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THE
CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

VOL. VI.

TORONTO, JANUARY, 1860.

No. 7.

PORTRAIT OF THE REV. A. LILLIE, D.D.

With this number we present to our Readers, the portrait of the beloved and honoured Professor of Divinity in our Canadian Congregational Theological Institute, a few particulars in whose history will be interesting to our readers.

Dr. Lillie was born in Glasgow, June 18, 1803, and when about thirteen or fourteen years of age was brought under the ministry of Dr. Wardlaw, of whose church he became a member in the spring of 1822. In November of the previous year, he had entered the University of Glasgow; and after spending two sessions there, he went to Gosport, where he pursued his theological studies under good Dr. Bogue. Choosing labour in the mission field, he sailed for India in April 1826, in the service of the London Missionary Society, accompanied by Mrs. Lillie, to whom he had been united just before. His stay in the East was very brief; his health failing, he returned to Great Britain in October of the following year. He came to Canada in May 1834, through the agency of the Rev. Dr. Wilkes, and laboured from that time till the spring of 1839 as pastor of the church at Brantford.

Towards the close of 1838 was initiated a movement which led to the formation of our Theological Institute. Mr. Ludwick Kribs, then of Guelph, was at that time put under the care of Dr. Lillie, at Brantford, for ministerial training, at the charge of the Colonial Missionary Society, on the recommendation of their Agent, the Rev. J. Roaf. In the following spring Dr. Lillie removed to Dundas, and remained about eighteen months, preaching at that place and at Hamilton, and teaching the first class of students, which had increased by one or two additions being made to it. In July 1840, he came to Toronto, where, on the 1st September following, the Institute was formally opened, and where it has continued since. The honorary degree of D. D. was conferred upon him by the University of Vermont, at Burlington, Vt., in the year 1854.

Thus, early consecrating his powers to the service of his Master in the special missionary field, and brought by the overruling providence of God to this country, he has laboured successfully, as one of the Fathers of our denomination, in planting churches of our faith and order; and more especially in presiding with dignity and efficiency over the school of the prophets, founded by the faith and sustained by the liberality and prayers of the churches in Britain and Canada. This work, the committing to faithful men, who shall be able to teach others also, the words of Apostles and Prophets, lies at the foundation of our prosperity as a religious denomination. That work has been done patiently and well, and bears much

fruit in the abounding labours of many men of God now in the pastorate, and throws a hopeful aspect on the future, by promising, under God, to prepare many labourers for the gospel harvest field. That our venerated brother may long live to see the growth of Canada, in her temporal and spiritual interests, is our fervent prayer.

The likeness is pronounced by all who have seen it to be admirable. We feel therefore considerable satisfaction in this initiation of a new feature in our periodical literature: and heartily wish, as the kindly face of Dr. Lillie is glanced at in many homes, that by the blessing of God, "a happy new year" may be enjoyed in every house we are privileged to visit.

PREPARE YE THE WAY OF THE LORD!

John the Baptist, was the Lord's messenger and forerunner, having this commission to prepare his way. The great theme of his teaching was, "The Lord is coming, prepare ye his way." It appears, then, that there is such a thing for man to do, as to prepare the way of the Lord, and to make his paths straight. Men may work hard and persistently at the engineering, grading, and other operations described in the prophecy—"Every valley shall be filled, and every mountain and hill shall be brought low: and the crooked shall be made straight and the rough ways shall be made smooth." This is the process required in opening up railways through a country, as it was, in the olden time, the process which prepared the way for an advancing army; and as men may work at the physical, so may they toil successfully in the spiritual—they may make ready the way of the Lord, that "all flesh may see the salvation of God."

The voice from the wilderness was heard! Many came to John repenting, and were baptized by him in Jordan. The Lord's way was further prepared, until, in the first century, many nations saw the salvation of God.

Is there no voice from the wilderness heard crying to us, "prepare ye the way of the Lord?" What mean these tidings from far off lands, with which we are so intimately associated? Is there no utterance coming across the ocean from Ireland—from the midst of the revival there—saying to us, "prepare ye the way of the Lord?" What voice is that from Glasgow, Inverness, and other parts of Scotland? What from England and Wales? Hear we not words, as the sound of many waters, and of mighty thunderings, saying to us, "prepare ye the way of the Lord?" Sweden, too, from the Court of her monarch, from the halls of her nobles, and from the cottages of her peasantry, where, it is supposed, there are 200,000 newly converted souls—cries encouragingly from her northern shores to us, "prepare ye the way of the Lord."

Do we ask, "what is the way of the Lord?" The psalmist answers in his prayer, "that thy way may be known on earth, thy saving health among all nations." It is the path of an accomplished and infallible physician, among the diseased and dying, whom he succours with present relief, and restores to health. It is the chariot path of a mighty monarch among rebel subjects, whose hearts he wins, whose treason he pardons, and whose loving allegiance he secures. It is the path of a gracious deliverer among the imprisoned and condemned, with pardons in his hand, and everlasting life in his gift. When Jesus commissioned his

apostles, he described the way of the Lord. When Saul of Tarsus fell prostrate at the entrance of Damascus—abandoned his self-righteous, proud, and persecuting course, and became a zealous apostle of the faith; the way of the Lord was exhibited in the change that was wrought. Philip preached Christ in the city of Samaria, and “there was great joy in that city”—the way of the Lord was there. Those scenes of spiritual refreshing in Ireland and elsewhere, are manifestly the footsteps of the Most High—the stately stepplings of his majesty;—therein do we discern his way.

What can we do to prepare his way? John preached *repentance*—must not we repent? The Kingdom of God is *righteousness*, as well as peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. They must be clean who bear the vessels of the Lord. Have we not restrained prayer in the closet? Have we not made family worship a formality? Have we not yielded to sinful compliances with the wishes of those around us? Are we not more eager for the world than for the church? for money than for God's grace? for our own aggrandisement than for the glory of the Lord? Have we been cheerfully coming up to the help of the Lord against the mighty? or have we withheld ourselves, and remained in our tents while Israel was in the field? What of the power of the flesh over our souls? Is there no repentance needed for evils in this department? How do we stand in our domestic relations, as to temper, as to faithfulness, as to industry? How in our business, as to honor, straightforwardness, and liberality—to say nothing of honesty and uprightness? The first movement in preparing the way of the Lord, is repentance—we must abhor and forsake sin.

Fervent desire for His coming, is a preparation. No disciple of Christ can be without some measure of sympathy in the progress of His kingdom; all pray “thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven;” so that the conversion of men is a pleasant spectacle to Christians. But how greatly may the desire be increased in strength and intensity! It has been found that simple, truthful narratives of the Lord's doings in one place, have awakened the most lively desires in others, which desires have prepared the way of the Lord. Undoubtedly, the accounts of the Divine way in America, awakened in Ireland the mighty longing which has been followed by such triumphs of grace. And the descriptions of these last have kindled in Scotland, England, and Wales the great desire which prepared His way there.

It has ever been sadly apparent that christians may settle down into a quiet, self-satisfied state, feeling little anxiety for the spread of the Gospel. There ought to be influences enough in the thought of the great glory of the Master, and in the further thought of human perils, and of the magnitude of the salvation which the Gospel provides, to kindle into fervour our desires for the coming of the Lord. But since, owing to the grossness of our carnality, it is often not so, we have voices from afar telling us of the doings of the Lord among them, to awaken us. It cannot be hidden, that the voice from the United States, more than a year ago, though melodious and mighty, did not kindle in our Canada the earnest longing which ought to have been found. Did we try to account for that work of grace by supposing something special in the characters of our neighbours?—or by the great commercial depression then affecting them?—or by any other peculiarity, and did we therefore doubt its applicability to us? However that may have been there is no room for similar misgivings now. The voice is from the lands and the peoples with which we are immediately identified. These great revivals are in-

Ireland, Scotland, England, Wales, Sweden. There is no particular commercial depression—no pestilence—no great calamity—the lands are prosperous as to this world: yet there is the mighty spiritual movement—the way of the Lord! Let us know all about it that desire may be kindled to intensity.

Uncovering faith in the Gospel as a power prepares the Lord's way. A thorough persuasion that no other Gospel is needed, nor any improvements upon the good old Gospel, which Apostles and Martyrs believed and preached, and in which our fathers gloried, is a healthful sign. The faith meant has not the slightest sympathy with new-fangled notions of Christ's person, atonement, relations to men generally, or to believers in particular: on the contrary, it confides implicitly in the ancient truth aforetime delivered to the saints, and has confidence that when preached with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, it works marvels among men. Moreover, it has persuasion that the might of the Holy Ghost will accompany such proclamation in answer to fervent prayer.

Diligent removal of all obstructions which we may have created, is a preparation. Personal inconsistency is to be removed by repentance. Worldliness is to be banished by the enkindling of the desires already described. Trust in an arm of flesh, or in the potency of certain machinery, must be superseded by simple faith in the Gospel as a power, and in the Holy Ghost who applies that power. There is often a mode of action designed to advance the work, which is, in fact, an obstruction. The ordinary, scriptural, and time-honoured institution of Christianity may be neglected for the sake of the new and exciting, because, in some cases, these latter have done good. The institution of the local church, and of the ministry, and of the work of such church, is Divine: there is no purpose of heaven to ignore or do away with them;—dishonour is done to their Author and Lord, when they are treated with neglect or contempt. Yet does all experience show that, in a tendency to extremes, these Divine arrangements are apt to be deemed too slow, and to be sacrificed for the new and more exciting.

For the last twenty years it had become a tacit understanding in many quarters, that without a series of special services, accompanied often by anxious seats, no good was to be looked for. The ordinary services of the church were well enough in their place, but protracted meetings were the only weapons by which the enemy's strongholds could be successfully attacked. No doubt, protracted meetings, wisely appointed and conducted, have been of vast service to the cause of Christ, but such an understanding concerning them as this—such a doctrine, is a grievous obstruction to the progress of that cause. Unless we mistake, the present manifestations of Divine power, have already, to a great extent, corrected this error, but let us take care not to fall into some other glorification of machinery. Our God will have all the glory, for to Him doth it appertain.

The spirit of sectarianism, is an obstruction which needs to be removed in preparing the Lord's way, and also all bitterness of contention and strife among christians. The Holy Spirit must not be grieved!

Personal activity in every good word and work, is a point which would bear enlarging upon, as preparing the way of the Lord. But space has been trespassed upon already, and we forbear.

Let every disciple of the Lord Jesus understand, that in this day of grace and benediction, there is a voice calling on him or her, personally, saying, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord." How sad our account at last, if we are not found faithful!

Montreal, 22nd December, 1859.

H. W.

BROTHER CLARKE'S POSITION IN VICTORIA.

Need we say that we are deeply interested in the mission to British Columbia? We have chronicled all that we could gather as to its inception and development. A brother beloved has gone forth from among us, laden with the prayers and sympathies of the churches. We have waited with breathless anxiety, to convey tidings of the guidance of an unerring hand, in leading him to his desired haven. His first efforts, in setting up the tabernacle of the Lord on the shores of Vancouver's Island, have been recorded. It was, therefore, with unmitigated pain, that we received, shortly after we had forwarded all the copy for our last issue, a Circular from Rev. W. F. Clarke, announcing a state of things which we grievously deplore. Our readers are already informed, through the pages of the Canadian Independent, of the position occupied by Mr. Clarke, towards the coloured population of Victoria. This position, it appears, did not meet the approbation of the Rev. Mathew Macfie, appointed by the Colonial Missionary Society to co-operate in the mission. Instead of making this difference a matter of forbearance, until the advice of the Committee in London was sought and obtained, issue was joined by the action of the brother from England, first, by his absence from the Sabbath services already established; and, secondly, by the inauguration of separate services, of which the following public notice was given: "*Sunday Service.*—The Rev. Mathew Macfie, of the British Colonial Missionary Society, will preach on and after Sunday, the 16th instant, (October,) and until further notice, in El Dorado Hall, Yates Street, when Presbyterians, Congregationalists, and all others, are respectfully invited to attend. Divine service to commence in the morning at eleven, and in the evening at half-past six." This mode of propagating the faith, does not strike us as peculiarly marked by wisdom. Division and separation are not the elements of strength. This action is not the rallying of a body of believers around a pastor, to maintain by their own means and efforts, a principle binding their consciences, and for which they must give an account at the judgment-seat of Christ. It is the action of an Agent of a general society, in opposition to the work of a brother Agent already occupying the ground. The plea has been urged in defence, that the mission was professedly to overtake the colonists. That that end cannot be achieved by Mr. Clarke's mode of procedure, remains to be proved. The voluntary attendance of coloured persons on the means of grace, is surely no greater departure from the constitution and end sought to be attained by the Colonial Missionary Society, than the invitation of Presbyterians, Congregationalists, and all others, to attend. This fairly embraces, in a population like that of Victoria, the coloured inhabitants—unless their claim to manhood is denied—and listening to the invitation of a Christian minister from the land of liberty, and the messenger of churches distinguished for their love of freedom and the slave, are they to find themselves branded and proscribed, the victims of a prejudice and a custom degrading and anti-Christian. Has it come to this, that the "Negro corner" is an institution patronized by the Colonial Missionary Society? Never. Well can we remember the fervid denunciation by George Thompson, Esq., of that and other wrongs, the product of American slavery; his burning words as they fell from eloquent lips, awakening a deep

and, we hope, an abiding hate, in the heart of British Christianity, to all oppression, cruelty and wrong.

Have we come to an age of retrogression? Is it a time to wax feeble in our protestations against the oppression of humanity, under the garb of religion, and in the House of God, when even in the house of bondage an unusual interest surrounds the subject? Did not the heroic and tender act of John Brown, as, on his way to death, he stooped to kiss a negro child, kindle a fire in the hearts of the brave and the free, far as the deed is known? When some men are moving heaven and earth to accomplish the resurrection of the slave trade—"that sum of all villainies"—and others, are imploring heaven to peal the funeral knell of slavery; are those who have led the van in the battle of freedom, to bow, ingloriously, to one of the smaller demons manufactured in the pandemonium of slavery? Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon!!

Our tried and struggling brother Clarke, may feel assured of the continued confidence and prayers of ministers and churches in Canada. The prompt "deliverance" of the church in Hamilton, which we give in the "News of the Churches," expresses the direction of public opinion on the question, at least, so far as we are acquainted with it. Meantime, could there not be a movement to secure means to erect a good place of worship? It is said that prejudice has given Mr. Mucfie, *the use, for nothing*, of a Hall for which Mr. Clarke was asked, on his arrival in Victoria, \$75 a month rent: \$900 a year! Preaching in an in-commodious and inaccessible upper room, under circumstances of the greatest disadvantage; it would doubtless tend to enrage the heart, and to strengthen the hands of Mr. Clarke, if means were raised to secure the erection of a suitable chapel. Then we might hope, that instead of strangling in the birth, the youthful cause in that far distant island, the things that have happened may tend to the furtherance of the gospel.

CONGREGATIONAL INDEPENDENCY.

We have pleasure in presenting our Readers with the first "head" of a discourse preached by the Rev. John Wood of Brantford, at Stratford, Nov. 30th, on the occasion of the Rev. R. Robinson's induction into the pastoral charge of the Congregational Church in that place. Text, *Galatians v. 13*, "*For, brethren, ye have been called unto liberty; only use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh, but by love serve one another.*"

"I.—The Apostle reminds the churches of Galatia of the liberty in Christ, into which Divine grace had introduced them, "brethren ye have been called unto liberty." He assumes, in this style of address, as he does in all his epistles, that the members of these churches are "brethren"—believers in the Lord Jesus Christ—and not merely *inquirers*, or *moral men*, holding correct views of Scripture doctrine. None can be properly addressed as *brethren* in Christ, until they have given credible evidence of their being "*sons of God*;" and such only can have a right to admission into a christian church; assuming, then, their christian character, he reminds them of the liberty which they enjoyed in the gospel,—referring, doubtless, primarily to their release from the burdensome, and oftentimes painful rites of the Mosaic economy. These the Apostle Peter had described as "a

yoke which neither their fathers nor they were able to bear." And in this same epistle, Paul represents the Levitical law, as a Schoolmaster educating and chastening them until the coming of Christ, but now, he adds, "as for that faith is come,"—now that the covenant of works has passed away, and salvation through faith alone is more clearly revealed,—“we are no longer under a schoolmaster.” Ye, brethren, have been called into liberty; ye are not children of the bondwoman, but of the free!

Very similar is the language of our Lord,—“if the Son, therefore, shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed;” and the language of Paul, “where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.” (John viii. 36: 2 Cor. iii. 17.) Christianity is the very synonyme of liberty: “he that is called in the Lord, though a slave, is the Lord’s *freeman* or “(*freed-man*), and must no longer be the servant of men.”

This liberty we understand to be the divinely bestowed, and inalienable right of every believer in Christ. The text exhibits a principle capable of a much wider application than that given to it by the Apostle in this instance. We are “called unto liberty” in regard to everything that does not involve disobedience to Christ, or an occasion of stumbling to those for whom Christ died. But “our liberty which we have in Christ Jesus,” precious and ennobling as it is, is often despised and recklessly cast away. The Christian Church has often sold her birthright. The affianced bride of Christ has been too easily enslaved to the commandments of men. Even to this day in many places she wears a chain instead of a coronet. To say the least, her present condition is strikingly in contrast with her condition in apostolic times, as will be seen by the following comparison of the *original draft* of her constitution, with the *blotted and amended copy*, often forced upon her in modern times!

1. Primitive Churches were *independent of the patronage and control of the State*. They neither received, nor wished for any such aid as is now claimed, and frequently obtained by adherents to the principle of ecclesiastical establishments. Cæsar neither built their houses of worship, nor sustained their ministers. They were, many of them at least, but poor in respect of worldly wealth and influence, for not many mighty, not many noble were called, but they were rich in faith and charity. If there were poor saints among them needing assistance, the richer brethren sold their houses and lands, and brought the prices of the things that were sold, and laid them down at the Apostles’ feet, and distribution was made unto every man according as he had need. Or, if, in times of unusual distress, these resources failed to meet their necessities, the churches in one Province helped the churches in another Province,—“every man according to his own ability” sent them relief. And if they thus cared for the welfare of those who were “least esteemed in the church,” we may be sure that their ministers, whom the Apostle declared to be “worthy of double honor,” were not unprovided for. Thus in every sense they were independent of the State, and thus they continued, enjoying a prosperity never equalled since, for well-nigh three centuries. They had “no king but Jesus,” and no “defender of the faith” but Him who sits upon his holy hill of Zion.” The only establishment they sought was an establishment in faith, and not by act of Parliament, or edict of Cæsar.

And, on the other hand, the civil Government not being called upon to support the Churches from its revenues, had no pretext by which to claim a voice in the management of their *spiritual* affairs, as it always will do, and must be expected

to do, where such support is granted. No Prime Minister appointed their Bishops, no Privy Council decreed or revised their liturgy, (if they had one,) no Lord High Commissioner presided over their ecclesiastical Councils. Thus were the Churches of the New Testament free,—they understood well that they had been “called unto liberty.”

2. Primitive churches were *independent of each other*. Each church was complete in itself, and free from all *ecclesiastical* control. And when we use the term “Church,” we do so in the sense in which it is employed in the New Testament,—we mean *a single congregation of believers* gathered into christian fellowship. The term is nowhere employed by any inspired writer to signify the *entire body of believers in a given district, or Province*, represented in Synod or Conference, or by a house of bishops. The epistle in which our text is found is addressed to “the Churches of Galatia,” not to the *church* of Galatia. So Paul writes to the Corinthians,—“the Churches of Asia salute you.” And so the Faithful and True Witness, addressing himself to these same disciples, writes to “the seven Churches” and not to the *Church* of Asia.

We cannot help thinking if this inspired Apostle, whose words we are considering, were having his commission renewed to preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ, and were to hear mention made of the *Church* of England, or the *Church* of Scotland, or of any other confederation, he would have to ask an explanation of terms. He would readily understand us if we were to speak of the *Churches* of either of these lands, for he would recognize at once his own style of address in former times. Or, he would apprehend our meaning were we to employ the term in the singular—the *Church*—when referring to *the whole household of faith*, in heaven and on earth, for he himself has spoken of “the Church of the first-born,” &c. But a church that should perform all its acts by a *session*, or a *leaders meeting*; or a church consisting of all the disciples of Christ *in a whole country*, when the radical idea of the word is that of an assembly—a company gathered together in one place—would be to him an anomaly.

We mean, then, when we say that the Primitive churches were independent of each other, that every Christian community—every separate congregation—acted for itself as under the authority of none but Christ;—that each church elected its own pastor and deacons,—the former to minister in word and doctrine, and the latter to serve tables;—that each church admitted such as it considered worthy to its fellowship, and disciplined the unworthy;—regulated its forms of worship and internal affairs generally, and that in all these respects it was entirely free from all supervision or control by any other church or churches, as it was from any such interference on the part of the State. Its action was in all cases *final*: the offender that “neglected to hear the church” (Matt. viii. 17,) was counted “as a heathen man and a publican,”—was expelled, without any court to which he could appeal.

And as the churches were “called unto liberty,” so were their *Pastors*. Every christian minister was the Bishop, elder, overseer,—for the terms are convertible, as used in the New Testament,—of his own flock. No “Lord over God’s heritage,” whether in the form of Diocesan, or Presbytery, or Conference, could interpose its authority between his conscience and Christ, and say to him ‘stay thou here!’ or ‘go yonder!’ Where duty and the promptings of his own heart called, he went to labour; not, perhaps, without *consultation* with brethren, but certainly

without asking their *permission*. When Paul “greatly desired” Apollos to come unto Corinth with the brethren, he writes of him, (1 Cor. xvi. 12,) “but his will was not at all to come at this time, but he will come when he shall have convenient time.” And when Paul and Barnabas differed about the expediency of taking John Mark with them, on their missionary journey, each followed his own convictions, Barnabas taking him, and Paul choosing Silas instead, and going in another direction, (Acts xv. 39, 40.) Thus every minister, and every church, were not only at liberty to follow their own convictions of duty, according to the light given them in each particular case, but they were held responsible to Christ for their doing so. He himself had said, “One is your Master”—only one—“even Christ, and all ye are brethren.”

3. Primitive churches were independent, also, in regard to *their right of private judgment in the interpretation of the Holy Scriptures*. Soon in Apostolic days there arose differences of opinion and practice upon various points; e.g., in relation to the observance of particular days, and the eating of meats offered for sale in the markets, after having been sacrificed to idols. These were matters of indifference in themselves,—neither absolutely right, nor absolutely wrong, but only proper or improper, according to circumstances. When, therefore, such questions were submitted to the Apostle for his decision, he pronounced neither for nor against their practice, but urged “every man to be fully persuaded in his own mind,” (Rom. iv. 5,) and to avoid censoriously judging others who might differ from them. Thus they were “called unto liberty.”

We can hardly call them *Protestant*, for there was no frowning, fulminating hierarchy, claiming infallibility for its Popes and œcumenical Councils, against which they needed to *protest*. But they were carefully instructed in that cardinal principle of Protestantism—the right of determining for one’s self the will of God, by direct appeal to his own word! No *creeds* had as yet been drawn up; no *calendar* had been prepared. They were neither required to subscribe to a confession of faith, nor to fast according to synodical or episcopal injunction, nor to pray and sing from particular books. Every church and every believer was bound by the word of God only, whether in doctrine or practice. If any brother fell into error, after a first and second admonition, he was to be “rejected;” but the church was *the judge* of the error, and the word of God *the standard* by which he was to be tried.

Behold, then,

“How unlike the complex works of man,
Heaven’s simple, artless, unencumbered plan!”

Our sketch of New Testament Independency is, we are aware, very imperfect. Our aim has been to present a very brief outline of the Divine model upon which our Churches are framed, rather than a description in detail, which would, of course, occupy much more time than could be allotted to it in such a service as the present. But “ye see your calling, brethren;” “ye have been called unto liberty,”—liberty such as no church can enjoy which does not conform itself to this rule. You have recently exercised your undoubted right in the calling of our beloved brother to the oversight of you in the Lord. There is no church Court to say to *you*, “we cannot consent,” or to say to *him*, “you must not accept.” You have invited him—he has accepted your invitation;—each, as we trust, having prayerfully submitted the matter to the Divine Master alone. Nei-

ther is there any great central authority overshadowing you in your deliberative assemblies, to reverse, it may be, your well-considered acts of discipline ; to prescribe the manner in which your worship shall be conducted—whether with an organ or without it, or whether with Rous' old Scotch version of the Psalms, or with the Sabbath Hymn Book. All such matters are left to your own judgment and piety to decide, in humble dependence upon the wisdom promised from above. It is a solemn trust! It is a high privilege! Uniformity may be a *good* thing, but liberty is a *better!* See that you value it—that you understand it—and that you exercise it wisely and well, never using it “for an occasion to the flesh.”

MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

A communication from an esteemed brother induced us to pen a few thoughts for our last number on these happy and useful gatherings, particularly in view of their becoming means to the revival of the faith, zeal and love of members. There were some soul-stirring thoughts in our brother's letter on the comparative barrenness of Canada in the present day of the Redeemer's power in other lands. This led us to incorporate it in our article; we regret, however, that through some accident the whole has been lost. Cut off from our aim by this mishap, we say, brethren, in those missionary meetings which remain to be held, let all seek to make them holy, spiritual, soul-saving gatherings. Try to go forth in the spirit and power of Jesus. For Zion's sake let us not hold our peace, and for Jerusalem's sake let us not rest until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth.

A WEEK OF UNITED PRAYER.

Under the head of “News of the Churches” (p. 184), mention was made in the last number of this magazine, of the progress of the proposal to set apart the second week of this month, “as a time of special prayer, that God would now pour out His Spirit upon all flesh, so that all the ends of the earth might see His salvation.” We have much pleasure in being enabled to add, that further intelligence from Britain has removed all doubt as to the heartiness with which the plan has been adopted and recommended by a large number of the leading ministers of all denominations. We find amongst them the names of the Bishop of Ripon, Rev. Canon Stowell, and Rev. H. McNeile; Rev. S. D. Waddy, President of the Wesleyan Conference, Rev. W. Arthur, and Rev. F. A. West; Rev. Horatius Bonar, and Rev. James Hamilton; Rev. W. Brock, Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel, and Rev. Dr. Steane; Rev. Peter La Trobe, Rev. Samuel Martin, and many others, whose names are almost as well known. We have been surprised, however, to see that the suggestion, though emanating from an American mission, has attracted so little attention in the United States. It may be, that the daily prayer meetings which are held in the chief centres of population there, are so constantly directed to the same object, that a week of *special* prayer seems less necessary than elsewhere. Philadelphia is moving in the matter.

In this city, however, an adjourned meeting of ministerial and other representatives of various churches, held on the 23rd ult., resolved to adopt the plan, and,

while leaving each church to make its own arrangements for other services, appointed a Committee to arrange for one or more United Meetings. The Rev. Messrs. Fyfe and Scott, Secretaries, were further directed to endeavour to secure the co-operation of Christians throughout Canada. We are happy to find that the President of the Canada Wesleyan Conference had already issued an address, urging on all the ministers of that body the observance of the time specified. We trust that the officers of other denominational bodies, and the churches of other localities, will have been found moving in the same direction.

It is a touching circumstance, that a small band of foreign missionaries in far-off India should have struck a chord which has vibrated in so many Christian hearts. The essential unity of true believers, and the deep need felt among them for more copious showers of heavenly grace, are here brought prominently into view.

When, from so many praying souls, in all parts of the earth, the cry goes up into the ears of the Lord of Hosts, "O Lord, revive thy work!" can we doubt what its reception will be? He "waits to be gracious;" He challenges us to "prove Him, if he will not pour out a blessing." If the prayer of "two or three" has such value in his sight, what will He not do when thousands "agree on earth as touching the things which they shall ask?"

The manner in which this week shall be observed, was wisely left by the original proposers to be determined by "the circumstances of each community," they only suggesting that "on Monday, the 9th instant, be a holy convocation for solemn fasting, humiliation and prayer; and that on the last day, that is Sabbath, the 15th, be a holy convocation for thanksgiving and praise." We know one church that has resolved to hold for that week a daily noon prayer meeting, the evening being left free for its ordinary appointments and for united services. Others may prefer a meeting on every night, or every alternate night. These are mere matters of detail. The great want of the time is, that the *heart of each individual Christian* be found "panting after God." This will give life and power to whatsoever meetings may be held; or, should any one be denied access to such, will enable him to join in spirit with his brethren throughout the world.

Truly, we in Canada need to offer up most earnest prayer for the Holy Spirit. As we read of the revivals that have taken place elsewhere, we often say,

"Shall dews fall thick on all around,
And our poor fleece be dry?
Shall manna cover all the ground,
While we for hunger die?"

Yet God is as near to us, as He is to any of His children—as willing to favor us as them. Let us but wrestle with him, and we shall prevail! F. H. M.

THIS YEAR YOU MAY DIE.

This year you may die—because you are ever and every where exposed to the causes that take away life.

This year you may die—because life is the most uncertain thing in the world, and you have not the assurance of a single moment beyond the present.

This year you may die—because some among your friends and acquaintances have died; and all the liabilities to death still remain for the rest who yet live.

This year you may die—for it is all but certain that many of the readers of this address will die this year, and why not you?

This year you may die, although there is now no indication of approaching death; for many during the past year have been cut off, and many during the present year will die, who may now seem very likely to live; and why not you?

How many, then, are the probabilities that before next new-year's-day your place will be vacant in the family, at the scene of your daily occupation, and in the house of God! Ought not this to induce a habit of solemn, pensive, devout, practical, profitable, reflection. Bring home the thought. Take up the supposition, and say, "Yes it is *possible*, by no means *improbable*, that I may die—*this year*."

Suppose you should, let me on the ground of this supposition, ask you a few questions.

Are you really prepared for your latter end, by being a partaker of genuine faith, the new birth, a holy life, and a heavenly mind? Or, are you a mere nominal professor, having a name to live, while you are dead? Are the fruits of a living branch in the true Vine brought forth by you? Do you recognise in yourselves, and do others see in you, the marks of a state of grace? Put the question to your own hearts, ask yourselves, "What am I? Am I a spiritual, heavenly, humble, waiting, working servant of God? Am I really crucified with Christ, dead to the world, ripening for glory? Is there any thing heavenly about me? Is my assurance well settled, my joy established, my temper sanctified, my walk consistent? Am I *thus* ready for death, and like one waiting for the coming of the Master, with his loins girt about, and his lamp burning?"

Do, with your graves open before you, inquire into this matter. Are you living as you would wish to be found when the summons comes? Is your soul in that state in which you would desire it to be found when death strikes? Are you, in your devotional habits, your temper, your general behaviour, as you should be with eternity so near? Would you like to look up as you are, *just* as you are now, while reading these lines, and see your Master at his coming? *Would you die as you are?*

Is there no part of your conduct as a professor, which, upon the supposition you may die this year, you should alter? Nothing in the family, the closet, the shop, the church, the world, you should amend? What! death so near, and nothing to be done to meet it with confidence and joy!

I now, in addition to these questions, lay before you some *suggestions*. If you die this year, not only all your plans, projects, and business of a worldly nature will stop, but all your advantages of a spiritual kind, all the means of grace, all the opportunities of salvation, all the aids to improvement, all the possibility of growth in grace, cease for ever. The last Sabbath, the last sermon, the last sacramental season, the last prayer, are included in the present year! This year you are to arrive in heaven or hell, and to know the meaning of this glorious or this dreadful term! This year to see the end of time, and the beginning of eternity! How solemn! So soon to have your profession tested, not by man but by God; so soon to be found by the King coming in to see the guests clothed in the wedding garment and approved, or destitute of the necessary robe, and cast into outer darkness! How many false professors will be unmasked this year, and appear with astonishment and horror, both to themselves and others, as self-deceivers, formalists, and hypocrites! How many in reply to the plea, "Lord, Lord, I have eaten and drunk in thy presence," will hear the dreadful response, "Depart from me, I never knew you;" and thus find that there is a way to destruction from the communion of the church. *What* you die this year, *that* you will be for ever; the seal of eternal destiny will be put upon you! From that time you will have no opportunity to correct mistakes; no second trial; no privilege of alteration. Your last words in time, and your first in eternity, might be, "I must be what I am—for ever." All your anxieties, and doubts, and fears, about the reality of your religion, are about to be confirmed or dissipated—for ever. This year you are to be proved the most awful example of self-delusion, or the most blessed instance of well-founded hope which the universe contains. The grand secret, if secret it yet be, is about to be developed, whether you are a child of God or of the devil. Within a few months, perhaps weeks, that next moment after death, which fancy in vain attempts to paint, is to arrive, and, waking up in eternity, you will

shout with rapture, "Then I *am in heaven!*" or utter with a shriek of despair and surprise the dreadful question, "What, am I in hell?" What a year are you entering upon then, if you should die before it closes? What disclosures are you about to witness, what discoveries to make! Many will grow rich this year; many will sink into poverty; many will be united in wedlock; many will be separated from their friends by death; many will leave their country and embark for a foreign land—but you will *die*, and what is all else to this?

On the supposition you are prepared for death by simple faith in Christ for justification, by the regeneration of your heart through the influence of the Spirit, by a holy life, a heavenly mind, what *consolations* stand connected with, and are included in, the decree, "This year thou shalt die." There is, I know, a dark side of death; the antecedent sufferings, and mysterious nature of dying—the separation from near and dear relatives, and, perhaps, the leaving of them upon the care of Providence, without friends or wealth—the retirement from the visible to the invisible world—the dropping of the body, the dear companion of our spirit, in the tomb—the quitting of scenes of usefulness and enjoyment—all this, and so near too; all is trying to humanity; nature shudders. But grace turns to the bright side, and very, very bright it is. There is the promised presence, and omnipotent gracious support of Him who hath abolished death by dying, and brought life and immortality to light by rising and ascending; of Him who can make a dying bed "feel soft as downy pillows are!"—there is the release from all the evils of sin, the parent evil; and from sickness, poverty, toil, care, fear, sorrow—the dismal progeny. Yes, that last pulsation which leaves the heart still, sends the soul away for ever from every fruit and effect of the fall. O believer! lift up thy head, for thy redemption draweth nigh. What! this year, so soon, to shed thy last tear over sin or sorrow? This year to feel the last corruption, and to be agitated by the last anxiety? This year to experience thy blessed emancipation from all the countless ills that flesh is heir to? So soon to rise from the vale of tears, to the mount where God shall wipe away all tears from thy eyes; so soon to leave the field of conflict, cease the fight of faith, and lay aside the soldier's armour for the victor's crown? Nor is this all; heaven is more than negatives—it is life eternal; glory everlasting; immortal honour—it is the perfection of our nature in knowledge, holiness, and love; it is the presence of God, the vision of Christ, the society of angels, the communion of spirits made perfect—and death introduces to all; death is the dark avenue to ineffable, and to what would now be, insufferable, splendour; the rude and repulsive gate that opens into all that the Father hath devised, and the Son procured, and the Spirit promised, to them that love a triune God. Believer, if thou die this year, how near thou art to the Lamb in the midst of the throne, to the living fountain of waters, to the crown of glory, the golden harp, the white robe, and the palm branch of victory; this year to approach the jasper walls, to pass through the pearly gates, to walk the golden streets, to worship in the temple of the Lord, and bask in the glory of that bright world in which Jehovah dwells! This year to be imparadised in the presence of God! And is it possible that it can be so near? Transporting thought! Blessed man! thou art now upon the mount, looking at the promised land with Moses, and soon thou shalt with Joshua pass the Jordan, and go in to take possession. The days of thy mourning will soon end. Though now for a season, if need be, thou art in heaviness through manifold temptations, yet that season is speedily to close. Only a few days of toil, only a few more nights to wet thy couch with tears. Go forward with courage and confidence. Death is formidable only in front; the moment you have passed him, you will look back upon him as upon an angel of light; the stream may be dark, and the water deep; but it is narrow, fordable, and once crossed, it will never have to be crossed again. Have you not often in thought, if not in speech, congratulated those whose fetters of sin and tattered garments of flesh have been put off, and who have entered into liberty, and life, and joy, saying, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord?" And how soon are you to be among them, and be objects of congratulations to others! There is nothing, then, in this sentence, "This year thou shalt die," which should dismay or distress you!—James.

Trans-Atlantic Retrospect.

It is a most gratifying fact, connected with the present wonderful revival in Ireland, that testimony to its genuineness and worth is constantly being borne by those from whom it would be least expected—who can have no motive to speak well of it, other than that its results are of such a character as to command sympathy and approval. More than once we have had Roman Catholics of eminence, Judges and others, expressing their conviction that one result of the movement has been a marked diminution in crime, and a corresponding improvement in the morals of the people. Ministers and laymen of almost every denomination have been drawn to the scene of the revivals, and their reports are marked by great uniformity. They find that “universal respect is expressed for the work of the revival, even in circles where one might scarcely look for it;” they find “everybody ready to recognize this movement as Divine in origin and blessed in results;” they “hear the language of personal godliness in current use among the groups that throng the streets, or fill the railway cars, or lounge in each other’s cottages;” they “hear it fall, not irreverently, yet with no shame-faced hesitation, from the lips of business men and working people, of rich and poor.” It is not surprising that such testimony should overcome the prejudices of those who by their theological opinions would be most disposed to regard the movement with suspicion and distrust. Accordingly we find that even Unitarian ministers, or at any rate a majority of them, can forget their narrow theology, overlook the questions involved in the work, and confess, as Mr. Martineau did, that it was an action of God upon the human heart. The subject came up at a social meeting of Unitarian ministers and laymen, held lately in London, and produced a long, earnest and free discussion. Of course there were some who were afraid that if the movement was to be considered genuine, orthodoxy would get the credit of it; but others, abler and better men, were above such petty considerations, one of whom (Mr. Wade) said, that he “devoutly wished they (revivals) were going on more in their own church,” and contended that they “had no right to treat it as a question of superstition; there was something deeper in it than all that. He most firmly believed that *the spirit of God was working through it all.*”

In a like spirit spoke the Rev. Jas. Martineau:—

No natural laws interfere in any degree with the philosophy of conversion and revival. At the same time he did not believe that this action of God upon the human heart was tied up to any special doctrine or denomination, but that the springs go far deeper. He did not think the question had anything to do with orthodoxy at all, but it involved faith in the action of the Spirit of God on humanity, and where that faith does not exist, a religious revival was absolutely impossible. Once let there be in the human heart a belief that God does commune with man, and he did not see that there is anything that should prevent the belief in these awakenings of the religious life. He looked at the subject in its abstract form, because he thought it would be most dangerous to judge of the movement in Ireland in its present early stage. To his own mind, the physical phenomena were wholly beside the question. He cared not what any medical man might say. The nervous system is acted upon by the influence of powerful emotions or affections, and the question is, what is the nature of them, not what is the effect of them. Physical causes might be named, but he would reply, that does not signify, the person has been put into that state by a powerful movement of his inner mind. For his own part, he could not look with contempt or want of in-

terest on phenomena of this kind. He admitted the grossness and vulgarity of the method adopted, but believed that must be the case where the people are sunk into a state of moral degradation. But these things were only the forms of speech.

With more to the same effect from other speakers, one of whom expressed himself as "pleasingly disappointed to find that there were so many present disposed to take a just and candid view of this Revival movement." Let us earnestly hope, as one speaker did, that the movement may reach the Unitarian body; we certainly shall not quarrel with the form it may assume, so long as it is real and thorough.

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Apropos of the Revival, we think that the movement in Wales has not received that share of attention which its importance demands. Its interest is eclipsed in outward phenomena by the Irish awakening, but its spiritual results are apparently fully as great. The Rev. Evan Davies has published a small pamphlet on the subject, from which we make the following extracts, a portion of those quoted in the *Nonconformist*. We are sure that our readers will be glad to hear how the work goes on in another part of the vineyard:

According to an account given by the Rev. Evan Davies, of Crugbar, the revival commenced in Cardiganshire, at a place called Ysbytty Ystwyth. A Wesleyan minister, of the name of Jones, recently returned from America, full of the American fire, was the means of producing kindred feelings in some of the Ysbytty people, both Wesleyan and Calvinistic Methodists: especially in a Methodist minister of the name of Morgan. They established a series of prayer-meetings conjointly. These meetings were held nightly, in the two chapels alternately, for about two months, and by that time more than 200 persons had been added to the Church. The Lord saw, heard and poured out his Spirit. This took place about Christmas, and in a few weeks the upper part of the country was in a blaze.

Rev. Joseph Morgan, writing in August, says of the Rev. D. Morgan:—By his labours chiefly, with those of other respected brethren, such as the Rev. T. Edwards, Penllyn, and Mr. James, Rhiwbwys, this country has become thoroughly pervaded with the most fervid religious feeling. The converts therein number about 9,000. "This thing" has by this time extended to the countries of Carmarthen and Brecknock, and a great company have united themselves to the Lord there. It has also extended to the counties of Montgomery and Merioneth, and many hundreds in each of these counties have enlisted in the army of the Lamb.

Mr. Morgan believes that there never has been such a revival in Wales, if indeed in the world. The Rev. W. Evans, of Aberayron, writes that in many places such a powerful influence attends the meetings that hardly any man can withstand it without feeling some serious apprehensions about his spiritual state. In some neighbourhoods, whole congregations have become professors of religion. He thus describes the previous state of religion in the Principality:—That may be characterized by a sad state of indifference concerning religion in the majority of hearers—a lamentable lack of the spirit of prayer in the churches—praying people were becoming fewer in number from year to year—and in many places prayer-meetings were almost wholly neglected. Some churches were considerably smaller than they had been; others though they were receiving some additions from time to time from the youth of the congregations, had to see great numbers of the adults and aged among them standing aloof from the Church of God. And, as a natural consequence, a great laxity obtained in the public morals of the people,—drunkenness was increasing with rapid strides among us,—the words of the Saviour were being verified. "And because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold,"—many that were once hopeful professors of religion were fallen away, and become utter strangers to it.

The Rev. John Davies says—at Ebenezer Church, Aberdare, the awakening has been truly extraordinary. Hundreds under the deepest impression have been

added to the church. The oldest members say they have never seen anything like this. There I have seen old Christians of forty, fifty, and sixty years' standing in the church—men of undoubted piety and weighty character—over-filled with joy, get up in the middle of the sermon, prayer-meeting, or the sacrament, and praise God aloud, invite sinners to the Saviour, and sing most sweetly the praises of the Lamb.

It is stated that in Carnarvon and North Wales, and indeed throughout the Principality generally, almost all the young people become, under the influence of the revivals, abstainers from all intoxicating drinks. Mr. Jones, of Machynlleth, says:—For some time previously drunkenness had been increasing with us, notwithstanding the efforts of the advocates of temperance; but during the revival months, there was hardly a drunken man to be seen in the streets; and I am happy to say that the most noted drunkards of the town continue to be staunch teetotallers.

The following incident is related by the Rev. B. Williams, of Dowlais, near Merthyr:—Morlais Castle is a place where, on fine Sunday mornings, scores of the worst characters (from the iron works) meet to drink and fight. They buy the beer on Saturday night, and carry it up there about four o'clock on Sunday morning. There is no house near; they cannot, therefore, get the drink in any other way. You may imagine what a den of wickedness that place is on Sunday morning. On a fine Sunday morning in June last, about twenty young men might be seen wending their way thither, who reached the polluted spot about half-past five. There were scores of the characters mentioned, in the place before them, who had already commenced their evil doings. One young lad said to them, that they had come to hold a prayer meeting, at which idea the drunkards scorned. But at such welcome they were not discouraged. A Testament was opened and a part of a chapter read; a hymn was sung, and most melodious it was in the breeze of the morning. By this time all had become quite serious. Not a laugh or a jest passed—nothing was heard but prayer and praise. Many a rough face was bathed with tears. When the meeting closed every one went home. All was serious and quiet. The beer was thrown away. Many swore emphatically that they would never go to Morlais Castle again for such a purpose. Many of them are known to have kept their word. This was continued for several Sabbath mornings, and in less than a month hundreds met on the highest summit of Morlais Castle to worship the Creator. This fact needs no comment. We must wait till the day of judgment to know what amount of good was done through this simple instrumentality. These young lads would, after the evening service in the chapel, meet in the woods, and by themselves hold a prayer meeting, and at ten o'clock at night the hills and woods would echo the praises of God; and, my dear brother, the effect was most thrilling. In calling these things to mind, I can hardly restrain my feelings.

We might multiply these quotations, but these will suffice to show the greatness of the work. It is impossible, we think, for any one to read these accounts without longing, and sighing, and praying for the commencement of the work among ourselves. Truly we need it.

The tottering condition of the Pontifical throne is exciting very noisy demonstrations among the spiritual subjects of his Holiness the Pope, in that most Catholic country, Ireland. Meeting after meeting has been held, at which the speakers have used all the oratorical powers for which their land is famous, to excite sympathy on behalf of that amiable, pious and enlightened prince and pontiff, Pius IX. It at one time appeared as if the whole of the arms-bearing population were about to depart *en masse* to the scene of contest, and offer their lives upon the altar of Papal sovereignty. The feeling has, however, subsided into the essentially Saxon procedure of passing resolutions and collecting sub-

scriptions, or, what is *not* just the same thing, resolving to collect them. It is impossible to read some of the speeches at these meetings, without feeling that, however estimable and loyal Roman Catholics may be in their private position, yet, their relation to a foreign power, wielding not only temporal but spiritual authority, claiming implicit obedience under the most tremendous penalties, renders them subjects upon whom no reliance can be placed, and whose numbers a Protestant government will be anxious to find as small as possible. It is no illiberality to say that there must always be a leaven of disloyalty in the principles of Roman Catholics to any power but the Pope. Meanwhile it is instructive to note, that while the Papists of Ireland are so rabid in support of the temporal sovereignty of the Pope, his own immediate subjects are not quite so enamoured of his rule; nay, their feeling is so well known, that even the Emperor Napoleon was compelled to intimate that if the French troops were withdrawn from Rome, anarchy would ensue. The Pope is protected from his loving children by foreign bayonets! The best medicine for Irish ultra-montanism would be to place its advocates under direct Papal rule for a year or two, to have their tongues tied and their press gagged; and if, in addition, they could be inhabitants of Perugia on the occasion of a second attack by the mercenaries of the Holy Father, we do not doubt that although the medicine would be bitter to swallow, and would occasion many wry faces in the process, yet it would be thoroughly efficacious, and result in a perfect cure.

A meeting has been held in London, at which the principal ministers and laymen of the different denominations attended, to make arrangements for holding special Sunday evening services in the East of London. Those who know the great metropolis need not be told that the eastern part is densely populated, and to a great extent by a class who do not avail themselves of the ordinary means of worship. By hiring the Britannia Theatre it is hoped to get at these, and to effect some good among them. We look upon this as the most really missionary of all the special services yet held in London. Those in Westminster Abbey, in St. Paul's, in Exeter Hall, and in St. James's Hall, were all very well, and numerically a success; but it is certain that the class for whom they were designed—those who do not attend ordinary and regular services—was not reached; the bulk of hearers consisted of habitual church-goers. In this new effort we expect and hope that it will be otherwise—that fresh ground may be broken up, and the good seed of divine truth sown where hitherto has been only a prolific growth of vice and misery. The first sermon was to be preached by the Rev. William Brock, on Sunday evening, 18th December.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH-BUILDING IN VICTORIA, V. I.

Just as the present issue was going to press, the undersigned received a letter from Rev. W. F. Clarke, communicating the cheering fact that he is building a church-edifice in Victoria! The Hudson's Bay Company have given him land on an eligible site. A gentleman from Massachusetts has given \$100, and \$500 more have been subscribed on the spot. The whole is to cost \$1,200, and it will accommodate 200 persons. He asks Canada to raise him \$100, suggesting a simultaneous collection for the object on a given Sabbath. Further particulars will be supplied in the *Independent* for February. Of course, the amount asked will be forthcoming *after the Missionary Meetings*.

F. H. M.

Official.

WESTERN ASSOCIATION.

The next meeting of this Association of Congregational ministers will be held at the house of Rev. J. Wood, Brantford, on Tuesday 7th February, at 9 A. M.

A Missionary meeting will be held in Brantford, on Monday evening the 6th February, and another at Paris, on the following Wednesday evening. The members of the Association are particularly requested to come forward in season for the first, and remain for the second.

The committee appointed by the Congregational Union, to consider the subject of *religious instruction in Common Schools*, will meet at the residence of the undersigned in Paris, on Wednesday, the 9th February, at half-past three o'clock, to which the whole Association is invited.

EDWARD EBBS,
Sec. Western Association.

CANADIAN CONGREGATIONAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

MIDDLE DISTRICT.

The Secretary for the Middle District (Rev. J. T. Byrne) has omitted the completion of the programme for Missionary Meetings in Toronto, Brock, Owen Sound, and Derby, it being understood that the correspondence between himself and the brethren in those places will render any notice in these columns unnecessary.

Whitby, Dec. 23, 1859.

RECEIVED FOR THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE:

Markham, per Mr. D. Cash.....	\$8 30
Cobourg, per Rev. A. Burpee	45 50
Oro, 2nd Church, per Rev. A. Raymond.....	4 00
Brantford, per Rev. J. Wood.....	28 50
Sherbrooke, C. E., per the Pastor.....	59 60

F. H. MARLING,
Secretary.

Toronto, Dec. 30, 1859.

Correspondence.

MISSIONARY MEETINGS FOR 1859-30.

WESTERN DISTRICT, No. I.

To the Editor of the Canadian Independent.

DEAR BROTHER,—As your readers are generally furnished with notices of these annual services, (not always as *brief* as would be desirable,) permit me to give the jottings of a week's tour chiefly in the County of Brant.

On Monday, the 5th December, brother Wood, kindly taking the place of brother Ritchie, on this deputation, at the first meeting, we proceeded with a cutter, furnished by Charles Whitlaw, Esq., to Claremont Church, Burford, and had a full and earnest meeting, addresses by Rev. Messrs. Armour, Carrier (Baptist), Wood, Hay and your correspondent. A spirited choir, and instrumental music added pleasure to the exercises of the evening.

On Tuesday evening, we held a meeting at Scotland, which on account of the heavy rain, and rapid thaw, was very thinly attended. Mr. Wood, had left us to fulfil similar engagements at Barton, the same evening, which, however, were postponed on account of the weather.

On Wednesday, brethren Hay, Armour and myself addressed the Kelvin friends who mustered in full force, the roads having been thoroughly repaired in the interval by the invaluable aid of Jack Frost, and well covered with snow.

The following evening, the same deputation held a meeting at New Durham, which also, was well attended.

The writer then returned to Paris, and took the rail-cars for Port Colborne, being joined on the way by brother Wood. This was the first Missionary meeting held by our Society, at this new station, and there was little to encourage the deputation, except the consciousness that our visit was exceedingly welcome and refreshing, to our esteemed brother labouring here. The pecuniary results of these meetings are not yet fully returned. So far as complete returns have been made the amount equals the contributions of last year.

Yours, &c.,

EDWARD EBBS.

EASTERN DISTRICT, No. 1.

To the Editor of the Canadian Independent.

DEAR BROTHER.—Our missionary meetings were held even earlier than last year, in that portion of the Eastern District which, beginning at Kingston, extends westward to Port Hope.

On Sabbath, the 4th instant, Missionary sermons were preached; brethren Climie and Fenwick, Hayden and Burpee, exchanging for the day. The weather being unpropitious, the congregations were small, and the collections, on the whole, less than usual. The proposal made by our Committee to the Middle District to exchange, was kindly met, and the pastor of the Bowmanville Church—you know him, brother—gave us effective aid as one of our deputation. I put it thus modestly, to save this paragraph from mutilation at the hands of a very modest Editor, who, nevertheless, has our thanks for services performed cheerfully and well. We held our first meeting in

BELLEVILLE,

On Monday evening, the 5th instant, the chair being occupied by D. D. Bogart, Esq., a gentleman well known in Belleville as an unostentatious but generous supporter of Missionary Societies, and other useful institutions, who consented to preside with reluctance, as he feels more at home in less prominent positions, and prefers *giving* to speaking. As a consequence, there was no introductory speech, but a liberal subscription of \$25.

We had a well-filled house, and good solid speaking. After the reading of some extracts from the report, and a few remarks by the Secretary, the meeting was addressed by the Rev. Messrs. Lavell, (Wesleyan) Reikie, McLaran, (Free Church) and Fenwick. It is pleasant to know, that our brother Climie has the confidence and respect of the evangelical ministry of Belleville, who manifest it on all occasions, and bid him "God speed," by co-operation, as well as by words of encouragement. Nowhere does the Deputation feel more at home, than in Belleville.

The contributions of last year, exceeded \$100. It is expected that a sum equally large, will be forthcoming this year. \$15 18 were collected on the Sabbath and Monday evening. Our second meeting was held in

KINGSTON,

On Tuesday evening, the 6th instant. A dreary day, followed by a dismal evening, thinned our audience, and deprived us of speakers as well as hearers. The pastor occupied the chair, and addresses were given by the writer, who, as Secretary, had the doubtful privilege of speaking first each evening, Rev. P. Gray, (Free Church) Rev. P. Shanks of Lanark, who joined the Deputation here, and Rev. T. M. Reikie.

The Church at Kingston, is growing steadily and gathering strength; and for its numbers, is, perhaps, foremost among our Canadian churches for liberality. The proof of this is to be sought, not in a comparison of Missionary contributions, but of moneys raised by the congregation for all purposes. This Church, as the pastor appropriately remarked at the Missionary meeting, would have no existence to-day, but for the aid of the Society in former years. Our towns and cities contain comparatively few prepossessed in favor of our principles, and if churches of our faith and order are to exist at all, they must be fostered for a time, from without. We trust the day is not distant, when the centres of population in Canada, being occupied by thriving churches, we shall be able to push our Missionary work to the limits of the country, and reach its most destitute regions. It is humbly submitted, that in no other way will we do a permanent work. Apostolic example is clear on this point.

The Missionary collections in Kingston, amounted to \$22 50. The subscriptions will be taken up hereafter, and are expected to be in advance of last year.

COLD SPRINGS,

Was visited by the Deputation, on Wednesday evening, the 7th instant. The chair was occupied by Mr. J. S. Snellgrove, a Bible Christian local preacher, who gave us a fervid address, and struck the key-note of the evening. The attendance was good, and the addresses of brethren Shanks, Climie, and Reikie, were evidently acceptable. Father Hayden, although feeble, occupies his pulpit regularly, with rare exceptions, and lives in the affection of his people. The Sabbath school continues to enjoy Mrs. Hayden's unflagging attention, and repays her care. We received \$20 55 in cash, viz., collections \$12 55; collected by Miss Jessie Steward, \$5 50; S. S. Box, \$1 50; Master W. H. Davidson's Box, \$1. Subscriptions amounting to other \$25, were also given. The meeting on Thursday evening, 8th instant, took place in

COBOURG.

John Field, Esq., presided. The evening was most propitious, and the attendance excellent. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. Messrs. Shanks, Hayden, Stevens, (Bible Christian) Sills, (E. Methodist) Climie, Laing, (Free Church) and Reikie. Collections \$12 75. We hope to equal the contributions of last year. Our meeting in

PORT HOPE,

On Friday, the 9th instant, took place at the close of a very stormy day, and was attended by very few persons. It was held in the Baptist Chapel, kindly given for the occasion, and was presided over by the Rev. H. Lloyd, Baptist Minister. The Rev. John Cassie, United Presbyterian Minister, assisted the Deputation in addressing the friends, and \$5 25 was the financial result. The Deputation returned to their several spheres of labour, for the duties of the Sabbath, with the exception of the Rev. T. M. Reikie, who remained in Port Hope, and preached in the United Presbyterian Church in the forenoon, and in the Western School-house in the afternoon and evening, we trust, to the edification and comfort of the friends of our missions in Port Hope.

A. B.

Cobourg, 16th December, 1859.

Literary Review.

LECTURES AND ADDRESSES ON LITERARY AND SOCIAL TOPICS, by the late Rev. F. W. ROBERTSON.—Boston, TICKNOR & FIELDS.—Toronto: MACLEAR & Co.

Mr. Robertson in his life time, was an active and zealous clergyman of the Church of England; *broad-church* in his views, and holding sentiments on various matters with which we could not agree, yet his lectures and sermons are well worth reading; they display an uncommon vigour of style, a thorough knowledge of human nature and the world, and a manliness such as becomes one who has to declare without shrinking what he conceives to be all the counsel of God. The addresses to working men in the beginning of the present volume, display a rare combination of qualities, and cannot be studied without great profit.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF HYMNS, THEIR WRITERS, AND THEIR INFLUENCE; BY JOS. BELCHER, D.D.—Philadelphia: LINDSAY & BLAKISTON.—Toronto: MACLEAR & Co.

A somewhat gossiping sort of book, not however without a great deal of curious and interesting information on the subject.

PREACHERS AND PREACHING IN ANCIENT AND MODERN TIMES, including Sketches of ROBERT HALL, &c. by the REV. HENRY CHRISTMAS.—London: BOHN. Toronto: MACLEAR & Co.

This is an admirable book, the production of a Clergyman of the English Church, thoroughly evangelical in tone, practical and comprehensive. It is an admirable compendium on the subject for the general reader, and contains much that is worthy of attention from the student and the minister.

THE GOOD NEWS OF GOD: SERMONS BY CHARLES KINGSLEY, Rector of Eversley, Author of ALTON LOCKE.—New York: BIRT. Toronto: MACLEAR & Co.

Mr Kingsley is well known as the author of several novels, remarkable for their brilliancy of style and startling boldness of expression, remarkable also for the socialistic theories shadowed forth in them. We never remember however to have seen any sermons of his in print before, if we except one published some years ago, in which he boldly maintains the right of the people of England to the soil; we do not know either, from what source this volume is derived. It may be a reprint of an English book, or a compilation from the periodical reports of sermons, now so common; it may have Mr. Kingsley's sanction, or it may not. Be this, however as it may, the volume is well worth attention from the general reader, and of careful perusal by the minister of the gospel. The doctrine is not always what would be called evangelical, but the style is a perfect model. For perspicuity, directness, simplicity, and terseness we have rarely seen it equalled. If one would learn how to exhibit the highest truths in the simplest language; how to preach so as both to reach the common understanding and yet gain the ear of the educated, let him digest these sermons. Their principal fault is the very uncommon one of being too short, for the subject is barely opened up before the discourse closes.

SERMONS BY THE REV. H. GRATTAN GUINNESS.—New York: CARTER & BROTHERS. Toronto: MACLEAR & Co.

In style, choice of subjects, and method of treatment, there could hardly be presented a greater contrast than between the sermons last named and these. Mr. Kingsley is sagacious, practical, and terse; he speaks as the faithful pastor, or rather as the Church of England parish minister; Mr. Guinness is a thorough Evangelist. His sermons are the outpouring of a zealous heart; his thoughts breathe and his words burn. He amplifies and opens up his subject, illustrates it and adorns it, gives line upon line, and precept upon precept, and never seems to think he has done it justice, unless it has been so pointed as to reach and save some.

Mr. Guinness is, we believe, a young man of ample means, and has, though in the ministry, abstained from taking a pastoral charge. His preaching has been eminently successful in awakening sinners and quickening the people of God; and on perusing this volume we cannot fail to recognise him as a burning and shining light. The matter of his sermons is of a higher stamp than those of the great Baptist orator; while they are fully equal to them in fire, force, variety, and unction. And one sermon, that entitled the "Green Tree and the Dry," surpasses any that we ever heard or read for its overpowering force of argumentative appeal. Spurgeon's sermon, "Turn or Burn," was powerful and scathing; but this melts, and awes, and subdues; it realizes at once the image of the hammer breaking the rock in pieces, and the coals of fire heaped upon the sinner's head to melt him down. It makes one tremble to read it; what must it have been then to hear? Let us listen awhile to this eloquent preacher of righteousness:

"Look again, O unconverted man or woman, at that dry tree. The showers that soften the folded buds, and spread open the tender leaves of living trees in spring-time, rain down upon it in abundance, but, alas, it only rots the more.

The sunshine that ripens many a flower into fruit, and sweetens many a fruit to maturity beams down upon it from day to day; but alas, it only decays the faster. Sinner! *thou art that dry tree!* The gospel which has softened many hard hearts, has made yours more callous. The sweet invitations of Jesus, which with their almost irresistible tenderness, have drawn to the cross the souls of thousands, have become at least cheap and common in your sight. What preaching can now move you? Because it has long been calm with you, you fear no storm; because it has long been day, you fear no night; because your life still lasts, you forget death; because time continues, you forget eternity! But it shall soon be over!

“Look again, O unconverted man or woman, at that dry tree. There it lies decaying, how soon will it be gone! A few more years, or months, or even weeks, and you may seek for it in vain. The little dust it leaves shall be carried away by winds, or soaked down into the earth by rains. The fresh grass of future spring-times shall cover over from the sight the spot where it lay. It shall soon be forgotten for ever. Sinner! *thou art that dry tree!* Decay has set in; you are partly gone already; your past life has perished; your present habitation, the body, is decaying every moment; your pulse is coming to its stop; your life hastes to its close. Sinner, I think I see you dying. Your head lies heavily upon the pillow, you are too weak to lift yourself up in the bed, your breathing is feverish and faint, your lips are dry and open, your eyes are bloodshot and dim, a haze, a darkness falls upon you, the shadow of death crosses your pale face, you are strangely still, you become stiff, you grow cold—you are dead! All night long your body lies without a stir in the cold, undisturbed bed! Early the light shines in again, but no morning comes to you, wrapped in white. You are lifted into the coffin, a cloth covers your face from the light of day. The hours and the night steal away in silence. You are carried through the streets beneath a pall, and lowered into the grave, you are buried out of sight of all the world. The weeks roll on, the tears wept for you are wiped away, the green weed creeps across your grave. The years roll on; another sleeps at night in the bed where you lay a corpse and never thinks of it; all who remembered you depart into eternity. The place knows you no more, time wipes out your name from the gravestone. Your history, your joys, your sorrows, your deeds, your name, and the place where you lay in death are all alike forgotten. The last age of time rolls to its end. The trumpet sounds! You awake and stand before the bar of judgment. You are condemned, God curses you, the everlasting grave opens beneath you, the gates of darkness close above you, you sink into darkness and torment! Eternity rolls on. The songs of the innumerable redeemed still swell and echo around the throne of God the same as ever, and you are lying in your agony forgotten. The waves of successive ages of misery flow and ebb upon the shores of your eternity, but it abides unchanged, and rolls in tide after tide of torment upon your soul from the dark and endless future. You are lost! you are damned! you are forgotten for ever and ever!

“O Jesus! Son of the most high God! have mercy upon perishing sinners. Who among us can answer Thine awful question,—What shall be done in the dry? Lord! judgment shall be done in the dry! Hell shall be done in the dry! We know no more. But, O Lord, canst not Thou, who didst raise dry bones, quicken us? Oh speak to us as Thou didst speak to the dead of old! Curse us not as thou didst curse the barren tree, though we are worse than barren. But oh, bless us as thou hast blessed thousands of poor penitents who have knelt and wept before thee in their misery, and, as we are not damned, but still spared, may we be now forgiven, and finally saved, and we shall love Thee, and obey Thee, and praise Thee, and bless Thee, for ever and ever!”

CONTENTMENT.—For a fit of despondency, look on the good things which God has given you in this world, and at those which he has promised to his followers in the next.—He who goes into his garden to look for cobwebs and spiders, no doubt will find them; while he who looks for a flower may return into his house with one blooming in his bosom.—*Old Humphrey.*

News of the Churches.

SYMPATHY OF THE CHURCH IN HAMILTON WITH REV. W. F. CLARKE.

At a meeting of the Church assembling in Hughson street, in the City of Hamilton, C. W., after morning service on Sabbath, 11th Dec. 1859, the following statement was read:—Whereas, it appears from a printed circular, published by Rev. W. F. Clarke, of Victoria, Vancouver's Island, that he has been severely tried and discouraged by the course pursued by the Rev. Matthew Macfie, his coadjutor, appointed by the Colonial Missionary Society, of London, England, in originating a separate church, whereby the unrighteous prejudice against colored persons is fostered, and an invidious and unscriptural distinction is recognised amongst the hearers of the Gospel in the House of God, it is resolved:—

1. That this Church desires to convey to the Rev. W. F. Clarke, its cordial sympathy with him, and hearty approval of the noble stand he has taken for Christian principle, and the rights of this long oppressed portion of the human family, and would express its belief that a steady perseverance in the same course will ultimately redound to the prosperity of his important mission.

2. That this church reiterates its abhorrence of slavery and all its concomitants, as being directly contrary to the spirit and teaching of the Word of God, destructive of the natural rights and relations of the human race, and a great barrier to the progress of the Gospel.

3. That a copy of these resolutions, signed by the Pastor and Deacons, be transmitted to the Rev. W. F. Clarke, and also to Rev. Dr. Wilkes, of Montreal, with a request that he will transmit the same to the Colonial Missionary Society.

(Signed)

THOMAS PULLAR, *Pastor.*

J. C. BARTON,	} <i>Deacons.</i>
J. C. CHILLMAN,	
W. EDGAR,	
HUGH COCHRANE,	
WM. GRANT,	

INSTALLATION: STRATFORD.

The Rev. ROBERT ROBINSON, recently the agent of the French Canadian Missionary Society, was publicly recognised as the pastor of the Church of Christ, meeting in Salem Congregational Church, Stratford, on Wednesday, 30th November. The services were divided. The exercises relating to the recognition of the pastoral settlement were as follows: Rev. James Howell, of Guelph, opened the service with reading the Scriptures and prayer. The pastor elect, in reply to the usual questions, made a public declaration of his religious hope, his views of Christian Truth, and his purposes of ministerial labour, which were characterized by a spirituality and originality, that rendered this a most interesting part of the service. The Rev. John Wood, of Brantford, offered the prayer of installation. The Rev. Mr. Howell then delivered the charge to the pastor, from the words (2 Tim. iv. 5) "Watch thou in all things; endure affliction, do the work of an evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry." This address was to the point; well suited to the occasion, and possessed the rare quality of brevity. It was followed by an address to the church and congregation by the writer.

In the evening a second service was held, when Rev. Mr. Wood delivered a discourse on "Congregational Independency," founded upon the words, "Brethren, ye are called unto liberty; only use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh; but by love serve one another." Gal. v. 13.

The first division of the discourse, explaining the *liberty* of the Church of Christ, as constituted by Christ and his apostles, was an excellent and compendious summary of New Testament Church Polity. As the preacher has kindly

assented to the writer's request, that he would forward it to the *Canadian Independent*, it is only necessary to call the reader's attention to it on a previous page, where it takes the place of an article promised from another pen, as a sequel to a paper in the last number.

The settlement of Rev. Mr. Robinson at Stratford is an event of great hopefulness to that church and congregation, and is so regarded by them. It is also an occasion of devout thanksgiving to his ministerial brethren of neighbouring churches, both on account of his restored health, and reinstatement in the pastoral work, and on account of the heartiness and unanimity with which his people rally around him. May the union prove lasting and abundantly fruitful!

EDWARD EBBES.

THE REV. JAMES HAY AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

We received a copy of the *Cape Monitor*, Nov. 5th. 1859: and are gratified to learn that our brother who has gone forth to Natal was then at the Cape. May the Lord prepare a way for him in his future home. It contained the following paragraph:—

A Canadian Missionary Settlement, we learn, is about to be made in Natal. For the purpose of pioneering the way, the Rev. James Hay, a pastor of the Congregational Church in Canada, has arrived here *via* Boston, *en route* to Natal. He will not decide on the spot where he will locate himself until he has examined the country carefully, and made inquiry into the condition and position of the respective Christian communities there. He may afterwards ally himself either to the American Board of Missions, the Canadian Board of Congregational Missions, or work independent of either—according to circumstances. Mr. Hay has been deputed to examine the country, and if his report be a favorable one he will soon be followed by a large number of friends, and others, who wish to make Natal their home.

HOW THE REVIVAL COMMENCED IN GREAT ST. GEORGE'S STREET CHURCH, BELFAST.

The following is from the pen of the Rev. Thomas Toye of Belfast, and shows the faithfulness of God in hearing prayer and fulfilling his word:—

When the news of the great awakening in America reached this country, I thought it right to establish daily prayer-meetings, and accordingly I commenced to have them, April 17, 1858. The attendance was comparatively small for several months, but I still persevered in the attempt. In the end of May, 1859, I brought three lay brethren (two of them converts) from Ahogill to Belfast, who held meetings morning and evening for three days, and whose visit awakened great interest. There were no screams nor prostrations during their addresses, but there seemed to be a deep and evident impression.

It was in the month of June that the work broke out in such an extraordinary way in this town. On Sabbath, June 19, there was a woman in deep distress in Great George's Street Church lest the Spirit had been withdrawn from her; and on the following Sabbath, June 26, there was a girl under deep conviction of sin, who found peace that evening through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.

The following Wednesday, June 29, was the day in which the great meeting was held in the Botanic Gardens; and on the evening of that day the work may be said to have regularly commenced in my congregation. I have often thought that the Lord designed to show the people that He could work by any means He chose in carrying on his own work, and there was an undeniable evidence of this fact on this occasion. A young girl stood up, declared that she was happy in the Lord, and simply added, "Come to Jesus." The effect of these few words was like the effect of an electric shock. I have heard eloquent sermons from some of the most eminent ministers of the present day, but I never heard any discourse from the pulpit produce the same effect as this young girl's words, "Come to Jesus." The scene which followed was very affecting, but it was to be soon eclipsed by another. The people gathered in such numbers on the following evening that the Church could not accommodate them, and there was one congregation within and another without.

After the service in the church began, there were cries for mercy in every part of the house. I have a garden into which there is an entrance from the church, and several persons under convictions of sin were moved there, while others were taken in to my own dwelling house. The season of the year and the state of the weather were very favourable for those taken into the garden, and I will venture to affirm that such a scene was never witnessed in Belfast before. There were several groups of individuals. Some were exhorting, some were praying for mercy, some were praising God for having obtained mercy and singing the converts psalm :

“He took me from the fearful pit and from the miry clay,
And on a rock He set my feet, establishing my way,
He put a new song in my mouth, our God to magnify :
Many shall see it, and shall fear, and on the Lord rely.”

The regular hour for dismissal came, but they heeded it not. The day brightened in the heavens. The sun appeared in the east. They did not however, leave the spot till five o'clock in the morning; and it has been stated that out of 800 persons converted to God in this revival in Great George's Street there were forty who underwent this great change that night in the garden.

The following Sabbath was a wonderful day. There were three persons stricken in the morning and fifteen in the evening service. The cases then became so frequent that it was necessary to have a car in attendance at the gate of the church to convey those who were affected to their respective places of abode. The work has never ceased since that period, although it has lately gone on in a quieter way. I might specify some very interesting facts connected with it, but I must not occupy too much of your space; and if you consider them worth insertion, I shall feel happy to furnish you with them on a future occasion.—*British Monitor*.

Rills from the Fountains of Israel.

TO-MORROW.

“Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth!”—Prov. xxvii. 1.

Let the apostle expound the wise man;—“Go to now, ye that say, to-day or to-morrow we will go into such a city, and continue there a year, and buy and sell, and get gain.” Both apply the same rebuke to the boast:—*Thou knowest not what a day may bring forth*: “whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow.” *To provide for the morrow* is a scriptural duty. The Christian in his calling, reposing on God's providence, walks with God. But *to boast of to-morrow*—“all such rejoicing is evil.” Indeed it is absurd to boast of what is not our own. To-morrow is finely described as an unknown birth. It may be in eternity. And yet the sensualist and the worldling *boast* as if it were their own; and thus virtually put God out of his own world. The ungodly reckon upon being religious *to-morrow*; and therefore put off repentance, forsaking the world, and living for eternity, to some indefinitely future day. Would they do this if they did not reckon upon the morrow being given to them? Nay, do we not all naturally cherish this looking forward, which the great enemy works up into practical forgetfulness of God? Yet we must not live as if to-morrow would not come. Else would the world be in a state of stagnation. The present duties of the day would be absorbed in the instant preparation for the coming eternity. We start from death when he enters our houses, as if we did not expect him. How little do we die daily! We can even coolly calculate upon the death of others, for our own benefit. Our intense anxiety about earthly, and apathy about heavenly things, speaks but too plainly. The young look to the middle age; the more advanced, to the last stage of life. All in contradiction to their avowed profession, *boast themselves of to-morrow*.

How awfully has this boasting been put to shame! In the days of Noah “they married wives and were given in marriage, until the very day when the flood came and destroyed them all.” Abner promised a kingdom but could not ensure

his life for an hour. Haman plumed himself upon the prospect of the queen's banquet, but was hanged like a dog before night. "The fool's soul was required of him" on the very night of his worldly projects "for many years" to come. The infidel Gibbon calculated upon fifteen years of life, and died within a few months, at a day's warning. *We know not what a day may bring forth.*

How natural it is for the young to be looking for *to-morrow's* prospect! But have you never seen the lovely flower cropped and faded in the blossom? Is not the robust, as well as the feeble frame cut down in the prime? Have you a lease of your life? If there be a promise of forgiveness to the repenting, where is the promise of *to-morrow* for repentance. Will consideration naturally come with years? Or will not, rather, long-protracted habits of ungodliness harden into a second nature? What if in the midst of thy *boasting*, flattering thyself that thou shouldst see another and another day, thou shouldst be surprised unprepared, and be left to lament forever thy presumption in the lake of everlasting fire! Stop—consider—weep—pray—believe; now, while conscience speaks; while thou art halting between God and the world; between conviction and inclination. Now, in "this accepted time," devote thyself to God; enthrone the Saviour in thine heart.

The universe does not present a more affecting sight than an aged sinner, with one foot in the grave, losing all in the world—infinity more in eternity. A moment, and he is gone. Heaven and hell are no trifles. *To-morrow* presumed upon, to-day neglected, ruins all. Standing on the brink of the precipice, how precious the moment for prayer, ere the door of mercy is closed forever.

Has the child of God reason to *boast of to-morrow*? What a change may it make in your worldly circumstances or Christian experience! Never will you feel more secure, than in the consciousness that you have no security for a single hour. Rest all your cares in the bosom of your God. Let disappointment prepare you for your heavenly rest, and bound all your wishes and pleasures by his gracious will. But have you no need of warning? How speaks the too full current of affections towards earthly enjoyment? Did you practically believe that "the time is short, and the fashion of this world passeth away," would you not rejoice as though you rejoiced not? Would pleasures of earth be so highly prized, if there were no great dependence on *to-morrow*. Surely this thought may more than sustain in the loss of them—the shadow only is gone, the body of my happiness remains immoveable. To see things temporal as if we looked not at them, is the life of spiritual religion. To have our "loins girt about" for our Lord's coming; to live so as not to be surprised by the call, and in readiness to "open to him" *immediately*; this is our security and our happiness. "Blessed are those servants whom the Lord, when he cometh, shall find watching."—*Rev. C. Bridges, M. A., Vicar of Old Newton, Suffolk.*

The Fragment Basket.

DR. CHALMERS TO THE IMPENITENT.—You may delay the work of repentance, and think the future far off—but *it will come*: your last call from heaven far off—but *it will come*; your last unavailing effort to repent far off—but *it will come*; the death-struggle, the shroud, the funeral far off—but *it will come*; the day of judgment, the day of reckoning far off—but *it will come*; the sentence, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire!" far off—but *it will come*; eternal banishment from the presence of the Lord, weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth far off—but *it will come*!

HUMILITY.—In the school of Christ, the first lesson of all, is self-denial and humility; yea, it is written above the door, as the *rule of entry*, or admission: "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart." But out of all question, that is truly the humblest heart that has the most of Christ in it.—*Leighton.*

THE CONQUEST OF DEATH.—Like other great monarchs, death also has his harbingers to proclaim and prepare his approach. He sends before him the most agonising pains and afflictions; diseases that consume our strength and vigour, and sometimes induce us to expect his arrival every moment. By the trembling joints, the dimness of the eyes, the changed countenance, the breaking of the bowl at the cistern, and the loosening of the silver cord, we know that he is at hand. There is a shadow cast before him extending according to the height of his terrible majesty, and stretching over part of the vale of life. Yes, all that precedes our dissolution, all that is preparatory to the last stroke, are harbingers of death, afflictive in themselves, and to be dreaded on their own account, but peculiarly fearful as the precursors of this great adversary. As these are his forerunners, so he has innumerable and dreadful instruments to destroy. The famine and the pestilence are in his hand; he kindles the fury of the battle, and riots in the field of slaughter; he wings the forked lightning, and expands the jaws of the devouring earthquake; the air we breathe, the elements by which we are supplied, and the food upon which we subsist, are often converted into instruments of death; he levies a contribution upon all, extracts the poison of mortality from that which is given for the sustentation of life. The empire of death, which it has required so many ages to overthrow, which has seemed to recover from its defeats, will at last sink by one powerful stroke, never to rise again. It will not require more than a moment of time to raise all the dead, to lay open every sepulchre, to restore every particle of dust that is fit to be restored to its proper body, and for all the bodies of the saints to be prepared for the mansions of eternal glory. How insipid and tame are the histories of all other conquests, of the rise and the fall of all these kingdoms and empires, when compared with the grand and wonderful achievements of the King Immortal and the fall of death beneath His power, and the giving up of all his prey. Death shall be known and feared no more. Millions of millions shall join in everlasting praise to Him whom all the redeemed will acknowledge as the Great Deliverer.—*Robert Hall.*

Poetry.

“SPEAK NO ILL.”

Nay speak no ill—a kindly word,
 Can never leave a sting behind;
 And oh! to breathe each tale we've heard,
 Is far beneath a noble mind.
 Full oft a better seed is sown,
 By choosing thus the kinder plan;
 For if but little good be known,
 Still let us speak, the best we can.

Give me the heart, that fain would hide,
 Would fain another's fault efface;
 How can it pleasure human pride
 To prove humanity but base.
 No! let us reach a higher mood,
 A nobler estimate of man;
 Be earnest in the search of good,
 And speak of all the best we can.

Then speak no ill—but lenient be,
 To others' feelings, as your own;
 If you're the first a fault to see,
 Be not the first, to make it known.
 For life is but a passing day,
 No lip can tell, how brief its span;
 Then oh, the little time we stay,
 Let's speak of all, the best we can.

CHARLES SWAIN.

GOD'S CARE.

“Even as a nurse, whose child's imperfect pace
 Can hardly lead his foot from place to place,
 Leaves her fond kissing, sets him down to go,
 Nor does uphold him for a step or two,
 But when she finds that he begins to fall,
 She holds him up, and kisses him withal;—
 So God from man sometimes withdraws his hand,
 Awhile, to teach his infant faith to stand;
 But when he sees his feeble strength begins
 To fail, he gently takes him up again!”

Quarles' Meditations.

Family Reading.

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS DELIVERED TO A SABBATH SCHOOL.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: Let me bespeak your earnest attention, while I direct your thoughts for a little, to some of those truths to which you have listened during the past year, but which you may have neglected or forgotten.

A very celebrated painter, who bestowed great labour upon his work, and employed an immense length of time in finishing his pictures, was asked why he laboured so long and so constantly. He answered, “I paint for eternity.” He meant that he wished his pictures to last so long, and be so admired by everybody, as would make his name to be remembered to the end of time. Now, were any person to ask, after observing our exercises in the Sabbath school, why we spoke so often and so long about these important things, I would just answer, “I speak for eternity,” but with far greater certainty than the person I mentioned to you just now; for I know assuredly, as God himself is true, that if you do not hear as you ought what is spoken to you from time to time, it will be brought forward against you as a witness in the great and dreadful day of the Lord. When a person commences any sort of business, it is always in the hope of deriving some benefit; and after being engaged some time, he is anxious to know whether he is gaining or losing. Now this may be applied to us, only this difference, that it may happen at the year's end, the merchant, on looking over his affairs, finds he has neither lost nor won, but is just as rich, or as poor as when he first commenced. But this cannot be the case in the business in which we have been engaged. We must have won riches more than the world itself is worth, even the pearl of great price, the knowledge of ourselves, and of Jesus Christ, as our Saviour; then we are rich indeed!! Or we may have lost what all the world cannot give or restore, the precious opportunity of embracing Christ, and being saved from the wrath to come!! Now, my young friend, what improvement have you made during the past year? Have you been led to enquire what you must do to be saved; or are you still careless and thoughtless? But perhaps you think you are too young to trouble yourself about the offers of Christ. Then he will have nothing to do with you. He says “They that seek me early shall find me,” and you may be sure if you do not seek him, then you will not find him.

Beware, my young friends, of sin. It first entices, by the pleasure it has in its appearance, and the happiness it offers; and then it destroys by its dreadful consequences. You have heard of that great man, Socrates, who was the wisest philosopher in Greece. Some of his opinions not being agreeable to the people, he was accused, tried, and condemned to die. Two kinds of death were offered to him; one was to drink a quantity of poison from a golden cup; the other was to come near and embrace the figure of a man who was dressed in the most beautiful manner possible. His features wore the most engaging smile and he held out his arms to entice people to come near, in the most winning manner. But mark the consequences. As soon as any one came within his reach, his arms closed upon him, and from all parts of his body, out sprung a thousand lances, which pierced the person in every part, so that he died deceived by the appear-

rance. But Socrates, knowing the dreadful death, chose rather to die by poison. Now this is an exact representation of sin ; it puts on the most beautiful appearances, and promises every happiness and pleasure, till once it gets you within its power, then you are pierced with its thousand stings, and at last you lament your foolishness when it is too late, and when your destruction is certain ; for when lust hath conceived it bringeth forth sin ; and sin when finished bringeth forth death. The Lord says, " His own iniquities shall take the wicked, and he shall be holden with the cords of his sins," and sooner shall the Ethiopian change his skin, and the leopard his spots, than they that have been accustomed to sin learn to do well ; that is, sin is of such a nature, that the more you are willing to commit it, it will just bind you the faster in its chains, and you will be enticed by it to destruction.

O, my young friends if you were fully aware of the value of time which is flying so rapidly, every new year would spread an alarm in your souls, and every careless ear would hear the cry, prepare to meet thy God. You would look with as much terror and alarm on every dial which points how fast time is going, as the King of the Chaldeans, Belshazzar, did, when he saw the hand upon the wall ; and you would hear every hour strike with as much fear as he saw the writing on the wall. You would hear the solemn sound as if an angel spoke, but would not require, like him, to call in the wise men to tell you what it meant. Every hour points to you, and says, boy (or girl) thy kingdom is departing from you ; the precious moments you now enjoy to flee from the wrath to come, are nearly gone. But, perhaps, you are ready to answer, " I go to the chapel and sabbath school every Lord's day, and read my bible sometimes, and say a few words of prayer every night, and you are well pleased with yourself : and is this all your religion ? I shall just mention the case of a young man in this town. Now observe, he was neither a liar, nor a swearer, nor outwardly wicked. On the contrary, he had a good character as being a very fine young man. He was taken ill and then he began to think of his soul. One of his companions called upon him one day, to inquire how he was. He looked up in his friend's face, and in the most dreadful agony exclaimed, Eternity, Charles, Eternity ! Ah, whither, whither shall I flee ? On his friend saying he had never done any body any harm—Ah, said he, so I thought at one time, but now I know otherwise. I have despised the mercy of God, and rejected the offers of Christ. I have nothing to expect but the unsufferable pangs of everlasting burnings,—and a short time after expired. Now just allow yourself to think that ere long you may be stretched on a bed of sickness, when, perhaps, one of your friends with one hand will support your sinking head, and with the other wipe off the dying sweat, your healthy body wasted and decayed, your pale cheeks, hollow eyes, trembling pulse, feeble voice, all showing too truly the approach of death ; your friends anxiously leaning over you as if to catch the last word, your soul trembling on the edge of eternity, the judgment seat just about to burst on your sight, when your final doom will be forever fixed. At such a moment will time appear trifling ? If you have no hope of safety from the wrath of God, where, oh where, will you be able to hide your guilty head. Improve, then, moments given to secure a happy death by having the strong arms of Jesus to support you in that awful hour. Now, do you believe you are perishing ? Then come to Jesus, for it was such as you he came from heaven to save. Do you say you do not know the way to come to him, but you wish much to find it out ? It was for just such as you the bible was written by the command of God ; for he says, " I will lead the blind by a way that they know not, and in paths that they have not known." If all the kings of the earth were to join together and offer the world for heaven, would they get it ? No ! And can a sabbath scholar buy it ? Yes ! O that I could hear you saying, how shall I get it ? I will tell you. The price is your heart. Jesus says, blessed are ye poor in spirit, ye who are humble, who have given me your heart, for the kingdom of heaven is yours. Are you asking how you are to give Christ your heart. It is by loving him. If any boy or girl, Christ says, love me, I will love them ; and they that seek me shall find me. If you love Jesus, then you will love your bible, you will obey his commands, you will tell all your companions of Jesus, you will love all who love him, and if you love Jesus above every thing else, you will always be thinking of him.

Now, I would just conclude by asking, if anything can exceed the happiness of those who come to Jesus. They receive the forgiveness of their sins, are adopted into the family of Christ, and enjoy all the blessings which he only can give, and, being heirs with him, they receive a crown and a kingdom at death. But I would entreat you to remember that those glorious things are not for those who delay to think of them, but for those that commence immediately by coming to Jesus. The sooner you seek, and the more you love Jesus, the greater will be your happiness here and glory hereafter.

"I AM GOING TO BE AN ANGEL."

Children have an instinctive dread of the grave, and though heaven may be associated with delightful thoughts, they shrink from a passage to it through the tomb. The following beautiful sketch, from one of our exchanges, teaches this aversion may sometimes be overcome :

The last rays of the setting sun stole through the dancing leaves, and shed a golden radiance over a lovely garden, imparting an additional beauty to every bud and blossom. But the fairest flower upon which the sunbeams shone, was a pale, spiritual child, who stood inhaling the perfumed air, and surveying, with apparent delight, the many hued flowers. As she looked and admired, her blue eyes sparkled, and a faint color just tinged her fair cheek, as if reflected from the roses, which, as she passed, scattered their blushing petals upon her head. Presently her attention was withdrawn from the flowers, and directed to the western sky, which the sun's departing rays had dyed with gorgeous hues. The trees upon the mountain's brow seemed as if painted upon the glowing horizon, and clouds of silver white, tinted off with gold and crimson, floated above them.

As the child stood enraptured with the beauty of the sky, light fingers strayed through her sunny tresses, fond eyes were bent upon her, and a voice, sweet and gentle, said, "Of what are you thinking, Lilly?" The child pointed upward with her slender finger, saying, "O, mamma, how beautiful! How I should like to be away up there with the angels!" The mother looked up and answered, "Yes, darling, the clouds are very beautiful, to-night." "But, mamma, do you know what makes them beautiful? I do; it is because the angels are in them, and I was just thinking that when I died may be I would look right down here, some time, upon you, mamma. Say, don't you think I will?" The mother made no reply, for tears were in her eyes, and a shadow upon her heart, and tenderly embracing the fragile little creature, and kissing her white brow, she tried to divert her thoughts.

But the child continued, "Mamma, I want to be an angel; but I don't want to die, as little Bessie did, and be laid in the cold ground. You won't let me die and be buried up, will you, mamma?"

"When the Saviour calls my little lamb, I shall have to give her up. You would be willing to go to Jesus and never be sick any more, wouldn't you darling?"

"Yes, mamma, if He would take me right up to the beautiful sky; but O, mamma, I don't want to be put in the ground."

The mother kissed the tearful eyes, and caressing the trembling form, said, "Don't you remember, darling, the little dark root which you saw me plant right here in the Spring?"

"O yes, mamma, I remember you dug a little hole in the ground and put it in, and then you covered it all up."

"Do you know what became of that little root, Lilly?"

"Yes, mamma, I do," replied the child, with brightening eyes. "It came up with two lovely green leaves, and it grew into this tall shrub, which has so many beautiful flowers upon it."

"If I had not planted the root in the cold ground, would we have had these sweet flowers, which you love so well, Lilly?"

"No, mamma, we would not."

"Listen to me, darling: we must die and be buried up in the cold ground, that our spirits may rise up—as these flowers do above the earth—in beauty and purity to heaven. If we do not die, my child, we can never go to heaven to live with Christ and the angels."

The child looked for an instant upon the flowers, then exclaimed, with her fair face and blue eyes radiant with hope, "O, mamma, I do not feel afraid now to die and be buried up in the ground, because I shall rise up far more beautiful than I am now, to live away up in the blue sky with Christ and the angels."

And little Lilly never thought again of being afraid to die; but when at length she lay upon her little bed, and could not walk, or be carried out into the garden to look at the flowers and the sunset clouds, she thought of that beautiful home whither she was going, and as her blue eyes closed in death, she murmured :

"Mamma, I am not afraid to be put into the ground, for I am going to be an angel."

From Scripture it seems to me, that a minister's chief business commences, instead of finishes, when a soul is brought to life.—*Ibid.*

HARRY'S PRAYER.

Little Harry C— had been folded into his warm crib. "And now, Harry," said his mother seriously, "say your prayer." To her surprise the child refused. "Harry," she asked, "who has taken care of you to day?" "Mamma, I s'pose." Can mother keep her little boy alive?" "No, mamma, God does that." And yet my boy will not thank Him. When your father and mother are asleep, who will watch over you to-night?

His blue eyes were full of thought, and tears gathered in them as he said, "I will ask God to take care of me to-night, for it will be all dark and still—but to-morrow Harry can take care of himself." "Harry," said the mother, "you could not take care of yourself for a moment." "Yes, mamma, in the daytime I could." "If God saw fit to take your life, could you prevent it?" "No mamma." "If he should think it best to take away your father, or your mother, anything you have, could you help it?" "No mamma." Yet you will not pray to that kind Father in heaven who gives you your life, your father, your mother, everything you love or enjoy. "No, you can take care of yourself." "I can't mamma, I can't." His eyes were full of tears, as closing them, he folded his small hands and prayed, "Please God, take care of poor Harry, for Jesus' sake, for he can never, never take care of himself."

A simple prayer, for Harry was but three. A true prayer, for it came from the heart. Harry will never be more truly wise, than when thus feeling his entire dependence upon God.—*Child's Paper.*

Obituary.

PLINY V. HIBBARD.

You have not much room in a monthly journal for obituary notices; perhaps, however, you will find a corner in which to notice the decease of a servant of our Lord, who was well and favourably known in the eastern section of Canada. A number of years since he was employed by our Bible Society to visit the French parishes with the bible. He exhibited much tact and skill in this work, and succeeded in lodging copies of the scriptures in nearly all the parishes of the country. Of course, he was bitterly opposed, though not often insulted, for his spirit was kindly, and his manners urbane. There can be no doubt that the seed of life then sown broadcast over the country, has already yielded precious fruit, and will yet produce more. After completing this mission, he returned to the ordinary avocations of life; yet in the midst of business he never lost his interest in the services and prosperity of Zion. For several later years, filial affection provided him with a comfortable home at St. Andrew's, C.E., where he died most peacefully and happily, the middle of last month. He was for many years a member of the church under my care, and died in communion with it. On the first Lord's day in November, he was present with us at the communion, in feeble health, but capable of enjoying the service: and then he went home to die. He was a man of an eminently catholic spirit, loving and labouring with all who love our Lord Jesus: an effect of which was the noticeable fact, that the ministers of at least three, if not four, denominations visited him with much tenderness of interest during the last two days of his life. His death chamber was a place of song. At his request such hymns as "There is a land of pure delight," and "Jesus lover of my soul" were sung with trembling voices and amidst the tears of those surrounding him. Being asked if he suffered pain, his reply was, "Nothing in comparison to what my Saviour suffered." On Friday evening, the 18th, he laid him down not again to rise. Towards midnight it was seen that his hour had come, his favourite hymns were sung while he lay speechless—but indicating that he could hear; and while surrounding children and friends were singing "Bright angels are from glory come," the pulse became motionless and our friend was gone to be with the Lord whom he loved. We sympathize with the widow and the fatherless, yet is there in this death a sense of completeness: none were dependent upon him, and, having reached the verge of three score years and ten his work was finished.

Montreal, 20th Dec., 1859.

H. W.