to praise the Lord for all that he has done for the French colony Ste. Anne—Show to them and more publicly than ever, your Christian sympathy. They are more in want of it, and they deserve it more than ever. You have already sent \$25,000 in money and clothing to help them to bear the awful calamities by which it has pleased Providence to visit them. In a moment of great trouble the committee has thought that it would be enough to supply all the wants—and they have told you to cease to extend to these new born children of Jesus your charity; but it was an error.

The \$25,000 you have sent have been distributed with the most scrupulous economy; not a cent has been spent for any other purpose. But we had to supply more than 4,000 people; we have had then only a few cents more than six dollars to give to each to feed and clothe him for a year! Now, I ask you what can we do for a man, often a sick man, to feed and clothe him for a whole year, when we have only six or seven dollars on hand!

Last Sunday eight days, I could not refrain my tears, when going out of the chapel, after the morning service, I saw many who having no boots, nor any shoes, had enveloped their feet with rags to walk in the melting snow and in the cold mud. They were all looking as greatly suffering, particularly the women, and it made my heart bleed to see them. Last week I buried a young woman, only twenty-two years old; she had tried to come to church a few days before in a very cold day, only half clothed, and almost bare-footed; having been very poorly led the twelve months before, fainted on the way was brought back to her poor little shanty where she died. She left three poor little children on my care, with a young husband who will partake her grave in a few days, after having partaken her bodily sufferings. The fact is that instead of having exaggerated the sufferings of my colony and of the people of this country, I have not known nor told the half of it.

But these terrible bodily sufferings do not stop the progress of the gospel. Far from it; there is not a day that some new family does not renounce publicly the errors of the Church of Rome, to embrace the truth as it is in Jesus Christ. These last three months, more than 150 families, numbering over 600 souls have consoled us by their conversion to the gospel.

Now, our chapel of Ste. Anne is too small, and we must have a church.—We must build chapels in Monmouth, Pilottown, Ava, Chicago and Middleport. We must absolutely have a college where the young men whom Christ has chosen among us to preach the gospel to the Canadian people will be trained in the knowledge which is requisite in so great and glorious a mission. We must save more than one hundred families from their merciful creditors. All these things require great sacrifices from the Christians of the gospel. But let us consider for whom we are working. It is for Jesus who has given his life, who has shed his blood to the last drop for us! Ah let us not shrink from what God requires from us. I will say to my American friends of every denomination: "Remember your hero, Montgomery, with his admirable soldiers storming Quebec and falling under the walls of that strong city. They exposed

and sacrificed their life in the hope to add a new people, and a new Star to the United States. They failed—the French Canadian people could not be conquered even by such a man as Montgomery and his fearless soldiers. But Christ from Heaven, calls you again to the conquest of Canada, my American friends; and now, he promises you the most glorious victory. You will not have to shed your blood, nor the blood of your neighbors in this new struggle. God wants only your prayers and the sacrifice of a few drops of those earthly treasures, which he has put in your hands only for his glory.”

Every one who studies the ways of Providence is struck by the great moral influence the conversion of the French Canadians of Illinois must have upon the people of Canada. The priests of Canada themselves have confessed that the very fact of the conversion of so many thousands French Canadians in the U. S. was shaking their power to its foundation. There is no doubt that God in his Providence has chosen this colony, as the blessed battle ground where his Gospel will triumph over its enemies and where the Church of Rome will receive the most deadly blows she has received these last three hundred years. We are here fighting hard the battles of the Lord—we are starving and weak and poor and outcast in the world. If we are left alone we will be destroyed. But our God is great and rich. He is the mighty Lord. And his children of every denomination will come to our help, they will fortify us by their prayers and their charity; and in the name of Jesus we will conquer. The impudent enemy of the word of God will be humbled in the dust; and before long, a canticle of joy will be sung in all the temples of those who, under different names, will have fought with us in the name of Jesus and of his glorious gospel. C. CHINIQUY.

DEATH OF DR. J. A. ALEXANDER.

The recent death of Dr J. W. Alexander, which we learned with profound regret, has been suddenly followed by that of his learned and eminent brother, of Princeton College. He died on the 28th Feb., of hemorrhage of the lungs, in the 51st year of his age. His commentaries on Isaiah, the Psalms,

the Acts, and on Mark will perpetuate his fame for learning, piety, and exegetical discrimination. He has left a commentary on the gospel of Matthew ready for the press. He was no less distinguished as an eloquent preacher, and a devoted minister of the gospel. A writer in the *New York Tribune* speaks of his habits of study in a way well calculated to stimulate young men to studious habits:—

At twelve years of age, finding an Arabic grammar in his father's library he commenced studying it, and at fourteen he had so mastered the language that he read the Koran, through, in the original. He then proceeded with other languages (the Persian, Greek, and Latin) in the ordinary course of study, and was well acquainted with Hebrew before he entered the seminary as a student. From Hebrew he proceeded to Syriac, Chaldee, and the cognate tongues. The acquisition of the modern languages of Europe was mere play to him. All of them in which there were any treasures of literature, the French, Spanish, Italian, German, Danish, &c, he was master of. He was not, however, a mere linguist or polyglot, but a philosophical philologist. His principal interest in all this variety of languages was the literature contained in them. For stores of knowledge, belles-lettres, historical and antiquarian, he is said, by competent judges who knew him well, to have had no superior.—He possessed most extraordinary intellectual gifts, a wonderful tenacity of memory for words and things, a comprehensiveness of mind, and was equally distinguished for power of logic and vigor and fertility of imagination. He preached discourses magnificent for imagery and diction, evincing in them, as he did also in ordinary conversation, his mastery over his own tongue, always using the right words in the right place. Dr. Hodge, no mean judge, it will be allowed, said in the hearing of the writer, that he had never in Europe or America, met with a man superior to Dr. A. in variety of combination of powers and extent of learning.

FRANCE.

LYONS, Nov. 1839.

Your readers have of course already heard of what has been called the

"rising of the French bishops," on account of the diminution of territory with which the Pope is threatened.—These bishops have raised a hue and cry against the sacrilege, and to hear them, it might be supposed that the fate of the Roman Catholic religion depends upon whether or not Romagna shall be freed from the temporal government of the Pope and cardinals. In one way, these violent *mandements* are of use, as showing on how slender a thread the influence of the Papacy hangs, and as proving the often denied fact, that the kingdom of the Pope is indeed that of this world.

Pastor de Pressense of Paris has answered, on behalf of the Protestants, in an admirably written pamphlet, entitled, "Is temporal Power necessary to Religion?" As a specimen of his argumentation, we give one or two short quotations:—"Wounds inflicted by sacred steel are the most fatal; passions kindled by fire from off the altar are the most undying; hatred, believed to be for the glory of God, is the most to be feared. Prayer ought not to be used for anything except for asking divine grace; its function is to bless, not to curse! This powerful lever is meant to act upon heaven, not to overthrow earth. . . . Why should not other bishops do for other questions what those have done for the Roman one? Why, for example, do they not take fire against civil marriage and liberty of conscience, which are taxed at Rome with being both foolish and criminal? Suppose a set of *mandements* against these laws, prayers ordered for their abrogation. We should immediately have the country agitated, divided; struggles for religion would be at hand, and the worst days of the past would soon return. . . ." He concludes thus: "The more we examine the protestations of the bishops, the more they seem to us to injure the cause they wish to defend. . . . It is dangerous to tell the world that the religion which pretends to represent the spiritual in the highest sense, and to realize the triumph of the spirit over the flesh, cannot subsist without material force. . . . It is dangerous to tell the world that the air of liberty would be fatal to it, and that in the country which is represented as the principal seat of Christianity, in the city which boasts of being its metropolis. It is

dangerous to use such language in an age which is too much inclined to believe in nothing but matter and physical force, for it is sanctioning its bad instincts. . . . In the name of my faith in Christ and in his gospel, I protest against all that tends to lower Christianity by making it descend from its high sphere of mind and liberty; and far from groaning over the eclipse of temporal power in the Church, I rejoice in it," &c.

This pamphlet appears to be very popular; a thousand copies were sold in a few days, which is an immense number for France.

But it is not the Protestants only who speak thus. The writers in the *Catholic Observer*, who represent the old *Jansenist* spirit in opposition to the Jesuits, and whose journal is in the *Romish Index*, say, "The bishops who have constituted themselves the defenders of the temporal power of the Pope, know very well that during the first eight centuries of the Church, the Pope was not a temporal sovereign, which did not hinder his enjoying the prerogative of the first bishop of the Catholic Church. If the imprudent friends of the Holy See had contented themselves with seriously examining whether, in the present circumstances of the world, it is not useful and necessary that the tiara should be joined with the royal crown in the person of the Pope, no one would have found fault, and although we had not adopted their conclusions, we should have rendered justice to their moderation and their good intentions. But when we see them, from the very first line of their writings, setting themselves up as the violent adversaries of all who do not see the matter in the light that they do, vomiting out abuse and outrage, giving rein to their political rancour, we cannot regard them as bishops, but as desperate champions of a lost cause, as men so blinded by party spirit, that they do not fear to commit the whole Church to the interest of their prejudices, and of a worm eaten edifice which must soon fall to pieces."

Referring to the declaration of the Bishop of Poitiers, that the Pope is "as *immoveable* as God!" the *Catholic Observer* says, "If such be the case, why is he so afraid of being overthrown? Why does he order prayers to the Virgin that she may come to his help?

Does the Holy Virgin need to support what is as *immoveable* as God? Truly our Ultramontanists would do better to be a little calmer and more reasonable."

The *Catholic Observer* also raises its voice loudly against *Mariolatry*, which is becoming daily a more prominent feature of Catholicism. Some of the extracts taken from the *Univers* and from the *Rose Tree of Mary*, are so blasphemous, that it is with pain we feel ourselves bound to transcribe them that your readers may be made aware whither Puseyism, which seems to be making such progress in England, is tending.

"Mary is our sovereign, we are unworthily to be her slaves. Mary rivals Jesus in goodness, she appears to go farther. Mary forces our angry father to pardon and love! After the day of temptation the Lord thinks only of preparing the coming of Mary upon earth! She is the great type of God in every age. All the types and prophecies of

the Old Testament, indeed, the whole Bible, speaks to us Mary only; Joseph saving his family from famine; Moses saving the people of God from slavery, represent Mary saving us from evil and preserving us from punishment! The blood of the Paschal Lamb is the blood of Mary. It is for Mary's sake that God has given us His Son." The author then applies to the mountain of *La Salette*, the celebrated prophecy of Isaiah upon Jesus Christ and His church: "It shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established on the top of the mountains." &c.

"Thus heaven and earth, the moral world and the universe, the destinies of nations, those of the church, their annuals, time and eternity, are full of Mary, so that we may apply to Mary what the Apostle says of God. In her all those things live and move, and have their being, they are also her offspring. Acts xvii. 28.

[The following is the concluding part of our Editorial for last No., which having been late in coming to the office was in the pressure of other matters excluded.]

OUR LATE GOVERNMENT CHANGES.

However, the agony is over, and a new Government is formed.—The leading feature, or at least that which we feel specially called to notice is, its entire freedom from Romish influence. Not only are all its members and all its supporters in the House Protestants, but they hold their position in spite of the priests and bishops of the Romish church, and they can carry out their measures in defiance of them. This is what we have earnestly sought, and which we consider ought to be a matter of gratification to every thorough Protestant in the Province. We do not lay any stress on the fact that there is no Roman Catholic in the Government. Were there any member of either house possessing the requisite qualifications and claims to that position who had independence enough to act in defiance of the priests, and in harmony with the administration, we should have no objection to seeing him in office. But then such a one would not be a very true Roman Catholic, or else after all, it might be found in the time of need that he was not to be depended on. Our congratulation is that the Government is formed in such a way as to be independent of all priestly power. The majority upon which it rests is smaller than was anticipated at the time of the election, but it will in all probability soon receive accessions, and those who know the feelings of the country at the present moment, are satisfied that an appeal to the country would have rendered it

large enough. But we have no fears of the stability of the administration. They will blunder worse than their predecessors, if they do not hold their seats not only for the next four years, but the four succeeding, and by that time 1866 will have arrived, the year which almost every student of prophecy believes to be the period when the Papacy will be overthrown, and the way will be opened for new combinations upon which we need not at present speculate.

The change is undoubtedly a heavy blow and sore discouragement to the influence of the Romish church. We are aware that some would try to deny this, and would have us believe that the recent changes have had no bearing upon the influence of Romanism in our public affairs. There is not a Romish priest in the Province, nor an intelligent Roman Catholic and scarcely an unintelligent one, but knows better. They all feel that it has been the humiliation of their church. There is not a community in the Province, in which the Roman Catholics are in any considerable numbers, in which it is not manifest that their tone is lowered—there is scarcely a priest that does not show defeat “written on his face.” It was little more than two years before the 12th May that the Romish Archbishop could undertake in the insolence of power to proclaim of the public men who dared to brave his resentment, that none of them should ever again “become leading statesmen.” To maintain their position as arbiters of our public affairs, every engine of Ecclesiastical tyranny was put forth, and behold the result. Whatever some Protestants may pretend, there is not a Romish priest in the Province, who does not know that the recent changes are a blow to the influence of their church, and does not feel deep mortification in consequence. One cannot help too observing the altered tone of the champions of Romanism in the Legislature. A year or two ago how blatant were they about their “co-religionists” and the “bigots” in opposition to them; now they will scarcely allow the subject of religious opinions to be mentioned, and are glad to hush any allusion to them.

There is another way in which we are persuaded that the Romish church has suffered by the proceedings of the last few years, viz: in the diminution of priestly influence. The change in the Government three years ago was effected by a high pressure application of the Ecclesiastical screw. Many of the members of the body were driven against their own inclination to their present position by the force of that spiritual despotism under which they groan. We then remarked, “We have had such an exhibition of the blind slavish submission which the Papal system exacts from its votaries, as has filled many of the more independent minds among them with shame, and may enlighten them still farther as to the true nature of the system. Their priests will find it prudent not to put the screw too tightly for the future upon the judgments and consciences of their followers.—A few more such exercises of priestly power, and they may find that over a considerable portion of their adherents it has forever slipped from their grasp.” We have little doubt that to a considerable extent this has been the case. Throughout the Province there were some every where who dared to brave the authority of their priests, and many others among them are deeply dissatisfied at the manner in which they have been driven from the one side of politics to the other, like “dumb driven cattle,” only to have their influence shat.

tered, and their character as a public body lowered if not hopelessly sunk. The confidence of many in the wisdom of their spiritual guides is thus unquestionably shaken. We have no doubt that in some instances the spell is entirely broken, and that ere many years elapse, we may see changes in the Catholic body in this Province, of which we have now little idea.

Of the acts of the present Government it is not yet time to speak; but as some statements regarding the Catholics in a speech of the present leader of the Government just previous to taking office have been much canvassed, we shall say a word on the subject. With most of what he said we do not find fault, but certainly some of his statements were, to say the least, rather dubious. It is understood that this was merely a stroke of policy, not indeed to curry favour with the Romanists as some imagine, but to exercise an influence in a certain high quarter. But we embrace the opportunity at the very beginning of their career of expressing our strong condemnation of "policy" of this kind. Making expediency their guide, has been the rock upon which most of our public men hitherto have split, and it is time that they were looking to a higher rule. They would find their interest in the end promoted by making it their rule to follow the right—or in other words that "honesty is the best policy" in public as in private life. We have little doubt that the party will yet find that this stroke of policy has been an actual injury to them, and that it would have been better to have stood manfully in their position, let the consequences be what they might.

As to the future we have not the least doubt that we will soon see some veering round of the Romanists. We have always declared that it was nonsense to imagine, that they in heart cared any thing more for Johnston than for Young or Howe, or that they supported him from any higher motive than because they expected to gain more by it. And now that their hopes from that quarter are dashed to the ground, they would gladly again be on the side of power, and if any encouragement be afforded we may expect to see them again currying favour with the government. And the government should be on their guard. They now hold their position by the support of earnest Protestants, many of whom have sacrificed strong party ties and personal attachments for the sake of establishing a thoroughly Protestant Government, and let them beware how they again allow themselves to partake of the cup of the sorceries of Rome. Protestant supporters of the Government however should not now indulge in the idea that their work is accomplished, and that they may fold their arms and rest at ease upon what they have done.—They must watch Romanism, and they must watch their government. "Eternal vigilance," it has been said, "is the price of liberty," and certainly while Rome exists, sleepless vigilance will be required to guard against her efforts, more dangerous if she proceed by secret art rather than by open assault. We have however little fear of combination between Romanists and members of the present government. Both parties have gone too far for this. In the meantime all that we expect is to see on the part of the priests a relaxation of the screw which has been upon their followers, so that they may remove freely to the other side if they wish.

What then do we regard as the course incumbent upon the Gov-

ernment. We say nothing of its measures of public policy. But in reference to the Catholic and Protestant question we say emphatically that we consider it should be their aim in all their administration to do justice to all parties. Nay, considering the manner in which they have obtained their position, it is especially incumbent on them to see that no Catholic suffers injustice at their hands. To whatever any Romanist may be entitled to as a citizen, by all means let him have it. We urge this the more because we have now a Protestant Government, and any act of injustice to them as individuals or a body would be a disgrace to our common Protestantism. All this seems very strange to some people, and they are ready to attribute statements of this kind to anything but good motives.—They have yet to learn the true nature of thorough Protestantism. They have not learned what all true Protestants have learned, to distinguish between a bad system and its ignorant votaries. It passes their comprehension to understand how we can have the intensest hatred of the one and the deepest pity and love for the other. They understand not the feelings of the Scottish martyr, who exclaimed, "I die with a soul hatred of Popery, but with a heart love for Papists." And the more we value our Protestantism, the more anxious we are, now that it has the power, that its fair fame should not be sullied by a single act toward Romanists, of which they would have just reason to complain.

We would farther observe that it should now be their aim to promote those measures of public improvement which the country so highly requires. The education of the country, both in its higher and lower branches, clamantly demands attention; and should they succeed in placing this on a footing, creditable to the Province and suited to the requirements of the age, they will deserve to have their names enrolled in the grateful recollections of posterity. We are aware however, that serious difficulties are in the way, and that their position is in many respects one of delicacy, and therefore we think that considering the state in which they have found our public affairs, they are entitled to forbearance at the hands of their friends, and that too much ought not to be expected of them at once.

We may remark, however, that we do not expect them as a Government directly to use their power to promote religion or to put down Romanism. This we do not consider the business of Government at all. Their proper business is to attend to the civil interests of the community, and all we desire is that their procedure, in this their proper sphere, be free from the baleful influence of the Papal hierarchy, and in its general spirit be in accordance with sound Protestant Christianity. Farther than this we do not ask of them.—The promotion of the interests of religion, and the overthrow of Romanism as a religious system, is the work and duty of the church, for the performance of which, the voice of God's Providence is calling her in tones that are every day sounding louder and louder.—This work she alone is qualified to perform, and though "the weapons of her warfare are not carnal; yet they are mighty in God to the pulling down of strongholds."

In conclusion we would say in a word,—Let the members of the Government be just and fear not, let them do justly and love mercy. "He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God."

THE MISSIONARY REGISTER.

OF THE

Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia.

LORD, bless and pity us, shine on us with thy face,
That the earth thy way, and nations all, may know thy saving grace.—*Psalms* lxxvii. 1, 2

Vol. II.

APRIL, 1860.

No. 4.

CONTENTS:

FOREIGN MISSION.

Mr Geddie's Journal	49
Letter from Mr Copeland	52
Letter from Mr Paton	54
Mr Inglis' Journal	57

OTHER MISSIONS.

Free Church Mission, Demerdesch	59
NEWS OF THE CHURCH	62
NOTICES, ACKNOWLEDGMENTS, &c.	64

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

MR. GEDDIE'S JOURNAL.

Ancientum, Oct. 10th, 1859.

DEAR BRETHREN,—More than eleven years have elapsed since we first landed on this island. During this eventful period in its history, we have passed through varied scenes, and witnessed many changes. I feel as if we now had a special call for thankfulness to God for all his mercies to us.

I can report favorably of the general progress of Christianity during the past year. The interest of the natives in religious instruction is such as to encourage us in our labours, and to make them pleasant rather than otherwise.—It is true that we have to lament much ignorance, indifference and impiety, but this is only what might be expected among a people just emerging from the lowest state of barbarism and degradation.

The church under my charge numbers 166 members. During the past year 26 members have been added, 3 have died, 3 have been suspended, and 2 have been restored. The conduct of the church members is such in general as to encourage the hope that their profession of religion is sincere.

We have recently added to the number of our deacons. There are now twenty-one in the church at my station. This class of office-bearers we have found to be indispensable on this island. The first care is the widows, who being a new class in society, have no acknowledged rights. They also superintend all labour for the mission, and take charge of all collections of native property that are made for the cause.—They are likewise expected to bury the dead, who in the days of heathenism were thrown into the sea. It devolves on them in short to attend to all the more secular duties of the mission.—Mr. Inglis has lately ordained some ruling elders, as he wished to have a completely organized church before leaving the island. I have not done so yet, as the same reason did not exist in my case, but I look forward to this in another year.

The schools in my district are 25 in number, and are attended by persons of every age. A large number of the scholars can read, and it is pleasing to see the interest which many of them take in their books. Some of the old people will never learn to read, but we encourage their attendance in school, as

they learn much from listening to others. Many of them can repeat the catechism, the ten commandments, and portions of scripture, who have not yet been able to learn the alphabet. The schools meet at sunrise, as any other time would be unsuitable to the natives. After school is over they go to their work. In a few years, when our scholars are confined to the young, the schools will be reduced in number and size.

At each of the two principal stations there is an advanced school. Each of these schools is attended by about 100 scholars, chiefly young men and young women of promise. Instructions are given in reading, writing and cyphering, geography and scripture history.—The school at my station has been under Mrs. Goddie's charge for nearly three years, but as its duties are now becoming too burdensome for her, I hope as soon as our new church is completed to assist her in it. There are scholars attending it from all parts of the district, who live in grass houses built near the mission premises. We are about to build a new school house, as the one which is now occupied has become entirely too small for the number who attend.

It gives me great pleasure to inform you that the translation of the New Testament in this language, has been completed. About two thirds of it have been printed, and the remainder is in manuscript. We hope to have a new and revised edition of it printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society.—Mr. Inglis, who expects to go home in the "John Williams," will carry it through the press. In a language so recently reduced to a written form, we have found some difficulty in expressing the truths of divine revelation as intelligibly as we could wish, yet I hope that our version does not contain any material errors. I feel thankful to God that I have been permitted to share in the work of translating a portion of his Holy Word in a new language.

The natives of this island, I believe, appreciate what has been done for them, and they have always shown a readiness to relieve as much as possible the expenses of the mission. For some years past they have made annual collections of native property, consisting of mats, &c., for the heathen islands around us. We have found their contributions useful for our teachers, and also as presents

to friendly chiefs and others. But we have recently suggested to our natives the duty of doing something for the cause in a way that may directly aid themselves, and eventually make the mission self-supporting. They have cheerfully agreed to this, and at our suggestion the people of most of the villages have made small plantations of arrow-root, which, when ripe, will be prepared and collected at our annual missionary meetings. It will then be exported and sold for the benefit of the mission. There is no other way in which, in the present circumstances of the island, the natives can directly aid the cause. I cannot promise that much will be done for some years, but we labor among a people who appear to be willing to do what they can.

You will regret to hear of the death of Nohout, the principal chief of the district in which I reside, and the man of highest standing in the island.—When we arrived at this island we found him a savage and wicked man, who was much feared and hated by his people. He allowed us to land, but gave us little encouragement to hope that he would ever embrace Christianity. His influence indeed was for a long time directed against the cause.—After some years his opposition calmed down, and he eventually abandoned heathenism. He took the side of Christianity at the very time when the mission was in the midst of its greatest trials. His previous hostility had been so marked that his sincerity was for some time doubted, but he soon gave evidence of it, by giving up many heathenish customs, parting with one of his wives, abandoning the use of kava, cutting off his long hair, &c. All his influence was now exerted in favor of Christianity, when the heathen were threatening our own lives and the destruction of all the Christian party. I shall never forget his kindness to myself and my family when my house was set on fire at midnight by the heathen. For more than two months after this event he slept in my house every night for our safety, and said that the heathen must kill him before doing any injury to us. Indeed had not this man been raised up to befriend the mission, it is questionable if it would have risen above the opposition arrayed against it. After Nohout embraced Christianity, he became a humble disciple at the feet of

Jesus. Though sixty years of age, he attended school very regularly every morning, and his seat in the church was never vacant when he was able to attend. It was not to be expected that a man who had spent his days under a degenerating heathenism, would become at the close of life an intelligent, and in all respects consistent Christian. He was naturally proud, passionate and deceitful, but with all his infirmities I believe he was a good man. No man did more for Christianity on this island than Nohot, and yet none suffered so much as he did from the change effected by it. The class of chiefs to which he belonged were regarded with religious veneration, while they lived, and worshipped after death. But when Christianity divested him of his sacred character, he was no longer dreaded by the people, and being an unpopular man in the days of heathenism, he lost much of his influence which he never recovered. When the mission to Tana was undertaken by teachers from this island, Nohot rendered invaluable aid. Having spent several years on Tana, he could speak the language of that island fluently, and his influence was also great there. He made frequent visits at our request, and travelled through different parts of the island, telling the Taneses what Christianity had done for Aneiteum, and urging them also to embrace it. Being an eloquent and earnest man, his visits did much good, and prepared the way for the entrance of missionaries into that island. He was on a visit to Tana when he took his last illness, which was brought on by a severe cold caught while absent. He suffered much after his return home, and died after an illness of about three weeks. The last interview that I had with him was two days before his death. I was going from home on duty and called to see him before leaving. I saw that he was a dying man. He told me that there was one thing that gave him uneasiness, and that was his suspension from the church some months previous. The offence for which discipline had been exercised in his case was not a grave one. It was intended to restore him, as he had given very satisfactory evidence of penitence. After I left he sent frequently for Mrs. Geddie, and she had some very interesting conversations with him. He confessed the wickedness of his life, but expressed a

humble hope of salvation through Jesus Christ. His latter end was peaceful.— Nohot is now no more, and I have lost in him a sincere friend. He is succeeded by his son Lathella, who is one of my deacons and teachers. He is an excellent young man, and will, I trust, be a blessing to the island. Though young in years he is much respected by the people. He is even now by far the most influential man on the island.

I have in former letters informed you of the afflictions which have befallen the Tana mission. Mrs. Paton, who we all greatly esteemed, died in February, very suddenly. Her bereaved husband was soon after laid up with fever and ague, from which he has suffered more or less ever since. He has been recruiting lately, but his health is by no means robust. I trust that his valuable life may be spared long. Mr. Matheson commenced his labors on Tana, as you are aware, in delicate health last year. The consequence was, that he soon broke down, and we thought it advisable to remove him to this island. As this is the most healthy time of the year, his health has improved a little, but it would be too much to say that any decided change for the better has taken place. He has been very anxious to return to his station on Tana, but Mr Inglis and I, after consulting the surgeon of Her Majesty's Ship 'Cordelia' which lately visited this island, have decidedly opposed his wishes. We sympathise with Mr. Matheson, and admire his devotedness to the missionary work, but to accede to his request in present circumstances would be unkind to himself, cruel to Mrs. Matheson, and injurious to the cause. In the mean time, as a temporary arrangement, Mr. and Mrs. Matheson occupy a station on this island, in a populous district where they are very useful. In the absence of Mr Matheson from Tana, his property has been untouched by the natives, and they plead earnestly for his return.— Mr Copeland, who spent the last season on Tana, is now on this island, to take Mr Inglis' place during his absence.

The native teachers on the neighboring islands are well. But we have to lament the death of two of them during the past year. One of them was killed on Niua, to revenge the death of some natives of that island who were killed here probably 50 years ago. The other was stationed on Tana, and died after a

few hours illness, when he was from home on a visit. Both these men were cut off so suddenly, that we know nothing of their dying experience. But we fondly cherish the hope, that they died trusting in that Saviour whom they were laboring to make known to the heathen.

The "John Williams" arrived at this island some days ago, and has just sailed on a voyage to the neighboring islands. She will take on board Mr. and Mrs. Inglis and my three children, and then commence her homeward voyage, calling at the more Eastern islands by the way. Her movements will be so regulated as to double Cape Horn about February, which is midsummer there. She will carry home at least four mission families, and about thirty children, natives of a tropical climate. It is probable that she will arrive in London about the end of May or early in June. The "John Williams" will leave behind many a bereaved parent, and many a bleeding heart.

We were glad to see in the "John Williams" the Rev. Mr. Turner of the Samoan mission, who has come to visit these islands, and the Rev. Messrs. McFarlane and Baker with their wives, who are destined for Lifu. Mr. Turner was one of the missionaries who first accompanied us to this island. He seemed much impressed with the change which has taken place since he was here. He is now about to visit his native country after an absence of 19 years. The brethren who have come to reside on Lifu appear to be amiable and devoted men. I doubt not but they will be kindly received by the natives of that island, who have been asking for missionaries for years. It is sad, however, to think that they will find French priests before them.

We have this day sent two teachers in the "John Williams," to be landed on Fate or Sandwich Island. The mortality among the Samoan or Rarotongan teachers stationed on that island, has been so great that it must be abandoned unless occupied by teachers who can stand the climate. It is thought that teachers from Aneiteum may be able to reside there. I have have given up two of my most useful teachers for this service. Their names are Thirithiv and Vathoa, both married men. They were ordained as deacons in our church about two years ago, and are much esteemed

by the people. May God protect them and abundantly bless their labors.

I hope that Mr. Inglis may be induced to extend his visit to Nova Scotia. We have been so intimately associated in our labours on this island that you may regard him as one of your own missionaries. He is an excellent man and a valuable missionary. The expenses of a visit to Nova Scotia would be manifold repaid by the interest which I am sure he would awaken in the cause.

I am just packing up a few things to send by the "John Williams," which may interest you. There is a wooden deity from New Caledonia, sacred stones formerly worshipped on Aneiteum, stone axes used by the natives, women's dresses made of pandanus leaf, armlets, necklaces, bracelets and waist-bands, from various islands, clubs, spears and bows, and arrows; many of the arrows are pointed with human bones, and some of them are besmeared with a virulent poison, so that they must be handled with caution, though I imagine the poison has lost some of its virtue from time. I have also received from the Samoan teachers on Savage Island, who formerly lived on Aneiteum, some native cloth and valuable curiosities, which I will forward to you.

I have heard that Mr. Johnstone was to leave Nova Scotia last month for these islands. This is cheering news indeed. I trust that before many months have elapsed we may be cheered by his arrival here. May he in due time be followed by others. The harvest in these islands is great, but alas! how few the labourers.

I remain, dear brethren,

Yours, very sincerely,

JOHN GEDDIS.

LETTER FROM MR COPELAND.

Aneiteum, New Hebrides.

Aug. 25, 1859.

My dear Sir,— I was pleased to hear that the interest of the Church did not abate on our departure. In our speedy and prosperous voyage and comfortable settlement on Tana, I doubt not but that many prayers have been answered. Three numbers only of the Magazine have come to hand; that for June last year, and the two for January and February of the present year. Here is a single copy of the News of the Church.

as, has been received. Mr. Inglis has not received full sets either, but his return is much more complete than mine.

You will be thinking, since you wrote us in February, that there was need of your advice in regard to the frequency of our communications. We have not written as often as we ought, and we have not been favorably situated for getting our letters, when written, forwarded. As you are already aware, our means of communication with the great world are not the most perfect. We have, so far as I know, opportunities of sending letters for Great Britain by way of Sydney, of China, and of New Zealand. All those we receive in return come by Sydney, and thence either direct to this group, or by way of New Caledonia. We have first of all, sandal-wood vessels, and of these either such as are employed in the collection of that wood on the different islands, and depositing it at the head stations, or those employed in taking it to Sydney, or more generally to China; or those employed in supplying the stores attached to the stations. Then we have whalers, calling for a day or two, to effect some repairs, or procure fresh supplies. Then we have a man-of-war, perhaps once in the twelve months, making the tour of the group and then returning to Sydney. Lastly, we have the mission vessels, the *John Williams* and the *Southern Cross*. The former calls once in the year, in the months of July, August, and September, for three years in succession, and is then absent for two years in England; the latter calls once and sometimes twice in the year, about the months of April and May, and again in September, on her way to or from New Zealand. At the close of the hurricane season, which lasts from December to April, the sandal-wood vessels and the whalers come out of their retreats and commence their cruise for the season. About the same time, we may have a vessel for China. In July or August, we may have a man-of-war and the *John Williams*, and a month later the *Southern Cross*. By all these we may receive letters, but few of them afford an opportunity of sending an immediate reply. The sandal-wooders and whalers cruise till the end of the year. The *John Williams* does not reach Sydney for seven months after visiting this group, and the *Southern*

Cross arrives in New Zealand perhaps three months after touching here. Till the month of July we have only the chance of a vessel going to China; about that time we may have the man-of-war, reaching Sydney in two months. At the close of the season opportunities again are more frequent. As there is no sandal-wood on Tana, the postal arrangements are more imperfect there than on Aneiteum and Erromanga. Often you may have letters from this island sent from Tana. . . . I can see that the news of Mrs. Paton's death will surprise you all; perhaps as much as it did those who witnessed it. I had no idea that we were so soon to become familiar with death, or that we should be called to make the house that is dark and doorless, and perform the hasty sepulture of the tropics.

Perhaps you would state to the Missionary Committee the substance of what follows. In your letter, I think you said if there was any newspaper that we wished, the Committee would supply it. I have not seen Mr. Paton so as to ascertain his mind on the subject. So far as I am concerned, I would take it as a favor if the *Beacon*, formerly called the *Christian Times*, were sent out. I have seen some numbers of it here. In future with your permission and that of the Committee, I shall enclose all my letters to you. This I would like to do, to make as sure as possible of their not going astray. The expense for home and foreign postage will amount to something; but perhaps the Church will not lose much after all. I was glad to learn that our coming direct from Melbourne was approved of. We paid £100 for our own passage and the freight of our goods. As we did not call at Sydney we did not receive the bells and communion service from New Zealand. As we have received the boxes that we left behind us in Melbourne, and our supplies for this year from Sydney, it would seem that they had not been forwarded. Dr. Ross has not mentioned them in any of his letters. From Mr. Inglis I have received four of the ten volumes of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, in his possession. As soon as the new edition (8th) is completed I shall get the remainder. They were handed over to me as Mr. Paton has got the Penny *Encyclopaedia*. During Mr. Inglis' absence, I shall use the use of his boat. My own, supplied

by the Committee, is rather large for pulling. Our boats are well adapted for a Missionary that is being settled.—When his house has been erected and goods landed, a smaller one is better.—Remember me to all the Members of Committee, to Mrs. McKay, and to all my friends with whom you may meet.

I am, yours, &c.,

JOS. COPELAND.

Rev. John Kay, Castle-Douglas.

LETTER FROM MR. PATON.

*Port Resolution, Tana,
New Hebrides, October 14, 1859.*

Rev. and Dear Sir,—Your letter, of date Oct. 30, 1858, reached me in the end of August, enclosed with the first letters from home received on this island. I am sorry to hear of the death of our much esteemed brother, Mr. Glendinning. He was a pious, able, and devoted student; and, as God has called him to his ministry above, to us who remain it gives another solemn warning, which we ought to improve. It gave us much pleasure to hear of the success of our other fellow-students, and that some of them are still decided in their desires to be prepared for, and engaged in, this work. May the wise disposer of all things influence their hearts, richly qualify them for his work, and guide many of them to these islands where thousands are perishing in heathenism, and where the labourers are so very few.

Since you received our last letter, our infant mission on Tana has been severely tried, and owing to the prejudices of the people, by those very things of which they were most afraid, and therefore calculated to do it most injury. But by the blessing of God we are still permitted to remain among them, and though one day brings its troubles, another brings its pleasures, as we try to prosecute the work, in hope of better things.

The people were getting a little over their fears regarding the deaths of my dear departed, when, in the end of May, Nowhat, an old chief from Aneiteum, who was much respected on Tana, came here on a visit, took very ill, and died a few days after his return to Aneiteum. When the account of his death reached this, on the 1st of July, the natives became much excited, and ascribed his

death to Christianity and our residence among them: consequently they resolved to burn our house and property, and send us away, or take our lives. Nowhat's brother had come from Aneiteum to speak with the Tanese regarding his death, &c., but, unfortunately, he could not speak their language, and our teachers were so much afraid of personal injury, that none of them would accompany him as interpreters. He was confined with ague and fever the next day after he landed, and though the John Knox remained for eight days, he was still unable to speak to our people; therefore his visit did us much injury. Now the Tanese became infuriated, for this visitation seemed to them proof positive that we were the cause of all their troubles. At the same time, a great amount of sickness prevailed in and around the harbor, while inland and all along the weather side of the island the people were represented as enjoying good health. Meeting after meeting was now called, exciting speeches were delivered, and feasts were prepared, for which many of their wives and daughters were killed and cooked, and everything was done to unite them in seeking our destruction. One Sabbath morning, at the close of worship, we heard what was said to be the dying shrieks of two women; other three came to us, and in tears implored us to save them from being killed by their husbands. But, alas! we could not interfere, for all our teachers and some of the Tanese said if we did so, we would all at once lose our lives, as the people were much excited. Seven or eight inland girls also came, and remained sitting in front of our house all day, and said they were afraid to go home for all the men were fighting the women, and killing them. With the exception of Nowan, an old chief, who remained friendly, protesting against the conduct of the others, refusing to attend their meetings, and constantly warning us at every approaching danger, the inhabitants for miles round seemed to be united in seeking our destruction. A large meeting was now called to put their designs into execution. This meeting resolved first to kill Nowan and his family, because he favored us, then the Aneiteum teachers and me, and lastly the trader who resides among them, for fear he should make known the principal men in car-

rying out their purpose. Just as the meeting was about to close, one chief, who had kept silent, but apparently gone along with the others so far, stood up in the presence of all, "The man, or party of men, that kills the Aneiteum people and Misi, will have to kill me and my people first, for I am determined to protect them." Another chief now made the same unhesitating declaration, which broke up the meeting and frustrated all their designs. The two chiefs who befriended us lived nearly four miles inland, and were the last to whom we would have thought of looking for protection; for as their power chiefly consisted in disease making, they were always considered among our worst enemies. A brother of the chief who spoke first, was once severely wounded in an engagement; I dressed his wounds, and attended him till he recovered, which might perhaps influence the chief a little in our favor; but in this case, as in many others, God clearly interposed on our behalf. That was a day of much anxiety to us all, and you may think of our joy and gratitude when we heard of the result. But, alas! another very trying visitation was at hand.

On Monday the 8th of August, one of my teachers (who had gone round to Mr. Matheson's station on the previous Monday) took ill, and died next day. On the following day, the other teachers returned with the sorrowful news. Soon after he took ill, they say he said, "I will never return to Port Resolution or see Misi again, but I am very happy, for I love Jesus very great, and am going to see Jesus." This good man was much respected by the Taneese, spoke their language well, and, being very active, he was a great help to me in the work; so that his death is a loss to our mission. Great alarm now prevailed among the natives, who were very insolent and ill to manage, again and again demanding me to tell the cause of his death, &c. Finding it impossible to reason with them, I asked a large party to tell me what was the cause, for, as they blamed me, I might as justly ascribe all our trouble and death to them. On hearing this, they were much afraid, and left the house; but after a few days' consultation, they returned, saying, that they did not now blame me for their trouble and for their deaths, but that a bushman had got

something belonging to them and me, which he had thrown into the volcano, and consequently caused all our troubles. Another chief and his party asserted their innocence, and said, the "Aurumum," or evil spirit of Tana, which they all fear and worship, was the cause of all our troubles, for he knew that if they became worshippers of Jehovah, they would not continue to fear him, and present him with the first and best of their food, &c., as they and their fathers had always done, and therefore he was angry with us all. In vain I tried to reason with them about the supposed causes of our sickness, but since that time they have given me very little trouble. As a whole they are much more friendly of late, but as very little makes them either friends or foes, we cannot yet put confidence in them.

Many of the men continue to abuse and beat their wives dreadfully with the r clubs. I spoke very decidedly against the conduct of one man, who beat his wife severely in front of our house, and of a widow who offered to protect her. On the following day he came with an armed party as if to intimidate me, but again I condemned his conduct; at first he appeared angry, but at last he laid down his club, and sat down, saying it was very bad, but he would not do it again.

Both in public and private, I embraced every opportunity of speaking against the abuse of women, and the strangling of women on the death of their husbands, and working on the Sabbath day. At length ten chiefs agreed not to beat their wives, not to strangle women, and not to work on Sabbath in future, and to do all they could to put down these practices among their people, but, except in war questions, a chief has very little power on Tana.

The war, which was creating much excitement when I wrote you last, passed over with two or three deaths, and we have had no general engagements since. I hope such scenes of war are nearly closed on Tana, for I have succeeded in getting twenty chiefs to resolve not to fight but on the defensive in future, and in the midst of much provocation, they are keeping firm to their resolution.

Of late a few men, who appear afraid to be seen coming during the day have

come at night, and after making the door fast, and seeing that the windows were blinded so that they could not be observed from the outside, they have continued for an hour or so, asking questions about the new religion. One chief has come repeatedly in this way, and says he would become an "Awfuake" man (Christian) were it not for the ridicule and persecution that would be sure to follow.

The wife of a chief died about three weeks ago, and he went to the trader, purchased calico, and came to me for tape, saying, he was going to dress her corpse as he had seen my dear wife's, after being dressed, and that he was going to make her a grave like Mrs. Paton's. Being overcome by the man's unaffected story (for if he could have procured the tape elsewhere he would not have come to me,) I offered to attend the funeral, but he objected, saying, if I went all the people would not attend. Nowan was going to make worship, and as it was the first Tana funeral of the kind, they wanted all the people of the district to be present. The idea of the resurrection of the body has filled the natives here with great wonder, and led to this funeral, and to many questions being asked regarding the dead.

We continue to conduct public worship as formerly stated, but our attendance is often very small. A few Sabbaths ago, we had sometimes no Tanese at worship, and frequently not more than two or three. Last Sabbath seven men, five women, and four children were present. Here the people are beginning to show a desire for clothing. I have had many applications for men's strong wearing shirts, but having none for the present, they are satisfied with two yards of calico, which they sleep under, and sometimes tie round their loins when they visit the mission house. The women are eager to obtain about two yards of calico for each, which they also sleep in, and wear as a scarf sometimes when they visit us and when they come to worship. But now, I am forced to deal it out sparingly, as my supply is sure to be exhausted before I can possibly get more. The women's native petticoats, if enlarged, do very well for them, so that a *short gown*, or about two yards of cloth, is all that they will require from us, and for the men anything in the shape of clothing will be

useful, though a shirt or two yards of cloth are all that is necessary.

On the 30th August, we had a visit of H. B. M.'s ship *Cordelia*. Captain Vernon having heard of our difficulties on Tana, came ashore as soon as the ship had cast anchor, and very kindly offered to do anything for me in his power. But as my difficulties were connected with my work, and the prejudices of the people, I did not see how he could well interfere; but at his request, I sent a general invitation to the chiefs to meet him next morning at the mission house. The women and children were all sent off to the bush to be out of danger, and immediately after daybreak our house was crowded with armed men who were much afraid. At the hour appointed, 10 A. M., twenty chiefs were seated in our house with the Captain, who spent above an hour giving them many very judicious advices, all calculated to advance the interests, of our work, and make my position more safe among them. They made many fair promises, and seemed much pleased with the Captain, who was very kind to them. I feel grateful to Captain Vernon for his kind disinterested visit and advice, which, with the divine blessing, can scarcely fail to do us good.

On the 31st September, the Bishop of New Zealand, and the Rev. J. C. Paterson, called here. They saw Mrs. Paton on Aneiteum last year, and were much affected at her loss. The good Bishop very kindly offered to take me to Aneiteum, or to Erumango, or with him in his seven weeks' trip round the islands, or to New Zealand for a few months for the benefit of my health.— But having given my reasons for not being able to accept of any of his kind offers, he expressed himself as being satisfied with them, and after shewing me the greatest kindness and sympathy, they left for Erumanga. I felt much comforted by their visit, and shall now look for its return with great pleasure.

On Wednesday last, the *John Williams* arrived with Messrs Turner, Inglis, Baker, and McFarlane on board. I had much pleasure in meeting these dear friends, and felt sorry at their departure. They urged me to take a trip round the islands with them, and in about three weeks they would leave me on Aneiteum, when they returned for Mr. and Mrs. Inglis, and Mr. Goddie's children. But as a bush party

killed one of our natives last week, and severely injured other two with their clubs, I feared a general war in revenge if I left, for I have much difficulty in preserving peace. The urgent nature of my work also required that no time should be lost. The *John Williams* brought me wood for a church from Aneiteum. These three visits succeeding each other, if accompanied by the blessing of God, are sure to do us good in the prosecution of our work, and I feel thankful to all the friends for their kindness and sympathy!

Other references now compel me to say something regarding my own health. Tana appears to be a very unhealthy island. I have had ague and fever fourteen days, and each attack lasted from ten to fourteen times, so that I had become very weak, but as it has left me for the last three weeks, I feel pretty well now. On account of the ague, I visited Aneiteum in June but was much worse after my return. Mr. Copeland kindly stopped on Tana during my absence. I remain yours, &c.

JOHN G. PATON.

Rev. J. Kay,
Sec. R. P. F. M.

[The following extracts from Mr. Inglis' Journal are of old date, but as they contain fuller details on some points than have yet been given to our readers, we believe that they will be interesting.]

Sep. 3, 1858.—Mr. Geddie and Mr. Matheson came round here yesterday. We held a committee meeting in the evening to arrange about the settlement of our newly arrived brethren. It was resolved, as formerly, to open two stations on Tana; one at Port Resolution, and the other on the south side of the island. It was agreed, however, that no appointment should be made to either station, till Messrs. Paton and Copeland had visited Tana, and examined the field for themselves. It was also arranged that Mr. Copeland should go round with Mr. Geddie and Mr. Matheson, and remain with them for two weeks, assisting them with the repairs of the "John Knox," and in preparing the frame of a house for the other station on Tana. Mr. Geddie prepared the frame of a house some time ago, and set it up lately at Port Resolution. Mr. and Mrs. Paton are to remain with us; Mr. Paton to assist me in finishing a

large addition I have been making to the mission house here, and which will require about a fortnight's active work to render it habitable.

During the first year that we resided on this island, I built an apartment to the back of our house, containing a chimney. For several months in the year, in this humid climate, a chimney is a great convenience. This apartment was constructed originally of inferior materials; and as in these islands every thing hastens to decay, it was fast becoming prematurely old. I resolved, therefore, to rebuild this room in a more substantial form; and I thought as we were to be engaged in building, it would be advisable to extend our improvements and add a pantry, a bed room, and a bathing room, as we were much in need of such accommodation. These arrangements involved us for several months in all the bustle and confusion of house building. I fully expected to finish all these improvements before the arrival of the missionaries; but, as it often happens in such cases, various interruptions occurred and delayed our operations; and as their voyage was short, they came upon us just in time to see the nakedness of the land, and the confusion on the mission premises to the fullest extent.

Sep. 17.—VISIT OF THE "JOHN KNOX" TO FOTUNA.—Mr. Underwood, the proprietor of one of the mercantile establishments on this island, kindly allowed his carpenter to prepare a new mast for the "John Knox," and otherwise assisted in hastening the repairs; so that in two weeks from the time of the accident, Mr. Geddie had the vessel again fit to go to sea. We had made arrangements that the "John Knox" should sail for Fotuna on the day that the missionaries arrived. Their arrival, and the accident to the vessel, caused this voyage to be delayed. The chief object of the voyage was to take Navaeka, a chief of Fotuna, and a party of his natives, back to their own island. They had been over on this island for nearly two months, and were very anxious to get home. They had come to this island in the "John Knox," and we felt responsible for sending them home. As soon as the vessel was fit for sea, we sent them away. They had a good passage. They left this island on Tuesday last, and we were landed on Fotuna on Wednesday, and the "John Knox"

was back here on Thursday. We learned that Navaeka's people on Fotuna had become very impatient about him. They thought he must have been killed by the people of Aneiteum; and they were concocting a plan for killing Waihit, one of our Aneiteum teachers, to revenge the supposed death of Navaeka. As soon as Waihit became aware of their intentions, he fled across the island to Spau, where our other teachers are residing. Here he and one of the teachers, Filip, arranged to leave Fotuna in a canoe, and make for Aneiteum in search of Navaeka. Had they done so, the likelihood is that they would have been lost. It is in coming to this island from Fotuna and Tana that most of the canoes have been lost. The south and south-east winds which carry vessels to Fotuna and Tana, are in general steady winds; but the north-east and north-west winds, which blow respectively from Fotuna and Tana to Aneiteum, are unsteady winds; and although canoes leave these islands with a fair wind, the wind frequently either dies away or changes before they can reach this island, and the poor natives sink into a watery grave. Very providentially, however, as Waihit and Filip were preparing to launch their canoe, the "John Knox" was seen approaching the island, and Navaeka and his party were soon in the midst of their friends. When Navaeka heard of the intentions of his people, he was very angry with them, and re-proved them most severely. And they, especially when they saw the presents which he had received from the natives of Aneiteum, felt humbled and greatly ashamed. Alas! how unreflecting and impulsive towards evil, are the poor, dark-hearted, degraded heathen! in a fit of impatience or anger they would destroy their best friends.—They have the strong passions of men, but these are guided and restrained only by the weak and unexpanded intellects of children, while the power of conscience is nearly suspended.

Sep. 24.—VOYAGE TO TANA.—On Sabbath last, the 19th inst, Mrs. Geddie was safely delivered of a daughter; mother and child are both doing well. As the frame of the house was completed, and as the addition to our house was now habitable, it was arranged that I should proceed to Tana with a party of natives, to finish the house at Port Resolution, and set up the frame of the house at the south station; Messrs. Paton and Copeland to accompany me and examine the new stations. On Tuesday evening we sailed from my station for Tana. As the sea was smooth and the wind fair, we took Mr. Copeland's boat in tow, filled with flooring boards. Mr. Copeland took charge of the boat; Mr. Paton and I went in the capacity of "sleeping partners" in the "John Knox." At daylight we were off the south-east point of Tana. We had a fine view of this part of the island from the sea; there is no outer reef to protect the land, hence the coast is bold and rugged.—After a very narrow strip of land, in some parts inhabited, in others not, the land rises abruptly from one to two hundred feet; beyond this for some miles is undulating table land. It is chiefly on these slopes that the natives live and cultivate their plantations. The soil is rich and the country well watered. From the shore to the summit of the mountains, all is one dense green unbroken mass of vegetation. In point of fertility and the appearances of population, there is nothing to be seen like it on Aneiteum.

As we wished to examine the south station, before proceeding to the east station at Port Resolution, Messrs. Paton, Copeland, and I took to the boat, and sent Mr. Anderson, the sailing master of the "John Knox," round to Port Resolution with the schooner, to discharge a cargo of wood for the house, and to await our arrival. There is no anchorage for vessels on the south coast, but there are two boat harbors, one at Anakamera, and the other at Umaihau, about three miles nearer Port Resolution. We proceeded to Anakamera, intending to call and examine the harbor of Umaihau as we proceeded to Port Resolution. We found a good boat harbor at Anakamera; the entrance, however, is narrow, and it requires the person steering the boat to keep a sharp look out. We anchored our boat in the harbor. The most of our teachers, having seen us approaching, met us on the shore, and the natives appeared all friendly. We proceeded to the teacher's house at Umairakar, at the extremity of the bay, about a mile distant. We intended to examine the stations occupied by the teachers, select a site for the mission house, and proceed to Port Resolution, if possible, that day. We had scarcely

got ashore, however, before it began to drizzle, and finally to rain heavily. We left the house of Wausafe, the teacher of Umairarekati, and proceeded to Anukaraka, where Yaresi and Namaka are the two principal chiefs, and where Talip and Yaufati, our first two teachers on Tana, are settled. Here we were obliged to remain and spend the day with the teachers and the natives, and also next day till about noon. But our time was not lost; we obtained much valuable information from and through the teachers. Five chiefs from a distance came to visit us; two of them would not have ventured among the natives of Anukaraka unless we had been there, but they thought themselves safe on our account. The natives were quite delighted with our visit. The teachers told us that the people were beginning to hate Yaresi and Namaka, and accuse them of telling lies, as they had always been saying to them that a missionary would never come; now, however, they were very ashamed of their behaviour, and the hearts of the two chiefs were softened.

As soon as the rain ceased, we set off to examine the harbor of Umaiahau. This harbor we found, as a whole, to be greatly superior to the harbor at Anakameru. Besides this, the natives in the harbor had much less advanced knowledge of Christianity, and were less about a missionary, than the neighbourhood of the other harbor. As all supplies must be brought to the missionary by sea, it is necessary that the mission house be near one or other of these harbors. After examining both, we felt little difficulty in deciding that Anakameru was greatly preferable to Umaiahau. Before late noon we returned to Anakameru, to fix upon a site for

the mission house. While there, a sandal-wood vessel that was passing along the coast, sent in two boats to trade with the natives. The teachers told us that the usual practice with such traders was to remain in their boats outside the reef which forms the harbor, and to allow the natives to go out to them in their canoes, and sell what they wished to dispose of. In this way they had plenty of sea room, and could easily pull off with their boats in case of any danger being apprehended from the natives. But seeing our boat lying safely at anchor, and us standing on the shore, the two boats pushed boldly into the harbor. In this instance Christianity had taken the lead of commerce. But in the true spirit of braggadocio, where no danger was apprehended, one of the men, whom I had seen on Asoitua before, came to us and said, "They did not know what boat ours was; they thought it was some boat which had never been taken, and as they had no other boat, they resolved to come in and trade with us." As if three were not enough, a score of Lifu natives, with a flock of taking a boat from the harbor of Tasese.

During our stay at Anukaraka Mr. Copeland greatly astonished the natives by boiling tea water for our tea in his Russian blast furnace. The teacher's house, a large building, was crowded with men, women, and children, gazing with astonishment at the roaring, blazing fire within.

"Not R. said to with his hair on end
At his own wages, wondering for his
bread."

was perfectly ever more successful in exciting the expectation of the multitude, than any young brother with his spirit of wit and his portable tea-making furnace.

To be continued.

OTHER MISSIONS.

FRENCH CHURCH MISSION.

Bemarderk, Dec. 1, 1859.

My dear Mr. Swart,—Some time ago I wrote you the most encouraging prospects of our mission, and I hope you have received that letter ere this. I am happy to say that the Lord has

been encouraging more and more ever since, and if things continue in this encouraging progress, we shall have to build a church ere not long hence. I preached twice every Sabbath to a regular and most active congregation of about fifty hearers, but it is a fast increasing congregation. Every time we

meet we have one or more new attendants, and what encourages us greatly is that very few of the people who attend once our service go back again to the old Church. It is become a well known fact among the villages that the man who dares enter once our place of worship is like the bird that enters the snare of the more superstitious of them dread our house of prayer as the ancient mariners dreaded the fatal whirlpool of Scylla, but by some mysterious infatuation they are dragged along imperceptibly, and ere they are aware of their real position they find themselves inseparably connected with us.

I teach a Bible class every Tuesday evening, and on Thursday I lecture on the first epistle of St Paul to the Corinthians. I am glad to see these, our weekly meetings, as full and as regularly attended as our Sabbath services. Indeed, these present a valuable opportunity to many a Nicodemus, and the man who ventures out Thursday "by night" never fails to appear on the next Sabbath morning during the first comers.

The weather is cold, the breezes from the opposite hill very piercing. Owing to the vast number of extensive fields of Barley, which afflicts and devastates the country all around, but the Lord has preserved us hitherto. Cold and rain have rendered our open air meetings impracticable, and I was obliged to provide a fold for my flock. In the hall of the Greek Protestants—a partition wall of two rooms and fitted up the place will contain about six persons, and it is already quite full. I gave all the assistance I could, with a sum of £50. We feel very much the want of a bell to summon us to prayer, and some come here soon and a

A month ago I distributed the sacrament of the Lord's Supper to seven of the most pious members of this congregation. Almost all of them are men of grey heads. These may consider as the first fruits of the rich and plentiful harvest. Owing to their dreary pilgrimage in this land of probation,

once and for the first time now they have had communion with the Lord.—The house was crowded with earnest witnesses. The scene was solemn—awfully solemn. I had spent a long time with each of the communicants. I did all I could to instruct and prepare them for the solemn occasion, and the Lord has caused his face to shine upon us. When we shall meet again around the table of the Lord several other fellow-heirs of the promises, who are preparing now, will join us. What shall we render unto the Lord for his goodness to us. What thanks to the Church that has sent us the blessed and glorious gospel? What gratitude to the people to whose kind interest and earnest and united prayers through the mercy of our God, we ascribe the success of this mighty and most difficult work? Pray for the glory of Zion, Pray for the spread of the everlasting gospel. Pray, above all, for the success of our mission, and ere long, by the help of Him in whose hand are the hearts of all men, you shall see your labour of love crowned with success such as ye never anticipated.

Several years ago a young man was stationed here by the American Missionaries as a teacher and preacher, but the Greek priests received him and he quitted the field. They persuaded him to leave the Protestants and join the Greek Church, with the vain promise of permitting him to preach in their pulpits. No sooner did he take this false step than he, alas, too late, discovered his mistake. The Greeks began to laugh at his simplicity, and the Evangelicals looked upon him as an apostate. Despised by both parties, he turned to the world for sympathy and consolation. He went to Athens and married, returned here and engaged himself as the manager of a silk factory. About two months ago I was introduced to him and to his wife, and I have had many opportunities of speaking to them both. His wife was very pious and still more superstitious, but gladly she listened to the tale of the wonderful love of the Saviour. Like Lydia she gave heed to the things spoken, and she needed only to hear. She simply heard, she believed in Christ as her only hope and Saviour, she renounced the superstition of her fathers and is become one of the most earnest and pious converts of the gospel. She is but a babe in Christ,

and I had but few opportunities of examining her faith, but at the same time I had several striking proofs of its life. A fortnight ago I had an interview with some of the most learned Greeks of the place, and our object was to have a debate on religious subjects. The authority of the Fathers, the terms of justification, and many other topics of great moment, kept us up rather late. Euphemia, or Mrs Demitrius—for this is the name of the above mentioned lady—was present. During our debate more than once she came and whispered in my ear, "Mr Constantinides, shall we have no prayer this evening?" "Yes," replied I, "when we shall have done with this subject." An hour had passed already and we had not done yet, and Euphemia came again asking anxiously the same question. So earnest was she about having prayers that she prevailed on us to interrupt our conversation and engage in the most solemn duties of the evening. On Thursday evening, after the lecture, some of the people generally remain, and we practice in sacred music. Last Thursday evening circumstances did not permit us to have the singing class, and as the people were going away I said to one of them, "I am sorry I shall have to pass this evening alone."—Euphemia, who happened to stand by and heard my complaint, "Mr Constantinides," she whispered, "you will not be alone." "But you are all going away," said I. She looked up to me very gravely, and in a low and very grave voice "Christ will abide with you," she replied. It was very encouraging. She has succeeded in bringing back her husband, who is as earnest and as serious as she. He has been educated at Athens by the Rev. Dr. King, the American missionary. He was intended for this work, and he is very earnest to give up all his worldly prospects, and if possible, to engage in it again, only that he might build up again the work he has almost destroyed. If we could open a school at Constantinople he is just the person for managing it, and I hope, if you are not ready, some other sister Church should assist you to engage him forthwith.

On Sabbath last one of the wealthiest and most influential men of Brusa was married, and he was very anxious that I should marry him, but he was most happily disappointed. Sabbath is

the day for all the Greek marriages, and through ignorance he had fixed on the holy day for his own. He had sent invitations to the Turkish Pacha, the Governor, all the Foreign Consuls, and the Greek Bishop, whom he wished to be a simple witness. After he had arranged everything he told me of what he had done and of his earnest desire that I should perform the ceremony.—"Alas!" said I, "Sabbath is the only day I cannot, I may not, I dare not, marry you." "Why did you not tell me before?" asked sorrowfully the noble Greek, "I would gladly have fixed on any day you would choose." "I am very sorry," said I, "but now we cannot help it." "And what shall I do now?" asked the bewildered gentleman "my only recourse is to a Mohamedan imam, shall I be reduced to that? a Greek—a Roman Catholic—priest shall never marry me." "The day of the Lord is holy," said I "and you know that I could not break the Sabbath even were it for the sake of the great Sultan." There is an Armenian Protestant, pastor at Brusa, who with some difficulty consented to marry him. But as this Greek gentleman is anxious to become a Protestant, and both he and his wife to become members of our Church, and as there were present so many great men, after all I am glad that the good pastor married my friend and took the opportunity to speak a few words to that noble assembly of Greeks and Mohamedans.

Our school here is flourishing. We have about sixty pupils, but both our place and our means are limited and I was obliged to refuse several applications. The work before me is more than I can overtake, and God has provided several very qualified young men who could help me. We want only the means, and I feel as if you could not refuse all the help you could offer.—There is a fine young Greek who has just finished his theological studies at the Malta College. He is from Demirdeeh, and I think we should station him as a preacher here as soon as possible. I must not leave Brusa and neglect our noble friend and his family. Besides this family there are several other Protestants at Brusa, and I am sure, could we take advantage of this opportunity and of the encouragement the Lord gives us, we might plant one of the

most influential Protestant Churches throughout the whole of Turkey in Brusa. There is no man wealthier and more influential among the Protestants of Turkey than my recent friend. I close this letter with the words of a French Román Catholic who spoke with me on the subject at Brusa the other day. "Why are you alone here?" said he, "The Saviour sent his disciples two and two. It is high time that some of you should come out. Our preachers always go forth by two. Tell your Church that they should now stretch every nerve!"

With my most affectionate love to all your family, I am, my dear Mr. Stewart, most faithfully ever yours in Christ.

PETROS CONSTANTINIDES.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Dec. 5th, 1859.

* * * * *

Just three months ago I had received £36 from a number of ladies from Scotland, with which I opened and carried out hitherto the school at Demirdesh. These ladies thought they might raise about £50 a year for the support of a teacher at Demirdesh, but I have spent some £20 out of the sum they had sent me in opening the school. I hope you will pay these expenses, and they will continue to support the teacher. Demirdesh is the support of our mission, and I think we should do all in our power to maintain the school there. *If you could not afford the expense of opening that school I will pay it out of my own salary, only let the school go on.*—I think you should give up the idea of having a school at Constantinople just now, and try to maintain the Demirdesh mission. I hope I have done nothing against the mind of the Committee, as I have always acted after I had consulted both the Rev. Mr. Thomson and my American friends here.

There is a fine young man here who was once a monk, afterwards was converted at Jerusalem, studied with me at the Malta College, was recently engaged as a colporteur here by a mis-

sionary of the Church of England to the Mohamedans, and is now very anxious to labour among his nation. The Rev. Dr. Pheander, his employer, asked me to recommend him to you, and I do it with delight, for I know that he is a man who would help our mission mightily. I must have him as a fellow-labourer, and I will write to other friends also, both in Scotland and in Malta; perhaps they might help in supporting him. Every one's opinion here is that this man should work in our mission.

I must return to Demirdesh and stay some time there, but it is evident to you that I cannot continue long there. Constantinople is the chief place, and whenever I leave it I am very anxious about it. My people here can't let me go, and I see with regret a few falling back already.—We must station a preacher at Demirdesh, and we must get a house wherein I may preach here.

You say nothing in your letter about the publication of any religious books. We have no books for our school. I hope you will not dishearten us.

The Church of Scotland has sent a missionary for the Greeks and Jews here, accompanied with a school teacher from Scotland and a young preacher from Greece. They have rented a large house already, wherein they are to have a school and to preach in Greek on every Sabbath. I hope they may prosper in the arduous work, but a school for Greeks and Jews together every one here who has the least experience in these matters well knows could never succeed. We should have a school and a place wherein we might preach in Pera, and then I am sure we might expect great things. But remember our Demirdesh school, and let me not be obliged to shut it up and destroy my work when it has reached to such an eminent height.

Most faithfully and affectionately yours,
PETROS CONSTANTINIDES.

NEWS OF THE CHURCH.

MEETING OF THE COMMITTEE ON UNION.

We are gratified to learn that the

Joint Committee of the Presbyterian Church of this Province have met during the past week and got satisfactorily

through with the matters brought before them, so that we are able to assure our readers that the prospects of an early consummation of the Union were never more promising, than at the present moment.

The Committees met in Poplar Grove Church on Wednesday evening, the 7th inst., at 8 o'clock. Present—Rev. Professor King, Rev. Dr. McLeod and Rev. Mr. McKnight on the part of the Free Church, and Rev. Professor Ross, Rev. Messrs. Murdoch, McCulloch, Bayne, Sedgewick and McGregor, and Messrs. D. McCurdy and C. Robson, Ruling Elders, of the Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia.

A good part of the evening was occupied in reading the Minutes of the Joint Committees for 1858—9, together with Minutes of both Synods on this subject, and in general conference on topics suggested by the reading of the Minutes.

On Thursday the meetings were continued in the basement of the same Church, from 11 o'clock A. M. to 10 o'clock P. M., (adjournments for meals excepted.) Rev. J. Bayne in the chair. The Conveners of the respective Committees laid before the meeting the reports of Presbyteries and Sessions as forwarded to them by Clerks of Presbyteries, from which it appeared that all the Sessions of the Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia which had reported (and in some Presbyteries every Session had done so) were favorable.—The Sessions of the Free Church have very generally forwarded reports, nearly all favorable, and with few exceptions unanimous. We have not been furnished with the details, which of course will be fully laid before the Synods in June, but the Committees feel that they were called to record their gratification at finding the expression of opinion so favorable, and, in most cases, entirely unanimous.

Some time was occupied by the resolution of the Synod of the Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia passed at their last meeting, declaring it to be "the right and duty of Sessions to exclude from Church fellowship, after faithful dealing, those who persist in the ordinary traffic in intoxicating drinks," as being, in the opinion of some, the introduction of a new term of communion, since the commencement of negotiations,

and therefore involving a difficulty in the way of a harmonious consummation. Mutual explanations ensued, when it appeared that the understanding of the Committees was, that nothing was to be considered binding on the United Body but the Basis of Union and the relative documents, as these have been agreed to by Presbyteries and Sessions.

A Committee was appointed to procure Legislative provision, if necessary, for the security of congregational and Church property; and the Professors of the Seminaries were requested to prepare a statement of the course of study to be pursued in the secular department of the Seminary to be conducted, probably, in Thuro, with suggestions as to the division of labour among the Professors, to report to the Joint Committees in time to enable them to hold a meeting before the assembling of Synod.

Can the Committees recommend that the Union be consummated this year? If so, will they recommend that the time shall be at the Synod meetings in June? This was felt to be the great question. All the members concurred in the opinion that on a subject of such great importance to the interests of religion and Presbyterianism, while all unnecessary delay should be avoided, undue precipitancy should be shunned with equal care. The Committees, however, agreed unanimously to record their convictions that the state of the negotiations and the reports from Sessions are such, that they are of opinion that the Synods, at their approaching meetings in June, will be in a position to make arrangements for having the Union consummated at a special session, convened for that purpose, in the autumn or fall of 1860, and agree to recommend accordingly.

We have heard and now record this intelligence with great satisfaction, and in this joyful feeling we know that our readers generally will participate. We will live in the expectation of seeing the *Consummation of this Union*, and the *celebration of the Tri-centenary of the Scottish Reformation* fixed for the same week, and, should this expectation be realized, that week will be one long to be remembered in the religious and civil annals of Nova Scotia.—*Witness.*

NOTICES, ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS, &c.

Monies received by the Treasurer from 20th February to 20th March, 1860.

Foreign Mission.

From Rev A P Millar's congregation, Merigonish,	£5	6	0
Rev Dr Jennings's Toronto congregation Sabbath school,	20	15	0
Sabbath school N P congregation, Montreal, Dr Taylor's, for Schooner "John Knox,"	13	10	0
Mission schools on the Islands, do	1	10	0
Educating Missionary Children, do	1	10	0
James Dawson, Montreal,	4	0	0
Ladies Missionary Society, Tatamagouche,	7	6	6
Children of day school, do	0	6	6
Sabbath school, Sharon Church, do	0	10	3
Maitland Juvenile Missionary Soc.,	3	7	9
Mr Archibald Ferrie, Secretary to Mission Committee, United Presbyterian Church, Montreal,	26	0	0

Home Mission.

Maitland Juv Mis Society. 0 11 3

Seminary.

Maitland Juv Mis Society, 0 6 0
Salem Church Ladies Missionary Society, additional per 1859, 0 11 3

Special Effort.

Peter Ogelby, first U Settlement, Musquodoboit, per Rev J Currie, 1 0 0

The agent acknowledges the receipt of the following sums for Instructor and Register:

Thomas B. Gould,	£1	0	0
Abram Patterson,	1	0	0
Rev. Samuel Johnston,	0	5	0
Rev. Thomas Downie,	0	5	5
Kirk S Patterson,	0	12	6
Samuel S Morrison,	2	0	0

Pictou, 24th March.

BOARDS, AND STANDING COMMITTEES, &c.

Board of Home Missions.—Rev. Messrs Patterson, McGillveray, Walker and Thomson, together with Messrs. Anthony Collic, John, McKinnon, David Fraser and Lawrence Miller, Ruling Elders. Rev. George Patterson, Secretary.

Committee of Bills and Occurrences.—Rev Messrs. Bayne, Roy and McGillveray, and Mr. James McGregor. Mr Bayne, Convener.

Board of Foreign Missions.—Rev. Messrs Baxter, Roy, Bayne, Waddell, Roddick, Watson, and McKinnon, and Messrs. Kenneth Forbes, James Stalker, John McKinnon and Peter Ross Ruling Elders. Secretary—Rev. J. Bayne.

Seminary Board.—The Professors, ex officio. Rev. Messrs. McCulloch, Baxter, Ross, Wylie, Cameron, McKay and Currie, and Messrs. Robert Smith, David McCurdy, Isaac Fleming, William McKim, Fleming Blanchard, and Adam Dickie. Mr McCulloch, Convener; Rev. E. Ross, Secretary.

Committee on Union with the Free Church.—Rev. Messrs. McGregor, (Convener,) Murdoch, Sedgewick, Cameron, McCulloch, J. Ross and Bayne, and Messrs. C. Robson and D. McCurdy, Ruling Elders.

Committee to Audit Accounts.—Rev. J. Walker, and Messrs. Roderick McGregor and Alex. Fraser of New Glasgow. Rev. G. Walker, Convener.

Receiver of Contributions to the Scheme of the Church.—James McCallum, Esq., P. E. Island, and Mr R. Smith, Merchant, Truro.

Receiver of Goods for Foreign Mission and Agent for Register.—Mr James Patterson, Bookseller, Pictou.

General Treasurer for all Synodical Funds. Abram Patterson, Esq., Pictou.

Committee on Colportage.—Rev. Dr Smith, Revds. John I Baxter, A. Cameron, Currie, and Messrs. Isaac Logan and Jasper Crow.

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For Register, single copies, 1s. 6d. each—six copies or more to one address at 1s. 3d. each, and one additional for every twelve ordered. In all cases when addressed singly, 1s 6d will be charged.

Communications to be addressed to the Rev. George Patterson, (Green Hill, Pictou, and it is requested that they be forwarded by the 10th of the month previous to that in which they are to be inserted. Small notices may be sent to the Publisher up to the 24th.

Orders and Remittances to be forwarded to Mr James Patterson, Bookseller, Pictou. Remittances may also be sent to the Synodical Treasurer.

We respectfully request a prompt remittance from Agents. Those who have not collected the whole, will oblige by forwarding the same they may have on hand.