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THE

CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

VOL. IX.

TORONTO, MAY, 1863.

No. 11.

MEETING OF THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION.

On the second Wednesday (*i. e.* the 10th day) of June, 1863, at 4 P. M., in the good city of MONTREAL, the next annual gathering of the Congregational Union of Canada will take place, with Divine permission. Space forbids any lengthened remarks on the great purposes for which the brethren are banded together in love. The spirit essential to success in devising liberal things, and the power needful to carry out efficiently what has been resolved, are manifestly felt by every Christian mind to come from God. With this conviction, let the prayers of the brethren be made continually that the fulness of the blessing may be enjoyed.

Those who purpose attending the meetings of the Union will oblige by informing Mr. CHARLES ALEXANDER, Confectioner, Notre Dame Street, Montreal, by the middle or end of May, of their intention. Unless otherwise informed, his place of business will be the place of call, for needful information on arrival in the city. We understand that the Grand Trunk Railway Co. are not likely to grant any advantages to persons passing over the line to and from the meetings. All persons travelling by the Royal Mail Line Steamboat Co. to attend the Union shall have a passage both ways, meals included, between Hamilton and Montreal, for \$13—other parts on the way less in proportion to distance. The time required by the parties between going and returning allowed.

A SABBATH IN THE OLD TOWN OF EDINBURGH.

Glasgow—the Cathedral—Motherwell's grave—Castlecary—Falkirk—Linthgow—Edinburgh ;—so run the titles of some pleasant memories. There had been several weeks of rainy weather in Scotland ; and now three or four exceedingly windy days brought around the Sabbath, beautiful and sunny. In company with a friend, I went to hear Rev. Dr. Alexander. As we went through the streets and past the squares of the new town, I had leisure to observe its quietness, beauty and cleanliness. An occasional cab was met, but of other vehicles there were none. The sidewalks were filled with well-dressed people ; and a score of church bells, with various tone, were giving out their Sabbath invitations to come into "The House of the Lord." Across High street, filled to its centre with church-going groups—through an open

vestibule and up a broad stair—and we found ourselves in the gallery of one of the city churches. A psalm, as rendered in the common version, was chanted. It was evidently no new thing in that church, as the congregation very generally joined in the exercise: I confess to a lingering prejudice against chanting, choirs, and instrumental music; not in the abstract, but from the impossibility I have found of adapting my likings to their *manner*, as I have found it. These prejudices, however, were not increased by this morning's experiences.

The sermon was on the words, "Love the Brotherhood." First was an exposition of the command, to "love our neighbour as ourselves," intended to show not only our duty of loving all men, but our *special* duty of loving with a *special* love those here distinguished by the name of the "Brotherhood." Then an enquiry "Who constituted the Brotherhood?" Not the members of our own church—not those christians calling themselves by the same distinctive ecclesiastical name—but all those, who, by receiving Christ, have received the adoption of sons, and have thus become *children* of our Father, and *brethren* of ours. A little more such preaching would do good in the world. We need often to be reminded that the door of entrance to the spiritual privileges of our churches, and to our christian brotherly love and fellowship, should be just as wide as the door to the kingdom of Heaven *no wider, and no narrower!*

The churches in Edinburgh, as generally throughout Scotland, have but a short interval between the forenoon and afternoon services—about an hour. Some Sabbath Schools are held before the morning service, many about four o'clock in the afternoon, and a few at both seasons. I found that at the church in which I had worshipped, an afternoon school was held at half-past two, the hour of service. It struck me as being an unusual arrangement. However, I determined to be present. At three o'clock I dropped in on them. There were three schools during the day; first a morning school, mostly filled by those whose parents worshipped nowhere—straggling children picked up in the lanes and streets of the city; then the school in which I found myself, which was intended for the children of the congregation; and last, a school at half-past four, for the scholars of the morning. The advantages of the half-past two arrangement seemed to be these, that families came, all together, to church; and the children, instead of occupying the pews beside their parents, went down to the basement and had their own "service;" for the exercises largely consisted of familiar expositions by the teacher, with singing, &c. The only disadvantage that occurred to me, was the self-deprivation on the part of the gentlemen conducting the school, of the privileges of the worshipping assembly up stairs. But it is ever "more blessed to give than to receive."

There was a library in connection with the Mission School, but none in this one. Neither was there any periodicals given out. The latter might have been advantageously adopted. The affections of many a little one are firmly entwined for life around the Sunday School, by the early attraction of these little papers and those little hymns. I once asked a little three-year old in Canada West "what she went to Sunday School for? she could'n't read!" "Oh" said she, "I go to *sing*, and to get a *paper!*" And sing she did! and I, who have neither musical gifts nor training, have since caught several tunes from her singing! and as to reading—whoever was at hand when the

paper came home had to sit down and read it through; and if, as sometimes it happened, a treacherous moisture was detected in the eye of the reader, by those sharp eyes following not the printed page, but the reader's lips, *that* piece had to be read over again!

There were ninety-five scholars present. A missionary, or other special collection had been taken up, and I was amused at the sharpness of the two "Deacons." It seems the scholars elect from among themselves, two deacons to manage the financial affairs of the school. They were particularly careful about noting the amount of the collection; and in due time will be just as careful about its disbursement according to the expressed wishes of the donors.

Several schools have a "vacation" in the summer. It did not strike me as wise, but perhaps there are more reasons for it than my scanty opportunities allowed me to gather. In this particular school, ten weeks would be *vacant*. The reason assigned was that so many families and so many teachers went to the country that the school necessarily dwindled away if kept on, and so they give it up for midsummer and early autumn. The "Mission Schools" are generally kept up, though there was the same difficulty about teachers. One however that I visited, I found was closing for four weeks. This latter school, which was recruited from amongst the most miserable inhabitants of a most miserable "close," contained between fifty and sixty scholars. The usual attendance was near two hundred; but the close of the school and the *fine weather* had kept them away. The parents took no interest in *sending* the children; and too often they needed to be followed and sought out again and again with a watchfulness and weariness seldom appreciated on earth, but recorded in Heaven. The superintendent of the school, who was also a day-school teacher in the neighbourhood, assured me that many of the scholars present, though to my eyes respectably dressed, belonged to most degraded and worthless parents. He pointed out two or three girls half-way up their "teens," (that slippery, slippery path for city children!) who by their own industry and thrift and good conduct were doing wonders in raising their parent's miserable households from the degradation of dissipation and drunkenness. I learned that there was another similar school in an adjoining "close," kept up by the same organization.

Coming out from the direction of the Cowgate to the High Street, very near the house of stern old John Knox, I encountered a stream of people filling all the street. Fortunately the streets in Edinburgh are well paved, and kept very clean; and when the day is dry, the middle of some streets is almost as much used as the sidewalk. I had intended to go at six o'clock to the Sunday School connected with Dr. Guthrie's church, and as it was still too early, I looked round for another opening. Following some little girls through a chapel door, I lit upon a large and well-conducted school belonging to a Baptist Church. Introducing myself to the superintendent as a friend of Sunday Schools from abroad, (there is a *Free-masonry* in the Sunday School work,—and it is the easiest thing in the world for those who have been pulling in the same direction separately, to pull *together* when they come in contact!) I took a survey of the operations. I now began to be struck with the fact that in Edinburgh there was no *lack of teachers*. This is a standing trouble in almost every part of Canada. We can get scholars, but cannot always get the right number and the right kind of teachers. I learned that the teachers,

(some fourteen to sixteen being present), were all members of the church; and as far as I could judge (I watched the *eyes* of the *children* I could not hear the words of the teacher,) thoroughly interested in their work. Below, in a separate room was a small class of young men, engaged in the study of "The Titles of our Saviour." The subject had naturally led them to the evidences of the Divinity of Christ, and it was in this aspect that the lesson shaped itself that Sabbath. The teacher *led* rather than *taught* the young men. He aimed to have them produce evidences and state convictions, drawn from the scriptures; and thus to cultivate and improve their minds and hearts. In another room I found the "Infant class." I was sorry however that they had not a room to themselves. We want to have perfect freedom with an infant class—let them stand up and sing a snatch of a hymn when they get tired—then let them sit down and listen to you as with animated voice and gesture you tell them some "sweet story of old;"—and we don't want to be hampered by the necessity of not disturbing other classes! The teacher was telling them in a very winning way of the ascension of our Saviour, and of his coming again. But some of the little fellows were tired—they wanted to shout out and say "Joyful, joyful!" or the "Happy Land," to put them all right. The other class in the same room was what is called an "advanced class." They were young girls, no longer children, and who would be likely to be lost to Sunday School influences but for some such agency as this. It always has been, and always will be a problem and an anxiety how safely to conduct good little boys and girls over the "enchanted ground" that lies between childhood and full age!

After this school closed I stepped out and went toward the school that went in at six, for it was now "half-past" that hour. When I got in I found the classes very busy with their lessons. About a hundred and seventy scholars were present, and a large number of teachers. The superintendent was himself busy with a class; but a teacher, who was for the time a supernumerary, gave me much information. Among other things, he said the superintendent followed the lessons with an address. "A short address—five or ten minutes, I suppose?" I said. "No; commonly about half an hour," replied the teacher. "But don't the children get *weary*?" "No, I think not." I knew that under ordinary circumstances, an address of half an hour would soon kill off a school; but as this one was by no means like a dying school, I judged that I had something yet to learn regarding this "address." In the meantime I look about me. I see many boys clad in moleskin, with well brushed stout shoes, clean collars, and neckties of Rob Roy tartan. I ask who they are? "Boys from the Ragged School." What virtue there is in soap! here are boys from the very dregs of society, with as sweet intelligent faces (when well washed), as you could hope to see anywhere. Ruddy cheeks, sparkling blue or grey eyes, hair a shade or two lighter than the average of Canadian boys, and restless fingers. Oh, that we could predicate a worthy manhood for every one of these interesting little fellows! There are about thirty of them. And on looking round I see about an equal number of girls, dressed alike, in white-spotted blue cotton, good shoes, dark grey stockings, black straw bonnets of a fashionable economy of size, and woollen kerchiefs of the dark "forty-twa." I do not need to ask who *they* are: they too are of the Ragged School.

This school meets twice on the Sabbath. "It has no "vacation;" the teachers stick to their work all the year round; though in midsummer the officers find it sometimes difficult to secure teachers for all the classes. I have a fancy I can know a successful teacher. I saw two or three of that description. One had thirteen boys in the uniform of the Ragged Schools round him, making with himself a complete circle. All their heads were "laid together;" while with eloquent eye and uplifted finger he was bringing home to them some glorious truth;—and I know they understood him! At the ring of the bell, after a little shifting of seats, came the "address." The Superintendent read the paragraph in Matthew about the attempt of the Pharisees and Herodians to entangle Christ in his talk. Then, shutting the book, he marched up and down in front of the desk, and talked to the children about bad men quarrelling among themselves, but uniting together against Jesus;—about the crafty manner in which these hypocrites approached—flattery on their lips, but enmity in their hearts—and of the wisdom and necessity of being ware of flattery;—of the difficult question, (but raised by them with an evil intention,) as to where we should honour Cæsar, and where we should honour God—still debated in the world, and nowhere more than in Scotland. All this he illustrated by many examples; flattery, by Samson, who not with Philistine swords but the flattering tongue of a Philistine woman, was overcome; by Solomon, whose character and wisdom was proof against all but the blandishments of his numberless wives; by Hezekiah, great in all that makes real greatness, but who gave way before the flattery of the Babylonish Ambassadors: bad men becoming friends for evil purposes, by Pilate and Herod—by the Pharisees and Herodians—by the Amorites and others that opposed Nehemiah—and by their own experience in everyday life. Said he, addressing a class of "ragged scholars," if there are two bad boys in your *close*, and the one *lies* and the other *swears* and they are always fighting, and always spiteful at each other,—no sooner do they find that you read the Bible and pray, and do as your mother bids you, than they join together as if they were the greatest friends, and sneer at you and point you out as a *fellow that prays! and reads the Bible!* and is *tied to his mother's apron strings!* But never heed them, children! they'll not do you as much harm as those false friends who come to you with an oily tongue, and tell you how *clever you are!* and how *pretty you are!* Watch them! Just so the Herodians came, and they stooped low with graceful bow and called Jesus Master, Master, "while they were thirsting for his blood!" So on he went; and the half-hour was actually spent, and no one was tired! With a sweet little hymn, out of a penny hymn book, and a very few well-chosen words of prayer, the little ones weresent home. The moment the Superintendent was at liberty, he came to me. As soon as I indicated how deeply I was engaged in the Sunday School work in Canada, he said he was sorry he had not had time to speak to me before school was dismissed, as he would have asked me to address the children. I said smiling, that I was not sure he would have done right in doing so; that I myself would scarcely ask a person I knew nothing about to address *my* school; and that I had no letters of introduction for Edinburgh, but was merely *en route* for London. "Oh, said he, I can know a Sunday School man by his face." And so I left him with a promise that I would drop in again when I returned to Scotland, and have a "talk" with the children. Fifteen minutes put us on as friendly

a footing as a ten years' acquaintance. I know not that I can give this model Superintendent higher praise than by saying, that with the warm heart of a Scotchman, he has a real *Canadian* frankness!

Too many thoughts and scenes in my mind longer to enjoy contact with the crowd, I retired, pondering as I went, to the quiet Temperance House where I lodged. There, sipping a cup of tea, book in hand, with Scott's monument closely opposite my window, the Castle at the right, and Arthur's Seat at the left, (both in sight,) and the "lang simmer's gloamin'" allowing me to read, in the intervals of wayward thought, up till half-past nine, (a new experience to me—an hour added to my summer evenings!) I could not but feel something of that gratitude we owe for mercies given and happiness bestowed, beauty appreciated and pleasure found.

"'Tis light at eventime when Thou art present
Thy coming to the eleven in that dim room
Brightened, O Chris! its gloom:
So bless my lonely hour that memories pleasant
Around the time a heavenly gleam may cast,
Which many days shall last!"

W. W. S.

"WAITING TO GO HOME."

The word *Home* has many attractions; its associations are often pleasant and interesting. However homely, there are few places to be compared to it; indeed multitudes frequently exclaim, "*There is no place like home.*" We meet with many friends as we pass through life, and many sources of enjoyment; but still there is a lingering for *home*, where we can be free and unfettered, and where there are pleasures peculiar to itself. To fulfil the duties devolving upon them, the members of a family are often scattered one from another, but they hail the time when they can return beneath the same roof, or have a home of their own, with its various ties and connexions.

So, with regard to the Christian, the idea of "Home" is associated with all that is quiet, peaceful and happy. Here he has no continuing city—this is not his rest. However favourable the circumstances in which he is placed, the spiritual life within him, finds no appropriate resting place. He cannot feel at home. Not wealth, nor honours, nor pleasures, such as worldly people delight in, can afford him true contentment. His life is a warfare, and his home is unseen. He has a home in reserve—it awaits him at the close of his mortal career.

When on a missionary tour a few months since, I was struck with the parting remark of a Christian friend, who has passed three score years and ten. It was this:—"I am waiting to go home." Surrounded with every earthly comfort, without any stint, her mind looked beyond them all to something better and more enduring. She was evidently reminded of her frail tenement by her growing infirmities. She delighted to hear those portions of God's word which bore upon things unseen and eternal. And when I bade her farewell, her countenance beamed with delight at the thought of *going home*, for which she was "*waiting.*"

How pleasant to contemplate "the rest which remaineth for the people of God!" How desirable to set our affectionous "on things above, not on things

on the earth." Present attractions are many, and the earth has often an undue influence upon the Christian pilgrim, so as materially to tarnish the purity and glory of his heavenly character. He is apt at seasons to act in a manner unbecoming his high vocation, and too readily to conform to principles and usages detrimental to his spiritual health and vigour. The times are trying, but we must not, on any account lose sight of the fact, that as *Christians*, we are *not of this world*, even as *Christ* was not of the world. Our "home" is above, and we should be in readiness to go home at our Father's bidding.

The patriarch Jacob had something of this feeling, when blessing his children, he said, "I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord," Gen. xlix, 18. And Simeon participated in this spirit, when, after seeing the child Jesus, he exclaimed, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word: for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." Luke ii, 29, 30.

Perhaps we are nearer our home than we anticipate. A few more years at most and we shall be there. But whether near or more distant let us hold fast our integrity as its heirs and expectants. Whatever our trials of faith, let us "bind the Gospel to our hearts," and brave the storm of unbelief which seems to be gathering around many. "Be thou faithful unto death," says the great Master, "and I will give thee a crown of life." "Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe."

J. T. B.

Trans-Atlantic Retrospect.

There is but little of importance to communicate this month on English religious matters. The melancholy wreck of the Anglo-Saxon and the loss of the mails has deprived us of our last batch of newspapers with any intelligence they might contain; would that the damage was no heavier than this, but the loss of so large a number of lives is a terrible disaster and will, we fear, bring sorrow and suffering into many homes. The Colenso controversy continues in full force, the Bishops and clergy of the Church of England unable to free themselves from the alliance of a man who so strangely uses his position, are doing their best to show that they have no sympathy with him, and that it is not their fault if he still continues a professed teacher of that which he denies. Golden chains are sometimes as strong and as galling as Iron ones. A large body of the clergy having addressed the Archbishop of Canterbury on the subject, he makes a reply of which the following are the principal parts:—

"I cannot be surprised at the feelings of sorrow and indignation with which you view those works, as impugning, in your judgment, the authority of the Holy Scriptures; and as derogatory to the person, the attributes, and the work of our Divine Redeemer; for happily it is without precedent that such published opinions should have emanated from a bishop of the Church of Christ.

"To the diligent student of God's Holy Word, who looks for light and guidance from above, the books to which you refer are absolutely harmless; but they are pregnant with mischief to the ignorant, the half-informed, and to all who rejoice in anything which can free them from the troublesome restraints of religion. A

bishop of the church has spoken, and that is enough; they will drink in the poison, and never trouble themselves to seek the antidote or study the replies.

"But you are not perhaps aware that in the case of the Bishop of Natal the primary jurisdiction rests with the metropolitan of Southern Africa, the Bishop of Capetown. This prelate has just returned to his province, and is prepared to institute those judicial proceedings which will try whether the charges brought against Bishop Colenso can be sustained. It is not for me to anticipate the judgment which may be delivered in his case; but you are aware that he has refused to resign the see of Natal, although he cannot deny that he is unable to exercise the most important functions of that office; and persists in disseminating, as bishop of his diocese, opinions which derive their chief weight from the office he still holds in connection with the Church of England. Under these circumstances, it becomes my painful duty, in conformity with the rule of discipline in our Church, when proceedings are about to be instituted against any clerk, by reason of conduct which causes great scandal, to caution all the clergy of my diocese against admitting Bishop Colenso into their pulpits, or allowing him to minister in the Word or Sacraments in their respective parishes, until he shall have cleared himself from the grave imputations which at present attach to him."

Three points seem to be pretty fully established respecting the Bishop of Natal by his book and the controversy that has arisen respecting them. That he is a rash, injudicious critic, on whom it would be unsafe to place any reliance whatever. That he is but a superficial Hebrew scholar with no linguistic attainments which would fit him for the task into which he has rushed, and what is of far greater importance so far as he is concerned, that he is wholly deficient in that moral sensibility which would tell him that it is dishonourable and disagreeable to receive payment for teaching and overseeing others who have to teach that which he not only disbelieves, but openly attacks and ridicules.

THE BIBLE SOCIETY AND ROMISH TRANSLATIONS.—We lately noticed that a petition had been presented to the committee of the Bible Society, praying that translations from the Vulgate might no longer be circulated by the agents of the society. We now learn that the committee, having considered the petition, have adopted the following resolution:—"That, while this committee earnestly desire to discontinue the circulation of versions from the Latin Vulgate, and are using every effort to attain this object, they cannot pledge themselves to relinquish their use where it is found impracticable to induce Roman Catholics to receive any other, especially as they possess abundant proof that the blessing of God has accompanied their circulation and perusal."

The Evangelical Alliance has just published a letter which their Foreign Secretary has received from Matamoros. It is dated from the "Prison of the Audiencia, Granda, March 7, 1863." After stating that the final adjudication on the questions which have been raised in his case cannot take place till the end of April, he continues:—"Nevertheless, my zealous and worthy brethren, I can assure you—for so our loving Heavenly Father has willed it—that I wait with the utmost tranquility the issue of my cause. It is not my liberty, it is not my health, nor the galleys, which trouble me! Oh, no! the cause of my Christian anxiety is how the interest of the holy cause of the Gospel may be best promoted, and the greatest honour and glory redound to the holy name of Jesus. To go to the galleys will be to me a comfort. The Lord enables me to leave my dear parents, my brethren, and my friends, to follow the path which he has deigned to point out; and Jesus is my shield—Jesus is my guide and my comforter. I will follow only him, and I will do so even through sufferings—through the bars of the place

destined for criminals—and I will follow him to the scaffold, if that honour be allowed me. My strength is weak, my power less than nothing, and worth nothing. Whatever I may do is no work of mine. No! it is God who grants me strength in Jesus—in Jesus, who is my life, and even death for his name's sake is true gain."

PUSEYITE PROTESTANTISM.—There has been diffused through all classes a deep and genuine feeling of joy at the happy marriage of the Prince of Wales, and consequently a great number of congratulatory addresses presented to him. The University of Oxford has determined to follow this example, and, in meetings of the council, composed of heads of houses, professors, and members of convocation, with whom rests the initiative of all university legislation, proposed to congratulate the Prince on having found a Protestant Princess whom the Act of Settlement permits him to marry. One would think that this form long sanctioned by usage, had nothing in it objectionable; yet a well-known (if not a favourite) doctor (Dr. Pusey) opposed it, and carried an amendment. Our readers will be surprised to hear that his objection was that the Princess Alexandra, being a Dane could not be properly called a Protestant! He argued that Denmark was given up to Rationalism, and on that ground the obnoxious word was left out by a majority.—*London Review*.

THE SPANISH PROTESTANTS.—A letter from Stuttgart of the 11th says:—"M. de Guuther, tutor to the heir presumptive to the throne, and chaplain to the court, has left to-day for Paris on an invitation from the Evangelical Alliance of London. He will be met in the French capital by the other members of a deputation, composed of Englishmen, Dutchmen, and Prussians, who will proceed to Madrid to make representations to that court in favour of the Spanish Protestants.

INDIAN MISSION STATISTICS.—The *Bombay Guardian* compares the statistics of Missions in 1861 with those of 1851 collected by Dr. Mullens:

	1852	1862.
Missionaries	363	418
Churches	266	890
Communicants	14,711	21,252
Native Christians ...	91,295	118,893
Boys in Schools	87,062	154,888
Girls in Schools	11,193	14,723

According to the rate of advance exhibited by these statistics, the native church might be expected to double itself every twenty-five years; the native Christian body, about three times in a century.

On the 19th of March was solemnly opened for Divine Service the New Waldensian Church, Florence, in a portion of the premises of Palazzo Salviati. This beautiful little edifice, capable of seating comfortably 300 hearers, was crowded at both the morning and evening services, as well as the adjoining meeting-rooms, with a throng of at least 500 persons. The ministers of the various Protestant churches in the town—English, Scotch, Swiss, and American—were present in their robes, and surrounded the pulpit, along with the Waldensian ministers from Elba, Leghorn, Lucca, and other missionary stations in Central Italy. In reference to this interesting event, a correspondent of *Evangelical Christendom* remarks:—

"Who could have believed that, in a town where, three years ago, the prison-door closed on those who were only guilty of reading that prohibited book, the Bible, we should now, in full security, be printing Bibles, Testaments, and a large Evangelical literature, and consecrating to the preaching of the simple Gospel the first Christian church erected here for many a century, and held in possession—

like the building of which it is a part, under the Royal signature—by the descendants of the Israel of the Alps?

THE HEATHEN BISHOPS OF THE "S. P. G."—The American missionaries who have long been labouring successfully in the Sandwich Islands, send word that the Bishop of Honolulu, who has recently arrived at Hawaii with a staff of English clergymen, is a full-blown Tractarian, treating the savages to all manner of church millinery and ceremonial observances, and preaching salvation by the sacraments. He avows that he takes a middle place between the Roman Catholic and the Protestant missionaries in the islands, and his clergy refuse to join the latter in prayer-meetings or other efforts for the evangelisation of the people. The list of the heathen bishops, therefore, now stands thus:—

BISHOP OF NATAL—Sceptical or Zulu School.

THE BISHOP OF THE ZAMBESI (MACKENZIE)—Muscular School. *De mortuis, &c.*

DITTO (TOZER)—Ditto. Avowed object: "Low type of Christianity with civilization."

Instrument of conversion: highly ornamented crook, in ebony and silver.

BISHOP OF LABUAN—Muscular School. Instruments of conversion: case of revolvers.

BISHOP OF HONOLULU—Tractarian School. Instruments of conversion: vestments, altar-cloths, candles, &c.

BISHOP OF ORANGE RIVER FREE STATE—Muscular School. Methods undeveloped, there being no English clergyman and no congregation yet in his diocese.

To these, we presume, we shall shortly have to add a Bishop of Madagascar of the High Tractarian School! These are the appointments of the S. P. G. If any one wonders, he should understand that the panacea for the conversion of the world, in the belief of the members of that society, is not the Gospel, but Episcopacy.—*Patriot*.

MR. SPURGEONS 500TH SERMON.—On Wednesday evening, Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, of Wilson-street, Finsbury, the printers of the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, entertained a number of their friends—about 250—at a tea and supper in the lecture hall of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, to celebrate the publication of the 500th sermon, and to raise additional funds in aid of Mr. Spurgeon's College for Training Young Ministers. Mr. Spurgeon addressed the company at some length.

"Thirteen years ago, he said, he was teaching small boys in a country place—an occupation by no means congenial to his tastes. (Laughter.) Goldsmith had said that a man had better be hanged than have such work to do, and he (Mr. Spurgeon) was quite of that opinion. (Laughter.) He should hesitate, perhaps, for a time, but, in the end, no doubt, prefer the alternative of hanging. ('Hear, hear,' and laughter.) He was not at the time alluded to big enough to be a master, and not small enough to be a boy. (Laughter.) He had had no college education. This he said not by way of boasting—far from it. (Hear.) He would have learned more if he had the opportunity; but, that not being the case, he did what all ought to do—he made the best use he could of such opportunities as he had. (Cheers.) His friend Mr. Trestrail would recollect his addresses in the Sunday-school; and when he became popular there he was asked one day to walk out a little way to Teversham, and give out the hymns for a young man who, as he supposed, was going to preach. When they got half way there the young man said to him, "Now, I think it right to tell you that I cannot preach at all, and never have done, so that you must." (Laughter.) So he did. (Hear.) It was a queer little cottage, with a ceiling so low that a hole had to be cut in it to enable tall preachers to stand upright. (Laughter.) That hole, however, was not necessary in his case. (Laughter.) He was very glad when his first sermon came to an end, and as he sat down an old woman asked him how old he was. (Laughter.) He said he would talk to her after the benediction had been pronounced, and so he did, and told her he was under forty. (Laughter.) She held he must be con-

siderably under twenty. ("Hear," and laughter.) As to his five hundred sermons, the latter ones were rough, no doubt, but they were exceedingly superfine as compared with the earlier discourses of the series. (Hear.) The fact was that he had used a homely oyster-knife where a razor would have been of but little use. (Hear, hear.) Nothing could be of more real service to a young preacher than the style of criticism to which he had been subjected—men not only expressed their opinions very frankly—(laughter)—but sometimes in a bitter nasty way—(Hear, hear)—and many a joke had been cracked at his expense. (Laughter.) Young preachers never liked such critics, but after all they were their best friends."

Mr. Spurgeon further stated that no less than eight million copies of his sermons were in the hands of the public. Since he had been pastor of that church he had baptized 3,000 persons. His College had now fifty-four students; and if they had 400, they could place them out in suitable spheres of labour. The subsequent speakers were Mr. James Spicer, Mr. James Grant, the Rev. Dr. Campbell, Mr. P. Bayne, the Rev. F. Trestrail, General Sir John Burgoyne, Mr. Apsley Pellatt, and the Rev. J. C. Middleditch. At the supper General Sir John Burgoyne presided, and the usual loyal toasts were duly honored. "Messrs Alabaster and Passmore," and "The Rev. Mr. Spurgeon," were also toasts which commanded much enthusiasm, and the proceedings terminated in the usual way. The subscriptions in aid of the College reached the handsome sum of 500*l*.

Official.

PETITION.

The following is a copy of the Petition signed by the Chairman and Secretary of the annual meeting of Subscribers to the Congregational College of British North America, and forwarded to Hon. George Brown, for presentation to the House of Assembly. Copies of the same, merely varied in the address, were entrusted to Hon. William McMaster, to present to the Legislative Council, and sent to the Provincial Secretary, to present to the Governor-in-Council.

To the Honorable the Legislative Assembly, in Parliament assembled:

The Petition of the undersigned, the Chairman and Secretary of the Annual Meeting of Subscribers to the Congregational College of British North America, held in Hamilton, June 16, 1862,

HUMBLY SHEWETH:

That your petitioners were duly instructed by the Meeting of which they were the officers, again to represent to your Honourable House the views of that body, consisting of Pastors and Members of Congregational Churches throughout the Province, in regard to the agitation, still continued, for the division of some portion at least of the endowment of the University of Toronto and University College, among the several denominational Colleges.

That the parties represented by your petitioners most heartily adhere to the fundamental principle on which our entire system of Public Education is based, that is to say, the National principle, recognising all Her Majesty's subjects alike, as distinguished from the Sectarian, which deals with them as members of the several Churches.

That they therefore earnestly desire to see this principle applied, without exceptions, to all classes of educational institutions established by law, and supported by public funds.

That they are led, by all experience, to expect from any departures from this

principle, interminable confusion and strife, a vast and needless increase of the cost of education, and a deterioration of its quality.

That these results must ensue, especially, from the sectarianising of superior education, the most expensive of all, as is abundantly evident from the partial admission of the sectarian element in past legislation, and the further exorbitant demands based on such concessions.

That your petitioners would therefore pray your Honorable House not to consent to the appropriation of University or other Government funds to any College not strictly founded on the non-denominational basis, and especially to preserve from division and spoliation the endowment of the University of Toronto; which the people of Upper Canada, after a long and painful struggle, have once already rescued from sectarian control.

And your petitioners, as in duty bound, will ever pray.

A. LIGHTBODY, *Chairman.*
W. W. SMITH, *Secretary.*

Dated at Hamilton, June 16, 1862.

MISSIONARY SUBSCRIPTIONS.

It being desirable to have all Missionary accounts in readiness for the Union Meeting, the Pastors and Members of the Churches in the Middle District, are respectfully urged to send in all monies yet unpaid *as early as possible in May.*

JAMES T. BYRNE,
Sec. M. D. M. C.

Whitby, April, 1863.

CONGREGATIONAL MINISTERS' WIDOWS AND ORPHANS FUND.

RECEIPTS.

Previously acknowledged	\$95 05
Collection in Zion Church, Montreal	97 94
	\$192 99

ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual Meeting of the Society will be held (D.V.) in the Vestry of Zion Church, Montreal, on Wednesday, the 10th June next, at 2 o'clock P.M.; at which meeting the plan of the Society's operations will have to be revised, and such alterations made in the by-laws as may be found necessary.

P. W. WOOD,
Secretary.

Montreal, April 19th, 1863.

RECEIPTS FOR CONGREGATIONAL COLLEGE.

In April, 1863.

Kingston, additional, per Rev. K. M. Fenwick.....	\$23 00
Lanark, 1st Church, per Rev. R. K. Black.....	12 12
Brantford, per Rev. J. Wood	27 00
Cobourg, on account, per Rev. A. Burpee.....	16 50
Guelph, additional, per Rev. W. F. Clarke.....	4 00
Manilla, additional, per Rev. D. McGregor.....	9 40
Rev. J. Porter	3 00

Once more, the Secretary would remind the supporters of the College, that the Treasurer's account must be closed on the 31st May *precisely*. No remittance received after that date can be included in the Financial statement of 1862-3. Will the officers of every church, which has not yet contributed for the year, see that subscriptions are taken up and forwarded in time?

Literary Notices.

CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD : SALEM CHAPEL; by Mrs. Oliphant. New York : Harper. Toronto : W. C. Chewett & Co.

"Let me write the ballads of a nation," said a clever man, some time ago, "and I don't care who makes the laws." Ballads, however, are out of fashion now, but their place is filled by works of fiction, which in these days are generally written with what is called a "purpose." Sometimes it is to expose the iniquitous working of a poor-law, sometimes to drag to light the atrocities of Yorkshire boarding schools; now it is to extol the virtues of Christmas, and again to expose cant in general, and the cant of society in particular. We may be sure that this new use of works of fiction would not be lost sight of by leaders of religious parties, and accordingly, during the last twenty years, there have been plenty of novels whose particular 'purpose' was to exalt some theological or ecclesiastical notion. The bulk of these have been either High Church and Tractarian, or Roman Catholic; and we remember reading one many years ago, which left a strong impression on the mind, that the marriage of the clergy was a terrible hindrance to usefulness, and that the Church of England was a very humdrum affair, compared with her grand and showy parent, the 'old original' Catholic Church.

"Salem Chapel" first appeared in Blackwood's Magazine, which, as everybody knows, is High Church and High Tory to the backbone. Its conductors have always had the character of being uncommonly wise in their generation, and the appearance of this tale is a notable instance of their sagacity. Last year was the bicentenary of British Nonconformity, and our churches celebrated the event with vast *eclat*. Now to give Dissent a stab under the fifth rib in the very hour of its triumph, and cover it with ridicule while singing pœans of self-glorification, would be a feat worthy of the redoubtable Christopher North himself. The thought was too good to be lost; the thing should be done; and, casting about for an instrument to effect their purpose, the conductors of Blackwood lighted on that versatile and clever writer, Mrs. Oliphant. This lady was then contributing a story called "Chronicles of Carlingford," and as she had been familiar in early life with dissenting circles, nothing could be easier than to turn a rambling tale like the "Chronicles" into the required channel. The result was "Salem Chapel," which, as a means of effecting the desired object, must be pronounced a splendid success.

Its purpose is to make Dissent, and particularly Independency, appear in so odious and contemptible a light, that no man of sense or spirit will think of associating himself with it. Nobody can deny that it is a very clever tale; and every one that understands the workings of the voluntary principle in communities like that of Carlingford, must in spite of himself, admire the wonderful skill with which the light-feathered shafts of ridicule are directed to the loose joints of our harness. Not more surely were the arrows of Locksley directed to the unguarded windows of Front de Beauf's castle (our readers will excuse the reference, as we are reviewing a novel), than are Mrs. Oliphant's inuendoes and delineations against what are, or are supposed to be, those parts of the working of our system which are open to criticism.

If a man would know the whole truth about himself, he had better hear what his enemies say. They will often show him things which he never suspected to exist; and, even though spiced with malignity, such revelations may assist him to that most valuable of all knowledge—the knowledge of himself. They may also goad him on to that most valuable of all pursuits—the effort after improvement.

It is precisely for this reason we notice “Salem Chapel.” Bitterly malignant and spiced with deadliest venom as it is, there is a sufficient basis of truth in its delineations to make it worth while for us to ponder them carefully. A sufficient basis, we say, and that is all; for we would protest against being supposed to endorse the entire truthfulness of any one either of the characters or the incidents of the book; and we shall be able to show, before closing this review, that many—and these the very incidents which bear the hardest upon us—are essentially false.

The characters of the book are, first, Mr. Vincent, the minister, who is young, intellectual, rather proud, and more ignorant of the world than any student of Homerton, accustomed to go about amongst different congregations, is likely to be. He makes a terrible fool of himself by falling madly in love with a certain charming dowager (for the authoress, cunning creature that she is, has taken care to weave a web of love, romance and mystery into her story, to ensure her poison being swallowed), and is represented as caring more about making a sensation in the town, taking his place in society, and becoming a grand centre of intellectualism to the community, than about the comparatively tame business of edifying his flock, and saving souls. His deacons are a buttermilk dealer, a poultry dealer, and a cheesemonger,—very vulgar fellows all—who look upon the chapel as a kind of pew-letting machine, and torment the poor minister alternately with their criticism, their advice, and their patronage. These deacons, it must be remarked, have wives, who are a trifle more vulgar, more ignorant, more patronising, and more impertinent than their husbands. One of these last, to say the truth, and he the senior deacon, rather commands our respect than otherwise, and we are inclined to forgive his coarseness and sordid calculations about pew rents, when we find him standing up for the minister in a crisis, and carrying out like a hero his determination to “pull him through.” The wives, however, have no redeeming feature about them, though all were members of the church, and one is a most odious creature. When a woman talks about a minister’s wife “getting her bread out of me and my husband’s hard earnings,” and indulges in such vile trash as this, when a neighbour talks about the minister having business of his own—“Business of his own! a minister aint got no right to have business of his own, leastways on Sundays. Preachin’s his business. I don’t hold with that notion; he’s in our employ, and we pays him well;”—when a woman, we say, talks in this strain, our fingers itch to box her ears. We have next the deacons’ daughters, who “set their caps” at the minister in such a downright style, that we wonder he could remain single for a month; his mother, a lady-like, well-dressed little body, whose cunning diplomacy—which Mrs. Oliphant wants us to admire—is carried to the extent of downright lying; the former minister, a pompous old simpleton, ever tormenting his “young brother” with fatherly advice; and a Mr. Beecher, a fellow-student of Vincent’s, who talks about his friend having “made an ‘it,” like a

low cockney actor. (The original of this gentleman, in the person of a Homer-ton student, we fancy would be a *rara avis* indeed). The other figures, cleverly drawn as they are, and much more true to life, are mainly introduced to carry on the romance of love and mystery spoken of, and so give some zest to what otherwise might prove a very tiresome story. They serve, however, another purpose of the authoress, and that is, to show how much superior Church people are to Dissenters in refinement, education and social position. The incidents of the tale, apart from its romance and mystery, are some of the common ones of a minister's life, but are so managed as to make him, his deacons, and the whole concern look ridiculous. There are his first sermons, attracting attention in the town, and drawing crowds of idle and curious people to the dingy and shabby chapel; whereupon the deacons encourage him with the prospect of "havin' his salary raised if things goes on." There is a course of lectures—a "course," as the worthy buttermilk called it—which draws still more attention to the minister and his talents. Then we have a social tea party, with its vulgar finery and flirtation; tea parties at the deacons' houses, in which mighty rivalry is exhibited as to who should show the best tea-service, and put on the grandest head-dress; consultations between the deacons about pew rents and sundry other secularities, in which money and display seem the alpha and omega of their thoughts; and finally, after sundry contemptible instances of jealousy towards the minister, because he went to somebody's house oftener than to somebody else's, we have an outburst of rebellion, a congregational meeting, speeches of the refractory and the faithful, ending at last in Mr. Vincent's resignation, amid the tears and groans of a majority of his flock.

Now, all this, together with the romance and mystery before spoken of, is put together uncommonly well—so well, indeed, that any one, not familiar with persons and incidents such as are spoken of, would say they were drawn from life, and would, in addition, gather the impression that Salem chapel is a fair specimen of the average Congregational churches of Britain. These conclusions, however, are both incorrect. Passing over errors of detail, which any one familiar with our churches will be struck with, even at a cursory glance, we remark that a false key-note is touched in the first chapter of the story, and is kept up throughout. The truth of the matter is this: the tendency of human nature, uninfluenced by divine grace, and placed in circumstances like those of an Independent minister and his deacons, is precisely to such an exhibition as that of Salem chapel; and it is very natural for members of a church, composed of all and sundry the people of the parish, to suppose that when a number of people elect a minister, and pay his salary, they will behave towards him as an employer to a servant, and even take a pleasure, if in a low social position, in flaunting his dependence before his face. Such *would* be the case, beyond doubt, where Christian feelings and principles were absent; and such feelings and principles, we know, do not exist in the average of the people, even of a nominally Christian country. It is these alone which keep our churches from a constant repetition of such scenes as those of "Salem;" and the grand error and fundamental falsehood of Mrs. Oliphant's tale is, that it ignores the fact that Independent churches are not composed of all and sundry, but of persons of known Christian principle and character. In asserting this much, we are far from putting forth a claim to

perfection on behalf of such persons; and we do not forget the fact, that mistakes may be made even when judgment is carefully exercised. But our fundamental principle is, to form a church composed of what the Article of the Church of England on the subject calls "faithful men;" and for this purpose, we carefully examine the characters of those desirous of making profession, that we may ascertain whether that profession is sincere. The most prejudiced must acknowledge that where such a rule is fairly carried out, the larger number of the persons thus gathered together will be of a different temper and spirit from the multitude without, and that a delineation of character which may fit most admirably to human nature in general, will be entirely false when applied to a number selected on this principle. Now, such is precisely the ground we take in criticising this story. The pictures of Salem Chapel, striking as they are, are those of average human nature, and not of Christian men and women. The outward form and body may be caught, but the inner spirit is entirely wanting. The vulgarity may be true—(does Mrs. Oliphant need to be reminded how many prayers daily rise, clothed in the vulgar dialects of British counties?)—but the perpetual dictation, the steady stream of impertinence and sordidness, the utter absence of any idea beyond pew-letting and the credit of the connection, are not. Mr. Vincent's mother is a character Mrs. Oliphant evidently thinks well of; but we are astonished at the absence of true moral sense in representing her, Christian though she be, as telling downright lies in order to gain a point. Such a thing is exactly true of a woman of the world, but a Christian woman would shrink from it with disgust. One of Mrs. Oliphant's finest characters is made to say that a woman is not bound to keep her word, and there are not wanting ladies clothed in purple and fine linen who act upon the notion; but we know well there are plenty of women, as vulgar every bit in their outer life as Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Tozer, or Mrs. Pigeon, who would sooner cut off their right hands than so demean themselves. If they are not up in their II's, they understand at least the ninth commandment.

The relations of pastor and people in a Congregational church, are generally misapprehended by those who are not familiar with them. Properly fulfilled, they present occasions for the exercise of the highest principle on both sides. The people, who elect, do so amid much prayer, and under a sense of responsibility to the Head of the church. We are not drawing a beau ideal, but speaking of actual fact. No church of our order would think of proceeding with the election of a pastor in any other spirit than this; and canvassing, or an approach to it, would be looked upon as an outrage on decency. And there is an important distinction to be observed which, though generally lost sight of by persons who criticise popular election, is really of fundamental importance. Though the call to a particular sphere must proceed from the people, the call to the ministry itself, as a work to which the life is to be devoted, must come from the Great Head of the Church. This is universally understood, and no man would be received as a probationer in our colleges who could not give reasons for supposing it to be true. He must not only say he has been moved by the Holy Ghost, but must be ready to prove it, so far as such an assertion admits of proof.

Having elected, the people are ready to pay, and do pay, as a general rule, the honor and respect to their minister which is due to his high office; and we

assert, without fear of contradiction, that the relations of pastor and people in the Congregational churches of Britain are marked, in a majority of cases, by a delicacy, a consideration, a tenderness and a respect, which to members of the Church of England is almost unknown. The gospel can change a rugged nature, though it does not alter rude speech; and many a courteous and considerate expression has been uttered by a tongue which knew no other language than the dialect of York or Devon. While asserting all this, however, as true of the majority of the people of our churches, we allow that there are amongst them those whose character does not correspond to their profession, and that these may sometimes, by a show of zeal, push themselves into offices for which they are unfit. If such a one should unfortunately become deacon, he will be no better than the Tozers and Pigeons of this story; but a whole body of deacons of this type is incredible. We allow, moreover, and we desire to draw special attention to this fact, that as in every Christian there are remains of the old carnal nature, which spring up and trouble him, causing him to act unbecomingly, it is to be expected that both ministers and deacons may at times fall into temptation, and, when acting in their official capacity, speak and act like worldly men. Every calling and position has its temptations. For the rich, luxury; for the merchant, covetousness; for the employer, selfishness; for the minister, love of applause; for the deacon, secularity. Mr. Vincent's feelings on the journey to Carlingford are therefore natural, very natural indeed; but they are—what Mrs. Oliphant seems not to understand—very unchristian-like, and simply wrong, for a man called to the work he was. For he did not go there to make a sensation, mix in fashionable society, and draw crowds to the dingy chapel, but to preach the gospel to sinners and edify the church; and if he had kept these objects in view, he would have avoided much trouble. These things look very commonplace to a worldly eye, especially when the said church is composed of buttermen, poultry dealers and such like; but it surely does not need to be said, at this time of day, that this class of people have souls—that it was of just such as they that the primitive churches were composed, and that the great apostle Paul did not disdain to labour amongst them. The special temptation of a deacon is to be dictatorial and sordid—to care more for secularities than spiritualities—to think rather of pew-letting than the salvation of souls. It would be impossible, we think, for any deacon, however humble in social position, to keep up such a course of conduct as the deacons of Salem are represented as doing; but the *temptations* of the office undoubtedly lie in that direction.

We would have "Salem Chapel" read by both ministers and deacons in our churches, for much the same purpose that the Spartans showed their children drunken slaves. If a minister is tempted to set his heart upon worldly distinction, social consideration, and what not, let him think of Mr. Vincent. If a deacon is tempted to forget the object of church organization, and to think of nothing but pew rents and the credit of the "connection" (a word, by the way, we never happened to hear used by any member of our churches); if he has a weakness for giving advice to the minister, and telling him he must do this and that "to please the people," let him think of Tozer and Pigeon, and beware. This will be the best revenge we can take on Blackwood for "Salem Chapel." We shall then catch the spear aimed at us, and turn it into an instrument of improvement. From the nettle, danger, we

shall pluck the flower, safety. These moral scarecrows, intended to frighten people from our sacred enclosure, will become, if we manage right, the very means of making that enclosure more attractive.

We do not care to rebut the insinuation that "Salem Chapel" is a fair representation of the Congregational churches of Britain. The nonsense is too gross. Everybody that knows the Protestant churches of England is aware that in influence, social position, wealth and intelligence (piety here is not the thing in question), our denomination in the centres of population and power is not very far behind the Church of England. To talk of poor Tozer's speech "immortalising him in the connection," is a piece of *bosh*, which so clever a woman as Mrs. Oliphant ought to have known better than to perpetrate.

One word more. There is an old saying, that "they who live in glass houses should not throw stones." A member of the Church of England is the last person who should provoke comparisons; for it may be safely affirmed that for one point in which dissenting churches are open to ridicule or sarcasm, the Church of England has ten. The election of pastors by the people may sometimes show bad results; and Mrs. Oliphant makes Mr. Vincent say (he certainly would have had more sense), that he could not be the servant of the people and of Christ at the same time. She seems to have forgotten that both these were prominent in that model of all faithful ministers, the apostle Paul. But what are the worst of these results (and the people, we grant, are not always wise), compared with the toadyism, favouritism, nepotism, recklessness of parishioners' feelings, and selling of cures of souls by auction, which are the accompaniments of the system of presentation? Church and Congregational meetings may sometimes exhibit scenes not of the highest Christian character; but what are these, compared with the rioting and drunkenness which the writer of this notice (a layman, who was confirmed in the Church of England) witnessed during his own confirmation day, and amongst those who had just taken solemn vows upon them? Dissent, in "Salem Chapel," is so painted as to excite disgust in the mind of a man of honor and right feeling; but "Salem Chapel" is a fiction in more senses than one. Against it, however, we can put the solid fact of the Colenso and the Jewett heresies, still rankling in the Church of England; the Tractarian double-dealing; the qualms of conscience over services which must be used; the sale of livings; the scandalous and notorious neglect of baptismal vows on the part of sponsors; and a dozen other things, compared with which all the little trumperies of "Salem" are light as air. Give Mrs. Oliphant these to work upon, and she might write a tale more spicy than "Salem Chapel," and twice as long as "Les Miserables."

ENGLISH NONCONFORMITY; by Robert Vaughan, D.D. London: Jackson, Walford & Hodder.

"The righteous," we are assured by inspiration, "shall be in everlasting remembrance." To forget them would be to wrong, not merely them, but ourselves and our race, whom their example is at once designed and calculated to benefit; above all, God, who made them what they were, and, in His love gave them to us. Instead, therefore, of committing a crime, as some would have us believe, our brethren in the fatherland have, in their late

bi-centenary celebrations, been but performing a duty. The result to be legitimately anticipated from them—which we believe to have been also the end aimed at—is the increase of their love to the principles, worthy of all commendation and honor, for which the men of 1662 made, voluntarily, such sacrifices, with their zeal in their propagation, and the increased prevalence and power of the principles themselves.

It is their own fault, if they who have thought themselves justified in taking offence at the action in question, are not more gainers by it than even they. Rightly improved, it might help them to procure relief from impositions which cannot be supposed other than grievous to conscientious men; or, failing to do that, to accept, as becomes them, suffering for righteousness' sake.

To the movement in question we are indebted for the volume which heads this article—prepared at the request of an assembly of pastors and delegates, called together from the different parts of the kingdom by the Congregational Union of England and Wales—for which we beg to tender its respected author our most hearty thanks.

The work consists of three books, the first of which, comprising four chapters, is devoted to a review of the religious life in England previous to the year 1600. Chapter 1st deals with the religious life of the early Church; chapter 2nd, with that of the Middle Ages; chapter 3rd, that of the time of the Tudors; and chapter 4th, that of the period intervening between the deaths of Elizabeth and Cromwell.

The confessors of 1662 form the subject of book 2nd, which is divided into eleven chapters appropriated to the discussion of the following topics:

1st. Causes of the Restoration; 2nd, Concessions to the Nonconformists in 1660; 3rd. Ground taken by the Bishops in 1660; 4th. Concessions from the King—Declarations from Worcester House; 5th. Case of the Nonconformists in the Conference of the Savoy, in 1661; 6th. Policy of the Bishops in said Conference, with its exposure by the Nonconformists; 7th. Convocation and the Prayer Book; 8th. Parliament and the Act of Uniformity; 9th. The Independents in relation to the Act of Uniformity; 10th. Church and State before the Exodus; 11th. August, 1662.

English Nonconformity since 1662 is presented in book third, under these three heads—viz. : 1st. Bad Treatment and Good Confession; 2nd. Progress of Religious Liberty; 3rd. The Progress of Religious Life.

From the above analysis an idea may be obtained of the comprehensiveness of the work. Its execution reflects very high credit on its author; and will add materially, we doubt not, to the fair fame he already so largely and so justly enjoys. The spirit which characterizes it is preëminently that of the christian philosopher. The facts presented are well chosen; the exhibition of them is scrupulously impartial, and admirable for its luminousness; and intelligence and gentlemanly courtesy, in happy union with manly freedom, mark the judgments pronounced on them. In whomsoever showing themselves, the true and the right meet with the generous sympathy and the hearty commendation; their opposites with the fearless and unsparing condemnation, which is their due.

In the presence of so much that is interesting and excellent, selection becomes exceedingly difficult. For the sake, however, of putting our readers,

as far as practicable, in a position to form a judgment for themselves, we shall present a few specimens, chosen rather on account of the interest or importance attaching to their subjects, than any artistic superiority they may possess as compared with the rest of the work.

We had marked for quotation certain portions of the second chapter of book first, on the subject of the Christian Ministry; but the space at our command compels their omission, though we would respectfully invite attention to them as worthy of a careful perusal.

The religious orders are regarded by the Doctor as, in the early stages of their history, "embodying the Puritan element of the Middle Ages," the avowed object of them all being, in their beginning, a stricter and purer religious life than the prevailing church-system recognized. For their support they relied, not on compulsory exactments, but on voluntary contributions and endowments. These latter, the mendicant orders or preaching friars, who made their appearance early in the thirteenth century, reject, looking on their acceptance as the grand cause of the corruption, and consequent failure, of monasticism. Of the preaching of the Franciscans, the most celebrated of these orders, the city missionaries of their time, who were to be found wherever plague or leprosy might prevail, ministering to the body as well as the soul, we have the following account:—

"In their preaching the friars discarded the learned and logical style, then so common. In their view, the clergy had become disqualified for their work by their learning, hardly less than by their wealth. They were themselves not only poor men preaching to the poor, but laymen preaching to the laity. Their language was studiously simple. Their illustrations were studiously popular. They found material for discourse in the well-known legend, in dramatic dialogue, in every-day life, and in their own thought and experience. Meditation and feeling, more than books, made them what they were as preachers. Men and women to whom sermons had been long most unintelligible and dull, now hung upon the lips of the preacher, and would travel far to enjoy that privilege. Great was the success of the new institute. In little more than thirty years the Minorite preachers in England exceeded 1,200 in number, and they had fixed centres of operation for their missionary work in nearly fifty English towns. We have hardly an ancient town where the name of the friars does not survive as designating some spot where they had found their home. As we read the accounts of their progress, of the effects produced by their preaching, and of the number of conversions which took place, we may almost imagine that we are reading some journal of our early Methodism. Religious and humane persons supplied them with funds. Their good works made them many friends. But the monks had rarely a good word for them, and the parochial clergy shared in the same feeling of jealousy."

An interesting sketch follows of the voluntary controversy in the fifteenth century, with brief notices of Wycliffe and the Lollards, and of the growth of free opinions among the endowed clergy, many of whom raised their voices against the adoration of the cross, worship of images, prayers to saints, pilgrimages, transubstantiation, and other related matters; and "spoke of the Bible as the only pure and infallible authority in regard to religion, and urged the people to trust in the promise of God, as there shewn to them, to the exclusion of all other dependencies."

The chapter closes with the following summary:—

"It will be seen that religious life in the middle age was exceptional, so much

so, that it is sometimes difficult to know where to find it. Everywhere it comes, not so much from the action of authority, as from spontaneous influences—from light struggling through the darkness—from free impulses casting off the abounding restraints. Error is mixed with its truth, the not good is mixed with its good, but the true and the good are there. To the men who must think, and must be honest—honest in the sense of being faithful to their inward light—those long, dark days were full of evil. Sovereigns and priests divided the dominion of body and soul between them, and in either department of rule were ready to visit divergence from the prescribed course of action or thought with the provided penalty. But the power of endurance was to be on the side of right, and the time in which the right should successfully claim its own, was to come," &c.

Of the rise of the Nonconformist controversy the following account is given: (chapter 3rd)

"From this point (the establishment of the Court of High Commission) commences the great Nonconformist controversy. The seeds of Puritanism among us are no doubt as old as the time of Wycliffe. But its development in our history as the characteristic of a party, dates from the time of Edward VI. It should be remembered, also, that what was then Puritanism in England was simple Protestantism on the continent. This difference may be traced to the fact that while in the other countries of Europe the Reformation came from the will of the people, and was greatly moulded by that will, in England the movement was much more dependent on the will of the state. From this cause, the change in the English Church, even at the death of Edward VI, left her in a nearer relation to the Church of the middle age than any other church in christendom avowing itself Protestant.

"During the dispensation of the Six Articles under Henry, many good men became exiles. Rogers, the first martyr under Mary, and Bishop Hooper, the type of English Puritanism under Edward, were among the number of those exiles. By their residence abroad these devout persons became familiar with continental Protestantism, and changes which had commended themselves to the learning and piety of their personal friends in those distant countries, they regarded as not unsuited to a reformed church at home. The ministers in those churches wore a ministerial dress in their public services, but they had cast off the surplice and other Popish garments. In the judgment of Hooper they had done well in so doing. When chosen to be a bishop he claimed to be left at liberty to follow their example. But the age which allowed diversity of use in such things had passed. Even Cranmer and Ridley were resolute in insisting on his uniformity. Strange to say, to bring their good brother to obedience in this matter they sent him to the discipline of the Fleet Prison. The reign of Mary, and the temper of Elizabeth's administration precipitated discussion on subjects of this nature. During the dark days before Elizabeth's accession the Popish habits had been flaunted in the face of the suffering Protestants. The monk's hood and the priest's robe had become more than ever the emblems of an execrated tyranny, and they were execrated accordingly."

"The best educated men," it is added, "and the most earnest men among the parochial clergy, and nearly the whole of the new bishops, were strongly in favor of a further reformation. Such was the resistance to her Majesty's policy, that six years after her accession uniformity was far from being established. Some ministers fixed the communion table in the chancel, some removed it to other parts of the church; some dressed the table in one manner, some in another; some administered baptism from a font, some from a basin; some used the sign of the cross, others not; some officiated in a surplice, others without; some with a square cap, some with a round cap, some with a hat, some in scholar's clothes, some in others. The Queen was not a little displeased as reports of these things came to her. And the time had now come in which her policy was to be no

longer doubtful. The bishops who had been disposed to a more liberal course were made to see that the probable consequences of further resistance were of a very serious description. But the effect was to widen differences, not to remove them. Very soon the Puritan controversy extended itself to questions of much more significance than the form of a priest's cap, or the color of his pulpit dress."

During the last years of Elizabeth's reign the power of the crown in relation to the church began to be denied. The Scriptures were asserted to be the only standard of doctrine and polity, nothing being to be accepted as christian which could not be deduced thence, or shown to be in harmony therewith. "The authority to interpret Scripture, moreover, implied in this maxim, was vested, it was maintained, in the church, and not in the state, and in the individual conscience, more than in external authority of any kind. Matters which the example or teaching of the inspired writers had left indifferent, no authority could have a right to make necessary. Religion, in the views of the puritan, was the action of each man's moral and spiritual consciousness towards God. What is more—in the judgment of those grave Calvinistic men, it was an action in all cases of a divine origin—beginning with God and not with man. To sin against such personal convictions, accordingly, in deference to any external power whatsoever, was to sin against God, and to be conformed to them was to be followers of God. It was assumed, that the functions of the magistrate, if he would acquit himself as God's minister, was to give effect to the will of such men. The church was a theocracy, but a theocracy in which the inspiration was to ascend upwards from the people, not downwards from the state, or even from a priesthood."

These were large questions. Every city and town, and almost every parish and family, joined in agitating them. Cambridge especially became, through nearly the whole of this reign, a great battle-field between the contending parties—Cartwright leading on the one side, and Whitgift on the other. Local organizations were formed by the leaders of the Puritans, "for the multiplication of religious services in particular towns and districts; and associations for 'prophesying,' which consisted of meetings among ministers for the mutual exposition of scripture, and the cultivation of their gifts as public teachers." Becoming jealous of these proceedings, in which she saw "a form of power not sufficiently subject to her own power," Elizabeth sent for Archbishop Grindal, and declared herself offended with the number of preachers, as well as at the exercises, urging that it was good for the church to have few preachers, that three or four in a county might suffice, and that the reading of homilies to the people was enough. A letter, characterized by Dr. Vaughan as "a noble one," was written by the Archbishop to her Majesty, in which he assigned at length his reasons for declining compliance with her wishes. But the prophesyings were suppressed, and the Archbishop required and allowed to "remain in disgrace from 1576 to 1582, when he died."

Passing over many points of interest—among them the celebrated Mar-prelate tracts, the unrighteous treatment of Thacker, Copping, Barrow, Greenwood and Penny—we make room for a spirited sketch of the famous Hampton Court conference:

"Somewhat more than six months had intervened since the Puritans had presented their petition, when James issued a proclamation which prohibited all writing and petitioning on the subject of reforms in religious matters, on pain of

his displeasure. When the time of holding this long-expected conference arrived, the first day was occupied by the king and the prelates in discussions, preliminary to their meeting with the Puritan ministers. James was scarcely more vain of being thought an absolute king, than of being esteemed a profound divine. It is said, accordingly, that on this day his majesty was pleased to play the Puritan; and indulged so far in that humour, that the bishops, on their knees, treated him 'that nothing might be altered, lest Papists and Puritans should have occasion to insult upon them, as men who had travelled to bind them to that which, by their own mouths, was now confessed to be erroneous.' Reasoning of this sort, whether avowed or not, is always potent in such cases. With the opponents of innovation, to confess errors in the past, must be to lose power in the future. The king, having sufficiently alarmed the prelates, soon made them aware that nothing was farther from his thoughts than to take part against them.

"On the following day, four Puritan ministers, chosen by James himself, were opposed to nearly twenty prelates or other dignitaries, in the presence of the council, and of a crowd of courtiers, his majesty seated as moderator. The account of this conference, published by Dean Barlow, from which nearly all subsequent narratives have been taken, was evidently, to use the language of Fuller, 'sharp-edged on one side.' Either the published report is not trustworthy, or the Puritans, so outnumbered and so browbeaten, must have been so far abashed as to have failed to do justice to their cause. Something was said, it seems, in favor of the clerical meetings called *prophesyings*, which Elizabeth had suppressed; upon which his majesty, interrupting the discussion, exclaimed, 'If you aim at a Scotch Presbytery, it agrees as well with monarchy as God with the devil.' Having in this manner betrayed the real source of his ecclesiastical preferences, the king proceeded, in the same vein of uncourteous self-disclosure, to expatiate on his spiritual supremacy, concluding his discourse by turning to the bishops, touching his hat, and saying, 'My lords, I may thank you that these men plead for my supremacy. They think they cannot make their party good against you, but by appealing to it. But if once you are out, and they are in, I know what will become of my supremacy; for, no bishop, no king.' It was not without reason that Sir John Harrington, himself no Puritan, described James as using 'upbraiding' rather than argument. 'He told them,' says Sir John, 'that they wanted to strip Christ again, and bid them away with their snivelling. The bishops seemed much pleased, and said his majesty spoke by the power of inspiration. I wot not what they mean, but the spirit was rather foul-mouthed.' In conclusion, the king, addressing himself to Dr. Reynolds, the most considerable of the Puritan clergy present, said, 'If this be all your party has to say, I will make them conform themselves, or else harry them out of the land, or do worse.' Bishop Bancroft declared that the world had not seen such a king since the time of Christ. Whitgift was sure that his majesty had spoken by the Spirit of God. Chancellor Everton was 'amazed to see the king and the priest so wonderfully united in one person.' 'The whole scene,' the doctor further remarks, 'might pass for a pleasant comedy, did we know nothing of the seeds of tragedy which lay under it.'"

(To be continued.)

Rills from the Fountains of Israel.

CHRIST AND THE SPIRITS IN PRISON.—1 PETER III. 18, 20.

BY REV. S. EBBES, PARIS.

I will endeavour in the following paper to present the interpretation of this passage, which on the whole, after repeated endeavours, I have adopted, as most in accordance with the words of the text, the aim of the context, and

the analogy of Christian doctrine. I have nothing novel or original to offer upon it. The views of many have been carefully compared, and the only one that I think abides the threefold test, is Archbishop Leighton's, given in a brief note to his Exposition of this Epistle, some years after the publication of the first edition, by which he cancels his original comments on the passage.

I have joined the last clause of the 18th verse with the following, and this is necessary in order to bring out the meaning of the 19th.

The words "put to death in the flesh"—have their exact counter-part in the following words, "quickened by the Spirit," which should be translated as in the previous clause—"in the spirit," not "by the Spirit." The "flesh" and the "spirit" according to the well established usage of the New, as well as the Old Testament, express two entirely different natures, or states of being; both, however, belonging to man, but neither of them to man exclusively. He may be the only being in whose nature the two are linked together; for in his fleshly nature, he partakes of the properties of the animal; and in his spiritual nature he is like the angels, and like God. Of these two natures the Apostle Paul speaks in 1 Cor. xv. 44-46. In their literal sense the terms flesh and spirit are so well understood, that I need not detain you on this point. Our Lord made use of them in a figurative sense, as for example in John vi. 51-56 compared with verse 63. "It is the spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing; the words that I speak unto you they are spirit and they are life." Here he explains his previous reference to his flesh and blood as intended in a spiritual sense, and not literally as his hearers seemed to suppose. The sublime truths which his flesh and blood represented, are "spirit and life," such as the "great mystery of Godliness—God manifest in the flesh," 1 Tim. iii 16, and "Christ put to death in the flesh, the just for the unjust;"—"bearing our sins in his own body on the tree." These and kindred truths were so to speak, clothed in fleshly form, when "the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us." When his fleshly tabernacle was put to death, "the Word" instead of being thereby divested of life and power among men, was quickened, as "the corn of wheat, which except it fall into the ground, and die, abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit," (John xii, 24.) "The words" or truths which Christ revealed "they are spirit and they are life;"—and this "spirit" it is that "quickeneth," while "the flesh profiteth nothing." To these memorable sayings of Jesus the Apostle Peter appears to allude in the text. They took deep hold upon his mind as they fell from our Lord's lips, for while from that hour "some of his disciples went back and walked no more with him," so that Jesus, addressing the twelve said—"Will ye also go away?" Simon Peter answered him "Lord to whom can we go? thou hast the words of eternal life."

To be "quickened in the spirit" as the opposite of being "put to death in the flesh," means not that Christ's fleshly body was raised again to new life by the power of God, or of the Holy Spirit. That it was so raised is clearly taught elsewhere, but not in my text. This passage signifies that in, or as concerned the spiritual power and efficiency of Christ—that which constitutes the spirit and life of His mission and message,—it was quickened simultaneously and consequently upon his being put to death. The Apostle is shewing the blessed results of our Lord's suffering in the flesh, the design

of which he states, viz., "that He might bring us to God." This was effected instrumentally by means of the grand truths of which his fleshly nature was the embodiment. No sooner was that fleshly nature put to death, than His words or doctrines were quickened, and became the germs of new life in the hearts of men, by which means they were "brought to God," and are still being brought, in great numbers.

"By which also, He went and preached to the spirits in prison, which sometime were disobedient."

This is the clause enveloped in obscurity. It should read "*in which*," instead of "*by which*." If we have rightly understood the previous part of the sentence, the apostle is not speaking here of Christ's body or soul quickened after death, but of His spiritual presence and power manifested by the effect of His Word and Doctrine in the midst of His enemies, who had long been disobedient.

But who are "the spirits in prison" to whom He preached? Let us compare with this, other expressions of Holy Writ, that may relieve this solitary passage of its subterranean darkness. A very familiar figure of the prophets, for portraying the blessings of Messiah's reign, is that of proclaiming liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound. Thus in Isaiah xlii, 6 & 7, Christ is described as "a light of the Gentiles—to open the blind eyes, to bring out the prisoners from the prison, and them that sit in darkness out of the prison-house." Again, Isaiah xlix. 7, 8, 9. Zech. ix. 11, "As for thee also, by the blood of thy covenant I have sent forth thy prisoners out of the pit wherein is no water." This is an allusion to the practice of converting empty wells into dungeons for the confinement of prisoners. To such a dungeon the Psalmist refers figuratively when he sings: "He brought me up also out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay." (Ps. xl. 2.)

It is not, therefore, a novel figure to describe guilty and depraved men as captives in prison, but one very familiar to the Bible student. The only unusual expression here is the phrase "*spirits in prison*." This seems rather strange; but still more strange are the fanciful fabrications of interpreters of this anomalous passage; among whom we must include the authors of what is falsely called the "Apostles' Creed," a compilation of a much later period than the Apostolic. The clause "Christ descended into hell" has for its only alleged scriptural authority the verse now under consideration, and the passage "Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption." Ps. xvi. 10. The English word "hell" now conveys an idea not contained in the original, "*αδης*." By this mis-translation many are misled, taking for granted, that somewhere the Bible teaches the descent of Christ's soul into the prison-house of the Devil and his angels; an error so well understood by enlightened Biblical critics as to require no argument; yet by its continual repetition in the Apostles' Creed, so inwrought with the doctrine of Christ's death and resurrection in the popular mind, as to demand oft-repeated protest.

Had the apostle simply quoted one of the several passages just cited, there would have been no mistake about his meaning. As it is, the immediate context somewhat accounts for the expression "*spirits in prison*." The previous phrase "quickened in spirit" seems to have suggested the term

"spirits" here. He who had by death become a life-giving Spirit, had to do with the spirits of men, "opening blind eyes, turning from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God." As Dr. Brown observes, this thought seems to have given colour to the whole passage: the eight persons saved from the deluge are termed "eight souls."

But then were not "the spirits in prison," to whom Christ preached, the unbelieving generation who lived before the flood, "who sometime were disobedient, when once the long-suffering of God waited in the days of Noah?" So I used to understand the passage: but I think the amended comment of Archbishop Leighton, amplified by Dr. Brown, is more satisfactory. The latter commentator disposes of this apparent difficulty, in substance as follows: "spirits in prison" is a phrase characteristic of men in all ages. We see nothing perplexing in the statement that "God sent the Gospel to the Britons, who, in the days of Cæsar, were painted savages." The persons to whom God sent the Gospel were not the same persons who in the days of Cæsar were painted savages, but they belonged to the same race of Britons. Neither should we find anything perplexing in the statement, "Jesus Christ came and preached to spiritually captive men, who were hard to be convinced in former times, as for example in the days of Noah." This he understands to be the apostle's meaning.

"The visitation and preaching describe not what our Lord did bodily, but what He did spiritually; not what He did personally, but what He did by the instrumentality of others. The apostle Paul has explained the meaning of the apostle Peter, when, in Eph. ii. 15-17, he represents Christ, after "having abolished in His flesh the enmity, coming and preaching peace to them that were afar off and to them that were nigh," *i. e.*, both to Gentiles and to Jews. Another very satisfactory commentary may be found in the Gospels. Matt. xxviii. 18, 19: "All power is given unto me," (said our Lord, being then quickened in spirit) "All power is given unto me in heaven and earth. Go ye therefore and teach all nations," &c. So then, after the Lord had thus spoken to them, he was received into heaven, and sat on the right hand of God. And they went forth and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them, and confirming the Word with signs following."

Thus has the Lord of Life been preaching ever since, by His appointed heralds, calling on the dead in trespasses and sins of every kindred and nation, to arise and come to Christ that they may have life. Notwithstanding He was put to death in the flesh, yea, because "He thus gave His soul an offering for sin" He shall see His seed, He shall prolong His day, and the pleasure of the Lord in His hand shall prosper, &c., Isaiah liii. 10-12. He was put to death bodily, but quickened spiritually, and has thus become the redeemer and emancipator of "the spirits in prison"—of all the Devil's bondmen, who call upon Him. In reference to His being put to death in the flesh, He assured His disciples that this would prove the occasion and means of His drawing all men unto Him.

This leads to the last allusion of my text—a contrast suggested in the efficiency of His quickened agencies compared with the preaching of other times.

"Who sometime were disobedient, when once the long-suffering of God waited in the days of Noah, while the ark was preparing, wherein few, *i. e.*, eight souls were saved by water."

This "sometime," and "the long-suffering of God waiting" on the disobedient, refer to all the previous ages. The characteristic manifestation of God in the former dispensations, even the days of Noah not excepted, was "long-suffering;" but now it is a dispensation of spiritual quickening and energetic working of the Spirit by the truth. Christ had preached to the generations before His advent in the flesh, not only by Noah, but by all the prophets, for the spirit of Inspiration by which those holy men of old time were moved to speak and write, was the same "Spirit of Christ" whose abundant out-pouring upon all flesh was reserved until Christ had been put to death. The effects of all previous agencies were comparatively inconsiderable. The world was lying insensible and unresisting, in the delusions and bondage of Satan. Noah, for example, preached righteousness both by word and act, and yet during all the 120 years that elapsed between the threatening of the day of wrath and its execution, so little impression was made on that generation of evil-doers, that at last the faithful preacher had no companions except his own family, not even one of his hired builders of the ark! Surely he might have said "I have laboured in vain. I have spent my strength for naught and in vain. All day long I have stretched out my hands to a stiff-necked and rebellious people!"

But how different are the effects of the preaching of Christ, accompanied with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven! The spirits long enthralled, awake at the heavenly call to freedom and to life. Eph. ii. 1-7. "The disobedient were turned to the wisdom of the just." "The prey was taken from the mighty, and the captive of the terrible one was delivered." "The prisoners were sent forth out of the pit wherein was no water." Thousands in a single day, and in one city, were "turned from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God." And the numbers have been continually augmenting, as in one glorious train the many sons and daughters are being brought to God from the north, and from the south, from the east and west. No longer is it as in the days of Noah, when few, *i. e.*, eight souls were saved by water.

There is an obvious connection between Christ being put to death bodily and quickened spiritually. The plenary diffusion of the Spirit's influence among men was reserved to grace and distinguish the investment of the Crucified One with regal honours. It was part of the reward bestowed upon Him by the Father, that He gave His Spirit unto Him without measure.

Moreover, the truth respecting Christ's suffering the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God, is the grand instrument by which the Spirit converts the children of disobedience. Till the Lamb of God was slain, the doctrine could only be obscurely typified. The plain facts of the Gospel Narrative, divesting it of all types and symbols, was a more fit instrument for the Spirit of Christ to employ in bringing all men to Him.

Learn hence,

1. The spiritual nature and efficiency of Christ's kingdom. Heb. i, 1-3.
2. The blessedness of the present dispensation. Heb. xii, 25-27.
3. The peculiar obligations upon us to obey the Gospel. Heb. ii, 3-4.

Fragment Basket.

STRONG CHARACTER.—Strength of character consists of two things—power of will, and power of self-restraint. It requires two things, therefore, for its existence—strong feelings, and strong command over them. Now it is here we make a great mistake; we mistake strong feelings for strong character. A man who bears all before him, before whose frown domestics tremble, and whose bursts of fury make the children of the household quake—because he has his will obeyed and his own way in all things, we call him a strong man. The truth is, that is the weak man; it is his passions that are strong; he, mastered by them, is weak. You must measure the strength of a man by the power of the feelings he subdues, not by the power of those which subdue him. And hence, composure is very often the highest result of strength. Did we never see a man receive a flagrant insult, and only grow a little pale, and then reply quietly? That is a man spiritually strong. Or did we never see a man in anguish stand as if carved out of solid rock, mastering himself? Or one bearing a hopeless daily trial remain silent, and never tell the world what cankers his home peace? That is strength. He who with strong passions remained chaste; he who keenly sensitive, with manly power of indignation in him, can be provoked, and yet restrain himself and forgive—these are the strong men, the spiritual heroes.—*Rev. F. W. Robertson.*

GOD RECONCILED IN CHRIST.—When you look through a red glass, the whole heavens appear bloody, but through pure, uncolored glass you receive the clear light that is so refreshing and comfortable to behold. When sin unpardoned is between, and we look on God through that, we can perceive nothing but anger and enmity in his countenance; but make Christ our glorious Redeemer, the medium, and through him, as clear transparent glass, the beams of God's favorable countenance shine in upon the soul. The Father cannot look upon his well-beloved Son but graciously and pleasingly. God looks on us out of Christ, sees us rebels, and fit to be condemned; we look on God as being just and powerful to punish us; but when Christ is between, God looks on us in him justified, and we look on God in him as pacified, and see the smiles of his favorable countenance. Take Christ out, all is terrible; interpose him, all is full of peace.—*Leighton.*

THE HUMAN HEART.—I once did not imagine that the heart of man had been so unsearchable as it is. I am less charitable and less uncharitable than once I was. I find more things in wicked men that may counterfeit and make a fair show of piety; and more ways, that the remaining corruption of the godly may make them appear like carnal men, formalists and dead hypocrites, than once I knew. The longer I live, the less I wonder that God challenges it as His prerogative to try the hearts of men, and directs that this business be let alone till harvest. I desire to adore the wisdom of God, and His goodness to me and my fellow-creatures, that He has not committed this great business into the hands of such a poor, weak, and dim-sighted creature, one of so much blindness, pride, partiality, prejudice, and deceitfulness of heart; but has committed it into the hands of one infinitely fitter for it; and has made it His prerogative.—*President Edwards.*

TIME'S HANDBREADTH.—Brother your day-task is wearing short; your hour glass of this span length and handbreadth of life will quickly pass; and therefore, take order and course with matters between you and Christ, before it come to open pleading. There are no quarters to be had of Christ in open judgment. I know that ye see your thread wearing short, and that there are not many inches to the thread's end. Therefore lose not time!—*Rutherford.*

Poetry.

THE CARELESS WORD.

'Twas but a word, a careless word ;
 As thistle-down it seemed as light ;
 It paused a moment on the air,
 Then onward winged its flight.

Another lip caught up the word,
 And breathed it with a haughty sneer ;
 It gathered weight as on it sped—
 That thoughtless word, in its career.

Then Rumor caught the flying word,
 And busy Gossip gave it weight,
 Until that little word became
 A vehicle of angry hate.

And then that word was winged with fire,
 Its mission was a thing of pain,
 For soon it fell like lava drops,
 Upon a wildly tortured brain.

And then another page of life
 With burning, scalding tears was blurred ;
 A load of care was heavier made—
 It's added weight, that careless word.

That careless word, oh ! how it scorched
 A fainting bleeding, quivering heart ;
 'Twas like a hungry fire, that searched
 Through every tender, vital part.

How wildly throbbed that aching heart ;
 Deep agony its fountain stirred ;
 It calmed, but bitter ashes mark
 The pathway of that careless word.

F. E. W. HARPER.

Family Reading.

DODDRIDGE AT HOME.

The homes and haunts of genius, learning, and piety, are hallowed spots. The poetry embodied in the lives and actions of great souls seems inscribed on the walls in lines of sympathetic ink, to which congenial, though far inferior minds give visibility, and read the glowing stanzas with corresponding admiration. In the present day such taste seems more widely diffused than ever. At no period have the shrines of England's best heroes been visited as they are at present by troops of loving pilgrims. The house in Sheep-street, Northampton, is worthy to rank among these relics. The rambler on the banks of the not far-off lily-bordered

Ouse, if he have any reverence for British bards, will turn aside into the quiet street at Olney, to look on the now dilapidated habitation and summer-house once occupied by the gentle and gifted author of the "Task." And he who follows the windings of the Nen, if he have any love for English divines, will hardly fail to thread the thoroughfares of Northampton, and find out the building, still undecayed, in which once lived the learned and laborious author of the "Family Expositor."

Identifying the locality, we can give form and substance to his manner of life as a theological and indeed almost universal professor—so minutely and reverentially traced by two distinguished pupils. Behold, then, his tall and slender form enrobed in academic costume, and his large features and good-humoured countenance encompassed by the curls of a flowing wig and an ample supply of snow-white collar, turned down over the shoulders, as he meets his young men at six o'clock on a summer morning, to open the day with short and solemn prayer. Later, at family worship, they read a chapter in the Hebrew Bible, Orton and Kippis, and such promising lads, performing the exercise with commendable diligence, but some of the idler fellows slurring over the task by slyly placing the English translation beside the original, which the professor, who is very short-sighted, is unable to detect. The reading, well or badly done, he goes on with his accustomed perspicuity to expound the paragraph, and to aid the young linguists by the light of his own ever-ready critical learning. After breakfast comes the grand business of lecturing, and forthwith he unfolds a formidable string of "propositions," "scholias," and "lemmas," bearing on some branch of ethics or divinity, which he illustrates by references without number to learned works, and erudite opinions:—all of these are at his finger ends, and as he reads or talks, the listening alumni jot down in Rich's shorthand the substance of what they hear. Civil law, hieroglyphics, mythology, English history, and nonconformist principles, logic, rhetoric, mathematics, anatomy, and the rudiments of other sciences, together with antiquities, Jewish and ecclesiastical, we are told all came in for luminous treatment by this man of large intelligence. Critical lectures, containing the germs of his "Expositor," are delivered weekly; and polite literature, heretofore but little regarded among nonconformists, but for which Doddridge, through mental predilection, and the training of Mr. Jennings, has acquired a decided taste, is not neglected in this wonderful hive of intellectual industry. Pastoral theology and the composition of sermons have a course of lectures devoted to them; and never does the warm-hearted professor appear more in his element than when, with vehement energy, he inculcates upon his students the necessity of "preaching Christ." One day is set apart for reading and examining themes, homilies, outlines, analyses, and translations; and on the Saturday previous to the communion day, he spends much time with his young men in devotional engagements, delivering some solemn discourse on the evil and danger of neglecting the souls of men; and never does his heart appear more strongly affected than at these seasons. Another of his engagements above all we like, and think it worth a good many of his lectures. Entering his well-stored library, we see him surrounded by groups of listeners, going from shelf to shelf, and giving a *vivâ voce* catalogue, which displays a surprising extent of knowledge, and recommending at what period of their course, and with what special views, particular books should be read, and which of them it is desirable they should be most familiarly acquainted with, when settled in the world. And now, in he comes, with a merry laugh and a ludicrous anecdote. A little girl has just been playing with a dog and nursing it in her lap, as he sat on the old-fashioned window-seat. And "do you know," she gravely asked, "who made you?" A look of blank wonder from the questioned animal was of course all that followed. "Shame on you," proceeded the young interrogator, with grave reproof; "you Dr. Doddridge's dog, and not know who made you?" "And if," after relating the comical story, he adds, "so much is expected from my dog, what may be ex-

pected from my students!" We drop into his study and find that there the youths have access, and come with filial confidence to state a difficulty, and ask advice. The family meal is improved and enlivened by his intelligent conversation, and his searching yet considerate questions. Like the surgeon, who, not content with the theoretical instructions of the lecture-room, takes his pupils to walk the hospital, so he invites his ministerial students to accompany him to the houses of his people, when he visits the sick or performs a private baptism. He brings them acquainted with the poor of his flock, that they may learn how to address those of a lowly condition—ever cautioning them not to despise the common people, nor think condescension unworthy of a scholar. On a Sunday night, when, if at any time, a Christian heart should be more than usually tender, he takes them separately into his study, converses with them concerning the state of religion in their soul, and gives them suitable counsel and encouragement. Though by no means a strict disciplinarian at home—indeed a little at fault in this respect—yet it is his custom when some grave offender has been detected, solemnly to arraign him at family worship, and publicly pronounce the sentence of expulsion. Lamentations steeped in tears form that day's diary. But over others how joyous are the boundings of his heart! He has just been to hear a promising young pupil. Here is the record:—"This day Mr.——preached one of the best sermons I ever heard, concerning the happiness of the children of God. I had preached one on the subject some time before, but when I considered how much superior his was to mine, it shamed and humbled me; yet I bless God it did not grieve me. If any stirrings of envy moved, they were immediately suppressed; and as soon as I came home I solemnly returned my acknowledgments to God, for having raised up such a minister to his church, and honoured me with his education. I recommended him to the Divine blessing with the tenderest affection, leaving myself in the hand of God; acquiescing in the thought of being eclipsed, of being neglected if he shall so appoint; at the same time, adoring him, that, with capacities inferior to a multitude of others, I have been providentially led into services superior to many of those in comparison with whom my knowledge and learning is but that of a child." And now another who has gone through his whole curriculum with honour, is to leave the institution for some pastoral charge, and on the occasion a religious service is held; the elders take part in the exercise, and brethren from the neighbourhood are invited to share in the tutor's satisfaction. And yet another—having for a year or two tasted the anxieties of the ministerial life, and panting for the sympathy and counsel of the wise—wends his way to Northampton, and calls at Sheep-street, and there a greeting of no common sort awaits him; Doddridge's house is to him as a father's house, and the young visitor timid and modest, feels himself at home.

Well might Job Orton say: "After this account of his behaviour to his pupils and concern for their usefulness and happiness, the reader who knows anything of human nature, and the attractive influence of love, will not wonder to be told that they in general loved him as a father, and that his paternal advices and entreaties weighed more with them than the commands of rigid authority or the arguments of a cooler mind, when the affection of the heart was not felt or not tenderly expressed."

Doddridge's pupils, on the average, were in number thirty-four; he sustained his office for two-and-twenty years, and about two hundred young men passed under his academic care, among whom were one hundred and twenty ministers. Some were preparing to serve in the church of Scotland, and one young man who was intended for the English establishment, sought the benefit of a year or two's tuition from the nonconforming professor.

Looking at the doctor's herculean efforts throughout one of his academic sessions—the occupations of pastor, author, and tutor being combined—we cannot doubt, that welcome indeed must have been the summer recess, allowing him some change of scene, and some little slips of recreation. As we read his life and letters, and

fully charge our mind with the image of this model of earnest diligence, we are really so oppressed that we feel relief, sympathetic with his own, in thinking of his vacations. We are glad to go with him on one of his trips. Forthwith we sally out, in imagination, along the bad roads of the last century, by some "flying" coach, which managed to compass the distance between Northampton and London in a couple of days, till we arrive at Mr. Coward's house at Walthamstow, who entertains us with hearty cheer, and cordially drinks Mrs. Doddridge's health after dinner. Getting into a postchaise with him and Mr. Ashworth, we count "thirty-five gates made fast with latches between the last market-town and Stratford-on-Avon," where the doctor makes a pilgrimage to Shakspeare's grave. Next we go with him down to the hospitable mansion of the Welmans, who receive him with "princely elegance," at "a table fit for an archbishop." Then we slowly travel on to Plymouth, and see our friend in "a little boat dancing on the swelling sea," or "feeding a tame bear with biscuits;" and then on his way home we peep into his room at Lymington, where he sits on Saturday night, in a silk night-gown which Mr. Pearson has lent him, writing letters to his beloved Mercy; or, opening one of them from Ongar in Essex, we find that he has turned angler: "I went a fishing yesterday, and with extraordinary success, for I pulled a minnow out of the water, though it made shift to get away."—*J. Sloughton.*

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

"I took the pledge," said an old man, "at the foot of the gallows, when I saw a young man hung. The sheriff took out his watch, and said, 'If you have anything to say, speak now, for you have only five minutes to live.'" The young man burst into tears, and said "I have to die. I had only one little brother; he had beautiful blue eyes and flaxen hair, and I got drunk, and, coming home, found him gathering berries in the garden, and I became angry without cause, and killed him with one blow with a rake. . . . Whiskey has done it—it has ruined me! I have but one word to say—never! never! NEVER! touch anything that can intoxicate!"

INFLUENCE OF HYMNS.

Magdeburg is memorable in the story of hymns, for it was at the cruel sacking of it by Tilly that the school children marched across the market-place singing, and so enraged him that he bid them all to be slain; and from that day, say the chroniclers, fortune departed from him, nor did he smile again. Other hymns were more fortunate, for we read of a certain rough captain, who would not bate a crown of the thirty thousand he levied off a captured town, till at last the arch-deacon summoned the people together, saying, "Come, my children, we have no more either audience or grace with men, let us plead with God," and when they had entered the church, and sung a hymn, the fine was remitted to a thousand. The same hymn played as merciful a part in another town, which was to be burned for contumacy. When mercy had been asked in vain, the clergyman marched out with twelve boys to the General's tent, and sang there before him, when, to their amazement, he fell upon the pastor's neck and embraced him. He had discovered in him an old student friend, and spared the place; and still the afternoon service at Pagan is commenced with the memorable hymn that saved it. Of another, it is said that a famous robber, having being changed himself, sang it among his men, so that many of them were changed also. Rough hearts, indeed, seem often the most susceptible. A major in command of thirty dragoons entered a quiet vicarage, and demanded within three hours more than the vicar could give in a year. To cheer her father, one of his daughters took her guitar, and sang to it one of Gerhardt's hymns. Presently the door softly opened; the officer stood at it, and motioned her to continue; and when the hymn was sung, thanked her for the lesson, ordered out the dragoons, and rode off.—*Good Words.*