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THE SECOND SABBATH IN OCTOBER.

The above Sabbath, (this year, the 8th day of the month,) has been set apart by many of the Churches, for several years past, as a day of special prayer on behalf of the College; and, most appropriately, the same season is suggested, where local convenience does not interfere, for taking up a contribution for the funds of the institution. We refer to the matter thus early, in order that any influence these words may have, may be exerted in ample time for the appointed day.

First, we are asked once more, by the annual meeting of subscribers, to *pray* for the College. A very wide range of intercessions is suggested by this request to a thoughtful Christian. We should ask that devoted, gifted men may be stirred up to consecrate themselves to the ministry, and that those whom the Lord has not called, may not be permitted to thrust themselves into the harvest. The question, shall I become a minister? is at this moment being pondered by many a young Christian. It is a question, the issues involved in which no inexperienced person can fully understand. The actual ministry is a very different thing from our enthusiastic ideal of it, both rising above and sinking below our early imaginings. His own adaptation to the work is another matter about which aspirant is quite as liable to be led astray. The friends to whom he may resort for counsel, the pastor and the Church by whom he would be recommended, all need likewise the wisdom that cometh from above. Let all have our prayers.

The Directors of the College would be remembered. Theirs is a very responsible duty. On them it devolves to accept or reject each candidate, and we know few personal questions more difficult to answer, than this, is this young man called to the ministry? They are also charged with the superintendence of the students during their whole course, and with the general management of all College affairs. They have a right to appeal to the subscribers who have appointed them to office, thus to sustain them in their work.

The Professors will not be forgotten at such a time. To preach the Gospel with a man's own lips is a very weighty charge; but to put that message into

other lips, to be thence repeated to as many congregations, is a multiplied responsibility. It is unspeakably important, when the plastic mind of the student comes under professorial manipulation, that every impression be as Christ should have it, that the right methods of searching the Scriptures, the right views of truth, the right way of presenting it, and the right spirit for the ministerial life, be imparted at the beginning, so that his "path may be as the shining light, shining more and more unto the perfect day."

Let the students, too, have their full share of intercession. Theirs is a position of many dangers and temptations. From many gross offences prevailing in the outer world, their character and pursuits do much to protect them; but all who have entered the cloisters know too well that subtler forms of evil throng thick around them, innumerable enticements, in a word, to please *self*, instead of Christ. The piety and wisdom of the sons of the prophets should be chief objects of the Churches' prayers.

On the appointed Sabbath, therefore, let those "who lift up their hands in the sanctuary and bless the Lord," in the name of the congregations, bear these requests upon their hearts. It is most desirable that there be also some special service of prayer in which the members of the Church may take part, say, just before or after one of the regular services. And all round the year, in Sabbath worship, in the prayer-meeting, at the family altar, and in the closet, let these objects be remembered more frequently than they are. Are we wrong in the impression, that there is but little praying for them?

Secondly, it is suggested that Sermons be preached on the subject of the ministry. This is a theme on which probably few pastors ordinarily preach, but of which the Bible says much, and on which the people need instruction. Let us suggest a few themes:—the divine warrant for the office, the indications of a "call" thereto, the qualifications required, the preparation needful, the duties to be performed, the trials to be encountered, the claims of the ministry on the Church, its encouragements and rewards, &c. True, these subjects require sometimes delicate handling, but they are part of the truth of God and should be preached.

Thirdly, the second Sabbath of October is also the day for making a contribution for the College. We say "a contribution," advisedly, not "a collection." In some Churches, where the matter is taken up intelligently and liberally, it is sufficient to use the plates, but alas! these are the exceptions. Where there is an inveterate habit of giving dimes to a collection, but dollars to a subscription, let a list be circulated by some active hands just before or after the 5th of the month. But better far a collection than nothing.

It is gratifying to know, that our Churches throughout British North America, are becoming less and less dependent on the visits of an agent for their remembrance of this object. Still, several do nothing for it, year after year; others are irregular; and some do but little. "These things ought not so to be."

The report presented at the last Annual Meeting announced the important fact, that *the annual grant from the Colonial Missionary Society is now reduced* from £310 sterling to £225, or less, according to the number of students. The College has lately received about \$1,000 a year from our own Churches. We need to *add fifty per cent.* to this sum, to meet its wants for the current year. If every Church will help according to its ability, it can be done! But without a united and vigorous effort, we shall fail.

CHRISTIAN UNION IN CANADA.

“Christian Union in Canada; its Desirableness, Possibility, and Extent. By Richard West. Toronto: Chewett & Co., 1865.” We have received a pamphlet with the above title. It is written in an excellent spirit, and no one can doubt the desirableness of the end in view. But we fear the author underrates the practical difficulties in his way, even in respect to the United Mission. We find the following passage referring to our body: “The Congregational body in Canada, as in England, has men among its ministers and members that would be an honour to any Church in any age, although here it numbers only 14,284. It may be hard to expect hearty acceptance of a scheme of general Christian Union from a denomination whose chief characteristic is the individuality of Churches. Yet in every good word and work in which other Christians engage, the *Independents* are not often found withholding sympathy and support. Surely, then, this people would not be among the opposers of a more extended Christian Union, embracing all the Churches, aiming to save souls and to glorify God. The design of the Congregational Union—which is the Synod of the body—is to embrace all the Churches of the denomination, for it is greatly to be regretted that some Churches have carried their Congregationalism so far as to refuse co-operation with other Churches of their own persuasion. If the Union would but heartily embark more largely in purely missionary work, to be supported liberally by all their churches, the influence and efficiency of the Union itself would be extended, and all the Congregational Churches would soon be enrolled as its members; for nothing unites Christians more, than enlightened and liberal efforts in sending the Gospel to the destitute.”

THOUGHTS ON NIAGARA.

The many interesting scenes in nature which are known to us through the praises of travellers, or linger pictured on our own memories and lighted with the radiance of the past, are usually divided into two classes, more or less distinct as the characteristics of each are more or less prominent. When, leaving behind the green plain and shady forest, we climb the rugged mountain path, and rise to the region of eternal snows; when we look around on the solemn assembly of hoary mountains which were never young and green, when we see them stretching far away like a conclave of silent sages, while on their sides the granite rocks clasp the snow-wreaths to their cold bosoms—we look round, dumb with awe, and think, “How grand! how solemn!” But when we begin to descend, when the rocky path begins again to bloom,

and the dark pine is exchanged for the beech and oak and waving elm, when we gaze once more on the blue and sparkling lake, the golden harvest-fields and green pastures below, our hearts then sing for joy, and we cry, "How beautiful, how glad, how smiling!"

There are, however, some scenes which unite in a remarkable manner these two elements, in which the sublime and the beautiful, the awe-inspiring and the joy-awakening are sweetly and wonderfully blended. In this category we would place Niagara.

Let us cross from the American side, and after attempting in vain to realize the great height as we gaze up at it from the little ferry boat, climb the bank on the Canadian side, and take our seats on Table Rock. Here we have what may be termed a "full view" of the Falls. Beginning on our right, so near that one may almost touch it, and sweeping away round into the Horse-Shoe, then breaking off where Goat Island steps forward with its dark grove and little tower, next directly facing us, until the broad foaming sheet of the American Fall finishes the view on the left—such is the scene that meets us at this point, and for a moment overawes and astonishes, as well as confounds, by our inability to comprehend or appreciate it as we feel we ought. But stay! Is this all? No. Rising like some peaceful spirit from the angry, boiling mass, hanging amid the sunlit spray and clad in beaming colours, the rainbow stands to tell us that even waters such as these shall never again overwhelm the poor, weak inhabitants of earth.

What thoughts of solemn joy are suggested by this wonderful sight! As we look on the great, roaring, foaming flood, sweeping with resistless power over the steep crags, and think how utterly helpless any human might would be if once in its grasp, it seems an emblem of the power and majesty of the Almighty; but when we look at the beautiful rainbow continually shining out of the soft mist of the cataract, continually hovering on the skirts of the mighty flood, how sweetly are we reminded of the "loving kindness" and "tender mercy" that always accompany God's inflexible justice and majesty. "I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth," says the mighty Former of Niagara, and He says, too, "Mercy and Truth have met together, Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other." Might not this latter text be a good motto for Niagara?

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THE LATE REV. THOMAS RAFFLES, D.D., LL.D.

It is with a feeling of sorrow and a twinge of pain that we prefix "the late" to this beloved and honoured name, and we are forcibly reminded of the havoc death has made within a few years, among the ministerial names we early learned to cherish and revere. Jay, Hamilton, Wardlaw, Leifchild, Harris, James, Reed, Sherman—alas! how easy it were to make a long list of departed worthies of our own denomination, to say nothing of those hardly less honoured and dear belonging to sister denominations. Very few now remain of the men to whom, in the days of our boyhood, we were wont to look with juvenile veneration. Other bright stars have risen, and are now shining in the ecclesiastical firmament, but somehow they hardly supply the places of those that have been absorbed into the light of heaven. "Our fathers where are they, and the prophets do they live for ever?"

We have read the recently published memoir of the distinguished minister of Christ whose name heads this article, and are constrained to express a

feeling of disappointment over it. A son of Dr. Raffles is his biographer, and this may partially account for the defects in the picture which strike our eye. In the anxiety lest filial affection should over-colour the subject, there has, in our view, been hardly justice done it. If we are not mistaken in our estimate of him, Dr Raffles was a better, greater, and more useful man than his son's memoir paints him. You see him in a large number of public exhibitions—you get a distant view of him as you do of royalty on state occasions—but the inner life, the religious experience, the motives, the actual history and work of the man are kept too much out of sight. We are inclined to think that there are surviving fellow labourers of Dr. Raffles, who could have done more justice to his memory, and with whom it would have been a labour of love to have written of him in fitting terms.

A discriminating and appreciative notice of this great and good man appeared in the *British Quarterly Review*, for January last. There was also an excellent though brief account of him in the February number of the *Christian's Penny Magazine*. Nor should mention be omitted of a well written condensation of the leading particulars of his history and life-work in the *British Congregational Year Book* for 1864. The writer has read all these narratives, and with them at his elbow, proposes to weave another wreath of honour for one of the names that "shall be in everlasting remembrance."

Thomas Raffles was born in London on the 17th of May, 1788. He received a liberal education, and early in life became a subject of the saving grace of God. He was led to unite with the Congregational denomination, and soon felt himself called to devote his life to the work of the Christian ministry. He entered Homerton College, then under the presidency of the Rev. Dr. Pye Smith, at the early age of seventeen. Almost from the beginning of his career as a student, his preaching attracted much attention, and he was hence drawn into a large number of public engagements, neither he nor his tutors being able to resist the importunities with which his labours were sought. He thought in after life that he preached too early and too much for his own benefit, but perhaps he judged incorrectly. To acquire facility and eminence in any pursuit, there is nothing like beginning in youth. *The sacred calling is no exception to that rule which applies to every other calling.* We fear there is now a tendency in the opposite direction, and our theological students instead of being allowed to indulge their first ardour of zeal to preach Christ, are compelled to suppress every emotion that constrains them in that direction, until their hearts grow hard as the college walls. No kind or degree of scholarship can make up for the want of that earnestness which grows by exercise, and for the absence of those feelings which are kept alive by their constant out-flow. Preaching is the grand work of the ministry, and let it not be forgotten that some of the most regal spirits that ever filled the pulpit, began their career as "boy-preachers." It was thus with William Jay, with John Angell James, and with many more beside the subject of this imperfect sketch. The fire of youth is a power for good as well as the wisdom of age.

After passing honourably through his period of training at Old Homerton, Raffles accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the Congregational Church at Hammersmith, and was ordained June 22, 1809. Here he proved himself an able evangelical preacher, and a diligent pastor. On the untimely death of the gifted young Spencer of Liverpool, the minds and hearts of the bereaved church in that town were drawn towards Raffles, as a suitable successor to

that lamented preacher, whose career was at once so brilliant and so brief. An invitation was given and after some perplexity, accepted, and the subject of this paper found himself suddenly transferred from a quiet sphere in a suburban village, to a position of responsibility and influence in one of England's busiest centres of commerce. Liverpool was of course much smaller fifty years ago than it is now. It only numbered 100,000 inhabitants, and Birkenhead, now a large town on the opposite shore of the Mersey, was at that time a perfect solitude. But even then it was a sphere at the survey of which a stripling might well tremble. Raffles entered on his new field with self-distrust, but yet with hope and faith in God. He threw all his energies of body and soul into his Master's work, and for half a century stood in his lot, maintaining throughout his long career a high degree of popularity, an unsullied reputation, and a steady course of usefulness. His life, for the most part kept an even tenor, being but little diversified with any thing like remarkable incident. The *British Quarterly* gives the following summary of it: "Dr. Raffles' life presents but little variety. A brief ministry at Hammersmith, which was attended with singular success, was followed by a lengthened pastorate at Liverpool. There were during the fifty years of his Liverpool life, very few incidents to diversify the even tenor of his way. He preached and laboured among an attached people, without any breach of harmony; he administered their affairs with a judgment and discretion which gave him almost unbounded influence; he preached from one end of the country to the other, cheerfully placing his services at the disposal of any Christian brother by whom they were sought, and winning golden opinions by his readiness to advocate any good cause; he threw himself heartily into the denominational institutions of his county, and was the honoured president of their committees, the most successful pleader for their funds; he paid occasional visits to foreign lands, and embodied the results of his observations and experience in letters which are always graceful and replete with kindly feeling; and finally he died in a good old age, full of years and honours, and was followed to the grave by numbers who will never think of him but with tender interest and regret. This is the whole of his story."

No, venerated reviewer, this is not quite "the whole of his story." Had it been, the hand of the Canadian pastor that now essays to twine a chaplet and throw it on his grave, would never have been thus employed. The briefest summary of his life-work should not omit mention of the fact that he wrote the "LIFE OF SPENCER," a book which has perhaps been the means of directing more young men toward the Christian ministry than any other book extant on earth, the Bible excepted. The writer can never forget, "while memory holds her seat," the new and mighty impulses that fired his whole being, as he read during moments stolen from business duties that pressed "from early morn till dewy eve," that marvellous book, as he then thought it, and still delights to think it. It is twenty-six years ago, (*incredible dictu!*) but the impression produced is fresh as ever. We have not read the work since, and almost fear to do it now, lest the maturer judgment years have brought, should find, as doubtless it would, imperfection in it. How its appeals reverberated along the aisles of "a soul in its earliest love,"—how business, until then quite attractive, suddenly palled,—how every earthly occupation dwindled into utter insignificance beside the work of preaching Christ,—and how the vow was formed "in the strength of grace, with a glad heart and free," to fulfil this ministry, we shall forget,—never! It was one of the choicest rewards apportioned to this servant of the Lord

Jesus, that he was privileged to hear from the lips of many ministers of the gospel, the grateful acknowledgment of their indebtedness to the "LIFE OF SPENCER" for the awakening of a desire, and the rendering audible of a call to the noblest work ever committed to human hands; and we know of one who on a fine September morning in 1861, went to the Doctor's residence at Edge Hill, with a similar acknowledgment on his tongue, which could not be spoken, because he to whom it was to be addressed was many leagues away. It might have been conveyed by letter, but now it can only be spoken in heaven.

Dr Raffles belonged to a class of preachers, to the power and success of whose public ministry, the churches of Nonconformity in Britain owe more of their strength and influence than to any other earthly source that can be named. They were simple-hearted, earnest, active men; not scholars, yet furnished in all those particulars that make up a liberal general education; they mingled but little in the discussion of ecclesiastical questions, and while attached to their own denomination, were large and liberal in their views, and catholic in their spirit. They were strictly and emphatically *preachers of the Gospel*. They were great in the pulpit, drawing large audiences, which consisted of "a mixed multitude" and comprised men of all denominations and of no denomination, men of all creeds and of no creed; and out of this heterogeneous mass of material, they gathered souls to Christ, and organized a godly fellowship, that grew into "a holy temple in the Lord." The church doubtless, needs scholarly men, able controversialists, and great writers; but her preachers and pastors, to be successful, must be of the stamp just described. It may be questioned whether the class of men referred to have not undervalued and neglected distinctive principles, in their ardent zeal to make known a waiting and willing Saviour to the perishing masses of mankind. It is affirmed, and doubtless with truth, that many attracted by their soul-moving preaching have attended Nonconformist sanctuaries without acquiring a knowledge and love of Nonconformist principles, and that on the removal or death of the preacher who charmed them, many have withdrawn to other communions, and have left their spiritual birth-places. But this error, if such it be, is committed on the right side, and making all necessary allowance for the withdrawal of parties not indoctrinated into distinctive principles, there can be no doubt that the ranks of dissent and the churches of nonconformity have been greatly built up by the simple and powerful evangelical preaching of men who have had no taste for controversy, and no great zeal for denominationalism.

Dr. Raffles preached with much fervour and affection, and though naturally possessed, in a more than ordinary degree, of those qualities that make the orator, yet his power lay in the truth which he proclaimed fresh and warm from a living and loving Christian heart. Both the matter and manner of his preaching contributed to his popularity and usefulness. Its great burden was Christ and His salvation. His constant aim was to embody in every sermon enough of saving truth to make the way of life plain to any of his hearers who might never before have heard the gospel preached. If his discourses were not the most logical, they were plain, earnest, and moving. In these respects we do well to return to the old paths, and stand in them. They are as old as the preaching of the men who turned the world upside down, and whose own account of what they did was, "WE PREACH CHRIST CRUCIFIED." We are deeply convinced that, under the mistaken idea that this is a highly intellectual age, there is far too much avoidance of the simple themes

of the gospel, and a substitution for these of topics which, though religious, are not evangelical. There are ministers who avowedly aim to preach metaphysical discourses, and who think the "metaphysical style," as they are pleased to call it, is what this age wants. But metaphysics never yet converted a sinner from the error of his way, nor sanctified a believer. And, generally speaking, this sort of thing lands men in the misty and rationalistic. It puts a sickening and poisonous confectionery in the place of the bread of life. It thins out congregations, and sends people wandering hither and thither, because hungry and thirsty their souls faint in them, and they are like sheep having no shepherd. On the other hand, gospel preaching—simple, plain, practical, and affectionate, meets a want that is universal, draws hearers, satisfies their spiritual cravings, and nourishes them up unto eternal life. Not only ought preaching to be full of downright gospel truth, but earnestness must be thrown into its delivery. It matters but little what mode of preparation be adopted—the much debated question about notes is quite secondary—the grand thing is to pour out the soul to the people in a thoroughly earnest fashion. How tame and unimpassioned some men are in the pulpit! Surely the great themes of sin and salvation—the solemn verities of death, judgment, eternity, heaven and hell, *must* move and melt the soul that believes them. And if they move and melt the preacher, they will move and melt the hearer also. Away, then, with the frigidities of pulpit intellectualism! Let the ministers of Christ be "gospellers." Let them preach with a fervour that shall make some think and say, as in the case of Paul, "thou art beside thyself." The grand old truths that shook the world in other days can do the same thing again, over and over, age after age, while the world stands. They are "the power of God unto salvation."

The picture of a harmonious, effective pastorate of fifty years' duration, is a very beautiful one. In such a case the pastor becomes a sort of spiritual patriarch. The children he has baptized grow up to be the bone and sinew of the membership, and some of them, ere he departs, are "the elders of the congregation!" They have been trained and tutored, moulded and fashioned under the one ministry! How thoroughly the pastor knows his people, and how thoroughly they know him! What tender, blessed ties must those be which have had half a century's growth! Many a Canadian pastor will sigh as he looks at such a picture, and realizes how impossible of reproduction it is in this new and changeful land. One cannot help thinking, too, how much circumstances make men. A promising student, cheered with kind words, stimulated by early popularity and success, installed over a church and congregation already strong and steadily growing, having everything to draw him out, and nothing to repress the buddings of talent and the puttings forth of power, can hardly help developing into a mighty man of valour and a chieftain of renown in the Lord's host. It is a different affair, however, to struggle on with little or no encouragement, to preach to small handfuls of people, to fight with a constant succession of difficulties, and to bear with little alleviation or respite "the burden and heat of the day." These things are apt to make the "mute, inglorious Milton" rather than the enraptured muse; and we are likely to settle down into very ordinary plodding, instead of giving evidence of the "divinity" that "stirs within us." In these circumstances, our comfort must be the same as our Master's, even as our trial is like His. If constrained to say "I have laboured in vain, and spent my strength for nought," let us add, "nevertheless, my judgment is with the Lord and my work is with my God." No faithful toiler will be overlooked or forgotten in the great rewarding day.

We cannot better summarize the character and career of this eminent servant of the Lord than by quoting the subjoined extract from the *Christian's Penny Magazine*. Its excellence will fully atone for its length.

"Dr. Raffles was a man of very rich and very various endowments. Humour, pathos, dramatic power, sensibility, sympathy, and entire cordiality, were strongly developed in his nature; and we may safely affirm that whatever sphere of life he had been called to occupy, he had that in him which would have made him a notable man. His dramatic power was among his most conspicuous endowments, and his mimicry, within a certain range, and that a very wide one, was absolutely perfect. Who that has been much in his company, has not been convulsed with laughter at his perfect imitation of the oddities whom he met with: while in the more serious region he had a power of depicting passion which would have made him a tragedian of a very high order had the current of his destiny drifted him on to the stage. An almost incomparable memory held rich stores of anecdote and illustration in its tenacious grasp, and rendered him in his happiest moods a companion such as it does not occur to us often in our lives to meet. And yet, the dignity and responsibility of his office were never forgotten; he knew the bounds well, and not only never transgressed them, but had a happy method of recalling others within them who might reveal some propensity to stray. Like all men of vivid impulsive temperament, he was keenly sensitive to the judgments of others; and it cost him a sterner effort than most men, when duty called 'em to place himself in opposition to any whom he esteemed, and in harmony with whom he was wont to act. But there were occasions on which, though naturally over fearful of strife, he acted with firm and courageous independence, and made it evident that he was prepared to endure any extremities rather than prove unfaithful to important principles of truth. Still he was essentially—after the fashion of the British Constitution, in which he gloried—a man of timely compromises and wise adjustments, the advocate of the happy middle in all public action, with an eye ever to possible and practical results. In fact, he was the very man for a bishop, and a bishop after a very real fashion he was. No man among us had probably during his long lifetime such an oversight of our Northern churches—constantly appealed to to heal breaches, to compose discords, to advise on new enterprises, and to add the consecrating word of prayer and exhortation to enterprises crowned with success. His life during his fifty years' ministry at Liverpool was one constant series of public services, not only to the body of which he was such a conspicuous member, but also to the various sections of the Evangelical Nonconformist Church. How he managed to combine with such ceaseless public occupation in all parts of the country a vigilant pastoral oversight of his large congregation, must be a mystery to all who are not acquainted with his industry and method. His plans were admirably arranged to utilize every moment, and his industry rendered it a tolerable certainty that his plans would be carried out. Time for study in any serious sense he had little or none, and he often lamented it. The world of men was the book which he read most diligently, and thoroughly understood. And yet in his earlier years he must have been a close and industrious student, and in a tolerably wide field. To the last he had a keen enjoyment of the pleasures of literature, and he possessed a fine intellectual faculty, which was worthy of more systematic culture than it ever received. But, as we have said already, he was the preacher pure and simple. All other uses of his powers were but as the fringes on the garment of his preacher's life. Thus he lived and wrought during half a century in Liverpool; the best known man in the town, probably, and the most heartily respected, as appeared most conspicuously when his failing powers compelled him to fall back from the front rank, and to seek for his last days a well-earned and honoured repose. In April, 1862, a very splendid casket, enclosing an affectionate and impressive address, was presented to him by his fellow-townsmen, by the hands of the Mayor of Liverpool; while a library and scholarship, to commemorate his name, were attached to the Lancashire Independent College, an institution which he had loved and served with untiring zeal

from the first days of its existence, and in the foundation of which he had taken a leading part. With these public honours his public life may be said to have closed. He resigned the pastorate of Great George Street Chapel, in December, 1861, feeling that even a partial responsibility for the conduct of affairs was too much for his failing powers. But he continued to preach from time to time as his strength allowed; and his last days were gladdened by beholding the continued prosperity of the Church and Congregation to which he had ministered for fifty years, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Enoch Mellor, who had been appointed his successor. His last visits to London were in the year 1862, when he preached at Claylands, Canonbury, and Union Chapels, and, as was remarked by many, with all his old vigour and fervour, and high pleasure in his work. He preached on a very few occasions in the early part of the year 1863; but the malady from which he was suffering increased rapidly, and it became evident that the veteran's battle was fought out, and his life labour done. The outer man was perishing fast, and "groaned, being burdened," with the distress and pain of the last mortal agony which was at hand. He suffered very grievously. The sense of distress was evidently sometimes greater than he knew how to bear. But it was shewn to him that he needed the perfecting touch of patience. The vision of the loving Hand which was busy with this final discipline was never dim. He had been through life a man of eager, ceaseless activity, and of an acutely sensitive temperament. Such men are not often patient sufferers. There was something very touching in the way in which the dying old man roused himself to realize that he had something to learn, and some touch of his dear Master's likeness to gain, even in death. Sad as it is to see a strong man die by inches, a powerful constitution break up with sore pain and travail, and fall piecemeal to wreck, there was a light as of heaven in this man's death-chamber, and the vision of a spirit putting off its last infirmities as it passed under the purifying touch of death. It was not only that his heart was still full of the great themes of his ministry, and that the name of his Master, and the riches of His grace and love were ever on his lips, but there was also a beautiful aiming at patience, an exquisite gentleness, considerateness, and charity, which revealed how purely the flame of the Divine life was burning within. Speech became difficult, but texts and hymns would be heard in murmurs; and oftentimes, when communion with a world outside was feeble and intermittent, it would be seen that the inner world, the heavenly world, held free intercourse with his spirit, and lit his worn and wasted countenance with some foreshining of the aspect which it wears now in heaven. It was on the morning of the 18th of August, as the dawn was breaking, that the last shadows began to fall over a face which grew momentarily more grand and solemn in death; and with the words "I want Christ," "Christ will complete what Christ begins," the brave old captain laid down his armour, and passed forth from our company to join the general assembly and Church of the first-born in the skies."

In conclusion, what a moral grandeur is there about a life such as that which has just been sketched. We are often constrained to sigh over the littlenesses and vanities of man's existence on earth, and the life of the most successful worlding is at best a splendid failure.

"Vain his ambition, pomp, and show,
Vain are the cares that rack his mind,
He heaps up treasures mixed with woe,
He dies and leaves them all behind!"

Not thus vain are the cares, toils, and achievements of the servant of Christ. They result in "a treasure in the heavens, that faileth not." His prayers and alms come up as a memorial before God. His very tears are sacred, for the pearly drops are stored in God's bottle. Not an act of devoted service but is remembered to be graciously rewarded. And the souls that have been won to Christ by the consecrated energies of such a life, shall be

the winner's "joy and crown" in the day of the Lord Jesus. Who does not feel that such a life may well be an object of intensest ambition? Well, every one of us, whether our sphere be in or out of the gospel ministry, may not only aspire to such a life, but actually lead it

"Lives of good men all remind us,
We may make *our* lives sublime."

Raffles' prompt acknowledgment while a toiling servant of Christ on earth, and still more prompt now that he is a glorified saint in heaven was, and is, identical with Paul's, "By the grace of God I am what I am!" That grace is as free for us as it was for a Paul or a Raffles. It proffers us pardon. It proffers us holiness. It proffers us timely help. It proffers us all that we need to purge us from sense and sin, and make us "vessels of honour, sanctified, and meet for the Master's use." Shall we not believingly implore and appropriate grace so adequate and so free? "Who then is willing to consecrate himself this day unto the Lord?"

And if there be grandeur about such a life, still more grandeur surrounds such a death. Heaven's own light gilds and gladdens the last hours of the man who can epitomize his earthly history in the words, "To me to live is Christ and to die is gain." "As the aloe is green and well liking until the last, best summer of its age, and then putteth forth its golden bells to mingle glory with corruption, such is the end of the good man, his death is like the sun at its setting!" "The path of the just is as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day." "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!"

W. F. C.

DR. VAUGHAN'S SPEECHES AT BOSTON.

We are sure that our readers will be glad to read the following full reports of the addresses made by Dr. Vaughan at the American National Council. The first was delivered at the opening, when foreign delegations presented their salutations. We are assured by an ear-witness that it is given *verbatim*.

"My dear and honoured brethren: I have come very far to see you, to look you in the face, to shake you by the hand, and to tell you of the friendly thoughts and of the honest sympathies which are extended toward you by multitudes in the land that I have left. Our Assembly, representing the Congregational churches of England and Wales, appointed my friend Dr. Raleigh and myself as delegates to this body—calling us from our homes and our work solely that we might appear in your midst; and we are here, rejoicing in the thought that in you we see the representatives of nearly 3,000 American Congregational churches; and we feel thankful in being able to assure you that in us you see the representatives of nearly the same number of churches of the same faith and order in the old country. (Applause.) Those churches have deputed us to express to you on this occasion their most cordial greeting. They have laid it upon us to assure you of their sincere sympathy with everything touching your welfare as American Congregationalists, and with everything pertaining to the social and to the religious interests of your great country. I ought to assure you that the members of the Congregational Union of England and Wales are men who always have been, and are now, so far as my knowledge goes, to a man, opposed to the slave system—men who have pronounced it to be an unchristian, unrighteous, and iniquitous system, that should die, that must perish. (Applause.) They did not all of them see, as you may perhaps have been aware, in the earlier stages of your struggle, what policy was the best for your country and for the

slave, but there was no difference in them, arising from one portion being friends of your country, and the other not. No such difference existed. They were all your friends, whether mistaken in judgment or right in judgment; and now, to a man, they receive the issues of your great struggle, looking upon them as having come to pass under the influence of a higher hand than the hand of a man. They congratulate you upon the extinction of that system that brought on the war, and rejoice in the prospect of the better days which they believe to be awaiting humanity here and humanity everywhere, through you. (Applause.)

Mr. Chairman, in brief, there are not upon God's earth—no, not upon God's earth—hearts beating more truly towards this country, more as a brother's heart should beat, than the hearts of the men who constitute the Congregational Union of England and Wales. (Applause.) Being confident of this, I feel it laid upon me truly to say it. And now, sir, when I look upon this vast assembly, and remember what is represented by it, I have some memories rushing upon me—thoughts which I should like to find words to express, but which I am sure I cannot find words to express adequately. I must, however, venture to remind our friends that this Congregationalism, of which we have been hearing so much, is distinctly and emphatically English. (Loud laughter and applause.) I mean what I say. Its revival in the modern Church was left to be brought about by English thought and English piety, after it had been lost to the Church for more than a thousand years. The men who were to discover this were men—a small hand—devoted and brave in their generation. The mediæval Christianity that prevailed in England before the Reformation, as you all know, came from Rome. The Church of England too, as we now have it—good people as there are now in it—is an establishment that may fairly be described as greatly more mediæval than Protestant. And even Presbyterianism is an exotic in England; it did not grow there; it can be hardly be said to have any root there; it has tried to live there, but has found it very hard to do so. (Laughter.) But there was to be a body of men, as I have said, in the time of Elizabeth, and subsequently, separating from the Established Church. The men who became exiles under Queen Mary, and returned under Elizabeth, brought Presbyterians from Frankfort and Geneva, and they tried to give it root in the country; but it could not be made permanent there. But the separatists were men who began to thirst for that larger kind of liberty which our Congregationalism gives the human spirit. That thirst arose within them, they scarcely knew how, but Congregationalism was to them like the waters of Bethlehem to the parched lips of David—they must have it or die. (Applause.) What God did in them as spiritual men, and what circumstances did around them, persecuting them at all points, fitted them for going to the New Testament, and discovering there the very polity which they felt they needed, as the polity of the first churches bearing the apostolic sanction. Now, you know very well, for you have heard it to-day, that a portion of those holy men, worn and wearied by the trials of that country that would not give them liberty, came to this land in search of a home. Not far from this did they put their feet for the first time upon these shores, and here they were, as you know, to create a great future. A portion of these men remained in England, and there they had to make, and did make, a history for themselves,—a history of which we who have descended from them are by no means ashamed. (Applause.) The man does not deserve the name of an Englishman, who is not proud of that period in his nation's history, when the high-souled thought and passion of a great people went forth through the genius of a Cromwell and a Milton. (Loud applause.) We are doing something now in England to bring up these old names, associated with these principles of Congregationalism, and marvellously chagrined are many around us at the thought that we can plead such a noble ancestry; but we mean to hold to it. (Applause.) But, sir, I see in this bit of history, in which we are now both interested, something that presents itself to my imagination like the flow of some ancient river. I see its waters up in some far back territory, divided into two streams, and these two streams widen their way apart, through their separate beds, until, after a long space, they are seen verging toward each other, and finally the waters meet and

are one again; and then roll on with greater force than ever, as if joyous at the meeting. Here are the two streams: your stream of Congregationalism in America, our stream in England; and to-day, sir, the two come together and we are one. (Loud applause.) Will you excuse me if I ask you to give me your hand in token of this union? (The Moderator and the speaker clasped hands amid enthusiastic applause.) This is a happy day to me, sir! May the hand be powerless and fall, come whence it may, that would ever divide men whom God has joined together by a common blood and a common faith! (Applause.) But, my brethren, our Congregationalism is an infant in years compared with what it is to be. It has, beyond all other systems, pronounced upon the grand question of the union of Church and State. The early settlers of this country, indeed, were placed in peculiar circumstances, and if they did not see everything in relation to this principle at once it was sure to be seen; and at this moment I could, were this the place for doing it, direct your attention to what is passing in Europe, which shows that the first order of minds in Europe are beginning to find their way to our principle of English independency, as presenting the grand secret by means of which to put an end to that broil of ages—the mingling of the ecclesiastical with the civil. We have Emperor marshalled against Pope, and Pope against Emperor; we have hierarchies rising against nationalities, and nationalities rising against hierarchies. We have men coming forth not merely from schools of theology, but from the departments of high statesmanship—such men as Guizot and Laboulaye—and affirming, in their own way, that the great principle by which an end is to be put to this protracted strife, is the principle by which men learn to give unto God the things that are God's, while they give unto Cæsar the things that are his. Our friend, Mr. Monod, can tell you a little how French thought is working in this direction; what M. Bersier and M. Pressensé and others, are doing to illuminate the French mind upon this great principle. Then there is M. Vinet, a man who, coming out from an order of things very unlike ours, was brought, by the influence of light, to embrace the principle we hold. The great Cavour learned to take up the maxim, 'A free Church in a free State,' as what the people want. 'Very good as far as it goes,' say some, more enlightened yet. 'Free churches in a free State—that is what we want.' (Applause.) You can never have one church in any State that would not be a favouritism to some and a wrong to others. You must look to a grand tolerance of variety; more or less, if there is to be really a system of liberty for men—and our principles go in that direction. But, sir, I will not detain you longer. I should not have said this much, but that, when a man comes across the Atlantic to speak half an hour, perhaps he may have it. (Laughter, and calls of 'Go on.') But our mission, Mr. Moderator, is to express sympathy with you in your late trial, and in meeting the great social, moral, and religious responsibilities, which devolve upon you now that trial may be said to have passed. It should be remembered that, since your War of Independence, you have not known trouble. Your history through that long interval, until within the last four years, has been one unbroken flow of prosperity, and you must bear with me in saying, that it is not in the power of prosperity alone to secure to nations all the greatness of which nations are capable. With nations as with individuals true greatness is not to be realised without suffering. It comes as by travail. It is not a little edifying to see how discipline of that sort is made to ripen manhood. It is often wonderful to notice the fruit which a good man brings with him out of such experiences—those broader views, that calmer self-possession, that wiser patience and considerateness—in a word, the development of those richer forms of character that could not be realised elsewhere. So I doubt not it will be with you as a people. Misconceptions of all kinds have been abroad concerning you, some in quarters where you may have expected them, others in quarters where you expected better things. You have had to bear that. Malignity in every form and grade has levelled its shafts against you, and that in your hour of trial. That, too, you have had to bear. Even the dastard villainies of assassination have been allowed to have their place in the cup of which you have been made to drink. We feel for you

in all this. But be of good cheer. A dark day has passed over you, but it is that the days to come may be brighter and better. Friends who have not, and could not understand your case, have come to see it as it is. Enemies have predicted a thousand times that, should any such strain come upon your institutions as we have seen come upon them within the last four years, they would be snapped asunder, and proclaim to all men their worthlessness. Well, the strain has come, and these prophets of evil have proved false prophets; your institutions have not broken down,—they are safe, they will be more consolidated than ever. (Loud applause.) Yes, and this has happened in the sight of all the nations; to the free, and the friends of freedom everywhere it has gone as a new song of hope; to the oppressor, and the upholders of oppression everywhere, it has gone as a knell of despair. Democracy, it is seen, can be stable, can be united, can show celerity in action, and concentrated energy, to the last. (Cheers.) And now what remains? Your victories in war have given you a foremost place among the nations in military achievement. Shall not the victories of war be followed by the victories of peace? (Applause.) And let not the social and religious difficulties which now press upon you be taken as a hardship. It is in benevolence that this burden is laid on you. You are to grow strong, and your reputation is to rise higher than ever, by bearing it. The luxurious South has destroyed the Spaniard from the first day of his landing there until now, while the hardy North has invigorated the Anglo-Saxon. Nations are wasted—swept away as worthless, by being allowed to live in ease and indulgence. They are made—made, by being compelled to do, to dare, and to suffer. (Loud cheers.) You have weathered a memorable storm, and the old ship whose decks I have left to visit you has weathered many a storm before you, and I am happy in being able to say that she has never been more seaworthy than now. Half a century ago, that Tory faction, that haughty Church-and-King confederation which provoked you to your War of Independence, ruled over us with an iron hand. But that is of the past. Forty years since we were under the *régime* of the Corporation and Test Acts, which precluded all Englishmen from civil or military offices unless prepared to take the sacrament of the Lord's Supper in the form prescribed by the Church of England. That impious law no longer disgraces our statute-book. In those days Catholics prayed that they might be allowed to send men of their faith to our Lower House, and prayed from year to year apparently in vain. That social wrong is also of the past. At that time our peers, through their power in our small boroughs, could virtually pack our House of Commons, and make that House a Peers' House that should have been the People's House. Our great Reform Bill brought all that to an end. Every statesman now knows that to create the majority in the Lower House rests with the nation, and that where that majority is, there, in effect, is the supreme power everywhere. Our municipal corporations at that time were all close corporations, the Churchmen and Tories who were in always filling up vacancies in their own body. Now, all such functionaries have their office from the suffrage of the citizens and townspeople, the effect of which is, that the municipal power of the nation has passed largely into the hands of members of our free churches, and especially into the hands of Congregationalists. Popular education has made wonderful progress during the last generation. The land is now flooded, almost to a miracle, with cheap and good literature for the people. The effect is that, within my memory, we have come to be quite another people. So different is the condition of popular intelligence that, were we to become a republic to-morrow we should be perfectly safe. What the last half century has been we believe the next will be, and if you don't take care we shall overtake you. In truth, Mr. Moderator, paradoxical as it may sound, old England was never younger than at this day. Why now do I touch on this theme? Is it in boastfulness? God forbid! It is from the goodness of God and not from merit of our own that I am able to speak thus of my country. What I wish you to see is how admirably the two countries are mated, not to become the destroyers of each other, but the liberators and benefactors of mankind. (Applause.) We have a great mission devolved upon us, which, if it should only be given us to

see it, will be found rich in blessing for the world's future. Are our respective peoples capable of rising to this level? Are we capable of subordinating a thousand lesser irritations to this grand idea and purpose? It will be a difficult thing to do, and it will be done only as we feel it to be difficult. The English jack and the stars and stripes are destined to float side by side in every harbour of the world. The products of your country and of ours will compete with each other in the markets of all lands; and we only need look to the history of England and Holland two centuries ago to see how difficult it is for nations so conditioned to be at peace. There will be bad men in your country, who will be for war, and bad men in my country who will take up the same cry, and my last word to you is, let the good men of both nations combine to ensure that we shall be one—one for God, one for humanity." (Loud applause.)

The second address was delivered upon the presentation of the response to the foreign delegates, in which the attitude of the English Congregational Union towards the North was deplored. After Mr. Quint's ebullition and Dr. Thompson's calmer words, Dr. Vaughan rose and said:—

Mr. Moderator,—I think it is in my power to disabuse the mind of the Council in regard to the conduct of the Congregationalists in England. I am one among a small number of men now living who took a conspicuous part in the formation of our national representation in the Congregational Union of England and Wales. We found that undertaking beset with considerable difficulty. Some of our oldest and most influential men stood aloof from it or opposed it. They feared that it might become an organic invasion of the liberty of our Independent churches. Our Presbyterian brethren, too, were not slow in taunting us with having found out the weak side of Independency, with taking a leaf out of their book, and being on the way to them. Well, our Union has survived all that, and its success is a great fact in the history of our denomination. It has given us a place and power in the eyes of our country which Congregationalism has not possessed since the days of the English Commonwealth. It has shown that our institutional independency may be allied with large and potent moral organisations. It has shown that the independence of our separate churches may be safe, while we secure to ourselves all, or nearly all, the advantages to be derived from concentrated action. But, how has this been accomplished? By one course. It has been our usage not to allow questions on which there has existed a strong difference of opinion to come into discussion in our Union. Had we permitted that, and allowed such questions to come up there and to be decided by bare, and it may be, by passionate and boisterous majorities, not a few of our most thoughtful and influential men would have been sure to withdraw from it, and our Union instead of representing our entire body, as it may now be said to do, would, to its great injury, have represented a part only. There are a hundred channels open, through the press or otherwise, where such questions might be discussed to any extent imaginable, but our Union, we have thought, was not the place for them. Now, it is quite as natural that you should not readily understand this state of things in America, as that we in England should fail to understand much in relation to yourselves. Your friends in England, and those of you who have visited us, have had our press open to them, and hundreds of pulpits among us have been at their disposal, and in these circumstances we have thought it best that the action of our Union in your case should be restricted to the expression of sympathy with you in your antagonism to slavery, and that we should not take up the question as to the merits of your civil war. In this, let it be distinctly remembered, we have done by you simply as it has been our manner to do by ourselves—we have done in reference to this one question of yours as we have done in reference to many questions of our own; and I have heard of a precept which requires that we should love our neighbour as ourselves; I am not sure that it can be reasonably expected of us that we should love him better than ourselves. And when you remember how slowly, how reluctantly not a few of you have come to your present point in this question, a little consideration will, I think, suffice to satisfy you that it is not altogether surprising that your brethren

in England did not reach it all at once. And now, Mr. Moderator, for a word in reference to myself. Since I have come into this country I find some sharp criticisms in your public prints on my own antecedents in relation to your affairs. I confess to you frankly that at the commencement of your strife I had the impression, from the nature of the country and from other circumstances, that the conquest of the South would not be found practicable, or that, if conquered, it would be at the cost of so much suffering in the process and in its sequences as to render it morally doubtful whether even the extinction of slavery should be sought at such a sacrifice. If in this I sinned, I sinned in company with a large number of the most enlightened and earnest friends of your country in my own. This, however, you must allow me to say, I have never uttered an opinion concerning your affairs that was not an honest conviction, warranted, as I believed at the time, by the evidence before me. Further, I can say that I have never uttered a sentiment that might be unacceptable to you, that has not been connected with more pain in my mind than it was likely to produce in yours. God knows, my affection for your country has been second only to that which I have felt for my own. I believe I may say, without the fear of contradiction, and without a great deal of vanity, that I have done more in exposition and defence of Congregationalism than any man in England; and, what is more, I showed as much readiness to defend your Congregationalism as my own. Three years ago we were engaged in our Bicentenary commemoration of the noble Nonconformists of 1662. Our Episcopalian friends were much offended by what we did, and went back to our early history, culling everything illustrative of Puritan narrowness and intolerance, and flinging it at us. They did more; they came over to your country, and brought out of the early history of your colonists a garbled mass of things which they held up in the light as specimens of the sort of liberty which was to be expected from Congregationalism. Well, I was able to deal with that matter, and so to deal with it that it was felt that the game in that direction was over. It has been said, indeed, that even so late as at the meeting of our Union in May I did what I could to breast and crush the feeling in your favour. The statement is just the reverse of the truth. My object there was to strengthen the feeling in your favour, not to repress it. Our public prints will show that what I said there was strictly, in its substance, what I have said here. It is from knowing all these facts and more like them that my brethren in England have deemed me a fitting man to send to you with their fraternal greeting. True, I have not been with you as to your war policy, but I have come to see that subject as I did not see it some time since. This change, too, has not come, as one of our number would insinuate, from fear or from selfish considerations. I am no coward—not a bit of it,—nor am I governed by selfish passion; but I will say that I have come to see that the state of society in your Southern provinces was really such that to mend it was not possible. It needed to be taken to pieces and constructed anew. I have come to see, too, that if you could have caused the Southern States to drift away a thousand miles into the Atlantic, it would have been well to let them go, and their pest-house along with them; but as that could not be, the juxtaposition of those States with their slave system by the side of yours must have entailed upon you endless feuds and the most complicated mischief. Providence, I believe, has put you on the right course, and the right thing has been done, and I congratulate you on the result. Why, now, have I gone into these explanations? To gain favour from my accusers? No; I ask not their favour; I do not even ask their justice. But I will own to you that, in looking you thus in the face, and with the feeling that I shall soon pass from your midst and see your faces no more, I am desirous that I may live in your memory with the character of an honest man. (Great applause.)

BEFORE THE LOYALISTS.

BY JAMES WOODROW, ST. JOHN, N. B.

CHAPTER XIII.—GEORGE WHITEFIELD, THE CAPTURE OF LOUISBURG, AND THE EXPULSION OF THE FRENCH ACADIANS.

The restoration of Charles the Second, the Act of Uniformity of 1662, and the latitudinarianism that crept in with the revolution of 1688, almost crushed out the religious life of England. Men "assented and consented" to "everything contained in the Book of Common Prayer;" but they believed it not. The result was infidelity—infidelity with the clergy, infidelity among the people. One writer says that the universities were little less than "learned dens of infidelity and dissipation." But for the Puritans who struggled against ridicule and difficulties, at a great personal disadvantage, England would have become what France did, a nation where religious form was universal, but where religion itself was wanting; and then perhaps England might have had to pass through "a reign of terror" as France had for a time. Two names stand out in bold relief in the early part of the eighteenth century, viz., Isaac Watts and Dr. Doddridge, whose influence was great while they lived, and perhaps will continue for good in the distant future.

Amid the moral and spiritual desolation that reigned in the University of Oxford, there was a little company that had no sympathy with their fellow-students. They met from night to night, the leading spirit among that little band being John Wesley, whose mother was a woman of piety, educated among the Independents. Wesley was one of "the church" as it was called, but was not wholly of it, and he inherited from his parents a mixture of Puritanism and High Churchism. Under Wesley's guidance the little company of whom Whitefield was one, fasted and prayed, observed Saints' days and Fridays, and punished themselves during the season of Lent; but no peace came to their souls. At length they gave up their trust in the forms of religion, and accepted the merits and mercy of Christ. Whitefield and Wesley commenced their ministry in the English Church, and declared, "I assent and consent to everything contained in the Prayer Book," and at the very first opportunity laid it aside, refusing to be governed by either Prayer Book or Bishop, as they had promised; and they travelled hither and thither over the length and breadth of the land, warning their fellow-men, and calling upon them everywhere to repent. Great was the commotion they created, and much trouble did they occasion in the English Church to which they belonged. Multitudes flocked to hear them, and societies sprang up as the result of their labors. Watts and Doddridge, and the other Congregational ministers, for a time encouraged Whitefield, but did not fully join with him in his movements, as he allied himself to the Wesleys and others who everywhere proclaimed that dissenting churches were "companies of banded formalists," and because Whitefield still maintained connection with a church whose doctrines, ceremonies, and discipline, he disregarded. The two Wesleys sailed for America, where they remained a short time, and afterwards Whitefield made a tour to the New World, and in 1739 visited America a second time. In Philadelphia and in Charleston he was denied admission to the pulpits of the Episcopal Church, and in the latter place a writ was served upon him by the Commissary, commanding his appearance in the Parish Church, "concerning the health of his soul, and reformation and correction of his manners and excesses, and chiefly for omitting to use the

forms of prayer prescribed in the Communion Book," which he had solemnly vowed to do. Whitefield appeared, and after the hearing of the case for several days, he appealed to the High Court of Chancery in London, and shortly after left for New England, where he was received cordially by Jonathan Edwards, and many of the Congregational ministers, but strongly opposed by others, especially those who leaned to Arminianism. He again visited the South, and was again summoned before a court for some offence against the English Church, after which he returned to his native land. Sad was his heart when he arrived there. Wesley, who still insisted on being "leader," as he was in the little company at Oxford, and who never forgave Whitefield for refusing to obey his directions, had sounded the alarm against Whitefield as a Calvinist, and by Wesley's direction, the very churches which Whitefield had formed were closed against him. And to make matters worse, Whitefield was in debt, and was personally responsible for his "orphan house." At Bristol, Whitefield had built a school for the children of the colliers, and had given the key to Wesley before he had left for America, and because Wesley refused even to allow him to preach in this school, he clamored against him as cold-hearted and selfish. Wherever Whitefield went to preach, it is related that "his own spiritual children shunned him" or showed opposition. But he was not a man to be kept down, and soon friends gathered round him, and a large temporary shed was built by Calvinistic dissenters, in Moorfields, called "the Tabernacle," where he was greeted with large audiences. Whitefield loved New England, and a few years later made it a lengthy visit. While he was there a great revival was in progress, called the "Great Awakening," during which it is said some 15,000 persons were converted. This "awakening" hastened on in the Congregational body, that celebrated controversy on the question of the new birth, and eventually purged it of those who inclined to Unitarianism. During this revival a preacher named Davenport grew wild and delirious, and so did many of the people, and great extravagances followed, which Whitefield discountenanced. All over the country, churches of "Separatists" were formed, and were known by the name of "New Lights," because of the great excitement into which the people worked themselves, and on account of their convulsions, faintings, and outcries, and a strange singing tone. Davenport, when his enthusiasm cooled off, saw the mischief he had done, retracted his errors, admitted that owing to illness his mind had become bewildered, but the mischief he and others had done could only be partially repaired. Many of the people returned to the Congregational Churches, but the great body of the "New Lights" and their descendants united with the Baptists. (Whitefield died in America at Newbury port, in the year 1770.)

Bancroft says that on the surrender of Acadia to England by the treaty of Utrecht, "the lakes, the rivulets, the granite ledges of Cape Breton, were immediately occupied as a province of France, and in 1714, fugitives from Newfoundland and Acadia built their huts along its coasts wherever safe inlets invited fishermen to spread their flakes, and the soil to plant fields and gardens. In a few years the fortifications of Louisburg began to rise—the key to the St. Lawrence, the bulwark of the French fisheries, and of French commerce in North America. From Cape Breton the dominion of Louis extended up the St. Lawrence to Lake Superior, and from that lake through the whole course of the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico and the Bay of Mobile." The English capital of Acadia or Nova Scotia, was at Port Royal or Annapolis, and the English claimed all the country to the borders of

Maine and Canada; a claim that the French afterwards disputed. At the capital there were some 1200 or 1300 of the French settlers, and considerable numbers in other parts of the Province. They were permitted to remain, on condition that they would take an oath never to bear arms against the British Government, and were not required to fight against France. They were styled French neutrals, and in general, were treated kindly by the British authorities, until the time of their expulsion. A writer says of them:—"No tax gatherer entered their folds, no magistrate dwelt in their hamlets. The parish priest made their records, and regulated the transfers of their property. Their little disputes were settled among themselves; the pastures were covered with flocks and herds, and in many places dykes constructed at great expense, shut out the rivers and the tide from alluvial marshes. They had all things in common. Poverty was unknown, virtue had absolute sway," and they were permitted, without hindrance, the exercise of the Roman Catholic religion. The greater part of them at first refused to take the oath, but in 1725 the greater part of them were induced to take "the oath of fidelity." The French settlers lived in very friendly terms with the Indians, the Richibuctos, the Micmacs, the Canoemen and the Penobscots, whom they persuaded to embrace Catholicism. The Micmacs and the Richibuctos, who were savage and ferocious, committed great outrages on the solitary and peaceable English settlers, and treated with great inhumanity the Massachusetts fishermen. In 1723, the Richibuctos, Micmacs, and Penobscots, commenced a general war on the English, and no settler could feel secure from the tomahawk and the scalping knife. *Dreadful tales were related of the red man's doings, and it was at length ascertained that in almost all the Indian expeditions there were French officers from Cape Breton, and in some instances assistance and information had been given by the "French neutrals."* France had not been sincere in the treaty of Utrecht, and a hope was indulged that Acadia might be recovered. Massachusetts rendered every assistance possible, and many were the expeditions fitted out. The New Englanders were engaged in a great struggle with the British crown for their own civil and religious liberties, but at the same time joined heartily in every attempt that was made to drive the French from Canada and Acadia. It is said they were actuated by three leading motives in the long struggle against France:—The glory of England, and the humbling of England's powerful enemy, France; the rescuing of such a large territory from the Roman Catholic religion; and the possession of the fisheries, so highly prized by France. In the war with the Indians, there are accounts given of engagements in some of which the Indians were worsted, and in others the English and New Englanders; and in 1726 a peace was concluded between the Hon. Mr. Dummer, Lieutenant Governor of Massachusetts, Hon. John Wentworth, Governor of New Hampshire, and Major Mascarene and Major Parr, of Nova Scotia, of the one part, and Wenemovet, Chief Sachem and Sagamore of the Penobscots; but the peace was of short duration. The Indians soon recommenced their depredations, encouraged by the French. Repeated complaints were made to the Governor of Louisburg, who answered that his jurisdiction did not extend over the Indians, and that their French allies were beyond his control, being as they were the "neutrals" of Nova Scotia. Year after year did the depredations continue, and Governor Shirley of Massachusetts proposed to the military authorities of England, the capture of Louisburg itself, without which there could be no safety to Nova Scotia. The English authorities pronounced the place impregnable, but Governor Shirley was

sanguine of success, and urged upon Massachusetts the necessity of action. Massachusetts was then in the midst of the "Great Awakening." Whitefield was there, and multitudes of the descendants of the Puritans, listened with eagerness to his appeals. Colonel Pepperell, a devoted friend and admirer of Whitefield, was chosen to lead the expedition against Louisburg; and a Mr. Sherbourne, another friend of Whitefield, and at whose house Whitefield often lodged, was chosen Commissary. The great preacher threw his whole energy into the expedition, and gave it a flag, with this motto, "*Nil desperandum, Christo duce,*" "Fear nothing while Christ is leader." The eloquence and enthusiasm of Whitefield stirred up the enthusiasm of the people, so that there was no difficulty in getting volunteers. They asked him to be their chaplain, but he declined on the ground that he had a greater field of usefulness. He preached to them before their departure, and off they went in good spirits. In six weeks he preached a thanksgiving sermon for the fall of the great stronghold, "the Gibraltar of America," the news of which fell like a thunderbolt on astonished France, and surprised the military men of England and Europe, that a small force of New England Puritans, and these the subjects of a religious revival, should accomplish without the aid requested, that which the most able warriors had declared was scarcely possible to be done by any force. The walls of Louisburg were 40 feet thick at the base, 20 to 30 feet high, surrounded by a ditch 80 feet wide, and guarded by 1,600 veteran soldiers, who were furnished with 101 cannon, 76 swivels, and six mortars, and the harbor defended by an island battery of thirty-two pounders, and by the royal battery on shore, having 30 large cannon and a moat; the arrangements so perfect that it was thought 200 men could have held at bay 5,000. On the fall of Louisburg, the Canadians in alarm appealed to France, and a great fleet was sent out to recapture the stronghold, but met with disaster. In 1748, by the treaty of Aix la Chapelle, Louisburg and the whole of Cape Breton was restored by England to France.

In 1749, a considerable settlement was made by the English at Chebucto, under the patronage of Lord Halifax, by some three or four thousand adventurers, most of whom had been disbanded officers and soldiers. The Indians endeavored to hinder the settlement, but it went forward, and the seat of Government was removed from Annapolis. Before the approach of winter 300 comfortable houses were built, surrounded by strong palisades. Chebucto (or Halifax) was defended by two regiments of infantry from Annapolis, and a company of Rangers from Cape Breton, all of which were under the command of Colonel Cornwallis. The Governor of Nova Scotia appointed a council consisting of the following persons, viz., Paul Mascarene, Edward Howe, John Goreham, Benjamin Green, John Salisbury, and Hugh Davidson. The Indians watched their opportunities, prowling in the woods round Chebucto, murdering many in cold blood, firing houses in the outskirts of the settlements, and sending prisoners to Cape Breton, where they were sold to the French. About this time a dispute arose between France and England in relation to the boundary, the English claiming all the territory within the ancient limits of Acadia, while the French claimed that all the country from Quebec to the isthmus belonged to New France, and fixed the boundary at a small river called the Missiguash. While a conference was deciding upon the boundary, the Governor of Canada detached M. Le Corne of Laloutre, to fortify a port on the Chigucto, and M. le Corne endeavored to persuade as many as possible of the French neutrals to settle on the French side, in which he was only partially successful. In 1750, Governor Cornwallis despatched Maj. Lawrence

to Cumberland, to dislodge Le Corne; but he failed. A second expedition was subsequently sent, but all that Major Lawrence could do, although he had several engagements with the French and Indians, was to build a fort in the vicinity, which was called Fort Lawrence; by which he held the French in check. In the meantime the Indians, supplied with canoes and ammunition by the French neutrals, destroyed the village of Dartmouth, near Halifax, and scalped a number of the English people. The French also built a fort at the mouth of the St. John River, and employed the Indians to murder and harass the settlers in Maine. At length the Assembly of Massachusetts passed an act prohibiting all correspondence with the French at Louisburg, and early in the spring of 1755, they sent a body of Massachusetts troops under the command of Colonel Monkton, who soon captured Forts Beau Sejour, Point de Boet, and Baie-Verte. A Massachusetts expedition had been despatched to the mouth of the St. John, under Captain Rous, on seeing which the French destroyed the fort there, spiked the cannon, removed their light stores up the river, where works had been erected in a thick wood in order to have the assistance of the Indians, who would only fight under cover. After this they retreated to St. Anns (now Fredericton) and subsequently burnt the village there, and moved to Quebec. The fort at St John was rebuilt, named Fort Frederick, and garrisoned by the British till 1770. The whole of Acadia in this manner again came under the control of Great Britain, but French intrigues continued. When Lunenburg was settled by some 1500 Germans, they were set upon by the Indians, who as in former cases were supplied with arms by the French neutrals, who became nearly all drawn into the French schemes. Major Lawrence, who had now become Governor, ordered the whole French population to take the oath of allegiance or leave the country. A great many would have done so, but the priests counselled them to disobey. When the time expired which had been given them, the Acadians were assembled in their churches in the respective settlements, to hear their doom. They were ordered to leave the country. Their whole stock was confiscated, but they were allowed to take with them their money and their movables. They were sent (says Haliburton) to the number of 7,000 in small parties to various portions of the British dominions. In the district of Minas alone, 255 houses and one church were set on fire and destroyed. 1,000 of the Acadians were distributed in Massachusetts and over 400 in Pennsylvania, and in the latter province some of them were sold with their own consent. Longfellow, in his "Evangeline," mourns over the fate of those who were expatriated from the district of Minas:—

"In the Acadian land, on the shores of the basin of Minas,
 Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand Pre
 Lay in the fruitful valley. * * * *
 Dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers.
 Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows;
 There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.
 Pleasantly rose the sun on the village of Grand Pre,
 Pleasantly gleamed the soft sweet air on the Basin of Minas,
 Where the ships with their wavering shadows were riding at anchor.
 * * * * And lo! with a sonorous summons
 Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum beat;
 Thronged ere long was the church with men, without in the churchyard
 Wailed the women, * * *. And slowly the ponderous portal
 Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers.
 Then arose the commander, and spoke from the steps of the altar,
 Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission,
 "You are convened this day," he said, "by His Majesty's orders:

Clement and kind has he been ; but how you have answered his kindness,
 Let your own hearts reply ! To my natural make and my temper
 Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous ;
 Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch,
 Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds
 Forfeited be to the crown, and that you yourselves from this province
 Be transported to other lands—God grant you may dwell there
 Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people—
 Prisoners now I declare you ; for such is His Majesty's pleasure.
 Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose
 Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger.

* * * Disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embarking,
 Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw their children
 Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest entreaties.
 Columns of shining smoke arose, and flashes of flame there were ;
 Then as the winds seized the gleeds, and the burning thatch, and uplifting,
 Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred housetops
 Started the sheeted smoke, with flakes of flame intermingled :—
 These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore and on shipboard,
 Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their anguish,
 " We shall behold no more our houses in the village of Grand Pre."
 Far asunder on separate coasts the Acadians landed ;
 Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city to city.
 From the cold lakes of the north to sultry southern savannas,
 Friends they sought and homes ; and many despairing, heart-broken,
 Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend or a fireside."

Years afterwards they were permitted to return, and many of them did so, and their descendants are now numerous in these lower provinces. England and France were at war during the eight years that followed the expulsion, but the French arms were not very successful. It was found impossible to carry on any trade at Halifax while the French had possession of Louisburg, and in 1758 an expedition was sent against it from Halifax, commanded by Major General Amherst, General Wolfe, and Admiral Boscawen, and after a siege of 20 days the garrison capitulated. The victors found 221 pieces of cannon. The merchants and inhabitants were sent to France, and the prisoners (of whom there were 5,637) were sent to England. St. John's Island (now Prince Edward) from whence the Indians were in the habit of making irruptions, was also captured soon after, and so well did the British conduct the war, that in 1763 Canada was ceded to Great Britain. The Indians made peace with the British authorities in 1758, after which they gave trouble only on a few occasions.

Trans-Atlantic Retrospect.

This department has been unoccupied in our last two issues ; partly be cause of the quantity of other matter supplied ; and partly from the paucity of news at this season of the year. The same reasons are still in force.

We may notice, however, that the *English Elections* have resulted favourably to Nonconformity, some thirty-five Dissenters having been returned, among whom is Mr. Samuel Morley, a host in himself, and a large addition being made to the ranks of the Liberal Churchmen. The prospect is improved for justice being done on such questions as Church-Rates, University Tests, Endowed Grammar Schools, Parish Burial Grounds, &c. Besides

these direct issues between Churchmen and Dissenters, there are matters constantly arising on which such testimony is needed as our representatives can give.

DR. COLENZO has received over £3,000 from his English admirers, and returns at once to Natal, to test the submission of his clergy and their flocks.

THE REGIUM DONUM.—Some healthier words have been spoken on this subject in the late assembly of the Irish Presbyterian Church. The Belfast merchants—large-hearted, liberal men, doubtless—don't like this constant "asking for more."

REV. CALEB MORRIS, once of London, died recently in a quiet retreat in Wales, where he had hidden himself, an invalid, for some years past.

Correspondence.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDITORIAL ARRANGEMENTS.—Rev. T. M. Reikie, whose health, though improved, is not fully restored, has requested a longer relief from editorial duty. Communications for the October number should therefore be addressed to Toronto.

UNION MEETING AT CHEBOGUE.—We fully expected to have received ere now, a report of the late Meeting of the Congregational Union of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, held on the 21st July. We hope it will not fail for next month.

SCHOOL QUESTION IN LOWER CANADA.—We received, too late for insertion in our last, a letter on this subject, from Principal Graham of St. Francis College, to Hon. George Brown. As there are many demands on our space, we are still obliged to defer it.

LETTER FROM REV. J. L. POORE.

HALIFAX, Nova Scotia, August 2nd, 1865.

My Dear Sir,—My journey in these British North American Provinces has drawn to a close, and my face is toward the east. I am at the port of embarkation, ready to depart on the morrow; and now having no more place in these parts, or work calling to be done, I propose to tell you the way that I have gone, and some of the results arrived at by my visits and enquiries. I have travelled about 3,000 miles through these wide and productive regions. I have visited 31 churches and held 52 public services, besides many meetings with committees, conferences with deacons, and anxious deliberations with ministers and others who seek the peace and the increase of our churches.

Wherever I have gone, I have received kindly treatment and hospitable entertainment, and have been helped on my way after a godly sort. In all our journeyings, Dr. Smith and myself have been preserved from accidents and sustained in strength. All has been accomplished that was hoped for—the appointments made for us have been kept—some extra work has been done, and we have come hither to the day named before we left England, and are grateful to the Hand that has led us through! Were Dr. Smith and myself both to present reports, probably they would differ much, because of the different spheres visited, and the different objects contemplated; as you have said, the one going with a *kinsman's greeting*, the other having business to transact and failures to detect, as well as loving feelings to cherish and utter. I found the *ministers*, in general, *able men*, and in more comfortable circumstances, than I expected, indeed better off, *apparently*, than many of those who in England help to provide the funds. The chapels are neat, adapted and well kept; but there seemed to be a want of vigorous life in the churches and the absence of aggressive effort. The chief characteristics of some places is feebleness, which has continued so long that the people are contented to be feeble. The *church funds* as a rule are not well maintained, yet I could not regard this as the result of inability—the plea of poverty urged by some on behalf of such churches, is disproved by many outward signs. A long habit of reliance—help taken for the support of gospel ordinances as a matter of course, and to be continued, has rendered some churches seemingly unable to exert themselves, and forgetful of the duty of those who are taught to communicate, *i.e.*, impart to him who teacheth in all good things.

I found some things wanting to be set in order. In many places the *buildings* though neat and good, need *paint*, alike to preserve and to adorn. The *land* remains unenclosed, and the house seems to lie waste. It costs but little to fence and to *plant* around a country church, but the fir tree and the pine, the maple, and the birch greatly beautify the place of God's sanctuary. I was pained to notice the want of *sheds* for horses. I could not worship God in comfort—I should be distracted and distressed in thought, if my horse was exposed to storm and heat. "The righteous man regardeth the life of his beast."

The want of missionary spirit, the contentedness of Congregationalists to be regarded as a *sect*, instead of representing the free, spiritual and aggressive life of the church, caused many pangs of regret. In some places we are weaker now than we were 20 years ago—not relatively only, but in fact; the work we have neglected to do, others have performed, and whereas I have been told, in some towns we are weak because other protestant communities are strong, I found in one such town of nearly 3000 inhabitants, one church would contain all who worship in public on Sabbath evenings—proving the need and scope for evangelistic agencies. The statement made by the Treasurer of the Colonial Missionary Society, that some of the churches have sunk into the condition of *annuitants*, which at the Annual Meeting of the British North American Mission in Toronto, awakened such strong expressions of dissent, I find to have been *fully justified*, and the surmises of neglect and selfish ease have been verified. The time had come for a change of policy, and pecuniary grants to some stations, which though long years have proved fruitless, should speedily cease.

I stated at Toronto, that the aim and controlling principle of the Colonial Missionary Society, in carrying on its operations in the British Provinces, was to originate, and not, in permanence, to sustain the Congregational

ministry or churches. This produced feelings and utterances of antagonism, but whilst the reason of the case suggests that such must be its design, I may adduce an unlooked for proof. In a remote station—*Keswick Ridge*, New Brunswick, I found a copy of the report of the Colonial Missionary Society for 1841-2, bearing abundant evidence that its writer was the sagacious, far reaching, and tenderly wise, Algernon Wells. Speaking of Canada, he says, "It is the intention of our brethren, and their churches organised for missionary movements, to sustain, in the stations they may go forth to occupy, the young brethren educated in the Toronto Academy. This is the right spirit and the right course. In this way, by counsels and efforts of their own, the Canadian churches will advance in efficiency, prosperity and independency. They will much better conduct such operations within their own borders, than any distant committee in London could." "All that has been accomplished hitherto, is strictly in the way of laying foundations. On what has been done, permanent interests will be built up. From these commencements progress will begin and go on. All the churches you are assisting, you only assist. They already all help themselves, and it is expected that they will all in time support themselves. *On that understanding alone, distinctly stated, do you assist them at all. Thus you are working safely and surely, and with hope that those whom now you help, will ere long help you, not only in spreading your principles in the British Colonies, but in the great Catholic enterprise of spreading Christ's holy truth throughout the world.*" In these extracts all that I have sought to carry into effect, is declared to be the principle and aim of the Society. I blame not the churches aided from our funds, if that principle and aim have been allowed to drop out of sight. In faithful efforts to realise these early hopes and purposes will be found our strength, and the churches that most zealously strive to illustrate our independence, and to vindicate the sufficiency and power of our church life, will most deserve sympathy and help.

With all the strictures I have felt compelled to make, I am persuaded that there is life in our churches, and that most of them are capable of and may be led to aspire to better things. In what I have said, I condemn not the missionary pastors now doing service in churches that have long been helped—they have come into an inheritance perhaps of selfishness and sloth, they culture, perhaps, inherent weakness and ungenial soils. I feel deeply for some of them, and if after long patience the crop reaped is scanty and but ill repays their honest toil, I pray, God comfort them. I fear my faith and patience would fail. "Their work is with the Lord." Although this has been the most trying duty on which I have ever been sent—feeling myself to stand very much alone, having to change a system and policy that had rooted itself into the habits and feelings of many worthy men, who therefore opposed me and the needful change, yet I am thankful that I have seen the country, the churches and the brethren. I trust none will account me their enemy because I tell unwelcome truths and initiate an undesired change. If my brethren in the ministry and faithful men in other walks of life, will earnestly co-operate in our endeavours, I am content to wait *seven years* for my justification, and then it will be seen that in compelling to more of self-help, I am the true friend of Independency and of the churches in British North America.

With great esteem, I am, dear Mr. Editor, yours cordially,

J. L. POORE.

REV. R. HAY'S RESIGNATION WITHDRAWN.

DEAR BROTHER,—In your last number appeared a notice from Rev. R. Hay, announcing his resignation of the pastorate of the Pine Grove and Thistleton churches. It will be cheering to many of the ministerial as well as other brethren to know that that resignation has been withdrawn.

The following circumstances led to the resignation and to its withdrawal: "A desire on the part of Mr. Hay for more extended usefulness, which did not present itself in his present field, for want of a new church, &c.; also, his income not being adequate to increasing necessities, while he felt, that in the circumstances, he could not ask more."

When the announcement of his purpose was made to the Church, the whole congregation, as well as many in the community, were exceedingly sorry at his intended removal.

A committee from the two churches was appointed, to visit the Local Missionary Committee, and advise with them, what they should do in the circumstances. The Missionary Committee at once advised them to retain Mr. Hay if possible. To accomplish this, a deputation, at their request, was appointed to meet them and Mr. Hay, and hold a friendly council together. The deputation met according to appointment, and after freely reviewing and discussing the whole question, the Church promised to build a new church edifice next summer, in a more suitable and convenient place than the present one; to make an addition to the pastor's salary; and, at the request of one of the members, to open a promising station at Klineburg, a village a few miles distant; thereby removing the causes which led to Mr. Hay's resignation, and making him feel, and the church too, that his Master had more work for him to do there. May he long remain, seeing the work of the Lord prosper in his hand!

J. U.

Georgetown, August 19, 1865.

Official.

CENTRAL ASSOCIATION MEETING.

The Central Congregational Association will hold (D. V.) its next annual meeting in Zion Church, Bay-street, Toronto, on Wednesday, 4th October, 1865, at 2 o'clock p.m., when Essays, according to appointment, will be read by the following brethren:

Rev. W. H. Allworth—"Why is it, that so many of the children of believing parents do not in early life give themselves to the Saviour?"

Rev. W. F. Clarke—"Pastoral Visitation."

Sermon in the evening at half-past 7, by Rev. R. Hay, primary, Rev. C. Duff, alternate.

We trust that the Churches will bear in mind the meeting, and not fail to be present by delegation.

The Ministerial Session will be held on Tuesday, the 3rd October, 1865, at 2 p.m., when the following Essay will be read:

"Ministerial Visitation," by Rev. W. H. Allworth. After which,

A written Sermon, by the Rev. C. Duff.

On Wednesday, the 4th, the ministers will meet again at 9 a.m., when a "Review" will be read by Rev. T. S. Ellerby.

The business of the "Review Club" will then be considered.

J. UNSWORTH, *Sec.*

Georgetown, August 19, 1865.

WESTERN ASSOCIATION.

The next meeting of this Association will be held (D. V.) at Southwold, commencing at 7½ p.m., on Tuesday, 10th October, when the Secretary, or Rev. William Clarke, alternate, will preach the Annual Sermon.

At the private sessions of the following day, the following exercises will be called for, viz.: an *Exposition* by Rev. J. Durrant; a *Sermon* by the Secretary; *Plans* of sermons by Revs. B. W. Day and S. Snider; *Review* by Rev. W. Clarke; *Essay* by Rev. A. McGill. Each member to furnish a *Plan* of a sermon on 2 Cor. iii. 18.

EDWARD EBBS, *Secretary.*

CONGREGATIONAL COLLEGE OF B. N. A.—SESSION 1865-'66.

FACULTY OF THEOLOGY.

1.—The next Session will commence on Wednesday, October 11th. A public service will be held in Zion Church, Montreal, at which the Rev. E. J. Sherrill, of Eaton, will deliver the annual opening address to the students.

2.—The Report for 1864-'65 will, it is anticipated, be published and distributed during the ensuing month. The Secretary regrets the delay that has occurred in this matter, but it has arisen from circumstances beyond his control.

3.—The attention of Pastors, Office-bearers and Churches is respectfully called to the observance of the day of *Special Prayer*, and also of *Collections* for the College, in accordance with the request and recommendation of the Corporation. It is of great importance that the latter be made and forwarded, as soon as possible, to the Treasurer, Mr. T. M. Taylor, by whom they will be duly acknowledged.

GEORGE CORNISH, M.A.,
Secretary.

Montreal, August 25, 1865.

News of the Churches.

ORDINATION AT LANARK.

On Wednesday, the 2nd August, Mr. James Douglas, one of the alumni of the Congregational College of British North America, was, at Middleville, ordained to the ministry and pastorate of the 1st Congregational Church, Lanark.

The introductory services were conducted by Rev. P. Shanks, of Lanark Village. After these, no provision having been made for a preparatory discourse, Rev. Dr. Wilkes, of Montreal, gave a brief extemporaneous exposition of Con-

gregational principles. Questions on the usual subjects having been put by Rev. P. Shanks and answered by the candidate, he was solemnly set apart to the ministry and pastorate by prayer, offered by Dr. Wilkes, and the imposition of the hands of the ministers taking part in the services; Rev. Dr. Wilkes subsequently giving to Mr. Douglas the right hand of fellowship, and addressing him on the duties of his office from Micah iii. 8: "But truly I am full of power by the spirit of the Lord, and of judgment, and of might." As it is hoped that the address will, at a future time, be published in the *Independent*, nothing more need now be said of it than that it was distinguished for clearness, good feeling and great practical wisdom. The exercises named, with praise at intervals occupied the forenoon service.

In that of the afternoon, Rev. A. McGregor, of Brockville, addressed the people from Isaiah ix. 1: "Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." The preacher, after referring to the past happy experience of the church, remarked how becoming it was to give heed, 1. To the charge here given "Arise, shine;" 2. To the reasons whereby it is enforced, "For thy Light," &c. Under the first head, various states into which the church might fall and from which it was to be called to arise, were described; it was not merely to arise, but also to shine, hearing and doing must accompany each other; of doing, duties to the pastor were an important part. Under the second head, in which Jesus Christ was spoken of as the "Light" of the text, and the glories of the dispensation of grace were regarded as "The Glory of the Lord" here mentioned, of which glories the Shekinah under the former dispensation was typical, the exhortations of the text were suitably enforced. The discourse was earnest, affectionate and appropriate to the circumstances of the congregation. Its utterance having been followed by prayer and praise, the newly ordained pastor closed the services of the day by pronouncing the benediction.

Though the day was excessively warm, and many of the people had come from considerable distances, good attention was given to all the services; deep feeling being at various times manifested.

May our brother be abundantly blessed in the interesting field which he occupies!

P. S.

PARIS, C. W.—The Rev. E. Ebbs preached his farewell sermon to the Congregational Church in Paris, on Sabbath 27th ult. We are pleased to copy the following item in connection with his removal:

"Miss Ebbs was presented on Wednesday last with a gold watch and chain, and a purse containing the sum of sixty dollars, as an acknowledgment of her kindness in presiding at the organ of the Church of which her father is pastor, for the last three years."

In seasons of trial and perplexity we have been tempted to think that if we had only lived in the old dispensation, an angel would have visited us with a message, or a vision have guided our indecision. But we have not availed ourselves as fully as is our privilege of the presence of the Angel of the Covenant in the personal humanity of Jesus, who went before us through all the stages of trial and sorrow. In such seasons we are required to take but one step at a time, looking up all the way.

Poetry.

A MOTHER'S MOAN.

BY MATTHIAS BARR.

She wrestled in the darkness with her grief—
 That Mother wild. The night came down in tears;
 And in the heavens God's worlds had lit their fires
 To guide the aching spirits darkling here
 To brighter homes. The bitter winds moaned by;
 And round and round her surged the Sea of Life,
 And smiting with its waves the Mother's heart;
 For never more to her its voice should come
 With the old throb of Music, nor its face
 Glow with the light of Love. Her soul went out,
 Like the ark-dove, across its troubled waste
 Long years ago, and had not found a place
 Whereon to rest its weary wings, nor would,
 'Till God should put His hand forth and take in
 The restless flutterer. Her Rose of Life
 Had withered in the blast of Death, and drooped
 And shrunk away till never more again
 The Sun of joy should reach it at its core.
 Earth's glory had departed from her sight,
 As when upon a June day Sun and Moon
 Form an Eclipse, and all is sudden night.
 Her Life went crying in the dark; for she
 Could not forget the splendour she had known—
 The angel-dove that fluttered to her lap,
 Cooing to her the lessons taught in heaven,
 And lifting up the Mother's lowly heart
 Above all thought; and sunning into flower
 The seeds that lay forgotten in the dark,
 'Till all ablow they caught the trembling dews,
 And sent their fragrance streaming up on high.
 What radiance sat upon the hills and woods
 When God dropped down that little life for her,
 Like manna in her wilderness of pain!
 The rivers laughed their sweetest laugh for her.
 The purple clouds of eve and morn were waves
 That floated from the far unknown her joy,
 Freighted with such a store of Heaven, as made
 Her rich above all kingdoms and all things.
 Upon Life's topmost branch she built her nest,
 And lined it with warm thoughts and gentle deeds,
 And spread her wings and sang her song of Hope.
 But there be Spirits lent us here awhile,
 That come like glints of sunshine, and light up
 Our Night a moment, and then straightway die
 Upon the edge of Heaven they scarce have left;
 Leaving a trail of glory, to point out
 The way they went—the way for us to follow.
 So she was all too bright—that Mother's Bird—
 For this December world of ours—too pure.
 Her blood froze up within her violet veins,
 In spite of the great sun of curls that shone
 Upon her blessed head. One golden morn

The Mother's lap was empty: the young life
 Had floated back upon the purple clouds
 Towards the far Unknown. The mother saw
 A ray of light shoot upwards to the sky,
 And bowed her head, and cried, "God's will be done."
 She wrestled in the darkness with her grief—
 That mother wild; and from her heart went up
 Thro' the long night this sad and bitter wail.

BEING WITH CHRIST.

Dr. Bashnell, in one of his sermons, after sketching with a vigorous pen the services of the upper world, turns to a class of Christians by no means small, and presents to them the very truths which they need to hear:

After having sunned ourselves, my friends, in this bright picture above, some of you, it may be, will now return to the earth, with a feeling more wearied and worn by duty than ever. This everlasting and compunctious study of duty, of duty to children, husband or wife, duty to poor neighbors, and bad neighbors, and impenitent neighbours, duty to Sunday-schools, duty to home missions and missionaries, duty to heathens and savages, duty to contrabands and wounded soldiers, and wooden legs in the street, and limping beggars at the door, duty to everybody, everywhere, every day; it keeps you questioning all the while, rasping in a torment of debates and compunctions, till you almost groan for weariness. It is as if your life itself were slavery. And then you say with a sigh, "Oh, if I had nothing to do but just to be with Christ personally, and have my duty solely with him, how sweet and blessed and secret, and free would it be.

Well, you may have it so; exactly this you may do and nothing more! Sad mistake that you should ever have thought otherwise! what a loss of privilege has it been! Come back then to Christ, retire into the secret place of his love, and have your whole duty personally as with him. Only then you will make this very welcome discovery, that you are personally given up to Christ's person, you are going where he goes, helping what he does, keeping ever dear, bright company with him, in all his motions of good and sympathy refusing even to let him suffer without suffering with him. And so you will do a great many more duties than you even think of now; only they will all be sweet, and easy, and free, even as your love is. You will stoop low, and bear the load of many, and be the servant of all, but it will be a secret joy that you have with your Master personally. You will not be digging out points of conscience, and debating what your duty is to this or that, or him or her, or here or yonder; indeed you will not think that you are doing much for Christ anyway—not half enough—and yet he will be saying to you every hour in sweetest approbation, "Ye did it unto me."

A SHORT WAY WITH CONVENTS.

If the practice of confession is simple and easy for monks, it is quite a different thing for nuns. It is an affair which absorbs them day and night, incessantly occupies their thoughts, and supplies inexhaustible employment for every leisure hour. Little by little it becomes for them the *sine quâ non* of their existence, an occult science which is acquired in the silence of the cloister both by personal experience and mutual instruction. Suppose a council of the Church to suppress the supreme delights of the confessional in women's convents, the State need trouble itself no further about further laws against monachism. Women's convents, at least, would close of themselves before many weeks were over. Before entering San Gregoria Armeno, as a novice, Enrichetta had seen the confessionals there. They were little cabinets carefully latticed and grated on all sides, with a camp-stool in the middle. She enquired why the nuns made their confessions seated, contrary to the universal custom. The reply was, that it was impossible

to remain kneeling for three or four hours, and that penitents only knelt at the moment when absolution was given. "What!" she exclaimed in astonishment, "Does it take two or three hours to tell your confessor you have neither been willing nor able to sin during a few days of cloistered life! What, then, are poor worldlings to do, who are much more exposed to temptation than you are? Are labourers to desert the fields, and shopkeepers to close their shops, in order to spend half a-day on their knees in a confessional?"—*Dickens's "All the Year Round."*

A LAWYER ON PREACHING.

I have been a listener to sermons for fifty years, and either I have changed or there has been a great change for the worse in the delivery of the Gospel mes- sage. There is less earnestness, less directness, less logical power, and less study than there was thirty years ago; and as a necessary consequence, the general style has become diffuse, if not superficial, and the result less efficient. If I am right in this, we have an important fact to be dealt with, and it ought to be removed, greatly modified, and that immediately.

What is the remedy? Let the ministers of the gospel review their past history and return, as soon as it is possible, to the good old paths of their fathers, and preach the Bible in all its simplicity and grandeur.

No pulpit orator can hope to orator much into his audience unless he follows his text closely, and he must advance nothing that does not tend directly to illustrate his main proposition; and, when his argument is finished, he should not spend half an hour, more or less, in restating his propositions.

Many ministers deliver finely written and even classical sermons, on very solemn subjects, but they are essays merely; and their effect is to lower the standard of Christian character and the dignity and glory of the ministry.

Let no one think I am disparaging the ministers of salvation; far from it. During the time I have mentioned, the Bar has also greatly changed. The eloquence and much of its glory has passed away, but the Bar has, in change, become eminently practical and business-like; its success is much greater than it ever was in the higher courts. In fact, the Bar has become the theatre of pure intellectual power.—*N. Y. Observer.*

THE LATE REV. JOHN ANGELL JAMES, OF BIRMINGHAM.

The Rev. Dr. Miller, Rector of Birmingham, thus writes of the late Rev. John Angell James:—He had no academic distinction; he was pre-eminently a man of self-culture. Few points in his character were more instructive than this. Had he been an idler he would have lived and died comparatively useless. He was not a genius—not a man of the highest order of intellect—not a profound reasoner—not a poet with luxurious fancy; but to the utmost he cultivated his natural powers, and became a preacher largely blessed of God to the salvation of men, a prolific and widely-read writer, and a first-rate public speaker. He was greater as a public speaker than as a preacher or a writer. His life was a lesson to young men to snatch the moments of leisure and turn them to account. Further on in the lecture it is stated that John Angell James, did not burn "midnight oil" or get up at dawn to work or study; but, by being careful of the ordinary hours of the day, he got through an astonishing amount of work. His jubilee at Birmingham, after he had worked as minister of Carr's-lane Chapel for 50 years, is referred to, and then it is said that two of the most exemplary excellences of his character were his catholicity and his charity. He was a thorough-going Dissenter; but for a great part of his life he sought the fellowship of congenial minds amongst the clergy of the Establishment, who he himself said, were his true brethren. Dr. Miller then expresses his conviction that John Angell James, though no episcopal hands were laid on him, had a call from God to the ministry, and that he belonged to no sect, but to the universal Church of Christ; and, in

conclusion, he says, after referring to several other matters, that it is idle to shut our eyes to the fact that the questions are now agitating the religious public mind of England, on which issue will be joined, and Churchmen and Dissenters will be arrayed against each other. Within the pale of the Church of England extremes are meeting. Extreme High Churchmen are longing for to be freed from Erastian bonds. Broad Churchmen are longing for deliverance from subscriptions and tests, if not from creeds. For the Evangelicals he will not presume to answer, save for one only, who has not a moment's hesitation is affirming that if we are to face the alternative of denationalising the Church of England or nationalising her by the comprehensiveness which shall include half the heresies under Heaven, he would prefer the exclusiveness of truth to a comprehensiveness comprehending truth only by accident and side by side with deadly errors. If John Angell James was yet with us to take part in coming struggles, he would do so not with the one-sidedness of a blind or purblind bigot, nor with the fierceness of an un-sanctified zealot, nor with a thirst for internecine strife, but remembering, what never more needed to be remembered than in such conflicts, that "the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God."

ARE MINISTERS HIRELINGS?

'Are you the man we have hired to preach for us?'

'No sir, I am not.'

'I beg pardon; are you not the minister?'

'Yes sir, I am pastor of the church here; but do you really think I have been hired to preach for you?'

'Why yes, sir; I was at the meeting when the vote was taken to raise the money. Did you not come here expecting to receive a salary?'

'Certainly; and so does the Governor of this State enter upon his duties expecting to receive a salary; but would you say that he is hired to govern the State?'

'Not exactly.'

'And the reason is exactly this: the Governor of this State is elected to fill a certain office, and when you speak of him you think more of his office than you do of his salary. You do not hire him to do whatever you may wish to set him at, but you elect him to an office, fixed beforehand and expressly defined in the constitution, and then you fix a salary, that he may attend to his duties without embarrassment. The same is true of a pastor. You do not hire him to do a job of preaching for you. You elect him to an office, ordained in the constitution of the church, and then you affix a salary, that he may give himself wholly to the duties of his office.'

'Your theory appears very well; but what practical difference does it make?'

'Just this. When you hire a man, you expect him to do as you say. When you elect a man to an office, you expect him to do what the constitution says.'

The Rev. Dr. — of Georgia, has a rather slow delivery, which was the occasion of an amusing scene in the chapel of the Lunatic Asylum. At his last appointment, he was preaching upon the absolute necessity of trusting in Christ. He was illustrating his subject by the case of a man condemned to be hung, and reprieved under the gallows. He went on to describe the gathering of the crowd, the bringing out of the prisoner, his remarks under the gallows, the appearance of the executioner, the adjustment of the halter, the preparation to let fall the platform, and just then the appearance in the distance of the dust-covered courier, the jaded horse, the waving handkerchief, the commotion in the crowd. At this thrilling point, when every one was listening in breathless silence to the *denouement*, the Doctor became a little prolix. One of the lunatics could hold in no longer; he arose in the congregation, and shouted: "*Hurry, Doctor, for mercy's sake, hurry!* They'll hang the man before you get there!"