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# THE GOSPEL TRIBUNE, AND CHRISTIAN COMMUNIONIST,

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"ONE IS YOUR MASTER, even CHRIST: AND ALL YE ARE BRETHREN."

## Moral and Religious Miscellany.

From the Churchman's Magazine.

### THE BAYMAN'S WIFE.

BY REV. J. H. INGRAHAM.

The burning heat of the Southern summer drives all persons in the city, who are not compelled to be abroad, to the shelter of their houses, to the shade of their porticoes, or the cool recesses of their little gardens. It was at the close of a fiercely hot day in August, that taking advantage of the lengthening shadows that rendered one side of the street sheltered from the sun, I went out to make my usual daily visits in the neighborhood of my church. I met but here and there a slave hurrying by with ice swung in twine, or bearing water in a well poised bucket upon his head.

The quarter of the city to which I was directing my steps, is situated near the Bay-side, and inhabited chiefly by a class of men who are called "Baymen," their business being fishing, lightering, and lading and unlading vessels in the lower bay; an intelligent industrious, upright sort of men, who support comfortably their families. Several of them were regular attendants at church, and I was not a stranger in their humble homes. I had entered the narrow street which led to the group of houses by the water, when I was hailed from a house that evidently had been constructed out of the planks of a broken-up vessel.

"Hoy—ahoy!"

I turned, and saw a stout-built man in the door, dressed in tattered canvas trowsers, and a faded and torn blue-checked shirt. His beard was uncut, and his aspect was that of a man who had lost his better nature by an intemperate life.

"Ahoy! Heave to!" he added, in a hoarse and rather imperative voice.

I drew near the door; the fence was broken down that had once separated it from the street.

"You are skipper of that tall-rigged craft up there, ain't you?" asked the man, pointing to the spire of St. John's, full in view.

"Do you wish to speak with me, my friend?" I quietly asked, without appearing to notice his rude mode of addressing me; as if he would disguise his contempt of a minister under the affection of nautical phraseology.

"Well, not particularly," he answered, carelessly; "but the old girl inside wants to say a word to you. She's bound on a voyage, and wants to know from a parson if her papers are all right."

"Do you speak of your wife!" I asked, regarding the brute with mingled pity and indignation.

"Yes—if you like it better! She's about done for! She was trying to get me to go after you, but

it is too hot for a Christian to put his head out—and so when I saw you coming, I hailed."

"A Christian! Are you a Christian, sir?" I repeated, with a tone and expression of face that confused him.

"Well, I can't pretend much that way. All a set of impostors! Don't care to be suspected of being one. Used the word only as a saying—like, you know. The fewer preachers in the world, the better it would be."

"Is your wife dangerously ill?" I asked, as I passed him to enter the only room of the house, in which, stretched upon a mattress, supported by a sea-vessel's berth nailed against the wall, was the invalid.

The woman turned her eyes toward me, and smiled a welcome, while she extended her thin hand.

"God be blessed, ever blessed, for this favor, sir," she said in a low and weak voice, her whole appearance being that of one about to depart the body.

I recognized her, as soon as she spoke, as one to whom I had administered the communion the preceding month, and whose abode, being a stranger, I had endeavored to ascertain, unsuccessfully until now.

"Sir, I wished to see you before I died," she said, taking my hand, and pressing it for a moment with fervor. "God has heard my prayer, and sent you to me. Oh, sir, pray for my husband!" And she cast a look towards him, as he stood half in the door, his ear attentive to what was passing by the bedside, while his eyes were fixed upon the water with its passing vessels.

"Mag, if you wanted to see the parson to ask him to pray for me, you might as well have saved both yourselves the trouble. If there is any prayers put up for me, Doctor," he said, looking at me with a reckless and saucy air, "it must be the devil!"

The dying woman released my hand, and closed her eyes, while her lips moved in supplication. There was an air of patience, of years' endured patience, impressed upon her face—which told how her pious heart had long been schooled "to endure the contradiction" of her sinful husband. "I want none of your religion," he added, with an oath.

"Sir," I said, turning to him, and speaking with firmness and feeling, "are you a man?"

"Well, I reckon I am not a dog," he answered, with a sneering laugh.

"If, then, you are a man, you need the Christian religion, with all that it can give to men.—There are but two orders of creatures in God's universe, known to us, that need it not; one is that of the angels, who having never sinned, need no repentance and no Saviour. They are above Christianity. The other order of creatures is that of the brutes. They need not religion, because they have no souls to be sanctified and saved. *Angels and brutes need no Christ!* But man, who has sinned, and has a soul to save, needs a Saviour—is in need of all that

Christianity can bestow. You are either above man or below him, to bestow no religion. If you are above man, you are an angel. If you are below man, you are a brute."

The man looked at me with a fixed and displeased gaze. He advanced to step into the room.

"This is strong language, parson, to put to a man," said he, with an air intended to intimidate.

"You acknowledge, then, that you are a man," I answered, meeting steadily his sparkling gray eyes. "God commands all men everywhere to repent. The strong language I made use of is the voice of the Word of God, which says that men without God and religion are as the brutes that perish."

The man had closed his hand into a fist, and seemed irresolute for the moment, whether to vent his displeasure in a blow or not.

"James," said his wife, warningly—"James, do not strike."

"No, no—don't fear. I'll not knock a man down for quoting the Scripture; but people ought to be a little delicate, Mag, how they throw such bricks at a man's hat. It ain't pleasant to be called a brute!"

"Pardon me, sir," I answered; "I did not call you a brute. This inference you have yourself drawn. I simply said that man needs the Christian religion—only brutes and angels may do without it."

The boatman made no reply. He turned away, and walked to and fro along the broken floor of the gallery. Evidently he was thinking upon what had been said to him—not angrily, but thoughtfully. I saw his wife's eyes follow him, and with a look of gratitude, she said—

"God bless you, sir, for speaking so plainly to him. He has been a good husband; but for—for—intemperance and bad company. He has had but this fault and the want of religion. O, sir, when I am gone, think of him—pray for him, call and see him, and talk with him!—He has a soul to save. Christ died for him. He is not too great a sinner to be saved by that atoning sacrifice made for sinners. Once, sir, he was gentle—but—the cup—the cup, sir—it has changed him! He is not—looks not at all the man he was when we were married."

"I promise not to forget his claims upon me, as a Christian minister," I answered.

"Thanks, sir, thanks! I—"

Here her emotion prevented her from expressing herself further in what she was about to say. I could perceive that death was flinging his shadow over her pale features, which my presence had kindled into momentary life. I knelt down by her pillow and offered up a prayer, committing her departing soul to the arms of her Redeemer. At the close of my prayer, she opened her eyes, and smiling with ineffable sweetness, while her large, glorious eyes beamed with a glory borrowed from heaven, she said in a voice touching, from its fulness of hope and love:

"I know that my Redeemer liveth! and though worms destroy this body, yet shall I see God.—James, husband, come near me. I am going away from you. Let me say farewell!"

The boatman who had paused in his walk up and down the gallery, to look in at the door while I was praying, now came in, and approached the bed of his expiring wife. He stood gazing down upon the floor, with his arms folded, and a look of affected indifference.

"James, come near. Look upon me. Let me take your hand."

He gave his hard heavy hand into her fragile clasp, but with ill-grace. Yet I could see that he was moved; that the dying face of his wife had touched

a chord in his wicked heart—that he was not a dog, but a man—a man, in whom not sin or intemperance had utterly destroyed the Divine lineaments; for only in hell is the stamp of God's image wholly effaced; this side of the grave there is hope for the veriest wretch that has ever trampled under foot the blood of Christ.

"While life's lamp holds out to burn,  
The vilest sinner may return."

He did not reply, but stood and gazed upon her. There was a holy splendour in her returning gaze, as she looked up into his blotted face, and said—

"James, farewell! I die. I am now going to that heaven, the hope of which has so long cheered me in this vale of tears. I am going to see the face of the dear Jesus whom I have loved, and who died to purchase for me a title in heaven. I am going where there is no more sin—no more tears—no more pain—and no more death! The happiness of that blessed world will be eternal, and the life there without end! And here, my husband, let me bear testimony, that in dying, I am sustained only by the hopes of the gospel, which you have so often been angry with me for reading. But, forgive me. I meant no reproach. Kiss me, husband!"

To my surprise he bent over her pillow, to do which he dropped himself on one knee, for there was no chair, and kissed her forehead.—She smiled, and laying her hand upon his forehead, prayed—

"Father, glorify Thy grace in making my husband a Christian man. Nothing is impossible with Thee."

The rough boatman's face betrayed no emotion. He seemed to guard every muscle of his features, lest they should betray any feeling.—By their very rigidity, however, the outer man betrayed the secret of the inner man. He still held her hand—still remained on one knee by her side. He seemed to be bound there by fascination, and unable to resist the spell. Each moment she was sinking. The glory in her eyes faded perceptibly.

"Sir," she said to me, raising them heavily to my face; "Sir, farewell. May we meet in heaven. I thank you for your teachings and your consolations in the pulpit, and for your presence here."

Here she pressed my hand with her cold fingers.

"Good-bye, dear James! I cannot return to you, but you can come to me. O, my husband, in that day when we all must appear about the judgment seat of Christ, may I behold you among those who shall stand on the right hand. Farewell—O, let it not be forever!"

As she ceased to speak, I could see his chest heave, and his lips were set like a vise, to keep down the earthquake throeing within his stirred soul. But all in vain his efforts. With a sudden outburst of his deep voice, in loud groans of anguish, he broke into a passion of sobs and tears. The fountains of his heart were upriven, and he leaned his forehead upon her pillow, and sobbed aloud like a child.

It would take an angel's reed to describe truly the expression of the face of her who was dying. It wore not a smile—but was a smile full of holy light and joy. If in heaven the redeemed wear such faces, they are indeed happy. She gently drew his forehead nearer and kissed him.

"James, these tears are my joy! They show me that you love me. O, that God may give you grace to come where I am going! Will you promise to try and come to heaven?"

"Margie, I promise—so help me God!" he answered, in a voice firm as a rock, yet tremulous with his tears.

"Then I die in peace! Saviour, into Thy hands

I commend my spirit. Thou hast made my cup run over!"

For a few moments she remained silent and motionless. We believed her spirit had left its tenement of clay. He gazed upon her, watching for the least sign of life. He bent over and kissed her lips—and I could hear him mutter:

"I am a villain—I am a brute! I am not worthy to be so near one who is so near G. d.—This is as near heaven as a wretch like me ought to approach! Murder—forgive me, forgive me all my wrongs to you. I see now that it was that there was a reality in religion. I wish I could die here with you. I hate myself—I loathe myself."

Suddenly, as he was thus addressing her in his remorse and anguish of soul, her lips moved. She opened her eyes, and said, with animation that surprised me, and an expression of celestial beauty:

"Hark! hear that music! O, it cannot be of earth! Listen. Such strains reach my ears from heavenly choirs!"

Here she paused, and then began faintly to repeat:

"Who are these in bright array?  
This innumerable throng,  
Round the—"

Her voice failing her at this word, I resumed where she stopped. She took up the lines, and added, with her soul trembling between earth and heaven:

"Thou the Lamb amidst the throne  
Shall to living fountains' ad—"

"O, yes—blessed Lamb of God, Jesus, my Saviour, my hope—there I shall follow Thee, and be ever with Thee!"

Here she seemed to be lost in rapture. Her hands were clasped, her face shone as the transfigured countenance of Moses and Elias, when Jesus talked with them. Her eyes remained closed. She did not seem to breathe. Softly, plaintively she began to sing these words:

"O, there shall rest be found—  
Rest for the weary soul,"  
\* \* \* \* \*  
"Beyond this vale of tears  
There is a life above—"  
\* \* \* \* \*  
"AND ALL THAT LIFE IS LOVE!"

"Is love—is love—is LOVE. Come, Lord Jesus, come!"

She spoke no more. Her heart ceased its fluttering—her features were immovable and fixed. The casket of the immortal soul alone remained before us.

The husband knelt still by her pillow. He gazed upon the dead with a look of respectful awe. He stood up, first leaving a kiss upon the insensible brow.

"You have seen, my dear friend, how a Christian dies," I said, gently.

"Yes, sir—yes," he answered, with a superhuman effort to control his tears, "and I have known how a Christian can live, sir. That woman was an angel from God's heaven to me. I see it all. I feel it all, now. It was her Christianity that made her bear with me so—and I called it meanness. Sir, I am a brute. I have treated her like a brute—and yet she never gave me an unkind word. Those lips, now mute forever, sir, never uttered words only of love, gentleness and truth. I hated her because she was so good. Her holy life was always a sermon in my eyes, and before my conscience. She was a living

Bible against me and my evil life. God forgive me!"

He then went abruptly out of the room, and paced up and down the back yard. In the hot climate of this country the dead are soon committed to the ground, seldom remaining twenty-four hours unburied. In the morning, at nine o'clock, the coffin was carried to the church.—The husband was present, serious, and deeply impressed by the services for the dead. At the grave, when the clods of earth fell with hollow sound upon the coffin, as "earth was committed to earth," his feelings overmastered him, and hiding his face with his hands, and leaning his head upon a tombstone near, his massive frame shook, and every eye was turned upon him with surprise and sympathy; for "Jim Derrick" was so well known, as I have since learned, as the "wickedest man" among the Baymen, that even his presence, decently, at the funeral, was a matter of wonder and remark by all. But they knew not the scenes which had transpired by that death-bed.

A YOUNG HERO.

Master Walters had been much annoyed by some one of his scholars *whistling* in school. Whenever he called a boy to account for such disturbance, he would plead that it was unintentional—"he forgot all about where he was." This became so frequent that the master threatened a severe punishment to the next offender.

The next day, when the room was unusually quiet, a loud, sharp whistle broke the stillness. Every one asserted that it was a certain boy who had the reputation of a mischief-maker and a liar.

He was called up, and—though with a somewhat stubborn look he denied it again—commanded to hold out his hand. At this instant, a little, slender fellow, not more than seven years old, came out, and with a very pale, but decided face, held out his hand, saying, as he did so, with the clear tone and firm air of a hero:

"Mr. Walters, sir, do not punish him—I whistled. I was doing a long, hard sum, and in rubbing out another, rubbed out that by mistake, and spoiled it all, and before I thought, I whistled right out, sir. I was very much afraid, but I could not sit there and act a lie, when I knew who was to blame. You may ferule me, sir, as you said you should?" And with all the firmness he could command, he again held out the little hand, never for a moment doubting that he was to be punished.

Mr. Walters was much affected. "Charles," said he, looking at the erect form of the delicate child, who had made such a conquest over his natural timidity; "I would not strike you a blow for the world. No one here doubts that you spoke the truth; you did not mean to whistle. You have been a hero, sir."

The boy went back to his seat with a flushed face, and quietly went on with his sums. He must have felt that every eye in the room was upon him, in admiration, for the smallest scholar in the school could appreciate the moral courage of such an action.

Charles grew up, and became a devoted, consistent Christian. Let all our readers imitate his noble, heroic conduct.—*Twilight hours.*

SIN.

Look now at sin; pluck off that painted mask,—and turn upon her face the lamp of the Bible. We start: it reveals a death's head. I stay not to quote texts descriptive of sin; it is a debt, a burden, a

thief, a sickness, a leprosy, a plague, a poison, a serpent, a sting,—everything that man hates it is; a load of evils beneath whose most crushing, intolerable pressure “the whole creation groaneth.” Name me the evil that springs not from this root—the crime that lies not at this door. Who is the hoary sexton that digs man his grave? Who is the painted temptress that steals his virtue? Who is the sorceress that first deceives and then damns his soul? Sin! Who, with icy breath, blights the sweet blossoms of youth? Who brings grey hairs with sorrow to the grave? Who, by a more hideous metamorphosis than Ovid ever fancied, changes sweet children into vipers, tender mothers into monsters, and their fathers into worse than Herods, the murderers of their own innocents? Sin! Who casts the apple of discord on home hearths? Who lights the torch of war and carries it over happy lands? Who, by divisions in the Church, rends Christ’s seamless robe? Sin! Who is this Delilah that sings the Nazarite asleep, and delivers the strength of God into the hands of the uncircumcised? Who, with smiles in her face, and honeyed flattery on her tongue, stands in the door to offer the sacred rites of hospitality, and when suspicion sleeps, pierces our temples with a nail? What Siren is this who, seated on a rock, by the deadly pool, smiles to deceive, sings to lure, kisses to betray, and flings her arms around our neck, to leap with us into perdition? Sin! Who petrifies the soft and gentle heart, hurls reason from her throne, and impels sinners, mad as Gadarene swine, down the precipice into a lake of fire? What witch of hell is it that thus bewitches us? Sin! Who nailed the son of God to that bloody tree? And who, as if it were not a dove descending with the olive, but a vulture swooping down to devour the dying, vexes, grieves, thwarts, repels, drives off the Spirit of God? Who is it that makes man in his heart and habits baser than a beast; and him who was once but little lower than an angel, but little better than a devil? Sin! Sin! Thou art a hateful and horrible thing; that “abominable thing which God hates.” And what wonder? Thou hast insulted his Holy Majesty; thou hast bereaved him of beloved children: thou hast defied his power: thou hast despised his grace: and, in the body and blood of Jesus, as if that were a common thing, thou hast trodden under foot his matchless mercy? Surely, brethren, the wonder of wonders is, that sin is not that abominable thing which we also hate.—*Dr. Guthrie’s Gospel in Ezekiel.*

From the Freeman.

#### UNION AMONG BAPTISTS.

We have repeatedly in these columns avowed our conviction that the Baptists are the appointed guardians of a principle, obscured in a measure by the practice of all other sects, but of the highest value in its bearing upon the controversies of our own times, and upon the extension of the kingdom of Christ. This is the truth of religious individualism,—of the intensely personal nature of Christianity.—Other denominations believe the doctrine; in ours only, as we believe, is firmly and consistently pursued to its logical results. Hence the well-known prophecy of one of our writers some years since, that in course of time all Christendom would become either Papist or Baptist. A prediction of which we should assuredly expect the speedy fulfilment, if men in general were in the habit of thoroughly carrying out the legitimate conclusions of their belief. But, alas, mankind are not logical! Few are not either better than their creed,—or worse!

One danger, to which the upholders of the principle of individualism are particularly liable, is that of an overweening self-love. When exaggerated in scale, and applied to “my opinions” instead of “myself,” this self-love becomes sectarianism. Were it, therefore, to turn out, as our opponents suggest, that Baptists are especially sectarian, we should not greatly wonder. They are exposed to a special temptation. But, at the same time, the principle itself furnishes an antidote to the evil. For, personal rights and responsibilities belong not only to myself but to my brother. If I remembered that, I shall be as ready to grant his liberty as to assert my own. The medal thus has two sides. If “Sectarianism” is the motto of the one, the obverse bears that of “Catholicity.” For our part we believe, in all honesty, that among Baptists are to be found the most catholic of christians. And for this reason: their distinguishing principle teaches them with peculiar emphasis that the rights of conscience are sacred. To admit this frankly is one great step to true christian union. For, although it is a good and pleasant thing for brethren to dwell together in unity of sentiment, it is surely a far higher triumph of charity when brethren, though differing, can appreciate each other’s belief, understanding how it may consist with integrity, intelligence, and devotedness to God.

We are not blind to the dangers that have menaced the unity of the Baptist body. These, however, we fondly believe, are passed or passing. The question of communion does not now threaten, as once it did, to separate us into two bodies. Both sides have become more tolerant. Strict Baptists understand that Open Communion may consist with the spirit of obedience; and Open Communionists acknowledge that the Strict practice may consist with the spirit of charity. There is room, indeed for a better understanding still, for a more frank and hearty fellowship, based, not on silence, but on a fraternal love, which can bear discussion and admit correction. But in this respect we are certainly making great advances.

Another division remains defined and broad. We allude to that between “General” and “Particular” Baptists. These still constitute two denominations, separated by as wide an apparent chasm as that which keeps asunder any other two sections of the christian church. Is it not time that this chasm should be filled up? The question is one of delicacy; we know full well what difficulties it will suggest; but, at any rate, it is worth asking. The principle which we hold so dear is one of such simplicity, such adaptation to our times, such power to move the world, that if possible all who hold it should be one.

With the theological question we, as journalists, may not be thought competent to meddle. There does, however, seem to us much force in the following sentence from one of the clearest and deepest thinkers who have adorned the modern pulpit:—

“Whatever opposite views are held with warmth by religious-minded men, we may take it for granted that there is some higher truth which embraces both. All high truth is the union of two contradictions. Thus predestination and freewill are opposites; and the truth does not lie between these two, but in a higher reconciling truth which leaves both true.”

Now it may be that in this present state of being the “higher reconciling truth” is undiscoverable. We can see only the twin pillars of the arch; the keystone overhead, where all the lines of the glorious structure meet, is hidden in the clouds and darkness which surrounded the Everlasting Throne. One

thing, at least, appears plain, that neither the Calvinist's nor the Arminian's theory furnishes a key wherewith to unriddle all the mysteries of the universe. Either can propose to the other unanswerable questions, insoluble mysteries. No doubt one is in a better position than the other for seeing all that can be seen of the Divine system of truth; but as both can see so little at the best, it becomes each to be humble and tolerant. It may be that both are fellow-seekers, equally sincere; and that from their present partial views, and by their far divided paths, they will reach the point of full revelation together. Meanwhile, may they not strive and work together now?

For be it distinctly observed, in the great practical matters of evangelical preaching and of christian duty, both are one. The time has gone by when Calvinist legions pin down Arminians to Universalism, or when Arminians triumphantly demonstrate that Calvinists ought to be Antinomians. Whatever logic may say, there are the facts. General Baptists are not Universalists, Particular Baptists are not Antinomians. We speak of the immense majority. Nor ought we to forget to make grateful and honourable mention of the two great men whom God raised up at the same time, in the crisis of peril to each of these christian communities, to save them from their respective dangers, and to keep them in the path of evangelic faith. The name of Andrew Fuller is honoured throughout Protestant Christendom; that of Dan Taylor is less renowned, but in his own sphere his usefulness was as great. If the former was the means of saving the mass of Calvinistic churches from Antinomianism, the latter rescued a large proportion of the Arminian Baptists from a form of Socinianism that was threatening to engulf them all. Thus, although they may not have suspected it, did these illustrious men become pioneers in the work of union. Each led his brethren from devious paths, where they were beginning to wander, back to the simple gospel; and having brought them to the Cross, it has become the far easier task of another generation to bring them together.

That it is the same gospel that is preached in both denominations, the most ordinary observation will prove. Go to Derby, Leicester, Nottingham, London; visit the Particular and the General Baptist chapels; listen to the sermons, attend the prayer-meetings, view the administration of the ordinances,—and we venture to say it will become utterly inexplicable to nineteen out of twenty observers on what principle christians who seem to have literally every essential thing in common should be divided by so absolute an ecclesiastical separation. We speak of "observers" only, be it marked;—the historical student will fully understand how the division was occasioned; but the causes which once necessitated it, we are happy to believe, exist no longer.

From the Puritan Recorder.

#### PROGRESS OF ROMISH INFLUENCE IN CANADA.

Every American Protestant must take more or less interest in the development of Popery upon this side of the Atlantic. In British North America, Catholicity is as powerful as perhaps in any portion of the known world; and in the province of Canada, it is to be seen under peculiar and highly interesting circumstances.

At the time of the conquest of Canada, England consented by express articles of treaty, first with the French commander, who yielded up Quebec by capitulation, and afterwards with the King of France, that

the religion of the French Canadians should be preserved in tact; which the priests ultimately succeeded in introducing the British Government to construe into the recognition of all the civil, legal powers, which their church had exercised under French sway. It was under the first governor, General Murray, second in command to Wolfe, that the church made an attempt to have its jurisdiction in criminal cases established. The attempt to execute a nun was resisted by the governor, who put seven pieces of cannon in position, and threatened to demolish the convent, unless the fair prisoner was released. He carried his point by the terror of military power; but the claim of holding ecclesiastical courts was not abandoned until the passing of the Quebec Act under which the power of inflicting punishment for crimes and offences was specially reserved to courts of justice holden according to the forms and principles of the common law of England in criminal cases. Still the right of the clergy to sue for tithes was conceded; and at the present moment the Romish priest has as little difficulty in a suit of that kind in Canada as he would have in any state of Italy. The clergy on their part lent their support to the British Government. On the outbreak of the American Revolution, Du Pleisis Moray, the Catholic archbishop, pointed out to the French Canadians that Franklin had complained of the favourable terms granted to the Catholics of Canada by George III., as a grievance in the opinion of the Protestant colonists; and both the archbishop and his clergy called upon the people to stand by the throne, and even to take arms against Montgomery and Arnold. Many of them did so, though, despite of all the efforts of the clergy, the "rebels" were not entirely without declared friends amongst the French Canadians.

So in the rebellion of the French Canadians in 1837, the priests were found entirely on the side of the crown. Attempts were repeatedly made, by Papineau and the popular party, to cause the property of the priesthood to be placed under the control of the Pope and the purview of their representatives. It was in vain. No sooner would the nominally Roman Catholic majority in the Legislative Assembly procure a bill (such as the "Marguilliers' Act), striking directly at the temporal endowments of the church, than the nominally Protestant majority of the Legislative Council (the Canadian Senate) would reject the bill, as a *quid pro quo* for the support of the priests against the popular party. It was therefore the policy of the priests to conciliate the Protestants. Toleration was essentially necessary to a clergy whose wealth and power were preserved by Protestants from the encroachments of professing Papists, desirous of borrowing the voluntary system from the United States and applying it to their church. It was this circumstance which has rendered Romanism in Canada so different from Romanism elsewhere. While Britain retained any substantial amount of power and control in the affairs of the colony, nothing could exceed the mildness of the priests, not only in their personal intercourse with Protestants, to whom they made it a point to be on all occasions civil, hospitable, and obliging, but even in their doctrines, carefully avoiding in their discourses all matter of offence, and often holding up the Protestants as models, in some particular respects, for the imitation of their flocks, and speaking of the duty of living in charity with them, and setting an example of good-neighbourship in their intercourse with them. Of late years this course has been altered much for the worse. The reasons of the change are: The complete recognition by the British Government of the representative principle in the government of Canada.

and its consequent withdrawal of that control which it formerly exercised over the affairs of the colony; the advent of a large Irish emigration to Canada and the United States; and lastly, the Ultramontane movement originated by Pius IX., and now acting throughout the whole Catholic world.

Canada was originally settled by a mixed population of Catholics and Calvinists. Richelieu, however, annihilated the power of the latter, and gave Canada an exclusively Catholic organization, making the conversion of the Indians one of the most prominent objects of its colonization.

The theologians of the Sorbonne took care to introduce the tenets of those celebrated doctors most fully into Canada, and ere the death of Louis XIV., the Gallican Church exercised a supreme and uncontrollable sway. Its system remained undisturbed up to the English conquest; and, under the change of masters, the doctors of the Sorbonne and the Council of Paris were still the standards of the Canadian Church.

It was with unmixed alarm and displeasure that its clergy beheld the advance of an Irish emigration. While inculcating on their flocks the great duty of charity to all men, from the political motive I have above described, they had been sufficiently careful to preserve them, by all the means in their power, from acquiring a knowledge of the English language. To the barrier of language, in fact, they looked to keep their flocks from the danger of conversion. As long as the Irish were few in number, they attempted to incorporate them with the French Canadian race; and for a long time they resisted their desire for a separate place of worship and religious instruction in the English tongue. The Protestants, desiring to take advantage of the split between the French and Irish Catholics, found the funds to build churches for the latter, and the Irish were thus erected into a distinct and separate community, despite of the opposition of the hierarchy of their faith. France had ceased to be "a living centre of unity," to use the phrase of the Romish theologians; and though questions of doctrine were governed by the decisions of the Council of Paris, yet there was no longer an appeal to that capital, or a constant communication between its clergy and those of Canada. In point of fact, the Archbishop at Quebec was virtually the Pope of Canada, and the dependence of his see on the Bishop of Rome was, as nearly as possible, nominal. Hence the difficulty of dealing with an emigration of ultramontane Papists from Ireland. It was clear that the new comers might question a jurisdiction so irregular as that existing in Canada. Hence the attempt to merge them in the mass of the French Canadian population, and its failure.

So soon as the Irish became an important element in Canadian society, it became necessary that the church should find "a living centre of unity," and the following considerations decided that that centre should be Rome. The church in France, greatly impoverished as it was by the effects of the first revolution; reduced under the first Napoleon, and then under Louis Philippe, to a position very subordinate to that of the state; encountering, moreover, the opposition of an immense amount of scepticism and infidelity; was scarcely fitted to fulfil the duties of the ecclesiastical control even of a Gallican population. And, moreover, English statesmen might not have seen without jealousy the establishment of French ecclesiastical influence in Canada. Paris, however, could exercise no influence over the ultramontane Irish, who have always rejected the Gallican councils as little less than schismatic, if not heretical. To have attempted a connection with Paris, therefore,

would have widened the breach, and rendered the Irish still more independent of the ecclesiastical authorities of Canada. Rome alone could afford that element of spiritual power over the new comers which was wanting to the French Canadian clergy. They opened a direct and constant intercourse with the Vatican. All differences of doctrine were sunk. The Romish Church in Canada has ceased to be Gallican; it is now purely and entirely Ultramontane, in its system, its objects and its aims. Forty years ago, the Catholic Church of Canada was a perfectly local institution; it was non-propagandist; it sought not to convert the heretic, or the heathen,—looked to no extension of space, or increase of worshippers; it sought only to preserve itself intact as the church of the Canadian people, holding its powers, properties, and immunities, preserving its flock from apostasy (*i. e.*, either conversion or disbelief), and resting itself on as purely national and exclusive a basis as that of the Mosaic dispensation. But not so to-day. It is now the first and greatest mission of the Propaganda, the nucleus of the Catholicity of America, the great and leading establishment of that church which aspires to convert and to govern this continent from Hudson's Bay to Cape Horn. The old placid generation of Canadian priests, whose religious duties were almost confined to routine; whose sermons were short and simple homilies on morality; whose greatest pleasure appeared to be in entering into conversation and society with the few educated men whom chance threw in their way; who used to interrupt their devotions to salute a passing acquaintance; interesting themselves more in their gardens, orchards, and hen-roosts, than in any other care; practising medicine upon occasion, on principles learnt by the first missionaries from the Indians; delighting the passing traveller by the stories of their unwritten knowledge of the country and its inhabitants, and their endless legends of the *voyageur*, the Indian, and the *chasseur de bois*,—these are passing rapidly away. The priests of the new generation are, almost to a man, Jesuits by education and by principle, even if not actually admitted to membership in that fraternity. Masters of the French and English, and often of several other languages; trained to elocution; educated on a less classical, but more popular basis, than their predecessors; they are not only priests but missionaries. They seek not only to minister to their flocks, but to propagate their faith, and are admirably fitted for the work. The clergy of Canada has ceased to be Canadian. Not only does it contain a great number of Irish, and some Scottish members, but there is also an immense number of Jesuits of French birth, who are fast getting into their hands the entire education of the French Canadian youth, and are indefatigable in their task.

As usual, the order of Jesus employs absolution as a means of detaching the people from the secular clergy, and adding to its own popularity. It is not generally known amongst Protestants, that the two arms of the Jesuits consist in their talent for instructing youth, and the extreme facility with which they grant absolution for sins, however enormous. It speaks creditably for the Canadian people, that the Jesuit fathers have omitted some of the questions used in the confessional in Europe, finding that they were calculated to suggest enormities which the virtuous minds of their hearers had never conceived. On the other hand, they are anxious to secure youthful penitents. Acting on their own interpretation of the text, "Suffer little children to come unto me," they invite children to the confessional of two years of age. In fact, as soon as the child can articulate, they induce the mother to bring it to confession; "to

accustom them to it only," they say,—in reality, to use these little innocents as unintentional spies upon their parents and their family friends. It is more probable thus, than by any other means, that the Jesuits procure such exact and copious information as to the spiritual state of the people, knowing accurately the condition of mind of all men whose wives or children confess to, or are in any way connected with the order, and being able to use their information, in conjunction, when necessary, with the parochial priesthood of Canada, at such moments as the church has need of her "true sons." Besides the Jesuits, a multitude of societies for the laity have sprung up in Canada, such as that of the Good Shepherd (*Le Bon Pasteur*), the Men of "Good Principles," and many others: who accomplish two objects; first, increasing the revenue of the church; and, secondly, affording unlimited powers of *espionage* to the clergy.

So far, then, for the effect of Irish emigration on Catholicity in America. It has revolutionised a branch of the church, and made Ultramontaniam supreme, to the west of the Atlantic.

The French Canadian race, like the population of the Catholic countries of Europe, have not escaped either the influences of disbelief or the religious Popish revival of Pio Nono. Out of a little more than sixty Romish members of the Canadian House of Assembly, sixteen belong to the *Rouge*, or party of Canadian liberals opposed to priestly domination. This party, fresh from victory over the feudal rights of the Canadian seigniors, is commencing an agitation for the repeal of the tithes, and has nearly succeeded in carrying a bill transferring all ecclesiastical property to the control of marguilliers (church-wardens) annually elected by the people. No one who looks to the past history of the French race, and who hears in mind the fact that, in the rebellion against England in 1837, the clergy of Rome used their whole influence for the English Government; that the peasantry saw their priests converting their homes into barracks for the troops and volunteers who were plundering and murdering their parishioners; and that, for a quarter of a century, the same priests had resisted the demands of their people, in reliance on the political support of "heretics;" can doubt that the *Rouge* party will eventually command the majority of the French Canadian race.

In the meantime, the ultramontane spirit, infused into the Romish Church in Canada, has changed its whole action towards the Protestants. The clergy lose no opportunity of hounding on the Irish to the persecution of the heretics; they even reproach the French Canadians with wanting the energy and fierceness of the Irish Catholics. All that moderation which formerly distinguished them has completely departed. In its stead appears a fierce intolerance, worthy the days of the Medici, the Guises, and the Catholic League. The priesthood, in fact, hope, by a Catholic emigration from Europe, together with a diminution of Protestant settlement in Lower or Eastern Canada, to compensate themselves for the much-dreaded progress of the *Rouge* party. At the present moment, therefore, they are actively engaged in promoting an emigration of Irish both from Europe and the United States; and are also engaged in encouraging an emigration of Basques from the Pyrenees to the valley of the Ottawa. Now the Basques are a race few of whom speak the French language, and whose brethren, in the Spanish Pyrenees, were, some years ago, in arms for Don Carlos, and may be presumed to be staunch Catholics to a man.

The Irish have obtained an almost unlimited control over the administration of justice, and avail themselves of it to persecute and annoy the Protes-

tant inhabitants, more especially in remote and thinly-settled localities, with a vigour and ingenuity worthy of their ancestors, the Rapparees of the seventeenth century. Murder, it is true, they only occasionally resort to; but brutal assaults, the maiming of cattle, the destruction of houses, barns, and standing crops, are sufficiently "broad hints," even without such events as the death of Corrigan, killed in the noonday for adopting Protestantism, to induce many of the Protestant inhabitants to prefer a flight to the United States to a continued residence in a country in which they are forbidden to vote on pain of death, exercise the franchise under fear of violence, are driven from the polls like cattle, and can only claim the right of hearing their ministers reply to Popish disputants while assembled in armed bands, and prepared for resistance.

From the News of the Churches.

#### OPEN-AIR SERVICES AT THE RACE-COURSES.

The following extracts from a report of the English Open-Air Mission Society, which has been kindly forwarded us, exhibit some of the results of an attempt which has been made to impress the minds of the people in the midst of the scenes of profligacy and dissipation which generally attend upon the race-course. The extracts are from the journals of a number of different preachers:

*Preachers.*

"At the suggestion of a warm friend of the Open-Air Mission, six city missionaries were allowed by their committee to join four members of our own body and two friends from Liverpool, for the expedition to Reading. We had also the constant aid of one friend and two 'country town missionaries' residing in the town.

"Three distinct stations were occupied for preaching,—two on the open ground leading to the course, and one in the market-place. The services commenced about five o'clock each evening, on the termination of the racing, and were kept up until about nine o'clock, the speakers succeeding each other with short addresses.

"On the first evening, after some efforts to put down the speakers, the greatest order and attention prevailed, the people thronging around; but on the second evening, a violent opposition was raised,—men hired for the purpose drowned the voice of the speakers by various discordant noises: yelling, hooting, 'braying' and throwing crackers among the assembled crowd in one place, in another, they pelted the speakers with bags of flour for the space of an hour, until darkness compelled them to retire. In the midst of this opposition, several persons showed the liveliest interest on our behalf, and formed a sort of body-guard to protect us from violence. One poor woman grasped the chair on which the speaker stood, and held it firm; and another almost exceeded the bounds of moderation, darting forward with her fist in the face of a prominent opponent, and saying, 'Though I am a woman of the world, these men preach the Word of God, and you shan't touch them.' A lad of about sixteen, who remained the whole time, and was covered from head to foot with flour, said, 'Sir, we won't leave you; I know the value of true religion.'

"As we were returning from the course, and conversing with a sceptic, a sporting character elbowed his way up to us, and contrary to all expectations, defended our conclusions, by acknowledging that though he knew little about the gospel personally, yet he felt assured we were right in persuading peo-



ple, and especially the young, to avoid gambling, &c. 'It has been,' he said, 'my ruin, and now I feel I am lost; keep from betting,' he reiterated, and he passed through the crowd; so also, in another direction, did our infidel opponent.

"While speaking, a few handfuls of gravel fell on my head. I proceeded to the Forbury, and preached for about half an hour; part of the time the Rev. John A—— stood by my side, and the Rev. the chaplain of the Union in front of me, with his lady. I then proceeded to the market-place, intending to preach, instead of which I shared with my brethren in flour thrown upon us, which was freely cast at our heads. A sporting gentleman, who treated the presentation of a tract with contempt, returned in a few hours and begged for a couple of tracts; he asked me if I thought races unscriptural? Having replied in the affirmative, I proceeded to point out the evils which naturally would be the result arising from gambling, prostitution, and drunkenness; he listened to the remarks which I made in as courteous a manner as possible, politely bowed, and returned to the grand stand, where he remained a short time, and then left, apparently sorrowful, before the races were scarcely begun.

"Another sporting man, when I offered him a tract, shook his clenched fist in my face, with imprecations unworthy of a gentleman. I endured his insults patiently; he came the next day with a cheerful countenance, and accepted two tracts of the Religious Tract Society's publications.

"Several of the gipsies listened with great attention while I pointed them to Jesus as the saviour of sinners. One man was deeply affected, he seemed as though he seldom heard a word of kindness. A tear started to his eye as he told me that although he was leading such a life, yet he knew his duty, and many times after saying his prayers, he had fallen upon his face in the tent and wept bitter tears of regret for his sinful conduct.

"The most daring attempt at interruption was made by an old man, who was observed standing for about twenty minutes, listening attentively; and when the preacher had finished his remarks, he stepped forward in front of the people, saying, 'Before we have any more preaching we will sing a hymn.' He then began with the utmost gravity to repeat an obscene rhyme, in place of a hymn, expecting to hear a roar of laughter, but he was disappointed, for the people cried, 'Shame,' as we thrust him aside; and after a further attempt to get up 'a row,' he walked off. There were two men here who listened for more than an hour, and seemed deeply impressed.

"The race course appears to me to be the very vortex of crime; here vice in its many forms seems concentrated as in one focus. How races can be tolerated by the respectable portion of the community is to me a mystery. Truly, the heart is sinful and desperately wicked. The language of the 'betters' on the race-course was obscene in the extreme. It was remarked in the carriage, as I was returning home, by a man who had erected a stand on the ground, that he was never at a more wicked and profligate place; even at the house in which he lodged, he said, 'there was nothing but oaths, and cursing and swearing,' and he added, 'I shall never forget Reading races.' With respect to the open-air preaching, I believe, notwithstanding the determined opposition which we met with, that God was with us, and that hearts were softened under the word. An old man, who had listened to the word with tears in his eyes, said, 'I am now eighty years of age, sir; I never heard such preaching before. I feel myself to be a terrible sinner.' Several persons were seen in tears, and I am

glad to say that many expressed their sympathy with our object."

#### Windsor.

"One of the showmen told me he had been unhappy about his soul for several weeks, and that I had so exactly described his sinful state, and brought it all so fresh up to his mind, that he could not stand it, and was anxious to have his sins forgiven. He said he had never wanted for money (I believe he travels with a theatre of his own), but he was now determined never to rest without Christ in his heart, let other matters go as they would.

"On Monday evening the friends whom I was obliged to leave preached again, and sold in the Revell about ninety copies of the Scriptures, and gave away many thousand tracts, &c."

#### Barnet.

"The fair opened on Thursday the 4th, but, as a fitting preparation for the conflict with Satan in which we were about to engage, four days of the previous week were devoted to a religious conference in Christ Church school-rooms, from 11 to 1 each day. Devotional meeting, in the evening, 7 to 9. Addresses on the following various subjects: 1st day, Foreign Missions. 2nd, Home Missions. 3rd, Personal Holiness. 4th, The hope of Christ's coming.

"At dusk, hundreds pressed to hear the open-air preachers, and listened to five addresses in one place without interruption, the attention was so great. When the preachers left, the Bible-seller went to work.

"Many shook hands with the preachers, and all seemed thankful. Women, sinful women, spoke of their sins with tears in their eyes. Drunkards bought Bibles. What will their children think when they seize on such a 'fairing'! It is believed that few of the many thousands who attended the 'fair' and 'races,' returned without a tract, not only offered, but accepted. One person was heard to exclaim on seeing a Testament held up for sale, 'You selling Testaments! why, there's been nothing but Bibles and tracts all this fair through.'

"On the race-ground, on the Saturday, one preacher had so completely gained the attention of his hearers, that when the horses passed close by, amidst the shouts of the people, not a single head was seen turned to look at them.

"We found a willingness on the part of the people generally to take the tracts, and to listen attentively. There were some, however, who said that the race-course was not the place for the distribution of tracts, or the proclamation of the gospel. Among those objectors was an elderly man, with whom I came in contact. I offered him a tract, but he refused to take it; however, I spoke a word to him about Jesus, the Friend of sinners, and left him. A short time after this I met with him, and again offered him a tract. 'Well,' said he, 'I will take one of your tracts, for if it does me no good, it will not do me any harm;' and we parted, but it was to meet again. A third time we conversed together, but oh! the change that was indicated in the man's countenance. The big tear now rolled down his weather-beaten cheeks, while he, with the simplicity of a child, acknowledged his sins, and said he hoped God would have mercy upon him; and then, with a hearty shake of the hand, he added 'I hope, sir, you will convert two souls this day; then, wiping away his tears, he said, 'Good night God bless you; I hope we shall meet in heaven.'

"A man who had the appearance of a horse dealer came up to insult one of the preachers while he was telling the story of the cross. Pointing to the Bible,

he said, 'Old fellow, what will you take for that book?' I touched him on his shoulder, and said, 'My friend, if you want a Bible, I can sell you one.' 'Then,' said he, 'I will buy one.' He then gave me the money, took the book, and added, 'Now, sir, you may depend upon it, I will read this book for myself; then he shook me by the hand, and said, 'God bless you; I hope you will do some good at these races.'

"Another case was that of a blind man (not a beggar), who listened attentively to the preaching of the gospel, and when one came up to oppose the preacher, said to him, 'My friend, I cannot see, but I can hear; take my advice, and whatever you do, don't oppose the Word of God.'

"A man who kept a gambling stall was very abusive, and wanted to know why I came there; but one of the men standing by came and took my arm, and said he wished to speak to me. After we got a little out of the crowd, he said, 'Do you think it possible for me to come to Jesus as your tract invites me?' I said, 'You are quite welcome.' He then said, 'I am afraid I am too great a sinner;' and pulling a warrant out of his pocket, desired me to look at it. It was for beating his wife. He told me, 'he had come away from his home on purpose to get out of the way; but was quite tired of his present course of life, and could easily be persuaded to any thing, and if I thought it was possible for such a one to be reclaimed, he would try it on.' I told him of the dying thief on the cross, and referred to the gospel invitations, 'Whosoever will, let him come,' 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.' He thanked me for my kindness, accepted a second tract, and promised to attend a place of worship on the morrow."

"A few incidents in connection with the sale of Scriptures at Barnet Fair and Races—to which one friend devoted himself—may prove interesting. The work was of a most encouraging character, for not only did the Lord bless the efforts, but there was none of that violent opposition which is sometimes met with at such places. Many of the ungodly sneered at the idea of selling the Scriptures at such a place, with some such remarks as the following: 'This is no place for the Bible;' 'What, selling the Bible here!' 'Bring them to-morrow' (this was said on the Saturday). Others seemed to encourage by their remarks, saying, 'Master, that's the best thing in the fair.' Some, while purchasing, made the following remark: 'Well, I can't buy a better thing.' One man came and tapped me on the shoulder, and said, 'May you have strength for your work.' Another one, 'This is taking up the cross,' referring to my standing on the highway to sell the Scriptures. A few men swore when asked to buy, and one man, respectably dressed, when asked to buy a Testament, said, 'I'll take it,' and walked away with it without paying for it."

#### THE LATE REV. CHARLES SIMMONS.

Having just received, by mail, a copy of the Sermon preached at the funeral of Mr. Simmons, by the Rev. Dr. Ide of Medway, place is gladly given to a few of the closing paragraphs, knowing that they will be highly acceptable to the many readers of the *Gospel Tribune* who have been benefited by the use of his *Scripture Manual*. In speaking of the bereaved relatives, Dr. Ide says:—

They have reason to believe, that their departed friend was one for whom Christ had prepared a mansion in heaven. From his youth he had given satis-

factory evidence of his piety, not only to near connections and particular friends, but to the Christian community with which, to a large extent, he was intimately acquainted. His piety was strongly marked. It developed itself in his ardent attachment to divine truth, in his unwearied efforts to increase his knowledge of it, in his persevering and self-denying labors to disseminate this knowledge among men, and in his almost unexampled liberality in giving his substance for the promotion of every good object. This love for divine truth was a striking indication of the sanctification of his heart. The character, purpose, and work of God, as they are presented in the gospel, gave him unspeakable satisfaction. He had a discriminating mind, and was accustomed clearly to distinguish, and carefully to classify the doctrine and duties of the gospel, and to give them a prominent place in his conversation and preaching. But still his religion was not of a mere speculative character. It was not a cold and dry theory. There was a spiritual unction in it. I scarcely know the man that has a warmer heart, a stronger faith, a more devotional spirit, or a habit of greater activity in the cause of God, than was manifested by him. The view which he took of the divine character, and that system of grace which the Scriptures reveal, kindled up in his soul an ardent, an efficient, as well as an intelligent zeal for the honor of God, and good of mankind. Though his movements were noiseless and unobtrusive, yet were they, to a high degree, effective and salutary in their results.

He sought for knowledge as for hid treasures. He did not enjoy the advantages of an early and liberal education, such as many young men of his day enjoyed. But the native energy of his mind, his untiring application to study and the strict economy with which he husbanded his time and resources, supplied the deficiency in the means of his early training.

As a preacher he could hardly be said to be popular. He had not that commanding voice and skill to modify it; that tinsel of ornament in his diction, and degree of animation in his delivery, which captivate the multitude. But his sermons were so rich in thought, so full of good-sense, so well-arranged, so strong in argument, so sound in doctrine, that they uniformly made a good impression, and were highly appreciated by the more serious, intelligent, and devout of his hearers. At the different places where he was located in the ministry, he was highly esteemed both as a preacher and a pastor, and his labors there were crowned with good success.

He published in the periodicals of the day many well written Theological Essays of more than ordinary depth of thought and power of discrimination, which have been read by multitudes with pleasure and profit.

The last years of his life, while in health, were spent chiefly in preparing and circulating his *Scripture and Laconic Manuals*, which have had an extensive circulation, and met, in a high degree, the wants and approval of the Christian community, especially the first-named work. This is a book of uncommon merit, destined not only to aid the common people in the study of the Bible, but to be an assistant to Sabbath-school teachers and ministers of the gospel in their work for generations to come. Had he done nothing else but compile this work, his life would have been one of great usefulness to the world. In his intense application to the revision and publication of these works, the author broke down. A disease was induced which brought on a mental derangement of long continuance, and great severity, and which, after a short interval, in which he enjoy-

ed in a good degree his reason, has terminated his life. He has fallen a victim to his efforts to serve God, and benefit his race: a glorious martyrdom! He met death with great calmness and in the enjoyment of that peace which none but God can give. With the exclamation, "I am a dying man!" upon his lips, he added, "All is well!" We doubt not he has already heard the welcome plaudit: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant;—enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

His connections have sustained a great loss. They are this day, the objects of our deep and cordial sympathy. "It is our heart's desire and prayer to God," that they may be sustained and comforted under this bereavement. And we cannot but rejoice with them in the consolation, which the gospel presents for their acceptance. What can be a greater consolation to the bereaved, bleeding hearts of Christian friends, than satisfactory evidence that the one, whose loss they mourn, has entered a mansion on high, prepared for him by the blessed Saviour himself. Desirable as it was that your beloved husband, and father, and brother, should abide in the flesh for your sakes, it is doubtless better, far better for him, to depart and be with Christ. Could you, my friends, only have a clear view of that happy society with which he is now associated, and of the glory of which he is a partaker in heaven, much as you loved him, and deeply as you felt the need of his continued efforts here for your benefit, you could not indulge a desire for his return.

While he was with you on earth, you thought it your duty, and felt it to be your pleasure to do all you could for the promotion of his happiness. But the time for the numerous attentions to his temporal wants, and many tokens of personal affection and kindness which you delighted to minister to his comfort here, is now past. He has gone beyond the reach of all these sources of gratification. There is, however, one duty which you owe him still; one way in which you can increase his happiness in heaven. It is to meet him there. O deny him not the satisfaction of welcoming you to a mansion in heaven near his own.

The salvation of his beloved children was to him an object of deeper solicitude and more fervent prayer than any earthly inheritance of which he desired to put them in possession. My dear young friends, think of the joy which a knowledge of your conversion to Christ would now give him in heaven, and of the great increase of happiness which your arrival there will add to his present enjoyment.

This family are not the only mourners on this occasion. The people in this place, with whom Mr. Simmons has so long resided, and the association of ministers with whom he was connected, feel his loss and mourn his departure. What an example, not only of the love of truth and devotion to its cause, but of genuine Christian liberality, has he set before this people. They know him both as a good minister and as a good parishioner. They have seen his professed attachment to the gospel proved and illustrated by the exertions and sacrifices which he has personally made to sustain its institutions here. While they feel his loss, let them imitate his example. If they would all do individually what he was always ready and willing to do, there would be no difficulty in sustaining an efficient and permanent ministry here.

My brethren in the ministry, we have, in the providence which has called us together to-day, a most solemn and affecting admonition. The example of our brother's diligence and fidelity in the service of his Master, presented afresh, and with new interest by his premature departure, should inspire us with

new zeal, and stimulate us to greater activity in our work. We are reminded that the time of our own departure is at hand. The account, which each one of us must give to God of our stewardship, is a most affecting and solemn one. And the death of our beloved brother, with its attendant circumstances, calls upon us with significant emphasis, to be prepared for this great event.

From News of the Churches.

### THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL CANVASS.

LONDON.—A general meeting of canvassers connected with the South London Auxiliary Sunday-school Union was recently held at Trinity Chapel, Borough, for the purpose of receiving details of the results of the recent canvass, and for a free conference on the movement. Mr. W. H. Watson, one of the secretaries of the Sunday-school Union, took the chair, at seven o'clock. After singing and prayer, offered by the Rev. C. T. Kern, the chairman stated the special object of the meeting. In the course of his speech he said, "That the scheme of the Union has had the effect of rousing the religious feeling of the country concerning Sunday-school enterprise, we see plain enough, in the fact that, east, west, north, and south, similar efforts have been made, are being made, and will be made, until I believe every large town in the country will have had a canvass for scholars to the Sunday-school. Many of the results which have attended the canvass have been exceedingly gratifying; one of which, and that not the least, is that it has tended not a little to bring together those who were very much separated the one from the other. In the town of Liverpool, for example, it has been an entirely catholic movement. The Church of England has united with all bodies of Evangelical Dissenters, and the work has been carried through with the most perfect cordiality. And in the city of Manchester, where the bishop of that city took the chair at a meeting for the purpose of inaugurating the canvass, it will be carried on by both Church of England men and Dissenters merged into one body."

Mr. Culverwell then read a statement of what had thus far been accomplished, from which it appeared that the number of canvassers in the south of London had been 1284; houses visited, 31,138; children between the ages of three and eighteen, 42,531; attendants at Sunday-schools, 23,628; number promised to attend, 7860; actual additions to the schools, 3724. He also stated that upwards of 100,000 copies of the Rev. Samuel Martin's Address to Parents were distributed in connection with this movement.

LIVERPOOL.—A public meeting was held in the Concert Hall, Lord Nelson Street, on Tuesday night, for the purpose of receiving the report of a committee appointed to canvass the town for scholars and teachers for the various Church of England and Dissenting schools in the town. It appeared that about 2000 canvassers had been engaged in the work, and between 9,000 and 10,000 promises had been made for children to be sent to the various schools. The enquiry had elicited the fact that, in 122 Evangelical Protestant Schools in Liverpool, there were 23,376 children; the total amount, adding 8000 Roman Catholic children, being 31,376. According to Horace Mann's return, the number of children in Liverpool who might attend schools is 66,804, so that there are 33,428 who do not belong to any school at all. In some observations on the subject of the movement, the Rev. C. M. Birrell (Scotch Baptist) stated, that Cardinal Wiseman had represented the danger of the

movement to Roman Catholic interests in Liverpool as imminent, and had said that unless counteracted, the Roman Catholics would lose their children by hundreds. A sub-committee of the canvass committee has been appointed to confer with the sub-committee of the Sunday-school Union, with a view of agreeing upon a basis on which all the Evangelical schools of Liverpool can combine in one general union.

### ARMENIAN MISSIONS.

*By Rev. W. A. Farmworth and Rev. B. Schneider.*

Now, while our mission is holding its annual meeting, we naturally enquire, What has been the fruit of the labours that your society has enabled us to perform? You, as the representative of that society, are greatly interested in the question. It will be impossible for us to give any adequate answer in a letter of a reasonable length, but we wish to state some facts to show that the Lord is smiling upon your efforts.

In looking over the great Armenian field, we shall do well to divide it into two sections, the northern and the southern. The former has for its centre of operations Constantinople, and the latter Aintab. In the northern field there are now nine stations. Let us glance as briefly as possible at the condition of each.

The great work at Constantinople has gone on prosperously in all its many branches throughout the year. In the city proper and the suburbs, the various congregations have been steadily increasing—unless one or two exceptions be made, where there has not been a suitable man to conduct the meetings. The most remarkable feature of the work here, however (and it is true to a good extent throughout the land wherever missionaries are found), is the awaking up, to some extent, of the Turkish mind to inquiry. In Constantinople more copies of the New Testament have been sold to Turks than have been sold before, since the mission was established. A Turk has for a time become colporteur, and sold large numbers of Testaments and Bibles. During the present month one man has sold between seventy and eighty copies of the Scriptures in the Arabic character. A softe (who is a kind of student in Turkish theology) not long since bought a New Testament, and after a few days returned and bought fifteen more. When we think of this precious Word thus spreading among these so long and so greatly deluded followers of the false prophet, and call to mind the precious declaration, "As the rain cometh down and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither," &c., our hearts are filled with joy and thanksgiving, and we look for great things. One of our missionaries, the Rev. M. Schaufliker, D.D., who was so long connected with the Jewish mission, has been transferred to the Turks, and will henceforth labor especially for them. A colporteur supported by the funds of your society is just entering upon his labors among this most interesting people.

An appropriation was made from your funds for several Greek students in the Bebek seminary. It has been found expedient to transfer these students to Athens, where they are under the instruction of Dr. King. They are represented as doing well, and we hope that some of them may yet become heralds of salvation.

The most remarkable work among the out-stations has been at Baghchejuk, and the laborers there have mainly been in the pay of your society. You have been informed of the progress of this work from time to time. Baghchejuk has now been formed into

a separate station, and Mr. Parsons has taken up his residence there. The people of that place seem not only to be thoroughly awake to the follies of the Armenian Church, but very many seem to be seeking, under the influence of the Spirit of God, that "pearl of great price." Says our brother when speaking of what he has seen there, "It is impossible in words to give an adequate idea of the work. One must recall to his mind the scenes of a revival of religion if he would understand it." The earnestness of this people so lately rescued from great darkness, is seen by their attendance at the place of prayer. The report says, "The Monday morning prayer-meeting, held one hour before sunrise, has been attended by from thirty to forty." Would such a prayer-meeting in more favored lands be better attended? The report continues, "We have reason to hope for an early increase of the members of our church, which now consists of eight persons. A large number of individuals, male and female, not members of the church, appear to be devout worshippers and servants of God.

At Smyrna several changes have taken place within the year, in consequence of removals and sickness among the missionaries. The regular exercises have, however, been maintained, and the native brethren appear well. Especially is brother Dodd, who has lately become connected with the station, pleased with the degree and accuracy of their knowledge of gospel truth. The good work at Thyatira goes on encouragingly. Two members have been added to the church, and one family to the community.

The work at Trebizonde has gone on as well as could be expected, all things considered. This station needs an additional missionary, and we hope that we shall soon have one stationed here. The school which has been supported by your society numbers about twenty-five pupils, and is an instrument of much good. The teacher, in the absence of the missionary, has conducted the meetings, thus making himself useful to some extent as a native helper. An encouraging work has opened in a village near Trebizonde the past year, and four families have declared themselves Protestants. It is proposed to send a helper to this village under the pay of your society.

In the providence of God it has been found necessary to call brother Bliss from Marsovan to Constantinople, thus leaving that station without a missionary. This necessity was very greatly regretted, but the Lord has shown us that he can carry on this work and is willing to do it, though no missionary be there. Says the report, "For the last three months, in the absence of the missionary, they (i. e., the religious exercises) have been conducted by the teacher of the Protestant school, assisted by some of the more intelligent members of the church. The number of the attendants on the services was gradually but steadily increasing from August to February, till it amounted to more than eighty souls. Since that time the number of those who are "together with one accord in one place" has not increased, it may even have diminished. But the work has taken a different form of development. Various little companies meet in different parts of the city on the Sabbath and at other times, for the study of the Word." "This increase of a disposition to search the Scriptures leads to much religious discussion in the market. The Protestant school teacher reports, that wherever he goes he is hailed by this and that shopkeeper, who invite him to sit down and explain various points of doctrine." Others gather round to hear, and sometimes he has found himself speaking to an audience of sixty. A native pastor has just gone to this post, and we hope for a great harvest to be gathered.

At Tocat there has been no very marked change in the good work. The school for educating a native ministry has prospered. The young men have made considerable progress, and we have reason to hope that our English friends will never see reason to regret that they gave of their funds to aid in their support. These young men have employed themselves in their vacations in making tours as colporteurs among the neighboring villages. In speaking of the colporteur work, M. Van Lenness says, "Their labors in the vacations, and to some extent in term time, are valuable, and we feel that their labors under our supervision are as important a part of their education as the studies they pursue. One school is emphatically the school of the north-eastern part of our field. Four of its students belong to Cesarea, one to Arabkir, one to Klnooos, one to Sivas, and only one to this city." It is an encouraging fact, that for several months past there has been a special spirit of inquiry in the small Greek community of this place. It may be fostered by the bishop, who has strangely deviated from the usages of the church, repeatedly recommending to his people the reading of the Scriptures. An association of twenty-five or thirty young men has been formed for the reading of the Scriptures.

Sivas is now manned by two missionaries; there are some signs of good, though the little church has not done as well as was hoped. Those poor brethren were left quite too long without a shepherd. The preacher who has been supported by your society has assisted in conducting the exercises of the Sabbath; and for the last four months has also taught a school, one-half of the expense of which is sustained by the native brethren. The report says, "We have evidence to warrant the belief that our labours have occasioned much reading, thinking, and conversation on evangelical Christianity, both among avowed Protestants and the mass of the people." We hope that this working up of inquiry will be followed by the more earnest inquiry, "What must we do to be saved?"

Arabkir has been occupied the past year by but one missionary. Our brother felt very inadequate to the great work of this station, but the demand for labour at Kharpoot induced him to consent that his associate should leave him. In looking over the year, he feels that the Lord has been working in a very wonderful manner. It is not three years since a missionary first went to Arabkir to reside. In that whole field there was then no church, and no organised community. There were a few Protestants, but very few, and living in great fear. In his report Mr. Clark says, "Our field is one of large extent, and though we have employed, much of the year, twenty men in working it, yet we are constrained to say, 'The harvest is great, but the laborers are few.' A hasty review of our entire field," continues our brother, "shows decided progress during the last year. The number of enrolled Protestants has more than quadrupled, now numbering between 400 and 500; the pupils in our school have increased three-fold; and the number in our Sabbath congregations has doubled. Fifteen members have been added to our churches. A fourth church has been organised. A new out-station, two hours from Arabkir, has come into existence, where there are now regular services on the Sabbath, with a congregation of seventy." In continuing his review, our brother adds, "In no part of the field has the progress been more marked than in Arabkir. One interesting feature of our work the past year has been, that it has assumed more of a spiritual character than ever before. It has had to do with the conscience and the heart as well as the

judgment. There have been some unmistakable proofs of real and deep conviction for sin. There has been a degree of seriousness in one Sabbath congregation that we have not before witnessed, and there have been some interesting cases where individuals have asked each other's forgiveness. Speculative discussions have, in some instances, given place to the anxious inquiry, 'What shall we do to be saved?' We have felt the past year, more than ever before, that the Lord had great blessings in store for the people of this remote land,—that he would come down by his spirit, and the mountain of the Lord's house would be established on the top of the mountains." The report from this station last year alluded to a formidable obstacle to the truth in the hostility of several rich merchants, who had great power, as large numbers of the poorer classes were dependent upon them for employment. Now, he says, "This obstacle has, in a great measure, been removed, by the richest merchant, with one exception, in the city becoming a Protestant. The fact that not only one, but that several from the richest have become favorable to the truth, has effected one important change in the condition of the Protestants, emancipating them from many of the embarrassments and annoyances to which they have hitherto been exposed."

Among evidences of progress in Arabkir, Mr. Clark alludes to the state of the Protestant schools. He says, "During the year we have opened schools in seven different places in the city, and for the last seven or eight months the average number of pupils has been about 150. More than two-thirds of these pupils belong to Armenian families. In whatever point of view we regard the work in Arabkir, we perceive a striking advance the past year compared with the two previous years of its existence as a station. Gospel truth has now gained such an ascendancy in the minds of this people, that we now feel sure of a glorious triumph."

It is impossible in this letter to exhibit the state of the reformation in the various out-stations connected with the Arabkir; everywhere the work is of the most encouraging character. The people are active and fearless in preaching the truth; and though they do, in carrying it to the wild mountain regions, sometimes fall among thieves, they still persevere, and everywhere those are found who are willing to listen. From some places, also, that are almost unexplored as yet, the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us," has long been heard.

In the new station of Kharpoot, a good work is in progress, which greatly resembles that of Arabkir. As the report of that station has not come to hand, however, we can give no particulars of the work. Kharpoot is a fine city, the seat of the pashalik, and with its villages is said to contain an Armenian population of 100,000. This immense population is accessible, and God by his providence is calling upon us to make known unto them the way of salvation. It is to such fields as this we are glad to invite the Turkish Missions Aid Society.

At Cesarea there is much to encourage us. Two out-stations have been begun this year. One is at Yazgat, a fine city, and the residence of a pasha, containing about 5000 Armenians. The work is opening slowly here, and yet quite encouragingly. Several men have embraced the truth. Much good seed has been sown both in this city and in the villages around about. Persecution has now arisen, and the work just for the present is checked, but we hope the Lord will yet bring good out of this opposition of his enemies. It will be interesting to you to know that the work in this place has as yet been entirely sustained

by your society. Many villages near Cesarea, as well as Yazgat, have been visited by colporteurs, and generally they have been well received. But the most marked progress is in the city itself. The Protestant community has been organized and duly recognised by the government. There has been a steady growth throughout the year. The number of open Protestants has increased from 43 to 124. The usual Sabbath congregation is now about one hundred; the school numbers sixty-five, and the church twenty-five, three having been added this year. The girls' school, which in October we were enabled to open through the liberality of your society, now numbers twenty-five pupils, many of them from influential Armenian families. This has been one of the several means that have broken down the prejudices against our cause, and now everybody is ready to converse with us freely.

Of the southern field of the Armenian mission, Aintab is the centre. Though no very marked events have transpired during the past year, there has been a gradual onward progress. The usual instrumentalities, —the preaching of the word on the Sabbath, and during the week; Sabbath school and Bible class instruction; the distribution of Bibles and books; visiting families, not only Protestant but Armenian likewise; weekly female prayer-meetings; and the teaching of adult females to read, of whom 150 are thus engaged; and discussions in the markets, and in the families;—all these have been continued, and the blessing of God has accompanied them. Additions have been made to the community and to the church. The audiences on the Sabbath are full and interested, the average number recently being 650. The impression in the Armenian mind that Protestantism is true, is deep and general,—so much so, that discussion in favor of the errors of the Armenian Church by the Armenians is rare, and the attachment to their peculiar doctrines and rites on the part of a vast multitude is very slight. Many of them do not attend their church at all, others only occasionally, and among them is a strong leaning towards Protestantism. In general, we may say that the prospects for the future are very cheering.

One event deserves especial notice. It is the ordination of a native pastor over the church at Aintab. The individual is a member of this church, converted and trained for this office in this place. He is a man of most amiable character, universally beloved by church and congregation, possessing a mind of more than ordinary strength, united to an excellent Christian spirit. The most perfect unanimity, harmony, and cordiality, on the part of the church and congregation were manifested in his settlement; and with God's blessing, the happiest results may be expected. A Protestant ordination never having been witnessed there, it was a most interesting occasion to that community. The examination of the candidate being public, it was attended by nearly a hundred persons. It continued about one and a-half hour, and the spectators manifested the liveliest interest in its progress. Such was the account they gave of it, that all who heard it expressed the deepest regret that they were not present. Not knowing what was to be the nature of the exercise, they had not anticipated anything special. Had it been understood, there would doubtless have been several hundreds present. The ordination day was one never to be forgotten. There was an audience of 1500, the largest assembly ever collected there, and though the exercises continued two and a-half hours, there were no signs of weariness or want of interest to the last. As the eye passed over that immense audience, it observed unmistakable evidence of deeply interested feelings, and dur-

ing some parts there was much emotion. Many could not refrain themselves, but gave vent to their feelings. They were tears of joy. The sermon, the ordaining prayer, the charge to the pastor, the right hand of fellowship, and the address to the church, all this in each, part was intelligible to them, and each adapted to its particular object, was so different from any ordination of priest, vartabet, or bishop, in their church,—most of which is unintelligible to them,—which they have ever heard, that the impression of the whole was to them irresistible, and from the depth of their feelings of pleasure and gratitude, many of them were overcome. It was what they had never witnessed before.

It must be added, too, that the church and people have pledged themselves for the entire support of the pastor, and we believe they will redeem their pledge. This is the first instance of a Protestant Armenian church supporting their pastor, but we trust the example will soon be followed by others. This church has as it were furnished a missionary; for the presence of their pastor will enable one of the three missionaries, hitherto laboring there, to go and preach the gospel elsewhere. Surely we have reason to thank God and take courage.

The funds of the Turkish Mission Aid Society have been generally expended in Kessab and its region. The contributors will therefore be interested to hear something respecting the work there. The native preacher who labored there for a year ending last November, and supported by these funds, was useful. The state of the work is at present interesting and promising. The church numbers fifty members, and the whole community small and great is 427, including some from the neighborhood. The audience on the Sabbath is from 200 to 250. The school numbers about fifty, and exerts a very happy influence in the whole village, the Armenians having no school at all. The preaching of the gospel and the presence of the school, have awakened quite a thirst for knowledge among many of the people.

Without any aid from abroad as yet, the people have erected for themselves a place of worship very respectable for that place; it is too small, however, and must have some additions made to it immediately. Some provision must be made for better ventilation. The additions and improvements necessary will not take much more than £50, probably, in addition to what they themselves will be able to do.

A most important event to this community is the settlement of a native pastor a little more than a month since. His name is Polat Avidis, a member of the Aintab church, brought to a knowledge of the truth, and trained for his office in that place. He was one of the first converts in Aintab, and has always been regarded as a man of extraordinary promise. To a strong inventive mind he unites good judgment, and sound practical sense and tact in the arrangement of affairs, with an excellent Christian spirit. We consider him admirably adapted to that field. The church and people who have been previously acquainted with him gave him a unanimous call. He was publicly examined, previous to ordination, and sustained a most creditable examination. A large part of the church and people were present as interested spectators on the day of ordination; the house was crowded to its utmost capacity, and many were obliged to go away without gaining admittance, and all listened with the deepest interest. There were many Armenians present, who were most favorably impressed. One of them, a man of considerable standing in his own nation, said he never heard such truths before, and another still declared, that he should go no more to the Armenian church. The

people are simple-minded and docile, and afford a most promising field of labor. We cannot but congratulate him on his introduction to it; and with the smiles of Providence, very favorable results may be hoped for; and the kind friend in England who has contributed £30 for the support of a native pastor at Kessab this year, may feel assured that his money is most usefully employed, there being no more promising station than this in the southern Armenian fields.

Ekizoloak, containing some sixty or seventy inhabitants, distant half an hour from Kessab, is a Protestant village. Only two heads of families now remain who have not yet formally joined the Protestants, and even they are not unfriendly. At the time of the ordination we went to visit them. It was a week day, and not the time for regular service. But the sounding board was struck, and in fifteen minutes nearly all the Protestants were assembled, and we gave them a word of admonition, and prayed with them. It was exceedingly pleasant to reflect, that here was a community, small indeed, but the great body of which loved the truth. They have had, and now have the services of one of our colporteurs from Aintab, to whom they are much attached, and whose labors have been quite useful among them. He gives them religious instruction during the week, and on the Sabbath day they come to Kessab to hear preaching. A young man of promise from this village, now at Aintab, is preparing himself to be a teacher of their children.

In several other small villages in the immediate vicinity of Kessab, some inquirers are found. Indeed, all the region is more or less pervaded by Protestant sentiments.

Bytias is a small village lying five hours north-west from Antioch; there we have had an excellent colporteur stationed more than a year; his labors have been very successful. On a recent visit we found an attendance of about fifty hearers, though the usual audience is not quite so large. No church has yet been formed, but several appear hopeful, and such an organization will in all probability be soon formed. The people have manifested a commendable zeal in regard to a place of worship. One man gave the lot of ground; some others brought stones, and others still furnished timber. The foundation was actually dug and laid on our recent visit. Some seven or eight pounds is all that is necessary to complete the building, besides what they will do themselves. This we promised them, and probably if the house is not finished by this time, it will be soon. It will be one quite suitable for the place. We are very much pleased by the spirit and character of this people.

Three other villages are situated near this, and already some indications of good appear. As soon as we can station colporteurs in their midst we may expect gratifying fruits.

At Tarsus, the birth-place of Paul, we have recently placed a colporteur. Nothing very marked has yet transpired there; but we are not without hope that some fruits will appear in due time.

At Adana, six or seven hours east of Tarsus, a native evangelist was lately ordained. The church and community there are not large, but they are in the midst of a large Armenian population. Many strangers come to the place for the purposes of trade, from different parts of the country. It is therefore an important centre of influence, and the presence of an ordained preacher becomes a matter of great importance.

Thus within a few months three young men have been ordained to the ministry. Two more probably

will assume the same office within a year; and thus five native preachers will have been raised up in this part of the field. The churches at our out-stations have so long been suffering for the want of pastoral supervision, and other churches are springing up at other points, that we cannot but rejoice at this accession to our preaching forces. We should thank God for raising up such help, and take courage for the future.

The work is making gradual progress at Bursigik on the Euphrates; and so also at Orfa, the Ur of the Chaldees, the birth-place of Abraham. At the new out-station of Adgiarman, not far from the banks of the Euphrates, a colporteur has been laboring for six months past, and much inquiry and conviction has been produced. We feel sure that here, too, the beginning of an interesting work has been made.

We have hardly room left to speak of Marash and its vicinity. We can only remark that the progress of the work hitherto, and its present indications, afford the most cheering ground of the hope, that most interesting results will there be witnessed. The spirit of inquiry extends, and the deep impression which the truth has already made, seems to be a sure pledge of what God intends to do in the future. A most interesting field of colporteur labor is opening in Hadgin, Ablustan, Zeetown, and some other places. Among the 20,000 Armenians of the former place, a spirit of inquiry already exists, and the work has commenced. A small number are already Protestants, and under most interesting circumstances have become openly known as such. They have importuned for a colporteur to labor among them, and as soon as a suitable man can be found he will be dispatched thither.

We have thus taken a cursory and imperfect view of the most important points of the southern field, and we are free to confess that we feel much encouraged for the future. The Lord has smiled on the feeble efforts hitherto made, and by so doing, is calling upon us to go on in his strength and spread the truth in all this region.

Thus we have hastily glanced at the great field of labor. It encourages us to meet such proofs of the divine blessing. It is the Lord's work. He is calling upon Christians to be more zealous in his service. Are not the encouragements held out to us all that we can ask?

It is a very great pleasure to us to know that our brethren and sisters in England are interested in the work. Your contributions have been most timely; for them many thanks; but we feel strengthened the more by knowing that you are praying for God's blessing upon us.

Let all our dear friends who are interested in this work be assured, that by their prayers they are staying up our hands, and giving the victory to the armies of the Lord. Hoping that the Lord will permit us to be long together, and to see multitudes turning unto him.

From the *Semaine Religieuse* Correspondent.

#### ITALY—ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF THE VAUDOIS.

We have on previous occasions entertained your readers with accounts of our religious and patriotic *fetes* in the month of August. Last year, the Pré-du-Tour was the place where the children of our valleys met together; this season the locality was the summit of La-Sarra. This spot was peculiarly well chosen for such a festival, for it is situated in the centre of our small country, near the junction of the three communes of Parmol, Angrogue, and Rioclaré,

and combines the interest of historical recollections, and the magnificence of a splendid landscape, with the advantages of position, and of the immense extent of the mountain sward, which everywhere provided natural seats and a beautiful and comely tablecloth. The crest of the mountain is covered by the vast entrenchments of the camp of Catinat; it was there that old he laid in wait for his prey, resolved to exterminate the Vaudois at once by force and treachery; there, too, have been discovered, in various spots, hollows dug to receive the tents of the soldiers of Louis XIV., and beyond the camp a deep moat, which enabled the enemies of the Vaudois to go in search of water, without being exposed to the attacks of their outposts, who knew well enough how to handle the mukset and the culverin.

On the present occasion, the scene which presented itself to our observation was one altogether peaceful and rural. From break of day, and even whilst night yet remained, processions of travellers set out from the Lucerne Valley to ascend the Trachère, and, surmounting heights which were but lately covered with snow, attained the summit of La Sarra. Those of the valley of St Martin ascended in small groups the length of the pebbly slopes which overhang the course of the Germanasca, whilst those of the Pérouse Valley quitted St. Germain at the break of day, and gained Pramol, where a whole cavalcade of ladies had arrived overnight, and had found an asylum in the hospitable dwelling of the veteran pastor, M. Trincon. Everywhere unexpected and gladsome meetings took place; here were our three sister deaconesses, all still full of the recollection of the visit of Pastor Germond; there, farther off, were brothers, sisters, and mothers, asking from the delegate of the church, who had that very day returned from France, news of their relations settled at Marseilles or Lyons; in another place were greetings with brethren from Italy. Meanwhile, the assembly gathered together in the very camp of Catinat, and the proceedings were commenced by singing, prayer, and reading the 24th chapter of Joshua; then followed the reading of a historical summary drawn up by our friend, Geymonat; after which M. Bert spoke as follows:—

"You know, dear brethren, that the Synod of this year deputed my worthy brother Meilo and myself to visit the Protestant churches of the Italian language in the centre of the Grisons. Before arriving amongst our Protestant friends, and the better to compare their condition with that of the Catholics of the vicinity, we wished to see the famous sanctuary of Europa, near Bielle, but were persuaded rather to visit the place of pilgrimage at Varallo, which would seem to be superior to the former. This sanctuary consists of forty-two chapels, distributed like the steps of a ladder around a rock; they present to the eye, in succession, all the facts of the sacred history, from the creation of man and the fall of Adam, to the death of Jesus Christ. A *cicerone* conducts the pilgrim from chapel to chapel, explaining to him what he sees, repeating to him what he ought to pray, and directing him, step by step, across the New Jerusalem, as this place of pilgrimage is called. Orta and its lake also detained us: there are represented the miracles and the life of St. Francis of Assise, the seraphic doctor, which are depicted by sculptures almost as remarkable as those of Varallo: in an island of the lake of Orta, at the spot where now stands a seminary for young ecclesiastics, of old lived, as they say, St. Julius,—his blessed influence extended not only to men, but to beasts also; primitive peace was re-established between the herbivorous and carnivorous animals, and everything went off admirably. Whenever a wolf, of ill-regulated appetites, threw himself

upon a labouring ox and devoured him, the indignant saint reproved the criminal, who immediately allowed himself to be put under the yoke, and thenceforth performed the work of his victim. Julius also sailed about upon his cloak, and performed a thousand and similar prodigies. Ah! said I to myself, whilst listening to all these absurdities, what a happiness it is that we have our Bible, and no other book than *our book*, as said he amongst us who has narrated the conversion of Pramol. Arrived at Coire, we had the pleasure of being received with the greatest cordiality by Deacon Kind, who communicated to us some interesting particulars respecting his church. Like ours, it has an annual Synod, conferences in the secondary districts, and a Synodal Commission which corresponds to our Table; but there is one great difference between the Grison Synod and our own,—the latter is composed of laity as well as pastors; that of the Grisons contains only ecclesiastics. One of us then went into Praetigau, to visit the interesting seminary of Schiers, founded with the view of promoting the extension of evangelical influence in schools, by training up Christian teachers. The professors of this establishment appear to follow good methods, and to exert a most happy influence; they charged us to present their warm salutations to all the pastors and the brethren of the valleys. We next visited Engadine. Here we saw, even on the highest summits, such as those of Pramol or Pral amongst us, splendid houses, veritable palaces, constructed out of the profits made by Swiss confectioners abroad. Everywhere we saw religious inscriptions: 'I was an exile in a foreign country,' said one, 'and now I have built this house on my own native soil; but thou, O God, hast reserved for thy believing children an eternal dwelling-place, where I hope for ever to repose.' But we hastened to arrive at our ultimate destination, the Italian Valleys of the Grisons. We repaired to the Valley of Poschiavo, crossing the great chain which separates it from Engadine. We were then at length in the place where of old flourished the Italian Protestant Church. Here had preached Pietro Paolo Vergerio, Fra Giulio, Fra Maturo, and others: here authorised massacres—authorised, alas! by the name of the canonised Charles Boromeus—crushed, in great measure, the Reformed movement, and allowed to remain only two parishes, Poschiavo and Brusio. With what emotion did we listen to the psalms sung to our tunes, though in Italian! Here they prayed as we do, and two-thirds of the population, called together at the voice of their pastors, listened to us as to brethren, whilst we spoke in Italian of the gospel of God. They asked us to contribute towards furnishing these friends with hymn and prayer-books in Italian. After having bid adieu to the brethren here, we bent our steps towards the Valley of Bregaglia, where there are seven Italian Protestant parishes,—Vico Soprano, Stampa, &c.; we visited them all, and were everywhere received as brethren. One evening, indeed, whilst we were conducting family worship at the house of the pastor, the parishoners assembled in such numbers that we were compelled to quit the parsonage, and adjourn to a larger apartment; everywhere thanksgivings to God were presented for the remembrance, by the Vaudois brethren, of their brethren of the Grisons. May God deign to bless this beginning for good, both to us and to the dear brethren who have received us with such cordiality, and draw together yet more closely the bonds which have just been formed!"

M. George Appia, who had just returned from his mission to the interior of France, next addressed the meeting as follows:—

"In finding myself once more in your midst, I can-



not but transport myself also, in imagination, into that assembly of our brethren in France which I have just quitted. More than one of them to-day directs his looks and his thoughts towards the mountains of his country, and says within himself, 'Ah, if I could but transport myself, this beautiful day, to the soil of our own valleys!' Yes, your brethren do not forget, in a foreign country, their brethren or their church; and I have seen tears glistening in many eyes when we spoke of those objects so dear to their hearts. 'Ah!' said a woman, whose hairs were white with age, 'if I could but die on the soil of my country!' Young and old, rich and poor, the Vaudois brethren of France love you, and send you kindly greetings. They have been truly delighted to see a delegate from their own church, and they understand, better than we could have hoped, the feelings that prompted our Synod to take this step. And were I at once to tell you my first feeling, I should exclaim, 'Let us bless God for all the good he has done us.' I have traversed the countries which God has visited with a terrible inundation. Everywhere on the banks of the Rhone and the Durance, I have seen attenuated and melancholy-looking figures breaking up clods of hardened mud, where before were their richly cultivated fields; and turning over the rubbish to discover the remains of their possessions. During the heavy rains which caused the inundations of this year, the commune of Bezandun, annexed to Bourdeaux, was buried by the bursting of an embankment. The Protestant church, where Casaubon had preached, and where Chamit was for a long time pastor, fell down first. The clock, which bears the date of 1602, and which, consequently, is one of the oldest Protestant clocks in France, struck two at the moment when it fell. The population were suddenly aroused, and speedily all left their habitations, which, after two days of successive inundations, were nothing but a mass of rubbish, which was carried 200 metres (about 650 feet) lower down the valley. Everywhere on the borders of the great rivers of France there is lamentation. The crops are lost; the houses overthrown; and immense heaps of large stones cover to the depth of two metres (six and a-half feet) the richest lands." At the conclusion of his speech, M. Appia related the following touching anecdote:—

"Having been led in conversation to say that I was a Protestant, an old carpenter standing by, said, 'Sir, I possess a curious book, in which are all the miracles of Jesus Christ, and also the history of the heavenly Jerusalem.' I answered, 'That book which you have read is the Bible,'—when he began to repeat to me whole chapters, of which he knew the details sometimes better than myself. 'I have had this book forty years; I found it amongst the things left me by my father; and I would not sell it for a 100f.' He thanked me, with tearful eyes, for the conversation I had with him, and I said to myself, 'Truly God has his people everywhere, and often where we least expect it.'" The speaker, after some further particulars, concluded by an appeal to the consciences of his Vaudois brethren: "Here, on the classic ground of sufferings for our faith,—here, in the camp of our persecutors,—we must choose whom we will serve: to remain undecided is to go over to the ranks of the enemy; we must decide either for or against. May God give us all grace to take part courageously for the truth!"

After an animated hymn, the immense assembly dispersed to enjoy an hour of repose, and to recruit their strength with the provisions they had brought; innumerable small groups formed themselves around the springs, which had been very prettily decorated; others satiated themselves on the ramparts of the

camp, on the rocks, or on the turf; and, without noise or disorder, enjoyed the bounties which God had given them. At two o'clock they re-assembled. Miss R— having offered prizes (to the poorer people) for the best-kept cottage, and for the best-made shirt, gloves, and wooden spoon, the names of those who had obtained the prizes were read. Then M. Meille addressed the meeting, and contrasted the oppression of the past with the liberty of the present. "The two missions," said he, "of which we have heard to-day, are signs that our influence ought to be extending; but how can this be possible unless we redouble our energy in upholding moral principles,—unless we stand up more vigorously against impurity, litigation, and Sabbath breaking?" The speaker then observed that, throughout the Grisons, great respect was paid to the Lord's day, and related an anecdote in illustration. M. Strauss, a pastor at Berlin, just returned from Jerusalem, then spoke, and gave us some interesting details respecting the religious condition of the East, and the labours of Bishop Gobat, which have been so greatly blessed. M. Strauss himself, in company with seventy Christians, had entered the great mosque, built upon Moriah, and supported on the steps by which the Jews, in ancient times, ascended to the temple. M. Lanterat expressed gratitude to Prussia for her good offices towards the Vaudois. M. B. Malan, pastor at La Tour, concluded by asking the blessing of God upon Prussia and her king, on the brethren of the Grisons, on the Vaudois, on foreign parts, and on each of ourselves. The assembly then dispersed, and soon silence, so rarely broken, reigned anew on the summit of the mountain; whilst little bands of pedestrians, gradually becoming less and less visible, at length disappeared among the mountains and the valleys, bearing with them a delightful recollection engraven on their memories and hearts. May God render us faithful and vigilant both in prayer and action!

From News of the Churches.

#### MISSIONS IN PEGU—BURMAH.

We have received, through Captain Ross of the 71st Regiment, further papers in reference to the Pegu Missions, written by the same person as those which we published in August.

We take the liberty of inserting a portion of Captain Ross's letter, as he bears valuable testimony to the correctness of the reports:—

"This movement in Pegu, especially among the Karens, I look on as the most wonderful now going on in the world, of which little has yet been made known to the Christian public, but which it becomes us to make known, as showing how great things God is doing, and that his name may be praised still more throughout the churches. It is with this view I have determined on forwarding to you these papers, as also in the hope that, by becoming more generally known, God's people may be stirred up to remember those souls who are thus thirsting for the Word, in their prayers, and also in their liberality. Funds are required to provide the Word, and pay native colporteurs. The Rev. S. S. Cuthbert, my friend, Mr R. S. Moncrieff, both of Calcutta, or myself, will be happy to receive any contributions, if no more favourable mode of forwarding them presents itself. I can vouch for the accuracy of the source from which Mr M. obtains his data for the facts he states in these papers. I have myself been fifteen months in Pegu, and know something personally of what is going on among the Burmese at least. I only left Burmah in July, 1855."

The letter which we propose to give in our present number, is principally devoted to a sketch of the former traditions of the Karens:—

"Before I proceed to relate any particulars regarding the progress of the gospel among the Karen tribes in Pegu, it will be better to give your readers some account of the position which these people occupy among the Burmese, as very few, I fear, know how widely these races differ, or the astonishing facts concerning the Karens, which seem to stamp them as a people set apart by God to prepare the way for the advancement of his kingdom in that land.

"From the sources of the Irrawaddy and Salween rivers, in spurs of the Himalaya range, to Bassein and the most southern corner of the Tenasserim provinces, the Karens are found in almost every district of what was once the Burman empire,—sometimes very thinly scattered, sometimes, and especially among the mountains, in tribes of considerable strength. They are also found in Siam, though very little is known of their position in that country; and I have lately read the report of an American Protestant missionary in China, stating that far in the interior he had discovered a race of men bearing great resemblance to the Karens in physical features and customs, and especially in their religion. Their existence on the banks of the great rivers, and in chains of mountains all running southward from the borders of Thibet, would indicate (what is generally supposed to be the case) that they originally came from that country; and hence it is thought by some who have studied the question, that those seeds of truth contained in their traditions, and which are evidently of biblical origin, reached them in remote ages from Nestorian missionaries, who are known to have found their way deep into Central Asia, and to have been the means of converting to their faith almost whole nations, of whose existence scarcely a tradition survives.

"Deep is the mystery involving the past history of the Karens, but that which makes it to the Christian a problem of the highest interest is their religion. It is entirely traditional; they have no written language, no priests, no temples; they have no government among them even, which might have lent its support to the existence of their simple faith; and yet that faith has survived for unknown ages among a poor, ignorant, and oppressed people, who know not whence they received it, and is as superior to that of the most enlightened heathen nations of the past, as night is from day; for the majesty and holiness which it ascribes to God, and the purity of the morality which it prescribes to men, make it second to no religion which has ever been taught on earth except that of Jesus Christ.

"From a very interesting little volume, called 'The Karen Apostle,' I extract the following translations of a few of the traditions preserved among them, which will give your readers some insight into their faith:—

"God is unchangeable, eternal."

"He was in the beginning of the world."

"God is perfect in every meritorious attribute."

"O my children and grandchildren! The earth is the treading-place of the feet of God, and heaven is the place where he sits; he sees all things, and we are manifest to him. God is not far off; he is among us. He has only separated himself from us by a single thickness of white; children, it is because men are not upright that they do not see God. The face of God is said to shine continually, like the rays of the sun; and the wicked dare not look straight at him."

"God created heaven and earth; he created the sun, the moon, the stars."

"He created, again, man. And of what did he create man? He created man at first from the earth."

"He created a woman. How did he create a woman? He took a rib out of the man and created a woman."

"He created, again, life. How did he create life? Father God said, in respect to my son and daughter, I love them; I will give them my great life. He took a little of his life, breathed into the nostrils of the two persons, and they came to life, and were real human beings."

"The traditions describe minutely, and correctly as to the main points, the temptation and fall of our first parents, as also the curse which is brought upon their race:—

"O children and grandchildren! because in the beginning man ate the fruit of the tree of death, poison descends to us, and we all die."

"With the exception of the fourth commandment, the whole of the moral law is contained in their traditions, and these have, moreover, the following precepts, which emphatically stamp their faith with divine origin:—

"O children and grandchildren! do not be fond of quarrelling and disputing, but love each other. God in heaven looks down upon us, and if we do not love each other it is the same as if we did not love God."

"O children and grandchildren! if a person injure you, let him do what he wishes, and bear all the sufferings he brings upon you with humility. If an enemy persecute you love him with the heart."

"O children and grandchildren! the road that leads to heaven is a track scarcely discernible, but the road that goes to hell is very great."

"The above are a few of the many traditions of the Karens, contained in the little work alluded to, which prove how pure must have been the foundation from which their faith originally flowed; it is all the more singular, therefore, that describing God as a being of infinite holiness, justice, and love, and man as a sinner, doomed to wrath unless he can please God, these traditions should stop short, as it were, with the utterance of truths so momentous, and fail to declare the only truth wanting to harmonise them, the grandest truth in all revelation,—that 'In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent his only beloved Son into the world that we might live through him!'

"But who shall dispute the wisdom of the Most High in his dealings with men? With a little less of the truth than their traditions contain, the poor Karens might have sunk to the lowest level of humanity, ages ago, and lost all traces of it; with a little more, they might have made such progress as to attract the jealousy of their Burmese oppressors, and with it, before they were strong enough for successful resistance, a persecution which might have crushed them as a people for ever.

"Father God' (as they too love to call him) gave them just that amount of light which his infinite wisdom deemed sufficient to preserve them from the idolatry abounding everywhere in the land, and having scattered them throughout its length and breadth, maintained them there as witnesses for himself, till the time should come when they were to be employed as his evangelists, to prepare the way for the preaching of the cross, not only to their poor despised brethren, but to their once haughty and cruel oppressors.

"Some of their traditions relate that in ancient times the Karens enjoyed the favour of God, but lost it on account of their wickedness when the books of

God were taken from them and given to the white foreigners, and they themselves became slaves; that a day of deliverance would come to them, however, which they might look for when white foreigners from beyond the sea should come among them and preach to them about the eternal God, from the books which the Karens had been deprived of. This belief supported them throughout long ages of oppression, and was doubtless ordained by the Almighty to prevent them from abandoning all independence as a nation, and becoming wholly merged with the Burmese.

"Inexpressible was the astonishment of the missionaries who first penetrated the jungles around Tavoy and Mergui, after our conquest of the Tenasserim provinces, to find them inhabited by a people of whom they knew little more than the name, but who not only eagerly hailed their arrival as if it had been long expected, but listened to their gospel message as if they really felt it to be 'glad tidings of great joy.'

"The Karens had heard of the arrival of the white foreigners, and that they had conquered their Burmese oppressors, and began to lift up their heads in hope that their day of deliverance was come at last; but when they saw the white teachers entering their jungles, and heard them declare from their books the existence of a God whom they knew to be their own, they had no longer any doubts on the subject,—these were the teachers so long promised, they must listen to them and be free! Nothing could exceed their joy in welcoming the missionaries amid their jungle homes, or the eagerness with which they listened to the story of the love of God to men in Christ; and unspeakable was the wonder of these good men at every fresh discovery which they made of the manner in which God had been preparing the way for the triumph of the cross in the land. It was far from a silent wonder, however, for it animated them to the noblest efforts in preaching Christ and him crucified to these poor Karens, and verily they have found their reward.

"It must not be supposed, however, that the Karens embraced Christianity at once, and wherever it was proclaimed to them. Ask yourselves, ye who from infancy have been trained to read the Word of God and call upon him in prayer; ye who have been brought up amid the strongest external religious influences, who have never lived beyond the sound of Sabbath bells, who have never known the want of the happy and holy ordinances of our faith; ask yourselves if these privileges always ensure conviction, if conviction always ensures conversion? Ask yourselves, before you wonder that any poor Karen could remain unconverted, and remember the words of Jesus, 'Woe unto thee Chorazin, woe unto thee Bethsaida, for if the mighty works which were done in you had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes.'

"Conviction, however, was very general among the Karens, and conversions became very numerous under the liberty, both civil and religious, which they now for the first time enjoyed. By the blessing of God on missionary labours there, his church has now gained so firm a footing in the Tenasserim provinces, that it is independent of foreign aid for all but superintendence, and supplies of Bibles and sound literature; there are numerous Christian congregations supporting their own pastors and schools, and the number of Christian communicants is supposed to be from 70 to 80,000.

"The progress of Christianity among the Karens in Pegu must again be postponed, however, to another occasion."

From the North American Review.

### A WELL-SPENT SABBATH.

A well-spent Sabbath promotes domestic affection. The members of the family have the opportunity that day of being all together, and of cultivating one another's acquaintance. Neatly dressed in their Sunday clothing, and cleansed from the dirt that begrimes some of them during the week, their appearance is better fitted to beget respect and affection. If the Sabbath did nothing more than encourage cleanliness, it would be an important blessing. Self-respect is greatly promoted by a workman being able to turn out on a Sabbath morning with his well-dressed family, and fill their pew in the house of God. The respectful feelings of others are attracted to such a family. The workman feels that to be able to appear thus on the Sabbath, is something worth exerting himself for. His industrious wife feels the same. Both are reluctant to squander money and time, because one of the effects of such extravagance will be to prevent them from appearing at church with their children. It is remarkable how closely the loss of Sabbath keeping habits is connected with self-respect. When a man has no desire to appear decent with his children on the Sabbath, it may be presumed that his self-respect is gone, and it will be no easy matter to keep him from degradation and ruin.

A well-spent Sabbath furnishes moral energy against temptation and vice. The immense proportion of crimes that spring from neglect of the Sabbath is a well-known fact. Many criminals while under sentence of death, or of transportation, have confessed that their career commenced with Sabbath desecration. The painter, Hogarth, so remarkable for his minute acquaintance with human nature, in his series of pictures illustrative of "The Rake's Progress," which ended on the gallows, introduced him as an apprentice, playing marbles on a tombstone during Divine service. The committee of the House of Commons, appointed in 1852 to investigate the subject of Sabbath desecration, remark in their report, that Sunday labor is generally looked upon as a degradation; and it appeared in evidence that in trade, in proportion to the disregard of the Lord's day, was the immorality of those engaged in it. One of the witnesses examined, a respectable baker, declared he would hardly train up his children to the business, because he was afraid of their morals being corrupted, through the Sabbath desecration required by the occupation, as practiced in London. The journeyman bakers in London, amounting to eight or ten thousand, are seldom in church; general looseness of moral principle is the consequence; from this very circumstance they feel that they are degraded; and not less from a regard to their character than to their health, comfort and spiritual welfare, petitioned Parliament in a body to devise means for relieving them of Sabbath work.

### RESIGNATION.

A lady, who was apt to complain about every little thing, paid a visit to a sick child. She found the little invalid pale and feeble, lying upon a couch by the open window, which looked into a pleasant garden where his brothers and sisters were at play. "It must be very dull for you, my poor child," said she, in a pitying tone; "do you not long to be well enough to play again?" "No, not long," answered the little sufferer; "I should like it, if it were God's will, but he knows best about everything."

## Views and Doings of Individuals.

For the Gospel Tribune.

### AUTUMN.

BY THE FOREST BARD.

The flowers are fading, the landscape looks sad ;  
And nature no longer is gladsome and gay ;  
The forests are stripped of the bright robes they had,  
And their garlands are withering and fading away.  
On the cold lap of earth, nature's spoils are decaying,  
The leaves of the wildwood, the gems of the glen,  
And the hoar-e winds, in sport, are their requiem-playing,  
THAT DUST UNTO DUST, IS RETURNING AGAIN.

The hills all seem dress'd in a sad dusky wreathing,  
The fields, stripp'd of verdure, look barren and brown,  
And the caroling song-birds, their farewell are breathing,  
And nature seems dress'd in her widowhood's gown ;  
'Tis the last song of summer, and sadly she's singing,  
As she heralds the steps of her hoary compeer,  
Who with cold-biting, bleak breath and swift steps is winging  
His path, (crown'd with ice-locks) and soon will be here.

Like a sage, towards the tomb, now the year is fast bending,  
It goes as its kindred for ages hath gone,  
Scarred and wrinkled the pilgrim his pilgrimage ending,  
In his chariot is swiftly and silently drawn:  
Sore torured by trials and earth-born mutations,  
He smirks not to gaze on eternity's shore,  
But, in his last throes, offers God an oblation,  
And rejoices, for him time will soon be no more.

Meet emblem of man, ever varying—changing,  
His life like a medley of sunshine and clouds !  
Youth—a bright golden morning—a maiden arranging  
The bright locks, that even's dark tempest enshrouds ;  
Youth first, like the spring tide on flower beds cooling,  
The manhood's deep cares ; tells his summerhood here,  
And autumn the pilgrim of grey hairs is wooing  
Winter's advent to close his life's care-harrowed years.

Barrie, October, 1856.

For the Gospel Tribune.

### VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BY D. J. WALLACE.

#### PART I.

How calm the bosom of the glorious main,  
As morn's first rays upon its surface dance ;  
The eye sees naught but an unbounded plain,  
Without a wave upon its broad expanse :  
Eolus chained, or slumbering in a trance,  
Breathes not a breath upon the waveless sea ;  
And gentle Zephyrus, fearing to advance,  
Or place her footsteps where they should not be,  
Dies on the shore, or hides within some leafy tree.

Within the harbour floats a little bark—  
Its anchor up, and all its canvass spread,—  
Each eye is waiting anxiously to mark  
A movement in the snowy sails o'erhead :  
Away across the ocean's bluey bed  
Their destin'd harbour lies—but lo ! a breeze  
Has fill'd the sails—the land has from them fled ;  
And now, exultingly, they ride at ease  
Upon the placid bosom of the boundless seas.

'Tis noon—the sun pours down a flood of light  
And heat upon the waters ruffled breast ;

The wind blows stiffly now, and, in its flight,  
Streaks the bold waves with many a foamy crest :  
The billows bound along, as when from rest  
Disturb'd, the wild and timid deer doth start,  
Leaping o'er trunks of fallen trees, the waste  
Of time's devastating hand, with throbbing heart,  
As though it even felt the hunter's piercing dart.

Toss'd by the winds, the bark is driven on,  
Bounding and dashing through the foamy deep ;  
All traces of the distant shore are gone—  
Its rocks and hills, behind the watery heap  
That intervene, repose in silent sleep :  
The mariner has reefed his sails, and still  
The vessel groans, the masts bend low and creak,  
While, overhead, the sea-gull's cry so shrill,  
Is heard—a gloomy omen of approaching ill,

'Tis night ! Egyptian darkness gathers o'er  
The surface of the boiling sea ; the wild  
And howling winds, with loud and deafening roar,  
Plough up the angry main, leaving it piled  
In high and lofty mountains ; sometimes fitted  
Like mighty giants in continuous line ;  
The thunder roars—lightning, the storm-god's child,  
Flashes around, making the welkin shue,  
Revealing rocks that peer above the foamy brine.

Wildly the fragile bark is dash'd along  
Amid the unseen rocks beneath the wave ;  
The tempest rages fiercer still— and strong  
Must be the vessel that hath power to brave  
The terrors of the storm ; but naught can save  
That fated one ;—the lightnings flash—ahead  
A fearful rock is seen—the waters rave  
Around its base—nearer the bark is led ;—  
It strikes, and all on board sleep in the ocean bed.

#### PART II.

And such is human life : we launch our bark  
Upon the sea of life without a fear  
That storms or clouds will ever rise to dark  
The skies, that bright, with morning beams, appear.  
Before our rapturous vision all is clear ;  
No dashing waves disturb the ocean's rest ;  
No murmuring sound of ripple on the ear  
Disturbs the brow, or whispers to the breast  
A fear by which the bounding heart may be depress'd.

Ah ! little think we, when we spread youth's sails,  
And wide unfurl them to the passing breeze,  
Of all the scowling storms and fitful gales  
That wait for us upon life's open seas !  
Joy dances over all we see ; youth breathes  
Forth gentle zephyrs, bland as opening Spring's ;  
And Hope, with light and fairy fingers, wreathes  
Around the heart her wild imaginings,  
And cheers us with the songs that o'er our way she sings.

See, by yon cottage-door, the mirthful boy,  
With curling locks, with wild and sportive eye,  
He wanders in a Paradise of joy,  
Where moments, filled with bliss, are hastening by ;  
What golden castles builds he in the sky,  
Peop'd with pure and fairy forms, that, bright  
As the first glance from morning's beam of eye,  
Wake in his hoping heart the wild delight  
That glads his soul, as morning glads the earth with light.

O life, thou, from thine open hand dost pour  
Upon the young a flood of happiness,  
And flowers innumerable dost scatter o'er  
A path, where nothing seems to smile save bliss !  
Thou hast a charmed cup for none, I wis,  
Except the young, who innocent, who free  
From worldly thoughts and useless vanities,  
Enjoy, awhile, pure happiness with thee ;—  
Theirs is the bark that wants to launch upon the sea.

Pat youthful days, like shadows, fly away,  
 And in childhood comes with all its weight of care;  
 The path of life grows rougher every day—  
 Each hour brings fresh anxieties;—we bear,  
 With fortitude, its weight of toil, for there  
 Is hope left yet—and oh! how miserable indeed  
 Should it depart—'o guard us from despair;—  
 We trust on still—still hoping 'o succeed,  
 And gain at length, for all our pains, some glorious meed.

Behold you lowly labourer oppress'd,  
 And sinking 'neath the weight of poverty;  
 Toil wears his frame, and fears distract his breast,  
 While struggling like a drowning man at sea;  
 The rich look down upon him scornfully,  
 Nor stretch a hand to soothe his grief and pain;  
 And, with their hoards of wealth, forget that he,  
 A brother, suffers, whom they thus disdain,—  
 He is the bark storm-tossed upon the raging main.

(To be continued.)

### THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

Owing to the unparalleled excitement every where rampant throughout the United States—North and South—on the all absorbing question of Slavery, little is done, directly, in behalf of temperance and prohibition; yet, as opposition to slavery and Rum, have hitherto gone hand in hand, it seems safe to infer that such is still the case, and that the splendid triumphs achieved by Liberty in the present election contests, throughout the entire North, may be fairly put down as triumphs of nearly equal value in behalf of temperance. Thus in the State of Maine, the late anti-Maine Law governor has lost his office by an overwhelming majority; giving good hope that Maine will soon regain what she has lost in her struggles with the Rum power.

In Canada a variety of causes have operated to divert attention from the temperance reform, among which the unsettled state of the government has not been the least influential; still, in many localities, the temperance reform progresses admirably. In a recent visit to Bowmanville, Cobourg and Peterboro, the Peterboro Sons of Temperance were found to be actively engaged in their appropriate work, and their organization in a healthy and flourishing condition. In Cobourg the weekly meeting of the Sons of Temperance was found to be well attended, over seventy being present on the evening it was visited; the attendance being frequently much more numerous. At Bowmanville, it was found that a commodious brick edifice had been erected by George Mason, Esq., expressly for a Temperance House: it bears the name of Alma Hotel, and when near the center of the Town is readily seen from the main street. The friends of Temperance throughout the country should know this, and also that the House formerly kept by Mr. Pratt of Cobourg will be again open as a Temperance Hotel in a few days, if it is not already re-opened. In Hamilton, all can see that Mr. Bellnap is holding good his position, and steadily improving his old established Temperance House on John Street. Every such indication for good is cause of encouragement,

and the more so in view of the still fearful prevalence of intemperance which meets the traveller go where he will. While on a flying visit to Cincinnati week before last, cases of drunkenness were repeatedly witnessed even in the cars! and showey gentlemen, boisterous for Buchanan, openly drank from their brandy bottles *in the sight* of their fellow-passengers! apparently unconscious that any *shame* attached to thus drinking in the State of Ohio! And last week, while the cars stopped a few moments at Georgetown, on their way to Guelph, it was really alarming to witness the crowd of passengers who pressed eagerly up to the bar, as if their whole of happiness depended on their not being disappointed in obtaining a drink of that abomination, which Dr. Mair has so clearly shown to be, "*the cup of devils.*" While spending a few days in Guelph it was, on the other hand, really cheering to find that Dr. Mair is not labouring in vain. Many spoke of his recent letters to Delevan in a spirit of earnest inquiry, as to how the Doctor's views of the communion wine question could be carried into practical effect, a subject on which the *Tribune* will have something to say in its next issue. The topic is one of immeasurable importance.

(From the Union Baptist.)

### IT IS BETTER TO BE GOOD THAN GREAT.

BY THE REV. JOHN GILMOUR.

In this world some things are underrated, and some overrated. It requires a well balanced mind adequately to appreciate the objects which claim serious attention, and yield to each due practical care. Prejudices within, and public opinion without, are mighty influences from which we are not exempt; and their tendency to derange, we must readily admit; to live above them requires assistance from God.

To be great is one thing, to be good another. A man may be great yet not good; may be good yet not great. There is no necessary connection between them, neither is there any necessary antagonism: they may coexist or they may be separate. The one may be placed absolutely beyond our reach in this world, the other never is so. The desire to be great however intense does not always overtake its object. The desire to be good is an element of goodness; and every step we take under its direction is conducting us to the full possession. The glare of greatness is much more imposing than the quiet of goodness. The desire of the former is much more common among mankind than that of the latter; hence the storm of life which the history of our race hitherto records. That storm greatness cannot allay, goodness must subdue it. "Then they shall not hurt nor destroy in all God's holy mountain."—In every country, age, or among any people, when greatness is at a premium and goodness at a discount, the storm must continue. We expect a troubled ocean when high winds meet, but a smooth surface

when it is calm ; so in the conflicts of greatness we expect an agitated world, and tranquility when goodness is paramount.

Greatness is specially related to the intellect of man ; goodness has specially to do with the disposition. A capacity for doing good or evil is neither virtue nor vice. Opportunities of doing good do not render a man good ; temptations to evil do not make a man vicious. In one word it is not capacity, but capacity in common with disposition which constitutes a man morally good or bad.

In the parable of our Lord, it was not the several ability, nor the possession of the talents, but the improvement or neglect of those talents, which he praised or censured. The *several ability* was the capacity of each ; the *talents*, the opportunities of action ; the action of trading was the subject of eulogy and reward.

We can neither command our capacity or circumstances, but we may turn them to weal or woe by the use or abuse of them. The wind does not come at the bidding of the mariner, but he may turn his sails, and manage his helm to advantage. The sigh of the sailor for favorable gales is fruitless ; they are beyond his reach ; let him mind his own department, work within his own sphere to the full extent of his nautical skill and energy, if he wish to expedite the voyage. Let no one say, because I have not the capacity of some former hero, sage or saint ;—the opportunities of apostles, reformers, or recent missionaries, —it is of no use for me to operate. God does not reap where he has not sowed, nor gather where he has not strewed ; work within your sphere, and according to your *several ability*. True even then you may not be great, but what is much better you will be good. Indeed in viewing matters from the standpoint of revelation, (and what other standpoint should we, christians, view anything ?) it is goodness which constitutes real greatness. It was acts of goodness which led the sacred historian to call the Shunammite, "that great woman." And in the gracious arrangements of his kingdom the divine Redeemer gives us to understand, it is the good that is great in his church. Matt. 18th chap.

In consequence of the miserable misjudgings of this world, (but which it is the privilege of the christian to be above,) the excellency of goodness has been reduced to the insignificance of weakness. When the worldlings want to consign a man to contempt, they will condescend to say he means well ; he is good, but.—Now christian goodness is not weakness—true it means well, but goes farther, it *does well*, in the face of much opposition. Weakness cannot refuse solicitation ; goodness anticipates it, but can refuse when service can be done by refusal. Weakness desires not to irritate, from fear ; goodness fears to *injure*, but does not fear to displease. Weakness is moved in favor of the fortunate and powerful ; goodness interposes with courage between the force which

oppresses, and the forsaken being who yields to force, braving everything where it cannot protect, conquering everything where it can relieve. Its language is, "none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto me, that I may finish my course with joy." Weakness is often wickedness, it yields where it should resist, it succumbs lest it should offend. Goodness sustains every shock, and upholds truth though it should displease. Weakness is the sapling that bends to every wind. Goodness is the cedar in Lebanon, upright amidst all pressures ;—its language,—"We are not careful to answer thee in this matter."

When God made his *glory* pass before Moses he said, "I will make all my *goodness* pass before thee, I will proclaim the name of the Lord." It is as if he had said, that which you most need among your distracted people is my goodness. It is also that which it is *your* highest glory to imitate. It is that which is the glory of my procedure towards your race ;—my very name is goodness. It is the more excellent way of Paul, the graceful harmonies of Peter, 2nd Epistle, 1 : 5, 6, 7,—the wisdom from above of James, 3 : 17, 18,—the badge of discipleship of Jesus,—"By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, that ye love one another."

The proportionate and uniform exercise of these graces of goodness, in this world of evil influences raises man to an eminence which perhaps no other creature of God occupies. The power of the lion, the fleetness of the stag, the flight of the eagle, the certainty of instinct utterly overmatch us. The knowledge and subtlety, the tremendous energy and activity of the powers of darkness, greatly surpass any effort of ours ; but *here* they yield to us ; they are not good, cannot be good ; we can be, and are so if christians. The elect angels who kept their first estate are good, and do good—ah how far below them in goodness do we lie,—yet through the marvellous scheme into which they desire to look, we are called to an exercise of goodness which even they cannot practise. We are indeed a spectacle unto angels, and they learn the manifold wisdom of God through the church. Is it so ? Let the christian then understand his dispensation, and apply himself to his high vocation ; others may admire, adore and aspire after greatness, and pursue the bubble till it breaks ; let the christian concentrate all the energies of his nature into the emphatic *wish, to be good and to do good*.

1. Because it is within his reach. No desire, no tension of will, no energy of application, no effort or action may be able to make him great in the worldly sense of that term ; but he may be good, and there is no limit to the growth of goodness. It has its origin and endless progress in the gift of God which is eternal life. Be good,

2. Because it imparts conscious happiness. Greatness may only prove largeness of capacity to do evil

and suffer. The favorable glance of every eye, the smile of every face, and the accent of every tongue, may greet the ear; but cannot steal away a man from himself, save him from the keenest self-reproach, nor shield him from the fires which rage within. The eclat of greatness is as powerless to remove the agony of guilt, as a drop of water to quench a conflagration; nor can it efface from memory the apprehension that the hallelujahs of to-day may yield to the rage of crucify him to-morrow. But goodness is a fountain within, and sealed, which, should an outward storm reach, it can only ruffle. The failure of friendship, the frown of foes, the reproaches of malice and the gloom of danger leave this fountain sealed. "There is no fear in love," "Our rejoicing is the testimony of our conscience." "Who shall harm you if you follow that which is good." "Nor any other creature shall separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus." Listen to the wail of greatness in the hour of sorrow;—"I am sore distressed; for the Philistines make war against me, and God is departed from me, and answereth me no more." And what said the son of Jesse, the man after God's own heart, in the day of his grief? "It is the Lord, let him do with me as it seemeth him good." "Great peace have they that love thy law, and nothing shall offend them." "The good man shall be satisfied from himself." In trouble like a ray of light, he still shines on the agitated sea. Be good,

3. Because it elevates us to the brightest resemblance of God. When the Redeemer heard the young, lovely, rich Ruler in Israel reduce goodness to the level of a common thing, how speedily he corrects him. "There is none good but one, that is God;" as if he had said,—there is nothing more rare in your world, nothing more sacred in the universe. A beam from this source of excellent glory, radiates us into the likeness of God. To be perfectly, absolutely good is to be God; and to be truly good, is a ray which makes us resemble him. *Agathon* (goodness) was one of Plato's names for deity; and from a surer source we learn, that God's glory is his goodness.—As the sea is one mass of water, though distinguished by different names according to the shores which it washes, so divine goodness has different names according to the objects of its influence. When it pardons the penitent, it is Mercy; when it supplies the indigent, it is Bounty; when it succors the innocent, it is rectitude; when it commiserates misery it is Pity; when it performs promises, it is Truth when it bears provocations, it is Longsuffering; when it confers happiness without merit, it is Grace. A rational being may be great without any of these in that case he is utterly unlike God. A man may have few elements of greatness, yet be rich in these traits of goodness, and so exhibit the image of God. When Peter gives a graphic description of our Lord's history, it is in few words,—“He went about doing good.” Go ye and do likewise. Be like God. Be good,

4. Because it is the highest walk of usefulness. The law of heaven is,—“no man liveth unto himself.” Greatness may make self its center, and often does. Instead of being beneficial, it is powerful to do evil. Hitherto it has done more evil than good. It has sified the world with sorrow. All has been green before its tramp; ruin is spread out in its rear. Greatness without goodness is the curse of the possessor, and scathes all, over which it extends its malign influence; under the direction of goodness, it is the light of the sun in the heart of its subject, and renders the objects of its influence blessed.

Perhaps no man needs to pray for greater influence than he has, but every one needs to pray that all his influence may be bathed in this element of goodness. The gay plant attracts notice by its colors, but goodness is like those flowers whose fragrance perfumes the air in unseen odors; useful without knowing it, and often accomplishing its ends with all the ease of instinct. Its quiet victories shed no blood; its constant operations multiply its power; its benign effects are as lasting as the soul of man. It is a ray of moral beauty from the God of love. It meekly turns to its source, and draws all objects on which it reflects its borrowed and efficient ray to the source whence it derives its own. There is as much touching truth as historic simplicity in the beautiful passage,—“Barnabas was a *good man*, and full of the Holy Ghost and faith; and much people were added to the Lord.” Sundered from the Lord, man is a piece of helpless misery. The sea-weed, wrenched from its native bed, agitated by every ripple, and thrown a hopeless wanderer on the crest of every raging wave, is a faint emblem of man as he surges over the sea of passion in this his short and angry day. Restored to God, knit to God, added to the Lord—how noble, peaceful, happy and powerful! “I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.” I have before me a happy home, and shall soon be a glorious transparency.—“Glory revealed in us.” And is it goodness which renders us useful in the high field of operation? Who then would not seek his influence to be baptized in this Christian element,—“All goodness.”

Influential we *necessarily* are. There is no escape. We cannot act alone; we cannot perish alone; we are not saved alone. Each has about him the gravity of perdition, or the attraction of salvation. It comes with hoarse murmur from an ancient page of holy writ,—“Jeroboam the son of Nebat who made Israel to sin;” and in sweet whisper from a page more recent;—“Abel though dead yet speaketh.” As then you deprecate perdition with the accumulated guilt of drawing others with you; and desire salvation enhanced by the thought of “turning many to righteousness;”—**BE GOOD AND DO GOOD.**

He who says there is no such thing as an honest man is himself a rogue.

## Political and General Miscellany.

## FLYING FISH.

Another gale and the ship practicing the polka. Sun veiled for two days since we entered the tropic. As the captain and I were conversing just within the cabin door, something came flashing between us and dropped on the floor—a flying-fish, allured by the lamp. Nearly killed by the blow, it died before a bucket of water to put it in could be drawn. Others came on board during the night. Such is the velocity of their motions, that a portion of the nose or scalp is left wherever they strike; marks are numerous on the ship's side. But for its wings, I should have taken the stranger for a mackerel. From the nose to the extremity of the tail twelve inches; the longest side of each wing seven. The lower lobe of the tail, prolonged beyond the other, is designed no doubt, to facilitate the act of springing from the waters. The wings, enlargements of pectoral fins, have their translucent membrane strengthened by rods or rays, which diverge with the expanding surface, and, still farther to distribute their support, each one becomes split about half way up the wing, and the two branches, after spreading apart, become in like manner divided as they approach the margin.

As we approach the flying-fish latitude, (13 deg. and 14 deg.,) flocks of from twenty to a hundred spring up as the ship ploughs in among them. They seem to take the air for pleasure as well as to escape danger, groups and individuals being observed leaping and making short trips as in mere wantonness. They fly low, seldom mounting higher than six or eight feet; but they have the power to rise and fall with the heaving surface, and to change their direction laterally. While the greater part of a group goes off in a right line, individuals turn aside and pursue different courses, just like birds disturbed in a rice or wheat field. Sometimes you are ready to swear they are swallows skimming along for flies, so strongly do they, in certain lights, resemble them. When going in a direct line from you, their black backs are foreshortened and the wings in relief. In some positions the fluttering of these organs is distinctly visible, resembling trembling plates of mica.

The distance they pass over varies with the impulse that rouses them. While some descend not far from you, others, more timid, dart far away. The ordinary flight of a group may be averaged at two hundred feet, but some proceed four or five times that distance. I have seen single fish pass over three hundred yards.

22.—Air and ocean alike in temperature. I cannot detect the slightest change in the thermometer when plunged into the sea.—Noon, air 82 deg., and the sky mottled with white and blue, very like the haunches of fat, gray horses. This has been a heavenly day, one fitted for the blessed. Sea-birds fluttered round, and occasionally flying-fish diverted us. In making off, some took to leeward, and others went directly against the wind. Some kept along parallel with us, and were occasionally canted hither and over by the wind blowing against their sides. Examples of progress by successive bounds and of varying their course when in the air occurred. Each flock follows a leader, and when he changes the direction of flight, the rest conform to it. Everywhere they are darting out of and playing over the liquid furrows, obviously enjoying themselves as they spring from wave to wave, and turning their pearly sides and snowy abdomens to view. There is no watching

them frisking over the green, uneven surface, without reverting to wrens and linnets in their native meads. Voice only is wanting to perfect the illusion; but, though terrestrial glades resound with vocal melody, the ocean has no songsters.

Kerby, Roget, and other naturalists, who tell that the wings of flying-fish are only buoyant, at progressive organs, are mistaken, decidedly so.—*Lebank on Brazil.*

From the Cork Constitution.

## ELECTRIC COMMUNICATION WITH AMERICA.

Lying at anchor off Queenstown for the last few days may have been observed a small, unsightly, ill-painted, rusty-bottomed screw steamer, without one point of attraction about her except the stars and stripes fluttering in the breeze. Yet that boat and some of the officers she contains have been the world's wonder for a season, and have just now concluded a task which is the forerunner of an event more wonderful still. The Arctic was the vessel that was sent to rescue Dr. Kane, who had previously been sent to rescue Franklin. She was successful, and brought home Dr. Kane and his crew, who had been obliged to abandon his ship and search. She was then a light-ship on the American coast. She is now the bearer of Lieut. Strain, of Darien notoriety and Captain Berriman, who has before, and now again, crossed from Newfoundland to take soundings of the whole Atlantic from St. John's to Valencia, with the view to ascertain the probable success with which a telegraphic cable may be laid between these points. The result is satisfactory. For some 50 or 60 miles from St. John's, and again on this side, is a bank varying from 25 to 120 fathoms. Between these there is a plateau nearly level, the bottom soft, composed of shells so fine that only the microscope can discover them, each shell perfect in its minute beauty, proving the absence of currents at the bottom, and, with due deference to St. Henson and others, the want of that vast pressure, which was to be so dreaded, and exhibiting at every point not only a capacity, but the most perfect capacity, for the very use for which it is required. The whole apparatus for arriving at these facts is most perfect.—Steam-power, separate from that of the ship, works the axle from which the sounding-line is "paid out." Soundings have been taken to the depth of 27,000 fathoms. By a neat contrivance each sounding shows not only the depth, but the nature of the bottom, which is brought up in five quills, and the temperature of the water, and the latter being given by the expansion or contraction of metallic spiral ribands placed round a centre pin, fixed at the top, and attached at the bottom to a needle and indicator, the latter remaining fixed after the first has ceased to act, showing the exact variation between the surface and the bottom. Most careful drawings have been made by Mr. Van Den Berg (to whom has been assigned the special post of draughtsman) of the sounding, showing a profile of the bottom of the sea with the greatest accuracy. There can be no doubt that telegraphic communications between Ireland and St. John's—a distance of 1,640 geographical miles—may be regarded as a certainty. It is in the hands of a small American company, but, though small, if its members possess but a tithe of the energy of their representative, Mr. Cyrus W. Field, who is also here making every inquiry, it will be enough to overcome every difficulty. Captain Berriman laughs at laying the cable. He asks but a ship large enough, and he will undertake to do it at ten miles per hour right across. The company have already obtained the sole



grant for erecting telegraphs through the whole of Newfoundland, and have already some 1,700 miles at work, or will have in a few days, which is in connection with the American lines. The difficulties and trials of temper in making these soundings have been tremendous. Repeatedly after "paying out" tens of thousands of fathoms of line, and getting all up within 60 or 80, it was snapped, and all had to be done again. Six and eight hours have been occupied in getting one sounding only, and these have been made nearly every half degree the whole way across. From the captain to the cabin boy, each has given his willing aid. No trouble was thought too much—no time too long; each appeared to feel the honor of his nation at stake, and proud in every way to advance the object in view. They have done their work well. Nature has granted all we could ask; art will soon do its part; while nature, science, and art, worked out by man's hand, will produce one grand whole to benefit mankind.

#### LIFE IN A POWDER MILL.

In this silent region, amid whose ninety-seven work-places no human voice ever breaks upon the ear, and where indeed no human form is seen except in the isolated house in which his allotted task is performed, there are upward of two hundred and fifty workmen employed. They are a peculiar race, not of course by nature, in most cases, but by the habit of years. The circumstances of momentary destruction in which they live, added to the most stringent and necessary regulations, have subdued their minds and their feelings to the condition of their hire. There is seldom any need to enforce these regulations. Some terrific explosion here, or in works of a similar kind elsewhere, leaves a fixed mark in their memories, and acts as a constant warning. Here no shadows of a practical joke or caper of animal spirits ever transpires—no witticism, no chaffing, or slang.

A laugh is never heard; a smile seldom seen. Even the work is carried on by the men with as few words as possible, and these uttered in a low tone. Not that anybody fancies that mere sound will awaken the spirit of combustion or cause an explosion to take place, but that their feelings are always kept subdued. If one man wishes to communicate one thing to another, or ask for anything from some body at a short distance, he must go there; he is never permitted to shout or call out. There is a particular reason for this last regulation. Amid all this silence whenever a shout does occur every body knows that some imminent danger is expected the next moment and all rush away headlong from the direction of the shout. As to running toward it to offer any assistance, as common in all other cases, it is thoroughly understood that none can be offered. An accident here is immediate and beyond remedy.

If the shouting be continued for some time (for a man might be drowning in a river) that might cause one or two of the boldest to return; but this would be a rare occurrence. It is by no means to be inferred that the men are selfish and insensible to the perils of each other; on the contrary, they have the greatest consideration for each other, as well as for their employers, and think of the danger to the lives of others, and of property at stake at all times, and more especially in the more dangerous houses. The proprietors of the various gunpowder mills, all display the same consideration for each other, and whenever any improvement tending to lessen danger is made by one it is immediately communicated to all others. The wages of the men are good, and the

hours very short; no artificial lights are ever used in the work. They leave the mills at half-past three in the afternoon, Winter and Summer.—*Dickens.*

#### DID HE MEND THE MATTER ?

"'Will putting one's self into a passion mend the matter?' said a venerable old man to a boy who had picked up a stone to throw at a dog. The dog only barked at him in playfulness. 'Yes, it will mend the matter,' said the passionate boy, and immediately dashed the stone at the dog. The animal, thus enraged, sprang at the boy and bit his leg; while the stone bounded against a shop window and broke a pane of glass. Out ran the shop-keeper and seized the passionate boy, and made him pay for the broken pane. The passionate boy had mended the matter finally, indeed! It was but the other day that I saw a little boy fall down; and I should have helped him on his legs again, but he set up such a bellowing that I left him to himself, that he might find out whether that would mend the matter. Take my word for it, it never did, and it never will mend the matter to get into a passion about it. If the thing be hard to bear when you are calm, it will be harder when you are in anger. There is something which is very little-minded and silly in either men or boys giving way to sudden passion. Do set yourself against it with all your heart."

#### CURIOUS INSTINCTS OF PLANTS.

Hcare, in his treatise on the vine, gives a striking exemplification of the instinct of plants. A bone was placed in the strong but dry clay of a vine border. The vine sent out a leading or tap root, directly through the clay to the bone. In the passage through the clay, the main root threw out no fibres; but when it reached the bone, it entirely covered it, by degrees, with the most delicate and minute fibres, like lace, each one sucking a pore in the bone. On this luscious morsel of a marrow-bone would the vine continue to feed as long as any nutriment remained to be extracted.

From the Vermont Chronicle.

#### THE ASTEROIDS.

The discovery of another asteroid calls renewed attention to the great progress which has recently been made in the science of astronomy. So frequent has the discovery of new planets become, that those who studied that science twenty, or ten years ago, find it necessary to continually renew their studies, in order to keep pace with the prying inquisition of the astronomer. When I first studied astronomy, not more than four asteroids were known to exist; now, that number is multiplied ten-fold, and, at the present rate of discovery, will be multiplied a hundred-fold before the close of the century. So frequently are the new discoveries announced, that few, even among well educated men, can tell off-hand the number of planets composing the solar system. It will not, then, be a useless appropriation of a column of the *Chronicle* to give a brief history of such of the asteroids as have a history, and a tabular statement concerning all of them.

Professor Bode, of Berlin, long ago announced, as a law, regulating the distances of the planets from each other, that the distance of any given planet from the sun is about double that of the next interior planet, and half that of the next exterior one. This rule seemed to hold good, except between Mars and Jupiter, between which there was a space of 350,000-

000 miles, apparently without a planet. Three hundred years ago, Kepler suspected the existence of a planet in this vacant space, but not much attention was paid to the subject till 1781, when the discovery of Uranus, at about twice the distance of Saturn from the Sun, strengthened the rule proposed by Bode, and led to the confident belief that it held good, in some way, for the space between Mars and Jupiter. An association of astronomers was accordingly formed, and a regular system of search was devised, with a view to the discovery of the unknown planet.

The first successful result of this search was achieved by Prof. Piazzi, at Palermo. On the 1st of January, 1801, while prosecuting the search, he observed an object shining as a star of the eighth magnitude, not far from where the missing planet was supposed to be. The next night he observed that its place was sensibly altered, but did not suppose it to be the body of which he was in quest, and finally announced that he had discovered a comet. The eminent astronomer Gauss, of Gottingen, by a series of mathematical calculations, showed that it fulfilled, in a remarkable degree, the conditions, as to distance, which had been found to hold good for the other members of the planetary system, and, within a little more than a year, it was satisfactorily proved to be a newly discovered primary planet. The honour of the discovery belongs to Gauss almost as much as to Piazzi, for, though the latter saw it, he lost trace of it, and its re-discovery was due, in a great measure, to the accurate calculations of the Gottingen astronomer, as to its orbit through the heavens. Piazzi named his planet *Ceres Ferdinandea*, in honor of his patron, the King of Naples, but, by common consent, the royal suffix has been dropped, and the planet is known as Ceres.

On the 28th of October, 1802, while Dr. Olbers, of Bremen, was observing Ceres and the small stars that lie near her path, he was surprised by seeing what seemed to be a star of the 7th magnitude, in a place where he was sure no star was visible some months previous. He watched it till both its ascension and declination had changed, and the next night, repeated his examinations, which were continued until he was satisfied that he also was the discoverer of a planet, which he called Pallas. The elements of its orbit being determined, its mean distance was found to be very nearly the same as that of Ceres. Dr. Olbers noticed that, at one point, the orbits of the two planets approached very near each other, which circumstance led to the conjecture that they might have a common origin. He thought that, at some remote period, a larger planet had existed near the mean distances of Ceres and Pallas, which had been shivered in pieces by some tremendous catastrophe, the two plants being among the fragments. This hypothesis, startling as it was, was materially strengthened by later discoveries.

Prof. Harding, of Lilienthal, occupied himself in forming charts of the small stars lying near the paths of Ceres and Pallas, with a view to assist the identification of these minute bodies. While so engaged, on the evening of September 1st, 1804, he noticed an object shining as a star of the 8th magnitude, which, on examining again, a few evenings after, he saw had changed its place. On the 5th and 6th he observed it more accurately, and finding that its position corresponded with what he had predicted from the previous appearances, he announced his discovery to Dr. Olbers, at Bremen, who saw it on the evening of September 7th. Prof. Harding named his planet Juno.

Dr. Olbers, carrying out his idea respecting the origin of the asteroids, and observing that the orbits

of the three already discovered intersected each other in the constellations Virgo and Cetus, inferred that the explosion must have taken place in one or the other of those regions, and consequently that all the fragments might be found there. He therefore made repeated examinations of those neighborhoods, and on the evening of March 29, 1807, he discovered an object which he at once knew to be a planet, inasmuch as the strictest scrutiny he had previously given had failed to find any star in the position occupied by the stranger. His observations for a few more nights furnished sufficient evidence to justify him in announcing the discovery of a fourth asteroid to which the name of Vesta was given.

These systematic examinations were continued for eight years, but as they were without any successful results, they were discontinued in 1816. The subject attracted little further attention till about 1830, when Mr. Hencke, an amateur astronomer at Driessen, renewed the search, and prosecuted it with truly German patience for fifteen years. It was not till December 8th, 1845, that his diligence and perseverance were crowned with success. While then engaged as usual in examining the heavens, he noticed what appeared to be a star of the 9th magnitude, which he had never before seen. He at once supposed he had detected a new planet, and having made it known to the astronomers at Berlin, they soon confirmed the opinion. Encke, the celebrated Prussian astronomer, was requested to christen the stranger, and gave it the name of Astræa. It cannot be seen except with a powerful telescope.

Encouraged by his success, Hencke zealously continued his observations, making large additions to the astronomical mass, and acquiring a most minute and accurate knowledge of the stars in the region where discovery was most probable. On the evening of July 1st, 1847, he observed an object, shining as a star of the 6th magnitude, which was not on his chart, nor had been seen in any of his previous searches. By midnight of July 3rd, it had changed its position so much and in such a manner as to prove that it was another member of the asteroidal group. As such, it was introduced to the public by the name of Hebe.

By this time the English astronomers had zealously engaged in the work of discovery. Literally the trophies of their continental competitors would not suffer them to sleep. In November, 1846, Mr. J. R. Hind, instituted a vigorous search, employing as his guide the Berlin charts as far as they extended, and forming new charts of such parts of the heavens as were not already delineated. After nine months close observation, he discovered, on the evening of August 13th, 1847, a hitherto unnoticed body resembling a star of the 8th magnitude, which he watched incessantly till it exhibited phenomena enough to render its planetary character indubitable. The name given to this new member of the solar system was Iris. Continuing the same plan of observation, he noticed, on the 18th of October 1847, an object of about the same size as Iris, occupying a place where it had not been visible. The micrometer speedily revealed a direct motion in right ascension, and a change of declination was also observed. The alteration of position was quite enough to authorize the announcement that the ninth asteroid was discovered. At the suggestion of Sir John Herschel, it received the name of Flora.

Since 1848 the progress of discovery has been so rapid that it is quite inconvenient for the general reader to keep pace with it. Every year, and more recently, every month has been signalized by the addition of a new planet to the ultra-zodiacal group.

England, France, Ireland, Italy, and Germany have all had the honor of furnishing the stand points of discovery. Only one has been discovered by an American astronomer,—Euphrosyne, which was discovered by Ferguson, at Washington, September 1, 1854. The latest discovery, the 40th, was made at Paris, on the 31st of March, by M. Goldschmidt. In brilliancy the new planet resembles a star of the 9th or 10th magnitude.

The following table presents in a compact and portable form the principal facts in regard to all the asteroids:—

No.	Name.	Discoverer.	Place and date of Discovery
1	Ceres	Piazzi	Palermo 1801, Jan. 1
2	Pallas	Olbers	Bremen 1802, Mar. 28
3	Juno	Haringer	Lilienthal 1804, Sept. 1
4	Vesta	Olbers	Bremen 1807, Mar. 20
5	Astræa	Hencke	Drüsen 1845, Dec. 8
6	Hebe	Hencke	Drüsen 1847, July 1
7	Iris	Hind	London 1847, Aug. 13
8	Flora	Hind	London 1847, Oct. 18
9	Metis	Graham, near	Sligo 1848, April 2
10	Hygeia	De Gasparis	Naples 1849, April 12
11	Parthenope	De Gasparis	Naples 1850, May 11
12	Victoria	Hind	London 1850, Sept. 13
13	Igeria	De Gasparis	Naples 1850, Nov. 2
14	Irene	Hind	London 1851, May 19
15	Eunomia	De Gasparis	Naples 1851, July 29
16	Psyche	De Gasparis	Naples 1852, Mar. 17
17	Thetis	Luther	Bilk 1852, April 17
18	Melpomene	Hind	London 1852, June 24
19	Fortuna	Hind	London 1852, Aug. 16
20	Masilia	De Gasparis	Naples 1852, Sept. 16
21	Lutetia	Goldschmidt	Paris 1852, Nov. 15
22	Cullipe	Hind	London 1852, Nov. 16
23	Thalia	Hind	London 1852, Dec. 15
24	Themis	De Gasparis	Naples 1852, April 5
25	Phocæa	Clacornac	Paris 1853, April 7
26	Proserpina	Luther	Bilk 1853, May 5
27	Entepe	Hind	London 1853, Nov. 8
28	Hellona	Luther	Bilk 1854, Mar. 1
29	Amphitrite	Muth	London 1854, Mar. 1
30	Ursia	Hind	London 1854, July 22
31	Euphrosyne	Ferguson	Washington 1847, Sept. 1
32	Panopæa	Goldschmidt	Paris 1854, Oct. 26
33	Polyhymnia	Clacornac	Paris 1854, Oct. 28
34	Circe	Clacornac	Paris 1855, April 6
35	Leucothea	Luther	Bilk 1855, April 10
36	Atalanta	Goldschmidt	Paris 1855, Oct. 5
37	Fides	Luther	Bilk 1855, Oct. 5
38	Leda	Clacornac	Paris 1856, Jan. 12
39	Lætitia	Clacornac	Paris 1856, Feb. 8
40		Goldschmidt	Paris 1856, Mar. 31

P. H. W.

St. Johnsbury, May 31, 1856.

From the Times, May 15.

### THE CONSUMPTION OF SMOKE.

At the meeting of the Society of Arts on Wednesday evening a paper was read by Dr. N. Arnott, F. R. S., on a new smoke-consuming and economical fire-place, with additions for obtaining the healthful warming and ventilation of houses. He stated that the great evils with the common coal fires were—first, production of smoke; second, waste of fuel; and, third, defect of warming and ventilation. After reviewing the evils arising from smoke in the interior of houses, and in the external atmosphere, which in the washing of clothes alone costs the inhabitants £1,500,000 more than the same number of families residing in the country, besides being inimical to health; the question of waste of fuel was examined, and the opinion of Count Rumford was quoted, who declared that five-sixths of the whole heat produced in an ordinary English fire went up the chimney with the smoke, to waste. This estimate was borne out by the facts observed in countries where fuel was scarce and dear, as in some parts of continental Europe, where it was burnt in close stoves that prevented the waste, and with these a fourth part suf-

ficed to maintain the desired temperature. The author proceeded to observe that if fresh coal, instead of being placed on the top of a fire where it must unavoidably emit visible pitchy vapour or smoke, be introduced beneath the burning red-hot coal, so that its pitch, in rising as vapour, must pass among the parts of the burning mass, it would be partly resolved into the inflammable coal gas, and would itself burn and inflame whatever else it touched. Various attempts had been made to feed fires in this way, of which the most important was that introduced by Mr. Cutler, about 30 years ago. He placed a box filled with coal immediately under the fire, with its open mouth occupying the place of the removed bottom bars of the grate, and in the box was a moveable bottom, supporting the coal, and by pressing which the coal was lifted gradually into the grate to be consumed. The apparatus for lifting, however, was complicated and liable to get out of order, which, with other reasons had caused this stove to be little used. In Dr. Arnott's new fire-place the charge of coal for the whole day was placed immediately beneath the grate, and was borne upwards as wanted by a piston in the box, raised simply by the poker used as a lever, and as readily as the wick of an argand lamp was raised; and the fire was under command, as to its intensity, almost as completely as the flame of the lamp. To light the fire wood was laid on the upper surface of the fresh coal filling the box, and a thickness of three or four inches of cinder or coked coal, left from the fire of the preceding day, was placed over it. The wood being then lighted, instantly ignited the cinders above, and at the same time the pitchy vapour from the fresh coal below, rose through the wood-flame and cinders, and became heated sufficiently to enflame itself, and so to augment the blaze. When the cinder was once fairly ignited, all the bitumen rising through it afterwards became gas, and the fire remained quite smokeless for the remainder of the day. In this grate no air was allowed to enter at the bottom, and combustion, therefore, only went on through the bars. The unsatisfactory results of some other attempts had been owing, in part, to combustion proceeding downwards, owing to the admission of air below. After the reading of the paper a discussion ensued, in which the Chairman, Lord Ebrington, Dr. Hoffman, Mr. R. Hunt, Mr. Lee Stevens, Mr. E. Chadwick, C. B., and Mr. W. Ellis took part. The general opinion seemed to be strongly in favor of this form of fire-place, and that by it many of the evils arising from the present form, and from the presence of black visible smoke in the atmosphere, might be avoided.

### MEANS OF EDUCATION IN ST. PETERSBURG.

"The University of St. Petersburg is one of the most recent academies of the Russian Empire. Catherine II. had instituted in her capital a Normal gymnasium, which in 1819 was elevated to the rank of university. In 1824 it numbered only thirty-eight professors and fifty-one students. In 1841, fifty-eight professors and a hundred and three students. Its expenses each year amounted to three hundred thousand francs. The salary of the ordinary professors is 5,800 francs, that of the extraordinary ones, 4000 francs. With this university are connected 9 gymnasia and two hundred and 86 schools of an inferior order, which in 1841 contained sixteen thousand and fifty-four pupils. The curator of this university, Prince Gregory Wolkonsky, has a reputation for thorough knowledge acquired here and in foreign countries. It is he who rules this institution and the

schools connected with it, under the direction of M. Ouwaroff, one of the most intelligent and sensible men in the literary world. The emperor honors this faithful minister with a particular regard, and all Russia owe him gratitude for the services he has rendered her in the course of his long administration.

The school of mines is the vast and splendid institution, which has already rendered great services to Russia, and which must, in the future, render greater still. It was founded by the Empress Catherine, in 1773, and re-organized in 1834. It is now under the direction of General Schefkins, who unites to extensive acquirements an amiability of disposition which I am not the first to eulogize. This school contains three hundred and twenty pupils, divided into two sections; the first pursues the Greek and Latin courses, as in college; the second enters into the abstruse studies of the mathematical and physical sciences. Part of the pupils are maintained at the expense of the government, and others pay their own expenses. On leaving the school, the pupils are sent to the manufactories, where they must spend two years in practical studies; then they enter the service of the government, either with the grade of officers or that of superintendents, according to the aptness they have shown.

The collections of this School of Mines are magnificent; one finds there a complete assemblage of the mineral wealth of the North, of the finest productions of the Ural mountains and of Siberia; a block of emerald containing twenty-three of these precious stones, the smallest of which is an inch long; a piece of native platina weighing ten pounds, and valued at 100,000 francs; a block of malachite more than four feet in diameter, and a quantity of pearls, topazas, and diamonds.

I also saw for the first time, the entire skeleton of a mammoth, that monstrous animal beside which an elephant would seem small. When he formerly roved over the vast plains where his bones now lie buried the earth must have trembled beneath his feet.

#### WEARING FLANNEL.

Put it on at once; winter or summer, nothing better can be worn next the skin than a loose, red, woolen, flannel shirt; "loose," for it has room to move on the skin, thus causing a titillation which draws the blood to the surface and keeps it there; and when that is the case no one can take a cold; "red," for white flannel fulls up, mats together, and becomes tight, stiff, heavy, and impervious. Cotton wool merely absorbs the moisture from the surface, while woolen flannel conveys it from the skin and deposits it in drops on the outside of the shirt, from which the ordinary cotton shirt absorbs it, and, by its nearer exposure to the exterior air, it soon dries without injury to the body.—Having these properties red woolen flannel is worn by sailors even in the mid-summer of the hottest countries. Wear a thinner material in summer.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

[The above is good advice, but most persons, we suppose, would prefer to wear white in preference to red flannel, were it possible to prevent it fulling up. Red flannel discharges its color by perspiration; this is an evil which does not belong to white flannel. Red flannel soon loses its bright appearance, and becomes a dull, dirty-looking crimson; this is also caused by the perspiration. White flannel, when washed, always looks clean. Old red flannel cannot be made to look clean by all the waters of Lake Huron; white flannel, therefore, has much to recommend it over red, and for under-shirts nothing else

should be worn. It can also be prevented from fulling up, as well as red flannel. What property does the latter flannel possess over the former that prevents it from fulling up by frequent washing? It is made of the same materials, consequently the cause cannot be in any difference in the quality of the wool. Red flannel, however, undergoes boiling for about an hour in the act of coloring, and this alone, we conceive, is the cause why it does not full up so readily as the white. Let white flannel be boiled in clean soft water for an hour, then dried, before it is made up into shirts, and it will be found no more liable to full (thicken) than red flannel.]

**HOW TO WASH FLANNEL.**—Some washer-women possess quite a knack in washing flannels, so as to prevent it fulling. It is not the soap-suds, nor rinsing water that thicken up flannel in washing, but the rubbing of it. Cloth is fulling by being "pounced and jounced" in the stocks of the fulling-mill with soap-suds. The action of rubbing flannel on a wash board is just the same as that of the fulling mill. Flannel, therefore, should always be washed in very strong soap-suds, which will remove the dirt and grease, by squeezing, better than hard rubbing will in weak soap-suds. It should also be rinsed out of the soap in warm water, and never in cold, as the fibres of the wool do not shrink up as much in warm as in cold water, after coming out of warm soap-suds. Great care should be taken to rinse the soap completely out of the flannel. This advice will apply to the washing of blankets, the same as it does of flannel.—*Scientific American.*

#### MANUFACTURE OF STEEL BY ELECTRICITY.

The London *Mining Journal* contains an account of some experiments, by which in contradistinction to the ordinary method of manufacturing steel, it is proved that a process has been discovered of converting iron into steel by a current of electricity, passed through the air when placed in a furnace, and embedded in charcoal, whereby an immense saving of labor, time and fuel, is the more immediate result. The operation of the conversion of iron into steel in this manner gives a greater power of governance to the operators, inasmuch as the application of the latter for a certain time, will insure a certain amount of carbon being taken, absorbed or concentrated, and amalgamated with the iron, and thereby increasing or diminishing the action of the battery; different qualities of steel will be produced with a certainty, regularity and efficiency, which hitherto under the ordinary process of manufacture has been the object wanting—the great desideratum sought after, the end desired to be attained.

#### RELIGION IN AMERICAN COLLEGES.

The *Home and Foreign Record* states that in Nassau Hall, Princetown, New Jersey, there are this year 327 students, of whom 67 are professors of religion, 50 candidates for the ministry, and 28 sons of ministers. In Washington College, Virginia, there are 71 students, of whom 26 are professors of religion, and 20 studying for the ministry. Washington College, Pennsylvania, has 90 students, of whom 37 are professors, and 20 candidates for the ministry. In Davidson College, North Carolina, there are 74 students, of whom 21 are professors, and 12 candidates. In Oglethorpe University, Georgia, are 84 students, of whom 20 are professors and 11 candidates. Westminster College, Missouri, has nearly 100 students, of whom over 30 are professors, and fifteen candidates. The ratio of pious students in these institutions is greater than last year.

## A LESSON FOR DR. CULLEN

In the 34th Report of the Inspectors-General of the Prisons of Ireland, "presented to both houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty," it is stated that from 1st January 1855, to 31st December of that year, there were committed to the several prisons of Ireland, 48,118 criminals, of all ages and classes; of these 42,814 were Roman Catholics, and 5,632 were Protestants, of various denominations. Now, even Roman Catholic writers do not claim a larger proportion of the people of Ireland, as members of their church, than about three times as many as there are Protestants; that is to say, if the population of Ireland be 6 millions, they claim 4½ millions. Be it so; then their criminals, if their religion was even as well calculated to make men more as Protestantism is, ought only to be three times as numerous as Protestant criminals are; that is to say, as there were 5,632 Protestant criminals, there ought to be only 16,896 Roman Catholic criminals in all Ireland; but 42,814 Roman Catholic criminals were committed to the various goals! How can the conclusion, then, be evaded, that if the people of Ireland were all Protestants, the number of criminals for the last year would have been less by 25,918? or in other words, there were nearly eight times as many Roman Catholic criminals as there were Protestant, whilst there are only three times as many Roman Catholic inhabitants in Ireland as there are Protestant? "By their fruits," says the Saviour, "ye shall know them."

But as this kind of argument is a favorite one with Dr. Cullen in his pastorals, it is very desirable to sift it thoroughly. Well, then, of those criminals of all classes committed to the various goals of Ireland, 9044 were committed for that "mortal sin" of *drunkenness*! Which religion, then, tends most to make people "live soberly?" Examine the returns. Of the 3640 drunkards—so drunk as to be sent to goal for the offence—7893 were Roman Catholics, and 1147 were Protestants of all denominations. In other words, if the people were nominally Protestant, there would not be much more than half the drinking which now disgraces Ireland; for there are nearly seven times as many drunken Roman Catholics as Protestants.

But look a little closer,—what is going on close under Dr. Cullen's own eyes,—what is the state or crime in the city of Dublin itself? This is the state of the case: There were in Dublin last year 12,357 convicted criminals; of these 11,322 were Roman Catholics, and 1035 were Protestants; or nearly eleven times as many Roman Catholics as Protestants. Is it not true, then, that what they call "heresy" makes men more moral, more sober, more honest, than what they call "the true Church of Christ?"—*Dublin Warder*.

## THE FREE CHRISTIAN BAPTISTS.

The churches comprising this religious body are situated mostly, if not entirely, in New Brunswick. They hold a Yearly General Conference, commencing the first Saturday in July of each year. Their last session was with a church on the Oromocto river, some fifty miles above the city of St. John.

The following extract from an editorial article in the *Christian Intelligencer* of July 11th, which paper is the organ of the denomination, shows that God has greatly blessed their churches during the past year.

"**BUSINESS SESSION.**—At three, P. M., met for business. Opened by singing and prayer, after which Elder S. Hart was unanimously chosen Chairman of the Conference for the ensuing year. The report of

the progress of the cause among our churches during the last year, prepared by the Corresponding Secretary, was then called for and read. As we intend publishing this document in full next week, we shall therefore make no extracts from it at present, only remarking that an increase in our churches of *eight hundred and sixty* members by baptism alone, is reported. The number of Sabbath Schools is *fifty-one*, being an increase of *twenty-nine* over the number of last year. The following resolution was moved and supported by addresses from Elder J. Noble, E. Wayman, W. Kinghorn, J. Gunter, S. Hart, E. McLeod, and brethren W. Peters and S. Carlyle.

"**Resolved**, That the Report just read be received and printed in our minutes. And that this Conference acknowledges with devout thankfulness to God, his great mercy toward us during the last year in blessing the labors of our ministers and adding to our churches by the conversion of souls. And further, that we feel called upon by a renewed obligation, to adopt every scriptural and judicious means in our power to watch over, instruct and build up the churches which have, in the good providence of God, been placed under our care.

"The addresses on this resolution were impressive and to the point. It was unanimously adopted."

Bro. O. R. Bachelor, missionary to Orissa, and Dula, a Santal convert, who were sent to the Conference by the executive committee of the Free-will Baptist Foreign Mission Society, and Bro. C. E. Blake of Gardiner, Me., who went as a delegate from the Kennebec Y. M., were cordially received by the New Brunswick brethren. They took part in the missionary meeting held in connection with the General Conference, and also in other public meetings. The people are greatly interested in Dula and also in Bro. Bachelor's panoramic exhibition of *heathenism* in India. A good collection was taken at the missionary meeting for the benefit of the F. B. Foreign mission, and some of the churches will contribute to the same object.

The Free C. Baptists are an active and pious people, and zealously engaged in promoting the interests of the cause of religion and temperance. It is earnestly hoped that the correspondence which has commenced between the Free-will Baptists and the brethren in New Brunswick, will be continued, and if so, much good will result to both bodies.—*Morning Star*.

## IMPROVEMENT OF SPARE HOURS.

The brain,—how do you rest that? By absolute repose? No. The wearied brain would sleep, but the sleepless mind will not let it. "I sleep, but my heart waketh." A harp is stirred to give forth mighty strains by the hand of a strong and skilful player; and that same harp, left in the deserted hall, is moved, too, by the night-wind to soft and gentle sounds of sweetest harmony. Even so it is with this many-stringed instrument of thought. The strong will of man is sleeping and silent; but the soul is waking up, ever and anon, its else idle chords, in strange and fitful ways—not yet dreamt of in our philosophy. Sleep is the nearest approach to absolute repose of the brain. And let it have eight hours of that, or at least the offer of them. The main refreshment of the brain, however, is not by absolute repose, but by alternate action, by shifting its work, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." As I have already said, a man, tired of standing on one leg, by instinct shifts to the other. The brain, tired of thinking on one leg, thinks, and rests itself by thinking, on the other.