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THE

# CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

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VOL. VI.

TORONTO, AUGUST, 1859.

No. 2.

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## CHRISTIAN INFLUENCE.

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It has been said, "A Christian is the highest style of man." The assumption of the name, through birth, nationality, fashion or ceremony, does not secure to him that wears it, the honor, far less the influence of a true Christian. To be a Christian in verity, invests with a sacred character, and clothes with a holy influence. The smile of even a babe in Christ is akin to the calm serenity of heaven. Has it no meaning?—has it no power? The stagnant pond and the running brook do not awaken the same emotions in the beholder, nor spread the same influence in their neighbourhoods. A dead, stagnant Christianity is a curse; while a living and acting Christianity is a stream that diffuses fertility and gladness in its ever widening course. A man that truly belongs to Christ, has life in him. A stone and a living heart are widely different;—need we ask which is an influence for good? The stone is a dead weight; the living heart is linked in heart to the heart of God, and gathers from that sympathy and union a godlike power to bless. A destitution of all likeness to Christ, shows an individual to be none of His. A copy, however imperfect it may be, of the perfect character of Jesus, is not without an influence on the world. Men take knowledge of those who wear the image of Jesus, that they have been with Him: as scented clay receives from the rose its fragrance, so those who have been with the Redeemer diffuse in their spheres a Christ-like influence. A nominal, formal, or hypocritical religion, is without that mighty power, which blesses and saves the souls of men. Its influence is for evil. Nothing has so much fostered in the minds of men indifference to the truth, as the lack of a fair and consistent life on the part of the professed followers of Christ. Appeals to the undecided, are met by the answer, that there is little difference between the Christians they know and other men. In point of honor, fair trading, and manly openness of character, preference is given to some of their acquaintance who make no pretensions to piety. The abstract truths of Christianity, they do not much understand—the heights of a mysterious pietism they have no wish to scale; but the ordinary pursuits of life, transactions between man and man, they can comprehend, and therefore pronounce the coin of religious profession spurious when it wears an opaque and sinister look. And so it is the true metal. Failing to remember that though it is not all gold that glitters, there is nevertheless real gold, they say, "Nail it down." Away with it—crucify Him! Shame to the man, bearing Christ's name, who lays Christianity open to such reproach! The inconsistent lives of nominal Christians is also the

arsenal whence are brought all the favorite weapons of Infidelity. Corrupt systems, baptized with the name of Truth, have made men infidels by wholesale. The rank and steaming abominations that have been fostered under an assumed garb of religion, have done incredible mischief. Merchandize in the bodies and souls of men, carried on in the name of Christ, or with the pretended sanction of His Book, has made Hell's market doubly brisk. Many a wound Christ has got in the house of his professed friends.

Notwithstanding this, we claim for true religion a high and holy influence. The truth in the Book, the truth in the sermon, is enforced by the truth in the LIFE. "Ye are the salt of the earth." Peradventure ten righteous men had been found in Sodom, they had proved a shield to ward off the blow of insulted Heaven. "Ye are the light of the world." The light they give is reflected from the Sun of Righteousness. The dew-drops of morning are all beautiful as they sparkle in the light, and reflect the image of the sun; and all Christ's people, basking in the sunshine of his love, are demonstrations of the beauty of holiness. Their influence is as a lamp, that shineth in a dark place; or as a beacon, sending forth rays of light across stormy seas. Iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the countenance of man his friend. Thought begets thought. The pure and lofty themes which the soul embraces and brings to bear on others, give forth scintillations of glory, and kindle in the soul the hope of heaven. Heart is moulded into heart; the melting tenderness of Christ, and the touching scenes of his love, influence the heart to love him in return. The key to the heart is kindness; hence the power of a Christian spirit. It exorcises the demon of vengeance; it returns the curse, but changed into a blessing. Such is Christian action, which, while the heavens stand, cannot fail to possess an influence.

Individual Christians, in prominent points of their character, have proved lights in the world. They have added to their faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity. This is the practical Christianity that ought to prevail. Get it, and it will tell on surrounding heathenism, whether home or foreign. A holy life is a great sermon. It is preached in the family, in the work-shop, in the store, in the counting-house; it sounds in the consciences of those who may never cross the threshold of God's house; its echoes come from the grave, where the mouldering dust of him that preached it sleeps till the resurrection. Churches that are composed of faithful men and women, cannot fail to possess a Christian influence. A church of ten consistent members, is stronger and healthier than one of a hundred worldly, selfish professors. Awake, awake! Put on thy *strength*, O Zion! Is there not in the beautiful garments of righteousness an undefinable power—a captivating attractiveness?

Christian influence is needed to bring the world to Christ. This is the best coöperation of members with pastors of churches. The minister must prove what he means in his sermons, by his life throughout the week. Members must honor Christ, by keeping his words, and walking in his steps. A consistent religion will command respect—arrest attention—awaken the conscience—win the heart. It is no new thing, that the unbelieving husband has been won by the chaste conversation of the believing wife. Has it not again and again been testified, that in the dark night of scepticism and sin, an unanswered and unanswerable

argument, pleading for God, truth, Christ and heaven, bore with overwhelming force on the conscience, in the godly life and unshaken confidence of some humble follower of the meek and lowly Jesus? That holy fruit of righteousness, it was felt, could be borne only on soil more genial than the depraved heart of man, and required to be nourished by more sacred influences than human passions, and the promises and rewards of a deceiving world. Thus has the power of a Christian life "proclaimed the doctrine all divine." The tree is known by its fruit. This test Christianity submits to, and hence every lover of Jesus is called on to breathe the Master's spirit. Let him that nameth the name of Christ, depart from all iniquity. No wide and general conquest can be won for the Redeemer, till the church is prayerful—till the church is holy. Then she shall come forth, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as a bannered army.

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### ENTERING THE MINISTRY.

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In anticipation of the coming Session of the Theological Institute, there is doubtless, at the present moment, many a young man asking the question, "Is it my duty to go into the Ministry?" His friends too, pastor and brethren in church-fellowship, are being importuned for advice or recommendation. It is a fitting time, therefore, to consider some general principles relating to the matter. We invite the special attention of the parties just mentioned to the views we are about to propound.

There are probably very few young men, who, upon their conversion, do not feel some desire and sense of duty in the direction of the Ministry. In the beautiful ardour of their "first love," longing to glorify Christ and do good to men, but knowing little of the nature of the work, they would rush into the pulpit with "a zeal of God, but not according to knowledge." Many motives urge them towards this course. Their past associations with the business and pleasures of this life are so mingled in every part with sin, that they think the whole to be sinful in itself, and therefore that the farther they can retire from it, the nearer they will be to God. They have not yet learned that a man can be as good a Christian in business as in the Ministry; that the temptations of a life in the world are the means of developing every grace; that God has a work for laymen to do which ministers cannot accomplish; that it is the sinful heart within, not the temptations without, that causes us to offend; and that that sinful heart will be carried into the Ministry, and sin also there. But all these things are true, and in course of time a young man will find them out. Well is it for him if he has not prematurely committed himself to a work for which he is not designed, before the discovery is made.

It is a very current popular notion, that "the office of a bishop" has a sanctifying power; that for a minister to be a good man, is a matter of course—costs no effort—deserves no commendation; while, if he does wrong, he may be condemned without mercy. General as this impression is, nothing can be more unfounded and unreasonable. A black coat and a white cravat on the outside of a man's body, do not change his nature, either in flesh or spirit—he is human still. He is exempt from some—though not so many as is supposed—of

the temptations of a business life; but he encounters others, of which men in business know nothing. Like his Master, he is "led by the spirit into the wilderness, to be tempted of the devil." Is not *poverty* a temptation to murmuring, to carefulness, to envy and covetousness? Is not the *fear of man* a temptation? If he "keeps back nothing that is profitable," but "warns every man, teaches every man in all wisdom," some, even who "seem to be pillars," will not bear it. Is not the *love of praise* a temptation—a mighty and universal one? Sermons may be preached for the glory of the preacher, not for the glory of God, and be held to have answered their design if they are applauded even by worldly men. "The people love to have it so," and too often go to hear a discourse as they would a piece of music, thus helping the preacher to sin. And is not *indolence* a temptation? A man may be lazy, if he will, in the Ministry, using other men's sermons, or relying on glibness of tongue to fill up the hour, and loafing and gossiping when he professes to pay pastoral visits. But the time fails us to enumerate all the temptations of the Ministry—those peculiar to itself, in addition to such as pertain to our common humanity. An able and faithful paper on this subject was published in this magazine in January 1858 (vol. v. pp. 195-201), to which we would refer aspirants to the sacred office. Enough perhaps has been said to show that those are utterly deceived who would flee to it as a refuge from an evil world—a heaven on earth. Whoso would be an ambassador for Christ, must lay his account for being *more* assaulted by the adversary than other men. In war, the best sharpshooters are always detailed to pick off the officers.

It is our firm belief, that the *comparative* facilities for doing good in the Ministry are very much overrated, and that those of private Christians are proportionately undervalued. It has often been in our mind to pen an article for these pages on the "Disabilities of the Ministry;" showing in how many ways pastors are hindered from doing good, often by the very fact that they are pastors. Of course this is only one side of the question. We must guard against the opposite extreme of thinking that ministers can do no good, or less than other men, a notion not without its advocates, absurd as it is. Still, we must look at the matter in every light, if we would know all about it. The *professional* character borne by the minister, while in some cases a help, is in others a hindrance. A pastor was once much exercised in his own conscience, at having neglected doing his duty faithfully to a rich parishioner. Accordingly, he paid him a visit, and was enabled to see him alone, and to deal with him personally and closely. The man heard him with courteous attention throughout; and when the minister had finished his earnest appeal, replied, "Well, sir, it's all right for you to speak to me in this way; it's your profession, and you're paid for it: I would do it myself for a handsome salary. But time's up now, and I must go and attend to *my* business." On the other hand, how often, especially during the recent American Revival, has a simple remark of a private Christian arrested the attention of one who has heard the most powerful sermons unmoved! The remark was not professional; the sermon was. This feeling in the people—for which ministers are doubtless in part to blame, by *being* professional—is a chief cause of the non-success of the regular preaching of the Gospel. They come to see a man act a certain part. If he does it well, they applaud; if ill, they condemn. But multitudes have no other idea of their personal concern in a sermon. What a hard-trodden "way-side" to sow the Gospel upon! This evil exists, to an enormous extent, in connection

with popular "successful" ministers. The fashionables in London are said to buy "tickets for the opera and Spurgeon" at the same time and place, and who can doubt, for the same purpose? The *inaccessibility* of the people is a great barrier to a minister's usefulness. It is very hard to get hold of a mechanic, merchant, farmer, or professional man, in the day-time. At night, other engagements interfere with pastoral visiting. Even mothers, though at home, are more often like Martha than Mary, when the pastor comes. The young people will hide from him if they think he is going to talk directly to them. A young man away from home—than whom nobody needs counsel and society more—can neither be visited with advantage at his place of business or boarding-house. Servant-girls may be most wanted when their minister comes, and he be welcome neither in kitchen nor parlour by mistress or maid. If a whole family is seen together, personal conversation with each individual is impossible, and general discourse with all rarely amounts to much. These are some of the reasons, we are persuaded, why pastoral visiting is not more general than it is. The habits of the people frustrate its design, and few of them are willing to adapt their habits to the requirements of the case. Let not our young friends, therefore, imagine, that if they were only ministers, they would have free access to every heart. They would have a measure of influence over a larger number, but less probably over certain individuals. He that lives and works with another, has a thousand opportunities for doing him good, for every one possessed by a mere visitor. Equality with our neighbours often increases our influence, while it may diminish our authority. Children educate each other, more than parents or teachers do. Nor let it be forgotten, that all the work that Christ has to do, is not ministerial work. "Pastors and teachers" have their place in the church, and it is a most important one. But there is a great deal of work which its members may not only participate in, but which they only can perform, for want of which a minister is tied hand and foot. A good deacon is as great a blessing to a church as a good minister, in his sphere. A sabbath school superintendent or teacher, a gifted leader in prayer or religious conversation, or a liberal giver, exercises an influence forbidden to the pastor, but of vital moment to the church's prosperity. It is a great mistake to suppose that the most conspicuous agencies are the most powerful. If the course of events at the present day teaches any one lesson in Christian economics, it is this, that every individual, in every station, can do a good work for Christ, if he be but faithful.

Again,—we would lay especial stress on the fact, that one going into the ministry who is not called thereto, sacrifices, instead of increasing, his usefulness. We do not speak now so much of the absence of piety, the most flagrant want,—for we assume that we address true Christians,—but of gifts; for gifts, as well as graces, are required in the ministry. While no gifts are too great to be employed, *shining talents* are not essential. Still, *one who endeavours* to instruct the people, must be a man of some power, native and acquired. There may be unblemished character, and deep devotedness, coupled with such mental slowness and reserve, as to keep a man shut up in his own shell. Can he go in and out among the people? Or, sound, solid thought may be clogged with such feebleness of utterance, such a voice, manner, or scantiness of language, as to cause misery to every listener. Or, there may be found a degree of readiness and vivacity, admirable in a Sabbath School or prayer-meeting address, but not capable of

sustaining itself through two weekly sermons, year after year. Or, a mind by nature strong and clear, may have been so contracted and stiffened by defective education and physical labours, as to have lost its flexibility, and to have fastened upon it such incurable vices of thought and expression, as will always cast its thoughts into a repulsive mould. Or, with no slight powers of popular address, and much ardour of temperament, there may be wanting that stability of character which alone will bear the strain of the crisis that are sure to come in every ministerial life. Or, we may miss that decided judgment and firm will, which must be found in a leader of the people, since many a one who is well fitted to follow, breaks down when required to lead: a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed. Or, infirmities of temper, not utterly incompatible, however inconsistent, with true piety, may neutralize its power for good, and make enemies everywhere. Or—but we need particularize no more. If, from any such cause, a good man has been mistakenly thrust into the work, alas for him and his unhappy family, alas for the churches: It is difficult for him to get a call, and he has to undergo all the protracted misery of “candidating” here and there, until his self-respect is most seriously impaired. After a while, difficulty occurs, and the same process is gone through again, unless he drags on a connection without pleasure or profit, either to the people or to himself. There may be nothing against him, but he is inefficient. His present charge does not desire to keep him; no other tempts him away. He is generally in some out-of-the-way place. He wants missionary aid all his life. His ministerial brethren love and pity him, as a “good man,” but a “poor fellow.” The ills and the temptations of poverty try him sorely, perhaps prevail over his integrity. It is well, if, ere the end, he subsides into private life. But how much better, had he never left it! It is a miserable use to make of a Christian man—to “spoil a good church-member in making a poor minister.”

We would urge on those who are thinking of this great work, a most rigid self-examination as to their *motives*. Not only may there be mistake, as to the work, but also concerning ourselves. “The heart is deceitful above all things,” and the “father of lies” is glad to aid its self-deceiving tendencies, so as to put the wrong man into the pulpit. The ministry is not a good trade, commercially speaking, but this does not prevent the indulgence of unhallowed feelings in connection with it. Disappointments in other pursuits, have led some to seek refuge in the ministry, but if no better reason can be given, it is profane to say, “Put me, I pray thee, into one of the priest’s offices, for a morsel of bread.” Our system of educating men for the ministry, suggests a temptation to some minds, to those who are somewhat indolent and shiftless, and prone to lean on others. For four years, they are provided with a considerable part of their maintenance; and even after that, there are missionary funds to rely upon. The social position of a minister, is an object of ambition to many. Those who love power and praise, to be always before the public, to have the standing of a gentleman, and to see their names in the newspapers, can have these desires gratified by entering the ranks of the clergy. Men of an intellectual turn, who disdain the drudgery of secular avocations, who love books and have a gift for public speaking, are drawn by their tastes, in the same direction. The poverty of ministers is not a sufficient safeguard against these evils, for it may be no greater than the same parties have been accustomed to, and the attractions mentioned are stronger—to

certain minds—than those of wealth. Strangely, too, often are these feelings mingled with others of a holier kind, so that a man is not conscious of unworthiness in his aspirations. Indeed, we fear that there are few cases where something of the baser—the selfish element does not intrude. All the more need, then, is there for impartial, prayerful scrutiny into our motives.

The question, What *does* constitute a call to the Ministry? is one which it is exceedingly difficult to answer in general terms. Piety, and a high degree of it, must ever be deemed indispensable. Nothing will atone for the want of a new heart and a right spirit. When we come to speak of the *gifts* required, on the one hand, no amount of these is too great for the work “that filled the Saviour’s hands;” but on the other, it is very difficult to put into any verbal formula the minimum, to fall below which is absolute disqualification; for ministerial gifts are so various, may exist in such diverse proportions, may so modify each other, and are so much affected by moral characteristics, that every case must be judged of by itself. The duties belonging to the office will generally indicate the gifts required. They may be summed up in the inspired phrase, “apt to teach.” The possession of this quality, in reasonable measure, is indispensable. “*Desire of the office*” is another element of a call—not an invariable one, for some of the best ministers have been *forced* into the work, as John Knox was, “in weakness, and fear, and much trembling.” On the one hand, as we have seen, the office may be desired from very questionable motives; on the other, a man divinely called may shrink from it, after the example of Moses and Jeremiah. But in most cases, there will be a longing for the work; and when this survives the first unreasoning excitement, is unquenched by engagement in other callings, and endures a truer comprehension of the realities of ministerial life, it furnishes strong presumptive evidence that it is from above. Where God intends a man to go into the Ministry, He also opens the way, in His providence. The outward and inward calls will coincide. The nest is shaken up under him who would settle in a business career. In every other direction the path is hedged up—towards the sanctuary it is clear. On the other hand, if one is *not* to go, he is so entangled in the affairs of this life, so hindered in his mistaken endeavours after the Ministry, that the will of God is unmistakeably against his will. A good man will then give way. In all these matters, the *judgment of others* should be sought—not of partial friends, but of those who know the work to be done, and the man who contemplates the doing of it. We are seldom good judges in our own cause. The inward vocation must be a very imperative one, that will justify us in setting aside the coincident opinions of wise and good men, for or against one being “separated unto the Gospel.”

It is a very grave responsibility that is cast on an individual Christian, a pastor, or a church, when such counsel is sought by a young man. But when it comes in our way, it must be manfully assumed, with “a single eye.” The fear and favor of man must be deemed of no account. Let the work be done thoroughly. Let the candidate be made to understand—as far as instruction without experience may avail—what the work of the Ministry really is, in all its departments; a matter on which there prevails a vast amount of ignorance and error. Let its trials and rewards, too, be fully made known. With all fidelity, let him be aided in self-examination, as to his motives. Let his gifts be put to the proof, his powers of learning and of teaching, his promise in respect of pastoral efficiency,



and his specialities of temperament and character as related to his contemplated duties. It is not enough that a youth should have unquestioned piety, and that there should be nothing against him; there should be clear promise of usefulness in this service, or recommendation should be withheld. But let neither friend, parent, pastor, or church, require of a young man proposing to study for the Ministry, the same maturity of attainments that may be expected at the end of the course. Let it be remembered that he is but a beginner—that he seeks to be a scholar. Break not the bruised reed; quench not the smoking flax. As much damage may be done by excessive exactions, as by weak indulgence.

Jealous as we would be, with a godly jealousy, of unauthorized intrusion into the sacred office, far be it from us to guard the way thereto with a flaming sword. It is a blessed work: our whole heart is in it: we desire no other. There is no lack of labour, of trouble, and privation, but we have no sympathy with everlasting whining over these things. Men in every walk of life have their full share of tribulation too; the lot of different men is more equal than appears to the eye. There are *compensations* in the Ministry, a hundred fold now in this time, and in the world to come everlasting life! In no work has a man a better opportunity to grow and become great, in himself; in none does he form happier friendships. And then, the saving of souls from death, the hiding of multitudes of sins—who can measure a blessedness like that?

There is a *need* of ministers of *the right stamp* in mind and heart. There are always openings for such—a dozen to each man. They are “dearly beloved and longed for” in every church.

Let young men in the churches think of these things, especially the better educated, to whom the world promises fairly. *More of these ought to serve God in the Gospel.* Some men are made to suffer all their lives long, by refusing to obey the call of God in their youth.

F. H. M.

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## PUBLIC OPINION.

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There is, perhaps, no greater tyrant, than Public Opinion.

It is to this we bow in assuming the protean changes in dress, which we call Fashion. We tolerate what is ridiculous, and even positively discomfoting; we renounce ease, and health, economy and even comeliness, are sacrificed at this idol's shrine.

It is not what we ourselves think right or becoming, but what the world has agreed to regard so. This power also invades our domestic hearth, and prescribes to us our style of living, our furniture, and our food. It demands to be heard in respect to the sort of education we shall give our children, and controls, to some extent, our views of right and wrong. Yet, after all, Public Opinion, or that by which men consent to be influenced as such, is not always the opinion of the public, but, too often, the *ipse dixit* of a few determined leaders of society, who make up their minds what shall be, and are supported by the thoughtless concurrence of the many, who are always prepared to echo or imitate them, without forming any opinion of their own.

Our chief complaint against this false god, is his interference in morals. We have in that department, a standard of perfect rectitude, to which we should do

well to take heed, from which at all times we should frame our opinions, and with which we should compare our practices. Public Opinion comes up to the Divine Standard in a few cases only, but in many, falls shamefully below it. By it, certain vices are tolerated, which the law of God condemns. Sabbath breaking, profanity, fraud, unchastity, lying, and resentment, under certain circumstances, are not ranked by Public Opinion where they are by God. Men can tell mercantile lies, break the Sabbath, and resent injuries, without losing their place in society. Nay, frauds in public places on a large scale, are often passed over, while acts of petty theft and dishonesty of vastly less importance in their consequences, and offending less deeply against the morality and well-being of the world, are denounced. Public opinion makes profaneness of less account in the presence of God, than before a lady; condemns unchastity in women, while the same crime in men seldom affects their standing in society. The milder virtues such as forgiveness, forbearance, and meekness, are depreciated, and sometimes confounded with cowardice.

Vices are often presented to us clothed in soft terms, and in connection with palliating circumstances, so that in time our natural sense of the distinction between good and evil is weakened. "To bestow good names on bad things, is to give them a passport in the world under a delusive disguise." Yet after all that has been said, Public Opinion is not to be altogether disregarded. It has its legitimate functions, and limits. Rightly to distinguish where its influence should be admitted, and where opposed, is doubtless the duty of the Christian. The exhortations to "abstain from all appearance of evil," and to think of "Whatsoever things are of *good report*," seem to forbid our being indifferent as to what the world may say. At the same time it is the dictate of an enlightened Christianity, to correct Public Opinion, wherein it differs in any matter from the Divine law. Christians may yield in things indifferent, nay, should be prepared to give up their just rights where appearances would be against them. Some things may be lawful, but not expedient. But in matters of morals, where principle is involved, the Christian's appeal must be to the "Higher law." If true to Christianity, he will insist on its being made the standard. He must bring about a reform in Public Opinion; he must do his part towards correcting it. There is an individual responsibility in this matter, in which every Christian is held by Christ. The Church must give prominence to the law of Christ, and where the standard of a debased Public Opinion is invading its province, there must be an unequivocal adherence to its teaching, a firm resistance to every violation of it, and a united effort to bring up the opinion of the world to this Divine Rule.

A.

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## Trans-Atlantic Retrospect.

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THE WAR.—Before the last number of the *Independent* was in the hands of our readers, the war in Italy had assumed a new phase—an armistice was agreed upon, and this in turn was quickly followed by a declaration of peace between the belligerent powers. So terrible had been the conflict during its brief term, so sanguinary the battles that had taken place, so portentous was the future of still more dreadful havoc and suffering, that the first impulse of all has been to

say, "Thank God for peace;" but when the terms of peace come to be looked at, and their full import understood, the question will suggest itself—which of the two is the greater evil, such a war or such a peace? Upon the political aspects of the question we do not enter, it is not our province; the English press is speaking out (and, to its honour be it said, a portion of the Continental press also,) on the gross betrayal of the fostered hopes of Italian nationality, on the miserable substitute for an Italian kingdom which the Emperors have agreed upon; but we cannot refrain from expressing the indignation and alarm with which we view the new position of the Pope as honorary President of the Italian Confederation—"honorary" indeed! as if the subtle, plotting Jesuits would not speedily manage that the power should be something more than a name, and that the apparent loss of the Romagna should be the occasion of un hoped-for advantage. This arrangement, if ratified, as we suppose it will be, will throw back religious liberty in the Italian peninsula a generation. If anything had been wanting to confirm the opinion we have before expressed of the enormous wickedness of the war, it is supplied by the terms of peace. It is proved beyond controversy that the war was commenced on false pretences; that the patriotism of the Italians was appealed to without the slightest intention of fulfilling their just expectations, and that the end was intensely and utterly selfish—the more firmly establishing the throne of Louis Napoleon, by attracting to himself the army, through having its lust of glory gratified; and the priesthood, by the extension of the power and influence of the Pope. But the end is not yet. "He that soweth the wind shall reap the whirlwind." The lessons of History and of God's Providence are told to little purpose, if we can believe in the ultimate success of such a man as the Emperor of the French. Who believes that after a long reign he will be gathered to his fathers, and that his son will reign in his stead? No, so surely as there is a Judge in the Earth, so surely, "though hand join in hand" (albeit Emperor's hands), "the wicked shall not go unpunished."

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**THE BIBLE MONOPOLY.**—As there is just now a strong feeling in England against the renewal of the patent right for printing Bibles, or as it is generally called "The Bible Monopoly," we have thought that a few particulars respecting this patent, its origin and working, might not be unacceptable to our readers. These we glean from an address delivered by the Rev. Adam Thomson, of Hawick, at the recent Conference of the Liberation Society. Those who would like to possess the whole paper will find it well worthy perusal, it is published cheaply in tract form. The following are the main points: The monopoly appears to have originated in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when almost every article of use or consumption was treated in the same way; the exclusive production and sale was handed over "for divers good considerations" to some one individual, who having the power to fix the price of his commodity on a scale that satisfied his own rapacity, did not hesitate occasionally to raise the price of articles 1,000 per cent., and even more. All these minor monopolies having become an intolerable nuisance, were swept away by Statute in the reign of James I., and yet now, nearly 300 years later, we have existing a monopoly worse, far worse, than any of these—a monopoly in printing the Word of God. It must be understood, however, that the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge have the right to print the Bible, notwithstanding the stringent terms of the patent. The origin of this

right is rather curious. By some ancient licenses from the Crown, the Universities are empowered to print books in general, these licenses being granted at a time when no person could print anything without the Royal authority. A hundred years ago, in an action brought by the then King's printer against the University of Cambridge, for an infringement of his patent, it was decided that the license gave the Universities a concurrent right to print Bibles; this modified competition sufficed to prevent, to some extent, the evils of the monopoly, but not entirely. The present patent is for a term of thirty years, and dates from 21st January, 1830, consequently it expires next January, and the most strenuous efforts are being made by the friends of free trade in Bibles to prevent a renewal. England enjoys at this moment the unenviable distinction of being the only portion of the Empire where the monopoly exists. In Ireland, the sale for the Bible was of course small, and the patent was rendered of the least possible value by a clause permitting the English Universities to export Bibles to Ireland; the whole thing there came to an end so far back as 1794, when the patentee applied for an injunction against a printer who had published an edition of the Scriptures. It was refused by the Lord Chancellor, who decided that the patent could not mean to give an exclusive right to print Bibles, as the King had "not a prerogative to grant a monopoly as to Bibles for the instruction of mankind in revealed religion," but that it applied solely to the printing of Bibles, &c., for the use of Churches and other particular purposes. In Scotland the monopoly ceased in July, 1839, the patent which then expired having been granted in 1798, for a period of forty-one years. The absurdity of the thing, for any practical purpose of good, is shown in the fact, that after the death of the original owners of the patent, the persons to whom it descended by right of inheritance—a gentleman in one case, and a lady in the other, themselves entirely ignorant of the business—employed a manager to carry it on for them, to whom they paid £800 per year, they dividing the profits, which averaged £10,000 annually. Another fact will illustrate the working of the monopoly in Scotland. We give it in Mr. Thomson's words:—

"The Edinburgh Bible Society, and other Bible societies throughout Scotland, had been in the habit of sending a portion of their funds to the British and Foreign Bible Society, and, in return, received from that Society a portion of their Bibles for home distribution. In particular, they received copies of an octavo Bible in large type, to which the Scotch patentees had no corresponding edition, and which was much prized by persons in advanced years. The monopolists rose to vindicate their sacred rights, and proceeded in an action at law against the directors and leading members of the various Scotch Bible societies. The societies defended themselves, and a long and expensive litigation ensued. The courts in Scotland decided against the societies, and in favor of the monopolists. The cause then went by appeal to the House of Lords, which confirmed the judgment of the courts below. The decision of the House of Lords was given in 1829, and, from that time until the abolition of the Scotch monopoly, ten years afterwards, every Bible which crossed the Tweed was contraband."

It required, however, a great amount of agitation and determined opposition to prevent a renewal of the monopoly, but, thanks to the unwearied efforts of Dr. Thomson, (father of the author of the Essay before us,) it was finally accomplished, to be followed, as we fervently hope, by a like result in England. The arguments by which it is sought to perpetuate the monopoly are briefly these: that it secures the purity of the text, and enables the Bible to be produced at a cheaper rate than would otherwise be possible. To the first of these arguments

it is justly replied, that it has not secured accuracy, and that until lately, when public attention has been directed to the subject, the Bible has been printed most inaccurately. To quote Mr. Thomson again:—

“The errors in authorised editions—that is, editions issued by the privileged printers—have been almost innumerable. It were easy to adduce some very extraordinary specimens. An old Scotch edition makes the apostle Paul say, “Know ye not, that the righteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God.” Another Scotch edition makes the “four beasts,” in the Apocalypse, the “*sour* beasts;” while Basket’s folio Bible, printed at Oxford in 1717, has for the running-title at Luke xxii., instead of “the parable of the vineyard,” “the parable of the *vinegar*,” whence it went by the name of the *vinegar Bible*. But, not to multiply instances of blunders simply ludicrous, will it be believed that the errors in some of the editions printed since the beginning of the present century may be reckoned by thousands? The most flagrant case is that given in evidence before the Committee of the House of Commons, by George Offor, who states that a schoolfellow of his had corrected a copy of a nonpareil Bible printed at Oxford, and found no fewer than 12,000 errors in it, no doubt the great bulk of these errors are of trifling nature, but what do they say for a system which pretends to secure the pink of accuracy? The tendency of monopoly is to set men asleep; it is free competition which puts them on their mettle.”

It is added with justice, that a private printer’s regard for his own interest will be a safeguard against errors; for if the text of the Bible he produces is erroneous, his property is rendered worthless, and his name as a Bible printer destroyed.

As to the question of cheapness, the effects following the abolition of the monopoly in Scotland, is sufficient answer.

Take the two following Bibles as a specimen:—The 12mo, or school Bible, bound in sheep, which, during the time of the monopoly, used to be sold at 3s. 6d., is now reduced to 13½d.; and the 24mo, or pocket Bible, bound in embossed roan, with gilt edges, which used to be sold at 5s., is now reduced to 1s.

Of course—and this is a delightful fact—with the reduced prices came an immense increase in the circulation; an increase not counted by thousands, but by millions; and it is not too much to say that if the Scotch monopoly had been renewed, the operations of the British and Foreign Bible Society would have been circumscribed to an extent of which we have, perhaps, no adequate conception. Let us hope and pray for the success of the free trade movement.

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**CHURCH RATES.**—The second reading of Sir J. Trelawney’s bill for the total and unconditional abolition of Church Rates was carried in the House of Commons on July 13th, by the large majority of 73. Lords Palmerston and Russell expressed themselves in favor of the bill, and voted accordingly. We feel persuaded now that it will not be the fault of the leaders of the Government if there is not a speedy settlement of this long vexed question;—not this session, we fear though, for the House of Lords has appointed a committee “to enquire into the present operation of the law and practice respecting the assessment and levy of Church rates.” The motive for this is transparent: if it is sent up from the Commons, their lordships cannot of course take action, as “the whole subject is under the consideration of a committee of their House.”

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**THE BIBLE IN INDIA.**—Lord Mayor Wise entertained a large party of Bishops and clergymen at the Mansion House on Tuesday to commemorate the founding of the Association for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. Lord John

Russell and a goodly number of laymen were also present. In the course of the after-dinner speaking, which chiefly turned on religious topics, the Lord Mayor introduced the question of the means of spreading the Gospel in India. The free use of the Bible, that common inheritance of all, should be allowed both to those who were willing to teach and those who were willing to listen. The Archbishop of Canterbury entirely agreed with the sentiment expressed by the Lord Mayor, and earnestly trusted, now that tranquillity again prevailed in that country, that no opportunity would be lost in offering to its benighted inhabitants those spiritual advantages which constituted the most precious boon that could be conferred on any people. The Bishop of London reminded his distinguished audience that near, as well as distant lands afford a field for exertion.

From the convulsions now taking place among the nations of the continent, opportunities would, he believed, be afforded to her for sending the Gospel, not to heathen lands like India alone, but also to countries much less distant, whose people had, unfortunately, for many ages past, been debarred from the use of the Holy Scriptures.

Lord John Russell spoke of the benefits to Europe of British neutrality, of the fatigues of House of Commons life, and of the Bible in India.

With respect to instruction in the Scriptures in the schools in India, the question was too serious to be introduced before a company like the present. That topic, however, is one on which the wishes of all men must be the same. Although the mode of proceeding to be adopted requires the greatest caution and the greatest toleration of the opinions of our fellow subjects in India, still, with regard to the object itself, no person in that room agreed more perfectly than he did with the sentiments of the Lord Mayor.—*Nonconformist*.

THE GOVERNMENT AND HEATHEN TRUSTS IN INDIA.—Orders, I am told have been received here from England to abolish the Churruck Poojah, and disconnect Government from all idol trusts. The first order is creating some excitement among the natives. The Churruck is the barbarous poojah, at which men torture themselves, swinging with hooks through their flesh, run pins through their tongues, and perform other disgusting ceremonies, often followed by death. The Hindoos, who thought that the Queen's proclamation gave them back all their privileges of cruelty, talk of protesting.—*Calcutta Correspondent of the Times*.

THE REV. MR. MOFFAT STILL IN DANGER.—We learn by special correspondence from South Africa, that Mr. Moffat's station at Kuruman is in considerable danger from the republic of Boers. They were preparing to attack it with cannon, and to take immediate possession of it, and holding out special threats of vengeance against Mr. Moffat.—*News of the Churches*.

RELIGIOUS "UNITY" IN SPAIN.—The *Esperanza* of Madrid states that, in Calle de Alocha, there resides an English lady who, on certain days, has Protestant worship celebrated, with a certain degree of publicity, in her drawing-room, by a minister of the Anglican Church, and it suggests that it is perhaps that lady and her friends who have circulated the "Bibles and other pernicious publications" which it says have lately appeared in profusion at Madrid. The *Esperanza* therefore calls the attention of the authorities to the proceedings of this lady.

The *Espana* reproduces the paragraph and declares that "the Government cannot see with indifference the attempt made to break religious unity in such a Catholic country as Spain."

WORDS OF WISDOM.—He that cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself. Surely that preaching which comes from the soul most works on the soul. Men are never so likely to discuss a question rightly as when they discuss it freely.

READING THE BIBLE.—I will answer for it, the longer you read the Bible, the more you will like it; it will grow sweeter; and the more you get into the spirit of it the more you will get into the spirit of Christ.—*Romaine*.

## Correspondence.

LETTER FROM THE REV. W. F. CLARKE.

*To the Editor of the Canadian Independent.*

Steamer "Northern Light," Carribean Sea, July 13th, 1857.

DEAR BROTHER—I enclose this hurried note to you just as we are nearing Aspinwall, to inform our numerous friends through you that our voyage thus far has been very pleasant and auspicious. We have had no rough weather, and have as yet suffered but little from heat. Mrs. C., my second daughter, and Miss Hull, late of Brockville, our fellow-voyager, were quite sick for a day or two. The rest of us have wholly escaped, and all are now hearty and chirruping. Our vessel is not uncomfortably crowded—captain, crew, and waiters are polite, attentive, and agreeable, as are also our fellow passengers. I preached twice on board last Sabbath to very orderly audiences. We have had very little as yet to vary the monotony of a sea voyage; have seen no monsters of the deep, spoken no vessels, seen land but twice, missed sight of Cuba, Hayti and Jamaica—all objects of interest; a few gulls, and now and then a small shoal of flying fish, comprise the sum total of the wonders we have beheld,—save the daily wonders we are so apt to overlook, of Divine protection, support, supply, and forbearance. These are great marvels both on sea and land. Oh, for eyes to behold and hearts to adore!

The dead swell of this Carribean Sea makes it very difficult to write, so excuse more at present, and believe me to be,

Yours very truly,

WM. F. CLARKE.

P. S.—I found it impossible to get time in New York to write the valedictory letter for the "*Canadian Independent*" which you requested.—WM. F. C.

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### "FOGIES."

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I have a few queries which I wish to propound; and as I ask for information, shall feel obliged if you, or some correspondent of the *Canadian Independent*, will give the information sought. I remember reading in some back number of our Magazine, concerning a church at Brooklyn, that there were no "old fogies" in it; and having since met with a similar expression in another publication, permit me to ask, What are old fogies? How are they distinguished from other beings? Is the term "fogie" (or "foggy") a classical term? or is it a slang-word? I cannot find it in any dictionary or lexicon I possess: it does not appear to be either English, Latin, Greek, or Hebrew. I think it is neither French, German, nor Gaelic, but of those I am not certain. What is it in other respects? Is it a term descriptive of character? and if so, what is that character? Is it descriptive of any peculiar station in life, or any peculiar habit? If so, of what kind? good or bad? Is it allusive to the personal, or physical, or intellectual or spiritual feature of any class? Has the term anything to do in designating the value of such class in society? or is it a non-descript term? Are fogies mentioned, either by character or implication, in scripture? Are there any such things as *young fogies*? and if so how may they be known? Does their foginess "grow with their growth, and strengthen with their strength?" or does it sometimes clear

off like a morning mist, and leave the mental and moral atmosphere unclouded and serene? By the way; Mr Editor, the nearest approach to it that I can find is "foggy" perhaps this is the source whence the term is derived, and it may be, its distinguishing characteristic. Is fogynism a disease? and if so is there any cure for it? If age makes a fogie, at what age does fogynism commence? Is there any inauguration into the order of fogies?" These queries, Mr. Editor, have floated for some time in my brain; and as I am of a rather nervous temperament, have caused me to wonder at times, if I am an old fogie or not. I think the term ought to be defined, for the benefit of the public; and especially for the benefit of the rising generation that they may know when, why, and how far, seniority is entitled to their *ir*-reverence, and *lack* of courtesy and suavity of manners. By the general bearing of the youth in Canada, in villages, and rural districts, towards persons of mature age, and upwards, a friend of mine is led to suspect that, perhaps, he also is included in this shadowy and ill-defined category. He enters some village store, with a lad or youth behind the counter; asks in civil terms for what he requires; but whether he obtains it or not, is frequently made sensible that there is *one* article the youth who serves him does not deal in, and that is *civility*. My friend has hitherto (very wisely) attributed this conduct to ignorance and to want of moral training, in the parties implicated, but he now begins to think that perhaps he was wrong in his opinion, and that it is because the acuteness of the young folks discerned that he is an old fogie, and so not worthy of that common civility which might otherwise have been accorded him. The same roughness prevails (among the young more particularly) in the neighbourhood where my friend resides. Many of the young in his neighbourhood, seem to feel themselves far removed (whether *higher* or *lower* deponent saith not) from the necessity, and practice, of speaking with suavity and kindness, much less with respect, to their elders; a boorish utterance, and care-for-nothing manner, seem to indicate an utter disregard of Solomon's precepts in this matter; and the absence of moral feeling and principle; and this extends even to members of the church; so that the perhaps too sensitive mind of my friend has been sometimes deeply wounded by their coarseness and seeming incivility. But when he comes to reflect, he is led to hope that it is only because he is an old fogie! and they, *not being young fogies*, of course could have no sympathy or fellow-feeling with such a one; not having studied christian ethics they have cherished their dislike to "old fogies" instead of acting upon scripture principles. My friend fears that such christians read the bible *with their eyes shut*: so that they do not perceive such passages as these "Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, *for I am meek and lowly of heart.*" "Be courteous." "Be kindly affectioned one to another, with brotherly love; *in honor preferring one another.*" "Likewise ye younger, *submit yourselves unto the elder, yea, all of you be subject one to another, with brotherly love; in honor preferring one another.*" "Be clothed with humility!" There is also the noble and courteous bearing of Abraham towards the children of Heth; nothing surly, or boorish, but everything manly and gentle; but perhaps there were no "old fogies" among the children of Heth. SERIOUSLY; all expressions reflecting dishonourably upon age, *as such*; tending to neutralize the influence of scripture precept and example in regard to our conduct towards those older than ourselves, must be, more or less, injurious. The word of God says in Lev. xix. 32. and again in Proverbs "The *h*oly head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness." Especially is this honour due from children to their parents; and from christians to those who are their servants for Christ's sake: there is, in some families, neighbourhoods, and churches, a sad lack of this, in the province. It may be said that we live in a different dispensation from that under which reverence for age was enjoined, and in a different day; but let it be remembered, that the *moral* law was not abrogated by the introduction of the gospel; and in this sense it was that (Christ) said "think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets, I am not come to destroy but to fulfil." Every thing therefore which tends to encourage, or uphold, or increase, this evil state of things should be carefully guarded against.

21st July, 1850.

"NON INVENTUS EST."



## Literary Review.

LECTURES DELIVERED BEFORE THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, IN EXETER HALL, LONDON, from November, 1858, to February, 1859. New York: CARTER. Toronto: MACLEAR & Co.

The last volume of these admirable lectures is in every respect worthy of those which have preceded it: and all who desire to keep themselves acquainted with the topics on which intelligent christian people are thinking in England will do well to obtain it. There is scarcely one but is worth reading: and there are several which are characterized by such breadth and discriminative power, as to come under Lord Bacon's category of writings, which are to be "chewed and digested."

We can do little more than give an idea of the subjects treated of; and, to justify our praise, we must be permitted to present a few selections:

The Bishop of Ripon delivered the first lecture, the subject being "The Social Effects of the Reformation." This is good, but not the best. Then followed, amongst others, "The Occultation of Jupiter," an admirable popularizing of a scientific subject. "The Spanish Armada," bringing before us a stirring passage in our old history. "The Life of Jesus its own witness." "William Carey." "The Bible and Modern Progress," wherein Mr. Buckle's pompous prating is severely handled. "The Liberty of Opinion, and the Qualifications for using it," a most suggestive paper. "*De Propaganda Fide*," a highly characteristic sermonized essay by Spurgeon, containing however, a great many good things. "The Characteristics and Tendencies of Modern Literature," the best and weightiest in the book. "Socrates," which for permanent value we place next to the last named; and, "Sacred Music," by Dr. Cumming, a very flimsy affair; worthless indeed, but for the musical scores accompanying it.

In the way of extract, take the following from the essay on Liberty of Opinion:—  
 "There is a difference between liberty of opinion and liberty of judgment; and opinion and judgment must never be confounded. We should never hesitate to protest against the assertion of a right to judge, when only an opinion can be formed; and to censure the exercise of liberty of opinion on subjects which plainly lie within the loftier province of judgment.

"Ignorance and judgment can never walk together, they soon part company. But ignorance and opinion sometimes ramble wildly together and go into very great lengths of absurdity. It is not enough that we know something about that on which we venture an opinion, we ought to know all that can be known. True liberty of opinion implies the necessity for a right use of it; and the right use of it implies, that he who ventures on the use of it at all, is at least able to take more than a one-sided view of it. We do not, then, hesitate to fix the brand of folly upon the man, young or old, who swaggers and babbles about *his* opinion, when wilfully ignorant of that which should govern and direct the exercise of the liberty so much prized by the wise and good."

The lecture on Modern Literature is of this kind, that is good as a whole,—there is a fulness about it which satisfies, and to give a fair idea of it we should quote page after page. The following, however, may give a notion of its character:

"Next to receiving the false, there are few things more undesirable in a world like this, than knowing only the true; no man indeed can properly understand the true who does not also understand the false that is opposed to it. "If a man read only his Bible," said John Wesley, of one of his preachers who made that his boast, "he will soon cease to read that."

All good, indeed, has to be attained in this world, through the knowledge and practical experience of evil. "The first time a man uses a flail it is to the injury of his own head and of those who stand around him. The first time a child has a sharp edge tool in his hand he cuts his finger. The first time a kingdom is put in possession of liberty, the result is anarchy. The first time a man is put in possession of intellectual knowledge, he is conscious of the approaches of scepticism. But that is no proof that liberty is bad, or that instruction should not be given. It is a law of our humanity, that man must know both good and evil. There never was a principle but what triumphed through much evil; no man ever progressed to greatness and goodness but through great mistakes."

Of biographies :

"The favourite type of religious biography is that which records chiefly pious entries in a diary, pious habits of devotion, or of church going, or of Sunday school teaching, or of sick visiting, or of specific religious agency, or of triumphant death beds. Now do not misunderstand me here, as intending to speak lightly, or as wishing you to feel lightly, about a man's pious feelings towards God, or his habits of religious culture and worship, all that I mean is, that these are not the whole of a man's religious life, and therefore not the exclusive materials for his biography; nor do they best exhibit a truly religious man. The piety of the church and of the closet is one thing, and the piety of the market and of the social circle another, and the two neither ought to be separated nor can. *Without the piety of the closet, that of the market is hypocrisy; without the piety of the market that of the closet is delusion: in the one case the man deceives the world, in the other, himself.* The true life of a man is that which he lives every day: and the truly religious man is he who is religious in all things—who makes not a work of worship but a worship of work. *If I am to judge of a man's religion I must see him buying and selling and getting gain, and pursuing his pleasure—* where his religious principles are submitted to severe tests. Let me thus see the real life of a man; not when he is worshipping in God's house, but when he is fighting his world battles; and if he prove a spiritual and a faithful and a conquering man in these, the true record of his life will be a lesson of goodness and piety to me, full of teaching, and power, and blessing."

## News of the Churches.

REV. J. ELLIOT.

This esteemed brother has accepted an invitation from the Canadian Congregational Missionary Society, to remove to Ottawa, with a view to establish a Congregational interest in that city. On the 1st of July, he resigned his charge of the Church in Hawkesbury, and on the 17th commenced his stated ministry in Ottawa city.

WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' FUND.

At a recent meeting of the Trustees of the Congregational Ministers' Widows' and Orphans' Fund Society, the retiring officers of the board were re-elected. P. W. Wood, Esq., Montreal, is Treasurer.

YOUNG MEN'S CONVENTION.

The Sixth Annual Convention of Young Men's Christian Associations of North America, assembled in Troy, N. Y., on Wednesday, July 13, at the First Presbyterian Church, and was the largest gathering of these Associations yet assembled. They now number over 200 Associations on this continent.

RELIGIOUS INTEREST AMONG SEAMEN.

One of the city missionaries, employed by the Southern Aid Society in New Orleans, in his latest report states, that "upwards of fifty sailors have been brought

to Christ in that city, during the last winter and spring." He also hopes that "two or three persons in the city prison have been truly converted." The work of this missionary is very much amongst seamen, the most of whom are from the North, and among the sick and destitute in hospitals and jails. During the month of May, he visited 384 families; besides making repeated calls at hospitals and jails; he distributed 8,250 pages of tracts, 74 Bibles, and 59 Testaments, in seven different languages.

#### THE RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT IN THE NORTH OF IRELAND.

This amazing work continues with unabated power. We give our readers extracts from three important letters which appear in the *British Standard*. The first is from the Rev. Hugh Hunter, minister in Bellaghy, who says:—

"Before this, our day of merciful visitation, Bellaghy was the most degraded of Irish villages. Rioting and drunkenness were the order of each evening—profane swearing and Sabbath-desecration most fashionable sins, and such a place for lying and stealing I do not know. Many a time I longed to get out of it. Well, we have a change now that is truly gratifying. As you pass down the street you hear, in every house almost, the voice of joy and melody. Stop on the way; name the name of Jesus, old and young crowd around you. Raise the voice in praise or prayer, and every dwelling pours out its inmates to join the company of anxious hearers. Those who heretofore were at ease in Zion, now tremble as in the presence of God. A minister from a distance heard of the Lord's work in Bellaghy. He could not credit the extraordinary accounts he heard. He came; he saw; he heard; but he did not conquer, for he was conquered. King Jesus conquered him. Eternity alone will tell the results of that minister's visit to us that night. He went away from my house next morning, if not a new man, at least with the arrow of conviction in his heart. As I was conveying him out of the village, he exclaimed, as the holy sounds reached his ears from the humble dwellings of the poor, 'I feel as if I was breathing the atmosphere, and treading the golden streets, of the new Jerusalem.'

"Among those who have been brought under conviction we have some very old, at least some sixty years of age, and some very young, not more than eight years of age. We have persons of education and persons grossly ignorant. We have persons of good moral character, as the world has it, and some of the very offscouring of the earth. Nothing more vile in London than some converts I know. We have persons of all denominations in the neighbourhood, Prelatists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, and Romanists—yes, Romanists. Oh, sir, if you could hear what I have heard, and see what I have witnessed! Poor deluded Romanists casting their blessed beads, their manuals, their amulets, from them as polluting things, and crying, 'No priest but Jesus; no mediator but Jesus; no purgatory but the fountain opened up for sin and for uncleanness.' They never go back to the priest for confession and absolution. They never go to mass again. Oh no, they go to some of our Protestant places of worship, where they get a nourishing draught of the sincere milk of the Word. I am as convinced as I am of my own existence that Romanists will be very large sharers in this blessing.

"The priests of Rome are utterly confounded." First they scoffed, next they blustered, then they lost their temper. Now they are afraid, and at their wits' end. If I just had your ear for an hour, I could tell you wonderful things about their doings.

The Rev. Dr. Wilson writes to Rev. Dr. Massie, London:—I must try rather to *indicate* than *state* a few important facts. 1. This religious awakening has already visited several portions of the five counties, Down, Antrim, Derry, Tyrone, Fermanagh. 2. In fifteen or twenty towns and villages, and in many rural districts, the pastors of different religious denominations are quite overworked in attending to the people, and yet they cannot at all meet the demands upon them. 3. In many places where formerly you could not prevail on more than twenty or thirty people to meet for prayer once a week, you can now have the full of a chapel all the evenings of the week. 4. I have learned, on good authority, that several

families of Roman Catholics and of Unitarians have joined evangelical churches. This I know to be a fact. 5. The tendency of the revival is to bring together ministers and people of different religious evangelical denominations. Witness the union prayer-meeting in Belfast.

Our third extract is from the Rev. William Arthur, Secretary to the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society:—

My dear Dr. Hoole,—In addition to news of the revival given in the papers I have sent you, I have little to say that could be of use in Dr. Massie's meeting. The feeling on all minds here is just what Mr. Johnson, of Antrim, expressed to you, that *nothing like what is now witnessed has been known since the day of Pentecost*,—indeed, last night I heard Mr. Hanna, in his own pulpit, say that he did not believe that an awakening so extensive is anywhere to be traced in the history of the Church. Ballymena was notorious for drunkenness; with a population of about 7,000 it had 120 public-houses. Yesterday, Mr. Lindsay told me that one of his travellers met a traveller for a distiller returning from Ballymena, who said, "It is no use going into that country; the people will neither drink whiskey nor buy it." In the street the other evening, a policeman to whom I talked told me he had lived for a couple of years in Ahoghill, where the revival began, and it was "the worst wee place in the world." He said that drunkenness, fighting, and swearing were so prevalent, that on a funeral day they always had the lock-up full.

We also, though at the risk of occupying too much space, subjoin an interesting letter, from a popular Free Church Minister in Glasgow, addressed to the *Scottish Guardian*.

Glasgow, June 30th, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,—I felt it my duty last week to visit the north of Ireland, and see something of that remarkable movement of which such surprising accounts have appeared in your columns. I visited Connor, the place where the movement began. I visited Port-rush, Coleraine, Ballymena, and Belfast. I met with a large number of ministers of different denominations—attended a good many meetings—visited some fifty or sixty individuals, subjects of this great work, in what may be called its different stages—collected and sifted a large number of facts on the spot in different places—conversed with several brethren from this country who went across on a similar errand with myself, and compared my facts and observations with theirs; and as it may be of some importance to the cause of truth at the present time, perhaps you will allow me to state a few of my impressions of what I saw.

A movement which invariably leads to deep anxiety about the soul—to the realizing of God—to earnest crying for mercy—to broken hearted confession of sin and loathing of it—to the atoning blood of the Cross—to peace and joy in believing—to eager thirsting for God's instituted ordinances—and to the destruction of open sin—will be hailed, I am sure, by every Christian man. It will not prejudice the mass of Scotch Christians against such a movement that, in its ongoing, it indirectly hits Unitarianism pretty hard, and even threatens to break it up altogether in some places; or that Popish priests sometimes rail at it as "all madness," and sometimes affect to despise it, like the school-boy who tries to whistle when he is afraid. A further recommendation of such a movement is, that orthodox Presbyterian ministers on the spot, without exception, and esteemed brethren of the Episcopal, Wesleyan, and Independent Churches, rejoice at its advance; and that some of these who were rather incredulous at first have, on fuller investigation of the facts, yielded to what they now admit to be overwhelming proof that here is the hand of God. I have evidence in my possession to show that all this is true of the present movement in the north of Ireland.

It is interesting to know that this work in some cases is just the natural manifestation of what has been going on for years. The American revival gave its impulse. Mr. Dill of Ballymena told me that for some years he has observed among his people a growing de-irousness for the means of grace, specially prayer-meetings—a growing seriousness in hearing the Word—a growing thirst for Christian literature of all sorts, tracts, missionary intelligence, religious periodicals,—and that, while more visible good has been done there within six weeks than during the previous fifty years, the meaning of the fact is just this, that he and his brethren are now reaping what has been sowing for years long past. The same thing holds true in other places. Christian men say, "This is what we have long been praying and hoping for." The same min-

ister told me further, that while the work in the main has been so public, he meets with new cases every day in his household visitation of which the public have heard nothing. Both these facts appeared to me very instructive and encouraging.

The extraordinary physical manifestations connected with this work are apt to prejudice many against it. They feel suspicious of it because it is attended with excitement, and they almost conclude that it cannot be God's work because its subjects fall, it is said, into fits and convulsions. I just say, that if we are warranted on clear grounds to infer that this is a work of God, we ought not to be shaken in this belief because it is attended by phenomena which we do not understand. If we see not how, we should say not how. The Bible gives *no information whatever* in regard to the *special way and manner* in which God's Spirit acts on the human soul in regenerating it. It gives every information in regard to *the work itself*, but it gives none in regard to the Spirit's specific way of producing it. God works as He pleases. "Arise, and go down to the potter's house." The Bible frequently uses one important analogy—viz., the growth of seed in the ground—to teach us that the secrecy and gradualness of the processes of vegetable physiology have their parallel in the slow and secret ripening of the Spirit's work in the soul: but lest we should carry this too far, and make a pillow of what is intended to be a prop to the faith and hope of the Christian labourer, the Bible speaks of nations born in a day—of souls flying as a cloud and as doves to their windows—of three thousand suddenly pricked in their hearts, and wrestling with the question, What shall we do to be saved? Then, the mind acts on the body. Joy and grief, hope and fear, are attended with bodily manifestations. Some went mad, some destroyed themselves, some sank to life-long melancholy when the Western Bank broke. Is it so absurd that a man should weep, or even that he should faint with fear, when he sees himself liable to the wrath of God, as to warrant the inference that his convictions are unreal? One would not think so. For my part, if I saw a man very deeply impressed with a sense of his sins—if I had the best evidence of this on other grounds—I would not alter my opinion because I saw his features losing their wonted composure, his heart getting big within him, his breath waxing louder and shorter, his voice faltering, choking, breaking into loud sobs—nay more, although I saw him fainting and carried out of a church; I would not alter my opinion if instead of one such case I saw a hundred. And if I were told that each of these hundred was for seventy-two hours, perhaps, in this faint, lying prostrate on a bed, unable to utter a word except when the crushed spirit had a moment's lucid interval, and uttered a piercing cry ("I felt sin choking me") for mercy, while the vacant absorbed eye and the hands swung alternately hither and thither as if to grasp something, gave indication that the imagination wandered wild; and that on emerging from the mysterious struggle he told the awe-struck bystanders, "I have found peace in Jesus; He has taken my *weight* off; His blood has washed me; I now see Him to be altogether lovely." I should only say "God is here, and I knew it not; and if there is something here to perplex me, there is infinitely more to fill me with awe and gladness." I need not say that my conviction would be strengthened if I saw such cases in hundreds multiplied over all the congregations in a country.

On the subject of religious excitement in general, in times of revival, the two following positions admit of no question:—1. No judicious man will seek such excitement for its own sake, or do anything directly or indirectly to promote it. 2. No judicious man will conclude that parties have been converted *simply because* their feelings or their bodily frames have been excited or affected, however strongly. And therefore in times of religious awakening every judicious minister—first, will avoid everything in his *teaching* which is fitted or intended to produce excitement merely for its own sake—such, for example, as giving disproportionate prominence to the doctrine of eternal punishment;—and his aim will be to set before the inquirers Christ in the glory of His person, in the efficacy of His blood, and in the riches of His grace; and, second, in his *personal dealing* with inquirers, he will use every means to "shut them up into the faith," showing them how very critical their state is, how very far one may go, how very deeply one's hopes and fears may be stirred, without his vitally closing with Christ. I believe every wise Christian will lay very great stress upon these positions. But it is a sad mistaking of the state of the question to hold that a work, bearing every mark of being God's, is not God's because it is attended with extraordinary, perhaps inexplicable, bodily manifestations.

Such considerations as the following appear to me very pertinent at the present time:—1. Every religious awakening that has been at all wide-spread has been attend-

and with great excitement. There must have been a strange commotion on the day of Pentecost, when Peter's words pierced through thousands of hearts. Paul preached at Miletus all night. It must have been an exciting time about 1742, when, as authentic history teaches us, a harvest of some two thousand souls was reaped in Cambuslang, and its neighbourhood, under the appeals of Whitfield. I can remember scenes when some Highland gorge, filled with thousands who had flocked near and far to hear that apostle of God, John Macdonald, as the strong-spoken man poured forth his fervid message in that Gaelic he loved so well, suddenly become a Bochim, a place of weepers. And once more, when minister of Stornoway, I often heard elderly Christian men speak of the *Fuomadh* (pronounced not unlike the French *juiner*) or fainting in the island of Lewis, nearly forty years ago, when a very general awakening took place in the parish of Uig, attended by substantially the same physical manifestations as are now seen in Ireland. On all these occasions God was manifestly carrying on His work. There was great bodily excitement—groans, sobs, faintings in some cases. Multitudes of souls were saved. Men waited on God in awful earnest. Earth was brought near to heaven. Do I approve of excitement? Do I approve of preaching all night? Yes, if necessary. And would to God that I had to sit up till three in the morning, like some brethren I met in Ireland, dealing with those who could not stop the cry—What shall we do!

2. It is said, "Would it not be better if there was less of those bodily manifestations? I don't know. For ought I know, God may have ends to serve in thus affecting men's bodies which none of us can comprehend. It is mysterious to see men actually struck as by lightning. Sympathy can have next to nothing to do with it. I cannot describe the feeling of awe which never left me during my visit. Thought I, "Since God is here, shaking the land, raising the dead, it is high time for us to put our microscopes in our pockets at present, and to tremble rather!" The very phraseology of the people in speaking of this great work as of some mysterious epidemic spreading with resistless power from house to house, and bringing death to the old habits, and thoughts and hopes, was to me not the least affecting part of my experience. "She took it, and she was very bad with it." "Took what?" "Oh! just the revival." "I have a brother and two sisters, and none of us took it." As the right focus in looking at a painting, so an awe-struck, reverent frame of soul in looking at this Irish revival, is indispensable.

3. Is our dread of excitement in these times a mark of *spiritual life*? Is it well that crowded prayer-meetings, sermons every night, daily prayer-meetings in town halls at early hours in the morning, are rarities? Have we not as much to fear from formality, coldness, worldliness, as from religious excitement? It is said, "Do not extravagances arise at these revivals?" Yes, through human weakness. "They have at ended most great revivals. But of what account at this day are the extravagances which attended the revival of the last century while its benefits remain? If we are to be used as instruments, errors in abundance may be counted upon; but, O, let souls be saved the Church quickened, the nations roused with a mighty awakening, even though human infirmity display itself once more!" (Arthur.) I have never seen any wide-spread concern in a congregation without precious fruits having remained behind. Satan was busy, blossoms of convictions fell thick in the blast, but fruit was gathered to life eternal.

Dr. Cunningham remarked in opening the late General Assembly that the American Revival has "not yet excited the attention or produced the practical results in this country which might reasonably have been expected, and that the churches here ought to beware of letting this most impressive manifestation pass by unimproved." Will it have to be said a year hence that this revival which is shaking the north of Ireland—tearing up its fallow ground—has not attracted in this country the attention it deserves either?

I have no doubt that many ministers among us will anxiously think, "Are other places thus receiving showers of blessings, and are we to be unvisited?" "There's nothing but praying here," said a friend, I met at Coleraine on Wednesday. Our Christian people should ponder one fact, that the *awakened themselves* are the chief instruments in extending this work. Every Christian should be a home missionary. And the desire of my heart and my prayer to God is that the news of these crowded prayer-meetings, these eager masses of anxious inquirers brought to the foot of the Cross, may rouse our half-day hearers, absentees from prayer-meetings, and the whole body of our people to very solemn reflection.

I must say, in conclusion, that I was deeply impressed with the thorough judiciousness and Christian wisdom shown by all the brethren I saw, with hardly one exception. Of course these brethren are very independent of any testimony of mine, but I feel much satisfaction in saying this.

The importance of the subject is my excuse for the length of this letter.

I am, my dear Sir,

Very truly yours,

DUNCAN MACGREGOR.

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#### PROTESTANT SYNOD OF FRANCE.

The Paris correspondent of the *Journal of Commerce*, under date of June 2nd, thus speaks: "On Sunday last the French celebrated throughout the land, the anniversary of the third century of the establishment of their church in this country. Three hundred years ago, in 1559, the first Protestant Synod of Presbyters met in this capital, surrounded by dangers, and to the imminent peril of their lives. The event was commemorated on Sunday by appropriate services from all the Protestant pulpits, and by a medal struck expressly in memory of the occasion. On one side of the medal is represented the meeting of the first Synod, and on the reverse side appears an open Bible, with the text: "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away."

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#### INTERESTING FROM JERUSALEM.

A correspondent of the *London Record* sends cheering intelligence of the state of religion in Jerusalem. The number of inquirers increases, and the services are better attended. "And what gives us more confidence in the genuineness of the work," says the writer, "is the walk of many who before led a respectable life, and thought themselves religious, because they did not deny the truth of the Bible, and did not commit gross sin, but were not at all scrupulous about envying, quarreling, and hating; now, however, they are become like lambs. I could mention many other similar cases, but I think it will be sufficient if I tell you: that there is at present a small band of Christian Jews praying for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on the church at large, especially on the mission to their brethren, for the conversion of their souls to Christ. The revivals in America have made a wonderful impression upon our people here. We had several applications for the arrangement of similar prayer-meetings; but for a long time we hesitated; as, however, they were urged upon us perseveringly, we at last agreed, and we had the first meeting in the mission library on the first of March. It surpassed all expectation: the room was so crowded that, as it would not contain at last all that came, we were obliged to open the adjoining room to accommodate the visitors. It was a most solemn hour, and the prayers offered, though free from all excitement, bore a very earnest character."

Another letter from the same writer, of a two weeks later date, reports that the interest in these meetings was increasing, and that they were attended with much blessing.

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## Bills from the Fountains of Israel.

THE FREENESS OF THE GOSPEL.—BY JAMES BUCHANAN, D. D.

The sum and substance of the Gospel, is repentance and remission of sins—remission of sins through the *name of Jesus*; and the perfect freeness of it, is beautifully illustrated by the narrative of what occurred on the day of Pentecost, viewed in connection with our Lord's command, that this doctrine should be preached among all nations, *beginning at JERUSALEM*. Beginning at Jerusalem—the city of his murderers—the same city whose streets had but recently resounded with the cry, "Crucify him! crucify him!"—the city that had called forth his tears, when he wept over it, and said, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the pro-

phets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children, as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings; but ye would not."—"Oh! that thou hadst known, even thou in this thy day, the things which belong to thy peace; but now they are hid from thine eyes,"—the city, which besides being washed with his tears, was now stained by his blood,—that same city, guilty, devoted as it was, was yet to receive the first announcement of the remission of sins, and the Lord's command was fulfilled on the day of Pentecost, when Peter freely proclaimed repentance and remission of sins, even to the very men whom he charged as the murderers of his Lord. To them, without exception and without reserve, he proclaimed a full and free salvation, and in this one fact, we have a conclusive proof of the perfect freeness of the Gospel,—for where is the man now under the Christian Ministry, whose case is worse than that of the thousands who then received the joyful sound? Viewing it in this light, John Bunyan, the able author of the "Pilgrim's Progress," makes a felicitous and powerful application of this part of the Gospel narrative, to remove all doubts and scruples of those who think themselves too guilty to be saved, or who do not sufficiently understand the perfect freeness of this salvation. He supposes one of those whom Peter addressed, exclaiming, But I was one of those who plotted to take away his life: is there hope for me? Another, but I was one of those who bare false witness against him: is there grace for me? A third, but I was one of those that cried out, Crucify him! Crucify him! can there be hope for me? A fourth, but I was one of those that did spit in his face, when he stood before his accusers, and I mocked him when in anguish, he hung bleeding on the tree: is there hope for me? A fifth, but I was one who gave him vinegar to drink: is there hope for me? And then, in reply, Peter proclaims, "Repent and be baptised every one of you, for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the Holy Ghost; for the promise is unto you and to your children." Bunyan thus applies it to the conscience of every sinner. "Wherefore, sinner, be ruled by me in this matter; feign not thyself another man, if thou hast been a vile sinner. Go in thine own colours to Jesus Christ. Put thyself amongst the most vile, and let him alone, to put thee amongst the children. Thou art, as it were, called by name, to come for mercy. Thou man of Jerusalem, hearken to the call,"—say, "Stand aside, devil, Christ calls me. Stand away, unbeliever, Christ calls me. Stand away, all my discouraging apprehensions, for my Saviour calls me to receive mercy." "Christ as he sits on the throne of grace, pointeth over the heads of thousands directly to such a man, and says, *Come*. Wherefore, since He says come, let the angels make a lane, and all men make room, that the Jerusalem sinner may come to Christ for mercy!"

#### HOW TO BEAR LITTLE TROUBLES.

There is a kind of narrowness into which, in our every-day experiences, we are apt to fall, and against which we should most carefully guard. When a man who is in perfect health, has a wound inflicted upon him—a wound in his foot, a cut on his finger, a pain in his hand—he is almost always sure to feel, even though it be only a small member that suffers, and the suffering itself be unworthy of the name, that the perfect soundness of all the rest of his body counts as nothing; and a little annoyance is magnified into a universal pain. Only a single point may be hurt, and yet he feels himself clothed with uneasiness, or with a garment of torture. So, God may send ten thousand mercies upon us, but if there happen to be only one discomfort among them, one little worry, or fret, or bicker, all the mercies and all the comforts are forgotten, and count as nothing! One little trouble is enough to set them all aside! There may be an innumerable train of mercies which, if they were stopped one by one, and questioned, would seem like angels bearing God's gifts in their hands! But we forget them all, in the remembrance of the most trivial inconvenience! A man may go about all the day long—discontented, fretting, out of humor—who, at evening, on asking himself the question, "What has ailed me to-day?" may be filled with shame because unable to tell! The annoyance is so small and slight that he cannot recognise it; yet its power over him is almost incredible. He is equally ashamed with the cause and the result.



We may fall into such a state merely through indifference, and remain there simply because we have fallen into it, and make no effort to get out. When a man starts wrong early in the morning, unless he is careful to set himself right before he has gone far, he will hardly be able to straighten out his crookedness until noon or afternoon—if haply then; for a man is like a large ship; he cannot turn round in a small space, and must make his sweep in a large curve. If we wake up with a heavenly mind, we are apt to carry it with us through the day; but if we wake up with a fretful, peevish, discontented disposition, we are apt to carry that all the day, and all the next day too! I have comforted myself, and risen out of this state of mind, by saying to myself, “Well, you are in trouble; something has come upon you which is painful; but will you let it clasp its arms around you, and shut you in its embrace from the sight and touch of all the many other things that are accounted joys? Will you suffer yourself to be harnessed and driven by it?” It is well to remember that there is a way of overcoming present troubles by a recognition of present or promised mercies. The apostle Paul knew this, and so exhorted us to “look unto Jesus, who, for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame.” All that Christ had to bear, he bore patiently—he carried his sorrow about with him as a very little thing. Why? Because of the “joy that was set before him!” Oh! let us apply the exhortation faithfully to ourselves; and when we are worried, and tempted to give way to vexation, let us seek a sweet relief in the thought of the blessedness that is set before us to be an inheritance forever.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

## The Fragment Basket.

THE WEALTHY MAN IS HEAVEN'S TRUSTEE.—I believe, if you think seriously of this matter, you will feel that the first and most literal application is just as necessary a one as any other—that the story does very specially mean what it says—plain money; and that the reason that we don't at once believe it does so, is a sort of tacit idea that—while thought, wit, and intellect, and all power of birth and position, are indeed *given* to us, and, therefore, to be laid out for the Giver—our wealth has not been given to us, but we have worked for it, and have a right to spend it as we choose. I think you will find that is the real substance of our misunderstanding in this matter. Beauty, we say, is given by God—it is a talent; strength is given by God—it is a talent; position is given by God—it is a talent; but money is proper wages for our day's work—it is not a talent, it is a due. We may justly spend it on ourselves, if we have worked for it. And there would be some shadow of excuse for this, were it not that the very power of making the money is itself only one of the applications of that intellect or strength which we confess to be talents. Why is one man richer than another? because he is more industrious, more persevering, and more sagacious. Well who made him more persevering or more sagacious than others? That power of endurance, that quickness of apprehension, that calmness of judgment, which enable him to seize the opportunities that others lose, and persist in the lines of conduct in which others fail—are these not talents?—are they not, in the present state of the world, among the most distinguished and influential of mental gifts?—*John Ruskin.*

SIMPLE DEFINITION OF FAITH.—Having obtained the king's pardon for a poor man, cast for transportation, I carried it to the jail to him. Seeing the poor fettered creature fall down upon his knees to return me thanks, caused me to burst into tears of heartfelt joy. I thought, this is just what thou, O my precious Saviour, hast done for me! Thou hast obtained a free and full pardon of all my sins; set my soul at liberty, and filled it with peace and joy, by the atonement of thy precious blood! The poor convict had not read his pardon; he had not seen the king's name to it. I only made the report to him, that I had got it. He believed me. Hence he was happy, joyful, and thankful that he had received his pardon.—*Mason.*

**WORKING CHRISTIANS.**—Learn to be working Christians. “Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves.” It is very striking to see the usefulness of many Christians. Are there none of you who know what it is to be selfish in your Christianity? You have seen a selfish child go into a secret place to enjoy some delicious morsel undisturbed by his companions. So it is with some Christians. They feed upon Christ and forgiveness but it is alone and all for themselves. Are there not some of you who can enjoy being a Christian, while your dearest friend is not, and yet will not speak to him? See, here you have got work to do. When Christ found you, he said, “Go work in my vineyard” What were you hired for if it was not to spread salvation? What blessed for? O, my Christian friends! how little you live as though you were the servants of Christ! How much idle time and idle talk you have! This is not like a good servant. How many things you have to do for yourself! How few for Christ and his people. This is not like a servant.—*McCheyne*.

“THE INFLUENCE OF THE BIBLE”—My theme was the Bible; what a range did I take in tracing the past, present and probable consequences of the progress of the blessed Book. I beheld it emerging at the reformation and gathering itself up in its strength like a giant refreshed with sleep, arousing the human mind from its lethargy and shaking Europe to its centre. I saw it knocking at the palace gates of Eastern Monarchs, wrestling with superstition and smiting the hydra to the earth. I saw it now touching the chains of the slave, and they dropped from his arm. I saw it now breathing upon the mists that covered the earth, and they rolled up the mountain’s side. I saw it kindling a fire in the Frigid Zone, and the ice melted away. I saw it pouring oil, upon the tempestuous waves of this world’s affairs, and as far as the eye could reach, billow after billow sunk down into a sea of glass. I saw it stretching its wand over contending hosts, and warriors dashed their weapons to the ground, and rushed into each other’s embrace. I saw it standing with one foot on the land, and another on the sea, and stretching a canopy of light and love, over and around the globe. I saw it rooting up the thorns, nettles and briars of the wilderness, and the rose smiled in their stead and the wild beast vanished, and the vine and fig-tree yielded their fruit, and the voice of peace and plenty sounded throughout the world.—*Anon*.

**DIFFICULTIES.**—Do not confound difficulties with hindrances. They are often sent by the Lord, to exercise and try our faith; hindrances, I think, never, although permitted through Satan and our own evil hearts. Difficulties are not necessarily hindrances, because the race is not to be run with speed, but with “patience;” and so, while difficulties are exercising faith, and drawing out energy of purpose and character, a man may be making great strides in his Christian race, and the difficulty be the very occasion of his progress.—*J. W. Reeve*.

**VISITING.**—In visiting the sick, three things should steadily be kept in view: the influence of what may be said upon the person, if dying; the influence it may have on him, should he recover; and the influence it may have on persons in health about him.—*Macgill*.

**LIFE’S ROMANCE.**—What strange things happen in the course of every man’s life! I believe that, if we looked for it, we should find that there is something more startling than romance in every house. I believe that if we could analyse the heart within, and get at all its hopes, feelings, dreams, and plans, we should, in every individual case, find a history before which, in its realities, fiction would fall into the most uninteresting commonplace. Look into a child’s face. You have, perhaps, looked at it, and seen nothing but the face before you. But now, called to do it more seriously and thoughtfully, look into a child’s face again, as a picture and study for the occupation of your mind. I often do, and what do I find there? Not only sparkling eyes and golden ringlets and dimpled smiles on which the world has not yet set its cold and frosty bite, but much more than these things, beautiful, sweet, and interesting as they are. Look with thoughtful eyes upon that face, and then before your kindling imagination there is all the map of its little world spread out before you, its hopes, fears, probabilities, possibilities, everything. Anticipation has its history, fancy is the artist, and the

sketch, when completed, is hung up in the picture-gallery of the future. But years roll on, and then? Can this old man's face, so seared with disappointment and marked with the deep lines of grief and sorrow, be that same child's face; such a December after such a May lighted up by the beams of hope, the prospect before it gilded and illumined by such glorious and joyous expectation, and the heart all eagerness to rush into the dream-land of its promise? Yes! the more than romance has been realised, but not all through paths strewed with flowers and unruffled seas and fair gentle breezes.—*Parish Sermons.*

## Poetry.

### THE VOICES AT THE THRONE.

A little child!

A little meek-faced, quiet village child  
Sat singing by her cottage door at eve,  
A low, sweet, Sabbath song. No human ear  
Caught the faint melody. No human eye  
Beheld the upturned aspect, or the smile  
That played around her lips, the while they breathed  
The oft-repeated burden of the hymn,  
Praise God! praise God!

A Seraph by the throne

In the full glory stood, with eager hand  
He smote the golden harp-strings, till a flood  
Of harmony on the celestial air  
Welled forth unceasing. Then with a great voice  
He sang the "Holy, holy, evermore  
Lord God Almighty," and the eternal courts  
Thrilled with the rapture, and the hierarchies  
Angel and wrapt Archangel, throbb'd and burned  
With vehement adoration. Higher yet  
Rose the majestic anthem. Without pause,  
Higher with rich magnificence of sound  
To its full strength! and still the infinite Heaven  
Rang with the "Holy, holy, evermore!"  
Till trembling from excess of awe and love,  
Each sceptred spirit sank beneath the throne;  
With a mute hallelujah. But even then  
While the ecstatic song was at its height,  
Stole in an alien voice—a voice that seemed  
To float, float upward from some world afar—  
A meek and childlike voice—faint, but how sweet!  
That blended with the Seraph's rushing strain,  
Even as a fountain's music with the roll  
Of the reverberate thunder. Loving smiles  
Lit up the beauty of each angel's face  
At that new utterance—smiles of joy that grew  
More joyous yet as ever and anon  
Was heard the simple burden of the hymn,  
"Praise God! praise God!" And when the Seraph's song  
Had reached its close, and o'er the golden lyre  
Silence hung brooding—when the eternal courts  
Rung but with the echoes of his chant sublime;  
Still through the abyssal space, that wandering voice  
Came floating upward from its world afar;  
Still sweetly choicing on the celestial air  
"Praise God! praise God!"

## Family Reading.

A REVIVAL INCIDENT.—BY JOEL PARKER, D. D.

In a season of religious revival in Western New York, more than thirty years ago, I witnessed a stirring incident, illustrating the fact that men often feel deeply the power of the truth while seeming to disapprove of its faithful exhibitions.

In the village of — was a boarding house, kept by Mrs. F —. At this house I was a lodger. Of the fifteen or twenty guests about the table was a young gentleman about twenty-four years of age. He was full of animation, and his vivacity created the impression that whoever else might be affected by the solemnities of the time, he was not.

On a Sunday morning the late Rev. Dr. Perrin preached a peculiarly effective sermon on the consequences of a life of sin. There was a singular unction and tenderness in the discourse, and its vivid pictures of hell's torments produced a most solemn and subduing effect.

As we were sitting at the dinner-table and remarks were passing freely in regard to the morning service, the young man above mentioned expressed in strong terms his disapprobation of the sermon, and added, "such preaching only hardens me and makes me worse." I replied, "It is possible that you think it makes you worse, when it only makes you conscious of sin that was before slumbering in your heart." "No," said he, "it hardens me. I am this moment less susceptible to anything like conviction, from hearing that discourse. I feel more inclined to resist everything like good impression than usual." "Yet," I rejoined, "*good impressions* are those which are best adapted to secure the desired end; and I am greatly mistaken if an increase of the effect which you feel would not be greatly useful to you. If, for instance, you should read now Watts' version of the 51st psalm, beginning with—

"Show pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive,  
it would take deep hold of your heart."

"Not the least," said he; "I could read it without moving a muscle. I wish I had the book, I would read it to you."

"We have one," said Mrs. F., who was fully aware of the excitement under which he was laboring; and in a moment the book was handed him, opened at the place. He commenced to read, with compressed lips and a firm voice:—

"Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,  
Let a repenting rebel live;  
Are not thy mercies large and free?  
May not a sinner trust in thee?"

Towards the last part of the stanza, a little tremulousness of voice was plainly discernible. He rallied again, however, and commenced the second verse with more firmness.

"O wash my soul from every sin,  
And make my guilty conscience clean;  
Here, on my heart, the burden lies,  
And past offences pain my eyes."

At the last part of this stanza his voice faltered more manifestly. He commenced upon the third with great energy, and read in a loud, sonorous voice,—the whole company looking on in breathless silence:—

"My lips with shame my sin confess,

As he read the second line—

"Against thy law, against thy grace;"

his lips quivered, and his utterance became difficult. He paused a little, and entered upon the third line with apparently a new determination:

"Lord should thy judgment grow severe,"

Yet before he came to the end, his voice was almost totally choked; and when he began the fourth line

"I am condemned, but thou art clear."

an aspect of utter discouragement marked his countenance, and he could only bring out in broken sobs, "I am condemned," when his utterance changed to such a heart-broken cry of grief, rising at the same time and rushing from the room, as I had never witnessed in a convicted sinner.

The dinner was interrupted, but that was the beginning of a change, leading on to a new life in Mr. H., and probably every person in the room retains the impression to-day, that a view of the awful justice of God, in connection with the grace that saves from it, is often effective in subduing those who say, "Prophecy unto us smooth things," and that sinners are not always good judges in respect to what produces the best effect upon themselves.—*New York Observer.*

## HOW TO KILL A MINISTER.

If you wish to maim or kill your minister, there are several approved methods not cognizable by the judicial tribunals.

1st. It may very cleverly be done without any sharper weapon than the tongue. Talk him to death. Complain loudly that he is a man of very ordinary talents, and that his sermons are neither wise nor eloquent. Humble him thoroughly by letting everybody know that you have a very mean opinion of him, and by letting him know that you never heard such fine sermons as this neighbouring minister or that one preaches. This will make him feel, and such feeling, if not relieved now and then by a little encouragement, will be sure to wear upon him. Or you may assail him in other points. His pastoral visits are very unacceptable; he does not pay you sufficient respect; he visits others oftener than he does you; his wife has numerous faults; she does not feel that she is the servant of the people; she dresses too well; or she is always pleading feeble health; or his children are brought up too tenderly, or bookishly; or a hundred other complaints of a similar character. Be sure of it, that when a minister knows that his wife and children are made the continued subjects of gossip, it will wound him like a knife, and if the thrusts are only frequent and severe enough, he will at length sink under them.

2nd. It is also an effectual method, to keep your minister on low diet. What has your minister to do with eating and drinking, and why cannot he and his family live on air? Be sure to promise him the lowest possible salary, and as sure not to pay it punctually. Keep his purse empty and you prevent him from being extravagant; and if he runs in debt for food or clothes, raise an outcry that such a practice is neither ministerial nor honest. He may say that he was forced by his necessities, but this is a reflection on you that you do not pay his salary or send him presents and you are in no humour to be thus charged. Besides, by this method you can render him perpetually anxious, and dispirit him for study or preaching. Then you can have a fine opportunity for complaining that he is idle and not fit for his work. This low diet system will work admirably, and sooner or later will be sure to kill. At any rate you will, by this method, get him under your thumb and thoroughly humble. You can humble the pride of his wife, too, and when you see her wearing the same old clothes, and the children quite ragged, you can say how extravagantly they must have lived, or how mean they are not to appear more decently.

3rd. A third method is to pay no regard to your ministers labours. Be worldly, neglect ordinances, regard sermons as you would an old song, show your minister that he is doing no good, and then lay it upon him as a heavy charge that it is all his fault that religion is dying out. This will sting him to the quick, and if he has any feeling at all, he will sink under it.

Under any of these methods, which have all been well tried, you will soon find that a minister's health and spirits will suffer, and when he becomes dyspeptic or consumptive, you can let him know that you do not wish a sick man, and that he must give place to a new candidate for similar treatment.

Perhaps some may say, we do not wish to kill our minister. Well, be it so. We have no particular desire that you should. If you do not, then act in the very contrary method here laid down. Respect, and love, and encourage him. Never find fault unnecessarily. Never make him the object of severe animadversion before others. Pay him with sufficient liberality to keep him free from worldly cares and anxieties. Deal gently with his wife and children, although they may not be quite perfect. He will be grateful for this, for they are the objects of his strongest worldly affection. Above all, pay a'l respect to his message. It will encourage and stimulate him. He will study more, preach better, and pray more fervently. It will be the life of him, if you will only convince him that you love him for his work's sake, and that he is likely to receive your precious souls for his hire.

On the review of the whole, we prefer that ministers should be permitted to die a natural death, and that congregations should be free from all charge that they had hastened their exit when an inquisition shall be made into this matter at the last tribunal.—*Presbyterian*.

## TRUST THE PILOT.

“Several years since, being at a small seaport, one of those easterly storms came on, which so often prove fatal to vessels and their crews on that coast. The wind had blown strongly from the north-east for a day or two, and as it increased to a gale fears were entertained for the safety of a fine ship, which had been from the commencement

of the north-easter lying off and on in the bay, apparently without any decision on the part of her officers which way to direct her course, and who had once or twice refused the offer of a pilot.

"On the morning of the Sabbath, many an old weather-beaten tar was seen standing on the highest point of land in the place, looking anxiously at her through his glass, and the mothers listened with trembling to his remarks on the apparently doomed vessel. She was completely land-locked, as the sailors say (that is, surrounded by land, except in the direction from which the wind blows,) as between her and the shore extensive sand-banks intervened; her destruction was inevitable, unless she could make the harbour. At length a number of resolute men, perfectly acquainted with the intricate navigation of the bay and harbour, put off in a small schooner, determined if possible to bring her into port. A tremendous sea was rolling in the bay, and as the little vessel made her way out of the harbour, the scene became one of deep and exciting interest. Now lifted up on the top of a dark wave, she seemed trembling on the verge of destruction; then plunging into the trough of the sea, was lost from view, not even the tops of the mast being visible, though probably twenty feet high; a landsman would exclaim, "She has gone to the bottom." Thus alternately rising and sinking, she at length reached the ship, hailed and tendered a pilot, which was again refused. Irritated by the refusal, the skipper put his little vessel about, and stood in for the harbour, when a gun was discharged from the labouring vessel, and the signal for a pilot run up to the mast-head.

"The schooner was laid to the wind, and as the ship came up, he was directed to follow in their wake until within range of the light-house, where another sea would allow them to run alongside and put a pilot on board. In a few minutes the vessels came side by side, and the pilot springing into the ships chains, was soon on her deck.

"The mysterious movements of the vessel were explained. She had taken a pilot some days before who was ignorant, but who persisted in his efforts to take the ship in. When first hailed from the schooner the captain was below; but hearing the false pilot return the hail, went on deck and at once reversed his answer by firing the signal gun.

"The new pilot having made the necessary inquiries about working the ship, requested the captain and his trustiest men to take the wheel; gave orders for the stations of the men; and charged the captain, on the peril of his ship, not to change her course a hand-breadth but by his orders. His port and bearing were those of a man confident in his knowledge and ability to save the vessel; and as the sailors looked at each other, and said, 'That is none of your landsharks,' it was evident that confidence and hope was reviving in them.

"All the canvass she could bear was now spread to the gale, and while the silence of death reigned on board, she took her way on the larboard tack directly toward the foaming breakers. On she flew, until it seemed from her nearness to the breakers that destruction was inevitable. 'Shall I put her about?' shouted the captain in tones indicative of intense excitement. 'Steady' was the calm reply of the pilot, when the sea was boiling like a cauldron under her bows. In another moment the same calm bold voice pronounced, 'About ship,' and she turned her head from the breakers, and stood boldly off on the other tack. 'He knows what he is about,' said the captain to the man at his side. 'He is an old salt, a sailor every yarn of him,' was the language of the seamen one to another, and the trembling passengers began to hope. The ship now neared two sunken rocks, the places of which were marked by the angry breaking and boiling of the sea, and seemed to be driving directly on them; '*full and steady*' was pronounced in tones of calm authority by the pilot, who stood with folded arms on the ship's bows, the water drenching him completely, as it broke over her bulwarks. She passed safely between them, the order was given for turning on the other tack, and again she stood toward the fearful breakers. Nearer and nearer she came, and still no order from the pilot, who stood like a statue, calm and unmoved amidst the raging elements. The vessel laboured hard, as the broken waves roared around her, and seemed just on the verge of striking, when '*about ship*' in a voice like thunder rose above the fury of the tempest. Again she stood upon the starboard tack, and soon entered the harbour and cast anchor in safety. One hour later she could not have been rescued, for by the time she reached her anchorage no vessel could have carried a rag of sail in the open bay. Ship, crew, and passengers, more than a hundred in all, must have perished. When the order was given to 'back the foretopsail and let go the anchor,' a scene ensued which baffles the description of painter or poet. The captain sprang from the wheel and caught the pilot in his arms; the sailors and pas-

sengers crowded around. Some hung upon his neck, others embraced his knees, and tears streamed down the faces of the seamen, who had weathered many a storm and braved untold dangers. All were pressing forward, if only to grasp the hand of their deliverer in token of gratitude.

"And now for the application: *The ship's crew had faith in their pilot.* He came out of the very harbour into which they sought entrance. Of course he *knew* the way.

"*Their faith was simple and practical.* They gave up the ship to his discretion. Reader! Take Jesus for your pilot, and put your soul into his hand.—*Coz.*

#### RULES FOR PUBLIC WORSHIP.

The following valuable hints are taken from a circular address by the Rev. J. Vihey, on the opening of a new place of worship for his people, called Highgate Chapel. They might, with much propriety, be put up in the vestibule of any sanctuary, or printed on slips, be distributed amongst the pews:

**REVERENCE** is a practical thing, and it requires that all things be done "decently and in order." To accomplish this, will you in this sanctuary, observe these rules?

*Come in the spirit of devotion.*—Pray before and as you come. "Keep your feet as you go to the house of God." Suffer not levity to disqualify for spiritual worship.

*Be in time.*—Do not dishonour God and disturb His people by late attendance. Let praise wait for God, not God for it. If at any time unavoidably late, enter as noiselessly as possible. Learn to revere God's sanctuary, and go softly to your seats.

*Join in all parts of the worship.*—Let not others pray or sing for you. Do it yourself. As far as possible, let each one join in the service of song, follow the minister in prayer, have and use your Bibles.

*Be regular in your attendance,* both on the Sabbath day and the week day. Empty seats exert a chilling influence, both on the minister and the worshippers. Unless inevitably absent, let yours always be occupied.

*Try and get real benefit from the Service.*—In order to this, pray much for your minister. Do not depend too much upon him. Let not your benefit be regulated by his subject or frame. Hear with intelligence, candor, self-application, and prayer, and depend upon God to bless.

*At the close of the service avoid gossiping.*—If friendly salutations are exchanged, suffer them not to lapse into levity, or to dissipate impressions. "When the seed is sown, then cometh the wicked one, and catcheth it away." Therefore take heed.

*When collections are made let each contribute something.*—If but a "mite," cast it into the treasury, recollecting the poor widow whom the Lord approved. Get the *habit of giving.* "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Try and *feel* it so, and act accordingly.

#### ANGER AND LOVE.

Man has an unfortunate readiness in an evil hour after receiving an affront, to draw together all the moon-spots on the other person into an outline of shadow and a night-piece, and this only that he may thoroughly relish the pleasure of being angry. In love he has fortunately the opposite faculty of crowding into one focus by means of the burning glass of imagination, and letting its sun burn without its spots; but he too generally does this only when the beloved, and often censured being, is already beyond the skies. In order, however, that we should do this sooner and oftener, we ought to act like Wicklemham, but only another way. As he set aside a particular half hour of each Jay for the purpose of beholding and meditating on his too happy existence at Rome, so ought we daily or weekly to dedicate or sanctify a solitary hour for the purpose of summing up the virtues of our families, our wives, our children, and our friends, and viewing them in this beautiful assemblage of their good qualities. Indeed, we should do so for this reason, that we may not forgive and love too late, when the loved beings are already departed hence, and are beyond reach.—*Ritcher.*

#### THE EMPIRE OF GOD.

I must close this long course of lectures. We have passed from planet to planet, from sun to sun, from system to system. The great unfinished problem yet remains. Whence came this universe? Have all these stars which glitter in the heavens been shining through eternity! Has our globe been rolling all round the sun for ceaseless ages! Whence, whence this magnificent architecture, whose architraves rise in splendor before us in every direction? I answer, No; it is not the work of chance. Who shall reveal to us the true cosmography of the

universe by which we are surrounded? It is the work of an Omnipotent Architect! If so, who is this August Being? Go with me to-night, in imagination, and stand with old Paul, the great Apostle, upon Mar's hill, and there look round you as he did. Here rises the magnificent building, the Parthenon, sacred to Minerva, the goddess of Wisdom. There towers her colossal statue, rising in its majesty above the city of which she was the guardian, the first object to catch the rays of the rising and the last to be kissed by the rays of the setting sun. And yet, I tell you these gods and these divinities, though created under the inspiring fire of poetic fancy and Greek imagination, never reared this stupendous structure by which we are surrounded. The Olympic Jove never built the heavens. The wisdom of Minerva never organised these magnificent structures. I say with St. Paul: 'Oh, Athenians, in all things I find you too superstitious: for, passing along your streets, I find an altar inscribed to the unknown God—him whom ye ignorantly worshipped; and this is the God I declare unto you, the God who made heaven and earth, who dwells not in temples made with hands.'

"No, here is the temple of our divinity. Around us and above us rise Sun and System, Cluster and Universe. And I doubt not that in every region of this Empire of God, hymns of praise and anthems of glory are rising and reverberating from sun to sun, and from system to system,—heard by Omnipotence alone across immensity and through eternity!"—*Professor Mitchell.*

#### UNPRODUCTIVE READING.

MAGLIABECHI, the Italian, read many books, and had a most retentive memory, he lived as if the only object of his desire, the only end of his existence, and the chief wants of his nature, had been to acquire knowledge. An old cloak suited him as raiment by day, and as a covering by night; and a straw chair was his succedaneum for a table, while another served his uses as a bed. He sat from day to day in his strawy couch, wedged up like a fixture and almost buried alive amidst heaps of volumes, usually prosecuting his studies, and abstracted among the multitudinous ideas of his research, till he was overpowered by sleep. Surely then, this Magliabechi became a very well informed, wise and credible person? No such thing. His highest attainments were fully, perhaps flatteringly described in the observations which came to pass current respecting him, "that he was a learned man among book-sellers, and a bookseller among the learned." Magliabechi was a book-worm, nothing more, and of course spun no silk. He attempted to become learned simply by reading, and as he practised neither reflections upon what he read, the communicating of his knowledge to others, nor the reducing of his ideas to purposes of utility, he was in no just sense a scholar as regarded either his personal condition, or his influence upon society. The maxim is a sound one, that "he who thinks to become wise by always reading, resembles a person who should think to become healthy by always eating." Ideas like food, require to be digested; and the mind like the body, needs exercise as well as aliment. Reading in order to be profitable, must always be followed by meditation; and if it can be made uniformly subservient both to the instructing of others, and directly to the ameliorating of one's own conduct, it will yield a treble revenue of wisdom. The professing christian in particular, whose religious reading supplies him with a store of knowledge, a treasure of ideas, out of which his private reflections, his conversations with friends, and the actions of his life, continually "bring things new and old, is a party fairly entitled to be called wise and well-informed, and when he subordinates all his researches and all the uses for which he employs them, to the promoting of his Saviour's glory, in the faith and holiness of his own soul, and in the spiritual enlightenment of his dependant and his neighbour, he is then 'wise unto salvation,' and 'a scribe' or a learned man, well instructed unto the kingdom."

Sheffield, N. B.

R. W.

#### THE BLIND GIRL AND HER BIBLE.

Many years ago, said the Rev. Monsieur V——, when a student in the University of Geneva. I was accustomed to spend the long summer vacations travelling from village to village in my native France, preaching in the open squares the Kingdom of God, distributing his holy Word to those who would accept it, and teaching from house to house the blessed Gospel of Jesus my Master. On such an excursion in the summer of 183—, I entered a little vine-hung cabin in the environs of Dijon. In its low, wide kitchen, I saw a middle-aged woman busily ironing, a boy yet too young for labour, and a girl of some seventeen or eighteen years, of a sweet, serious aspect, plaiting straw. She did



not raise her eyes as I entered, and, on a nearer approach, I perceived that she was blind.

Saying that I was one sent to bring glad tidings of good things, I began to tell them the story of Christ, his love, his sufferings, his death. They listened attentively, and tears rolled slowly from the sightless eyes of the young girl. It was, indeed, tidings new and wonderful unto them, for, like others of the simple peasantry of France, they were accustomed to sing sweet hymns and murmur devout orisons to "blessed Mary, mother mild," while Christ and his salvation were hidden from their hearts. The next day, and the next, I visited the widow's poor cottage, and Jesus, the good Shepherd, gave me new cause for thankfulness, in permitting me to guide both mother and daughter to the fold of peace.

Poor sightless Marie! how was she affected when I told her of Him who opened the eyes of the blind, and read to her how blind Bartimeus sat by the wayside begging, when he cried unto Jesus of Nazareth passing by, and received sight! Then an irrepressible longing, such as she had never known before, a longing for God's blessed gift of vision, seized upon the poor blind girl; not that she sighed to behold the blue heaven, or the golden light, or to look upon her mother's smile, or gaze in her young brother's laughing eyes. No, not these; but she longed to read the blessed words of Jesus, when he said, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest."

There dwelt then in Dijon a man of God, who had gathered around him a few blind, whom he had taught to read and work. I sought him out, told him of Marie, interested him in her, arranged that she should come one hour every morning to learn to read, and procured for her a Bible with raised letters for the blind.

You should have seen her delight as she started off next morning—a warm, bright August morning, one hand locked in her little brother's, and the other fondly clasping the precious Bible, to take her first lesson. Alas, poor Marie! it requires a delicate touch to distinguish the slightly raised surface and nice outline of the letters, and her fingers were hard and callous with the plaiting of straw. Again and again was the effort made, but to no purpose. But one day, as she sat alone, sorrowfully chipping with her little knife the rough edges of the straw, a happy thought occurred to her. Could she not cut away the thick, hard skin from her fingers, and then it would grow anew, smooth and soft, like the rosy fingers of a child? And so she whittled the skin from the poor fingers, heeding not the pain; was it not that she might read the Word of God? But the straw work could not cease—it brought bread—and the wounded fingers were slow to heal. When the reading lesson was tried again, warm drops trickled from the bleeding fingers along the sacred line. It was all in vain.

After the first bitterness of her disappointment, Marie strove hard to be cheerful. "God had opened the eyes of her soul," she said, "and ought she not to praise him?" And the new Bible! Ah, surely she must carry it back; some happier blind girl might pluck the fruit from this tree of life, and find healing in its blessed leaves. And holding the dear volume near to the beating of her heart, she knelt by her white cot to pray: "Dear and blessed Jesus, who lovest the poor and openest the eyes of the blind, I thank thee that thou hast not hidden thyself from a poor blind girl. And since I cannot read thy heavenly words, I pray that thou wilt whisper them into my soul, that my spirit may not be dark like my poor eyes. I can hear thee with my ears, dear Jesus, and thou knowest that I love thee and love thy holy book." And she touched the open Bible with her lips. O joy! To the soft lips, the slight indentions on the raised surface are clearly perceptible; they trace the sharp outline of the letters with unerring accuracy. With a low cry of joy, she passes line after line across her eager lips, she turns the leaf, the lips lose not their power. It is all clear, all easy now. The lips could do what the toil-hardened fingers could not—they could read.

A twelvemonth after I visited Dijon. The low kitchen wore its old look, but what a beaming, happy face was Marie's, as she sat in her rude chair, her basket of straw at her feet, reading her beloved Bible! Blind, it was full of light. "N'est il pas heureux," she murmured in her rich, musical tones, "n'est il pas heureux de baiser ainsi les douces paroles pendant que je les lis?"—Is it not blessed to kiss the sweet words as I read?

Dear eloquent lips, which the cold clay kisses now, told me this little tale, and I listened with starting tears, thinking how the poor blind girl would rise up in the judgment to condemn the many, who "having eyes, see not."

Reader, do you love the blessed words of Jesus, with a love, heart-deep, heart-warm, as did the poor blind girl of Burgundy?—*Traveller.*