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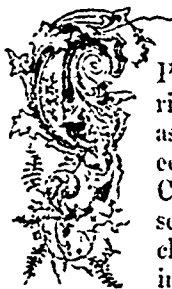
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# THE PRESBYTERIAN.

SEPTEMBER, 1866.



CONFEDERATION of the Provinces has at last been carried, waiting only the Royal assent to be confirmed. The education question in Lower Canada has been practically settled, and it has been declared that sectarian schools in their very worst form are to be continued amongst us. The mistake which we were alone in pointing out, of advocating sectarianism against sectarianism—Protestant schools against Roman Catholic schools—has borne the fruit which alone could have been expected. Repeatedly we have pointed out that the true ground to have taken, in opposing the claims of the Roman Catholics to control the educational institutions of Lower Canada, was to demand for Lower Canada not Protestant but Common Schools, where those of all creeds and denominations could receive their education together, and meet on one common ground. This was not done. An association was formed for the promotion of Protestant education in Lower Canada, and the result that might have been foreseen has taken place. By a juggling upon words the Romish priesthood put forward their demand, that before justice would be done to Lower Canada the Common School system of Upper Canada must be broken up, and what they were pleased to call the privileges granted to Protestants in Lower Canada must be extended to Roman Catholics in Upper Canada, while they know that the two systems are diametrically opposite to each other. The amount of ignorance on this subject seems almost incredible. Led away by the name of Protestant, as applied to the movement for obtaining some small measure of justice to those who object to the teaching of Romish Catechisms, creeds and idolatry in what ought to be the Common Schools of Lower Canada, our legislators appear to have been unable to judge for themselves as to the real merits of the question. At first sight it might seem as if the difference that exists between the two sections of the Province might be easily understood. Yet so little has the question been studied, so indifferent are even those who profess to lead public opinion as to the true points at issue, that mistakes of the most ludicrous kind, were their effects not so serious, have been and are being daily committed. At the risk of repeating what ought to be well known we may briefly recapitulate the differences between the two systems, merely reminding our readers that nominally they are the same, and that whenever a fresh demand is to be made by Roman Catholics, it is taken for granted that they are used in the same way by the respective majorities, Protestants in Upper Canada teaching their peculiar religious dogmas, exactly in the same way as Roman Catholics in Lower Canada teach theirs, and that, therefore, if non-catholics object to have their children taught Roman Catholic doctrines in Common Schools in Lower Canada, Roman Catholics in Upper Canada ask simply that their children shall not be taught Protestant doctrines in the Common Schools of that part of the Province. What is the real position of these schools? In Upper Canada, they are emphatically the "Common" Schools of the country, in which all the necessary branches of a secular education are taught, in which the children of parents of every belief known on earth may meet together without any attempt being made to influence them in their religious opinions. To throw them open to all, Protestants, who are the large majority of the population of Upper Canada, after long and serious deliberation resolved to do without the use of even the Bible, so that Roman Catholics, who profess to believe in that Holy Book, and yet dread its teachings, might not have the shadow of an objection to offer. It was a great sacrifice to make, it marked a noble resolution on the part of

our Upper Canadian brethren to have all the children of the country taught, and trained to become useful members of society. At the same time, hours were set apart for religious teaching, and it rested with parents to say how those hours were to be employed. The result was most gratifying, and education made rapid strides. All were satisfied, and the prejudices which arise among those who are kept apart, and not allowed to meet together in the daily intercourse of school life, were passing away. This did not suit the priesthood. They contrived to get up an agitation on the subject, and by the employment of means which they so well know how to use, they succeeded, after years of turmoil, in getting passed the Separate School bill, which was to be final. To this the Bishops were pledged. If there is any force in words, if any belief can be attached to the obligations of men who speak with all the solemnity attaching to the pledges of those standing in the highest rank in their Church, then the bill known as the Scott bill is one beyond which the Catholic priesthood are not entitled to pass. But what vows, what pledges, what obligations can bind the Church of Rome? So far are the laity of the Romish Church from joining in the Crusade against the Common School system in Upper Canada, that out of the whole number of the children of that sect attending school, barely a fourth are to be found in the Separate Schools, notwithstanding every effort made to compel their parents to send them there; and to show the impartiality in the appointment of teachers it is only necessary to say that no less than three hundred of those employed are Roman Catholics.

On the other hand, the so-called Common School system in Lower Canada is practically the most rigidly sectarian in the civilized world. It is impossible for parents who are not Roman Catholics to send their children to schools in those parts of the country where the Roman Catholics are in the majority, unless they are prepared to allow of their children being trained to all the outward forms of that religion. As much as possible the teachers are either monks or nuns, and by a special clause in the statute they are exempt from examination as to their qualifications, and are removed from all control except by the Romish Hierarchy. Wherever a few families who are not Catholics are settled in Roman Catholic districts, they are debarred from school, unless they agree to have their

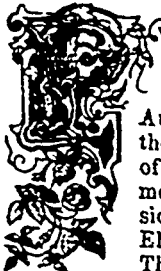
children taught what they believe to be dangerous errors. Not only so, but they must also contribute to the support of these schools. Attention has been too exclusively directed to those parts of the country in which there are amongst the majority of the particular district, a sufficiently large minority to form a dissentient school, and those places have been overlooked where amongst the majority composed of Roman Catholic French, are to be found one or two families of the same nationality who are not Roman Catholics. The gross injustice done to them has been altogether forgotten, and too feeble to make their voices heard, they have been obliged to submit in silence. As to Roman Catholics in the same position it is a very different matter, for it is undeniable that when left to themselves they, as a general rule, prefer to send their children to non-Catholic schools, acknowledging that the education their children receive in them is of a much more useful and liberal kind, than that bestowed in schools under the control of the priests. This is matter of fact in Lower Canada, and has been shown, as we have already said, in a striking degree in Upper Canada. The demand for an alteration of the school laws in Lower Canada was therefore one which was supported by the strongest arguments of justice and reason. As at present constituted, the school laws tend to foster and create disunion between the nationalities and creeds which make up our population. They are a source of weakness fraught with incalculable danger in the future. In the minds of the British population in the Eastern Province, a rankling feeling of injustice is springing up. The largest part of the taxes is paid by them, although smallest in numbers it is they who have contributed most to the prosperity of the country, who, by their enterprise, have created new channels of industry, who have developed new sources of employment. They see growing up and overshadowing them a power against which their fathers contended, and to combat which they shed their blood and gave their lives. It is idle to endeavour to conceal the fact. They have humbly sought to have their claims considered, to have some slight measure of justice granted to them, to have some voice in the management of the education office, now monopolized by the nominees of the priesthood. They have waited long and patiently, believing that, before being separated from their Upper Canadian brethren, an instalment of their just claims

would be given. They feel now that they have been mocked; they are told that some concessions would be made, if they would unite in destroying the education system of Upper Canada and imposing on it a yoke which they themselves are unable to bear. Since the Upper Canadians declined to sacrifice themselves to the priesthood, they are told to have faith in the *liberality* of the French Canadian Roman Catholics, and to trust in their spirit of fair-dealing. Such advice no doubt is kindly meant, but past experience gives little reason to trust much to the result. Let meetings be called throughout the country, it is not yet too late, and before being handed over to the tender mercies of the priesthood, let such a remonstrance be sent to the foot of the throne as will be heard. Let a full statement of the true merits of the question be sent to the press of the mother-country, and circulated by every possible means, and, strong as may be the influence of the priesthood here, it is not likely that our demands will be treated with the contempt and indifference they have met with at the hands of our own legislature.

#### WILSON'S PRESBYTERIAN HISTORICAL ALMANAC.

With the view of preparing a complete clerical and congregational record for *The Presbyterian Historical Almanac*, packages of "Circulars of Inquiry" were, in June last, placed in the hands of Presbytery Clerks, that through them they might reach our ministers. The publisher respectfully asks Presbytery Clerks to distribute these circulars, one of each kind to every minister, and at his request Principal Snodgrass will receive them, when filled up, for transmission to the office of the Almanac. This periodical is a most valuable publication, devoted exclusively to the interests of Presbyterians on the American continent. The labour and expense of issuing it are very great, and the proprietor deserves every possible encouragement in his endeavours to make it the medium of full information respecting the various Presbyterian churches. Attention to the filling up and forwarding of the "Circulars of Inquiry" will be gratefully accepted as proof of a disposition among us to favour the enterprise.

### News of our Church.



**PRESBYTERY OF MONTREAL.**—The regular meeting of this reverend court took place on the first of August, and was constituted by the retiring moderator, Mr. Clarke, of Durham. The attendance of members was good. Commissions in favor of Representative Elders were read and sustained. The Rev. Dr. Jenkins, of St. Paul's, Montreal, was unanimously elected moderator for the current year; he being present, took his seat. A large amount of routine business was transacted.

Dr. Jenkins, Convener of the Presbytery's Home Mission, submitted a report of their work, from which we learn that Mr. John Barr, a licentiate of the Church, has been appointed to the mission of Laprairie, for one year, and Mr. Elias Mullan, a student of theology in Queen's College, to the vacant charge of St. Louis de Gonsague, both these appointments dating from the 1st of May last. Also that Mr. Balmain, an ordained minister within the bounds of the Presbytery, was appointed to labor in the city of Montreal, to be directed by the convener of the committee. The reports of Messrs. Barr and Mullan gave much satisfaction to the Presbytery, and indicate good results.

Upon requisition from the mission at La-

prairie, and upon representations made by members of the court, the Presbytery, upon mature deliberation, in view of the isolated condition of Laprairie, judging that it would be for the good of the Church, and of our people there, agreed to ordain Mr. Barr to the work of the holy ministry, with a special view to Laprairie, which they did after careful and lengthened examination on the prescribed subjects. Mr. Barr was suitably charged by the moderator relative to the solemn duties of his office, as a minister of the Church of Christ.

Mr. Cochrane, missionary at Elgin, reported verbally on matters there. The Presbytery felt much pleased in learning that the mission at Elgin is taking steps to be received as a congregation, in the view of calling Mr. Cochrane to become their pastor. It is confidently expected that by next regular meeting of Presbytery Elgin may be in a position to become one of our settled charges. It is gratifying thus to see the work of the Presbytery going on so favorably.

**PRESBYTERY OF PERTH.**—The Presbytery of Perth, at a meeting held at Smith's Falls on the eighteenth day of June last, received the trials for license previously prescribed to Mr. R. Jardine, B.D., Queen's College. The trial-discourses delivered by Mr. Jardine, and the other examinations to which he was subjected, in accordance with the laws of the Church

were highly satisfactory to the Presbytery, and fully sustained the high character which Mr. Jardine had previously attained for his attainments in literature and theology.

**INDUCTION OF REV. W. WHITE.**—The Presbytery of Perth, on the first of August instant, inducted the Rev. William White, formerly of Richmond, to the pastoral charge of the church and congregation of Kitley.

The settlement was a very harmonious and cordial one. At the close of the induction services, a meeting of the male heads of families took place, to take steps for the purchase of a small property in the neighborhood, with a house upon it, suitable for a manse, or, failing the purchase of this property, for the erection of a manse upon the glebe belonging to the congregation.

We trust we shall soon hear of practical progress made in this matter, alike honorable to the people, gratifying to the minister, and conducive to his comfort and usefulness.

**MISSIONARY MEETING.**—The Annual Missionary Meeting of St. Andrew's Church was held on Monday evening, the Rev. R. Campbell in the chair. On motion of Mr. W. Cowan, seconded by Mr. Jas. Wilson, Wm. Osborne, Esq., was nominated by the Congregation as eligible to be elected a Trustee of Queen's College.

The Chairman then read the report of the Missionary operations of the congregation for the past year, which is as follows:

"The Kirk Session have great pleasure in reporting the continued success of the systematic scheme ventured upon as an experiment four years ago—the plan of raising moneys for extra-congregational purposes by the agency of lady collectors. The nature of that agency is well known, and the hope is felt that the self-denial and zeal shown by the ladies in the discharge of their somewhat unpleasant work, will commend itself to the Congregation. The moneys collected were expended under the direction of the Session, in such manner as the need and claims of the several schemes seemed to require. Arrangements have not yet been made for appointing the Collectors for the ensuing year, but they will be made in due time. The following statement shows the Income and Expenditure for the year.—

DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid Home Mission Fund .....	\$50 00
Presbytery's Mission .....	20 00
Leith Building Fund .....	20 00
Bursary Fund .....	15 00
French Mission .....	15 00
Widows and Orphans .....	12 00
Discount on Silver .....	1 00
Postage .....	0 35
Pass Books .....	0 30

\$133 65

Leaving a balance on hand of \$4.30

The Report being adopted on motion by Mr. Rintoul, James Croil, Esq., Agent of the Church, delivered a long and interesting address on the position and prospects of the Presbyterian Church of Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland, and on the duties of the people in reference to her.

OBITUARY.

Died at his residence, Finch, on 3rd August, Mr. Alexander Roy MacMillan, aged 66.

Mr. MacMillan's death was very sudden. On the evening of Wednesday, 1st August, he drove home late, through rain and storm, from a meeting of the Presbytery of Glengary at Cornwall, a distance of 24 miles. In the course of Thursday, he was seized with Canadian cholera—to which he was periodically subject, ever since a night's exposure to cold and wet, when on duty, as an officer of militia at the Windmill, Prescott, in 1837—and died at an early hour the following morning.

The deceased was a native of Lochaber, Scotland, and was deeply attached to the Church of his Fathers, of which for many years he was an elder. He was a quiet and unpretending, yet shrewd man, of character irreproachable, who enjoyed the esteem of his neighbours and the respect of all who knew him.

*"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright for the end of that man is peace."*

**DEATH OF THE REV. JOHN HAY.**—Died at Kincardine on the 31st July, after a brief illness, the Rev. John Hay, late minister of Mt. Forest, in the 39th year of his age.

Deceased was born in Perth, Scotland, and received his elementary education in the grammar school of his native town. He was sent at an early age to the university of St. Andrews, and was a distinguished student of that ancient seat of learning, although his characteristic self-abnegation did not suffer him to aspire after the academic honours to which his attainments and talents entitled him. Such was the constitution of his mind that he would have been ashamed of himself if he had found himself elevated in any way above his fellows.

After he had completed his literary course in the university, he was for several years assistant teacher of English and Latin in the academy where he had received his own early training; and in this capacity he acquired an enlarged acquaintance with polite literature, which, acting on a mind naturally refined, gave him a taste of rare elegance.

After receiving license to preach, he was settled as minister of the chapel of ease, Stanley, near Perth, and soon filled the once empty pews by the uncommon talents which he displayed in the pulpit, as well as by the kindness of his bearing in going out and in among his humble hearers.

He was on terms of intimacy with many of the rising young ministers of the Church of Scotland, who will receive with regret the intelligence of his premature decease.

Circumstances led to his resignation of Stanley chapel in 1857, and in 1858 he received from the colonial committee an appointment to Canada. The Presbytery of Hamilton, within the bounds of which he was appointed to labour, sent him to visit their newly opened stations in the north western portion of the peninsula, and from the time of his advent may be dated the commencement of the church's progress in the counties of Grey and Bruce. A master in the art of pleasing, by the urbanity of his manners, his self-denying labours, and

the popularity of his address he made the name of our Church fragrant in districts where the calumnies of sectarians had long rendered it odious. After a long and self-sacrificing probation as a missionary he at length in January 1861 accepted a call to be pastor of the congregation of Mt. Forest, one of the stations he had nursed into being. He could muster only eleven hearers to come to his first meeting, but before resigning his charge, in June last, he had some 70 or 80 members besides a large number of intelligently devoted and appreciative adherents.

In 1862 he was appointed to preach before the Synod at its meeting in Toronto; and although neither the time nor the circumstances favoured a suitable preparation, he surprised the Synod by the sweetness of his style, the elegance of his sentiments, and the softness, ease and gracefulness of his elocution. The duty which the Synod imposed upon him was one from which he would gladly have escaped, and so different was the estimate he himself formed, from that of the members of the Synod, in regard to his appearance on that occasion, that to use his own words, "he never felt so like a boy in all his life."

But the attainment of excellence in all the higher qualities of a good preacher, was not reached in youth without great labour, or kept up in manhood without constant study. The price paid for it was great expenditure of the nervous force of his constitution, and the result was that he became a martyr to acute sensibilities. In proportion as he was brilliant and charming in his public ministrations he was subsequently depressed by nervous melancholy. Sensitive to all the trials of life when in this condition, as the needle to the pole, the temptations to which he was exposed were very trying; and those with blunter sensibilities can little estimate the depth of his sufferings from this source, or appreciate at their proper value his efforts to battle with his morbid tendencies.

In short a man of rare genius and accomplishments has passed from among us in the very middle of his strength, and his memory will be long revered in that section of the church in which he was best known. Though dead he yet speaketh. He speaketh, by a noble and generous life as well as by the echo of his eloquent words to the congregations which have had the good fortune to enjoy his ministrations; and he speaketh to his friends and brethren in the ministry by the richness of his fancy, the quaintness of his humour, and the geniality of his disposition, qualities by which he endeared himself to them. He was a man of whom it may be truly said that *to know him was to love him.*

**PRESENTATION TO REV. A. MACKID, GODERICH.**—At the Manse on Friday afternoon, August 3rd, a number of the members of St. Andrew's Church waited on the Rev. A. Mackid, and presented him with a handsome purse containing \$129, and a kind and feeling address, on his retiring from the active duties of the ministry, as a token of their esteem and regard. Mr. Mackid must have felt deeply gratified to find so much warm feeling blended

with regret at his loss. The address was read by J. B. Gordon, Esq., and was replied to by Mr. Mackid in suitable terms.

**MELBOURNE, C.E.—PRESENTATION.**—On the evening of Wednesday, Aug. 8, after the usual weekly prayer meeting the members of St. Andrew's Church, Melbourne, C.E., presented their much esteemed minister, the Rev. T. G. Smith, with a purse containing sixty-five dollars as a small token of their appreciation of his services, and with the best wishes for his and his family's welfare.

**PIC-NIC AT MELBOURNE.**—The children of the St. Andrew's Church Sabbath School, with their friends, numbering about 170, met at the Church, on Tuesday last, July 24, at 11 o'clock, called to the hour by the sound of a bell heard for the first time in connection with this Church, the very handsome gift of John Thomson, Esq., of Quebec, from whence all marched in procession to a beautiful grove on Mr. Weob's farm, where a very pleasant afternoon was spent, there being plenty of swings, and other games, abundance of good things, and no lack of animal spirits: both old and young declared they had hardly ever spent a more agreeable time.

#### QUEEN'S COLLEGE.

**THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.**—The announcement of this educational institution is now before the public. The Trustees of Queen's University and the Professors of the Medical Department of Queen's College having agreed to a reorganization of the department, an act of incorporation has been obtained, giving independent powers and privileges to the medical school at Kingston. The new school is, to all intents and purposes, a continuation of the medical department of the University here. The lectures will be delivered in the same class-rooms as before, and the same Degree will reward the student at the end of his career. It is a mistake to suppose, as has been publicly asserted, that Queen's University has abandoned the Medical Faculty in its teachings. All that the Trustees have done is simply to make fresh arrangements with the medical Professors. But besides being a lineal descendant of the medical department of Queen's College, and inheriting the reputation of a past career, the newly organized College, under the charter, is enabled, in its own right, to grant licenses to practice the medical art. In this way a double qualification, highly valued in England, and indispensably requisite there for the public service, may be obtained by one course of instruction. This benefit, with that of seeing useful hospital practice at the General Hospital and Hotel Dieu, and the facilities enjoyed for the study of psychological medicine at Rockwood Asylum, and for the pursuit of practical anatomy by reason of the unclaimed bodies of convicts dying in the Provincial Penitentiary being given up for dissection, constitute advantages appreciable by every medical student. We hope that Kingston will continue to gain renown as a centre of academic and professional instruction.—*Kingston Daily News.*

**LEGACY.**—Official notice of a legacy of \$2000 to Queen's College, by the late George Michie, Esq., merchant, Toronto, has been received from the executors of that gentleman's will. The generous act of making this bequest is a pleasing proof of the interest felt by Mr. Michie in the cause of higher education, as well as of his warm attachment to a particular church. The amount bequeathed will be a most seasonable and material help to the funds of the College, which, as the last report of the trustees to the Synod regretfully certifies, are barely sufficient to maintain existing efficiency, to say nothing about undertaking urgent improvements. With the exception of the Mowat scholarship foundation, the mineralogical collection of the late Rev. Andrew Bell, and the books left by Principal Leitch, this, we believe, is the first bequest to the College. While we may express the hope that hereafter not a few will follow so good an example in the final disposal of their property, we take the opportunity of suggesting to those who feel disposed to promote important objects during their lifetime, that they may render a most useful service to their church and country by devoting a portion of their means to this institution. Whatever may be the disposition to respond to our appeals, let it at least be known that there is much need of assistance. It is with difficulty that the present staff of professors can be supported; there ought to be an increase of professorships forthwith; the buildings require extensive repairs; the library, as regards both contents and accommodation, is far behind; the utility of the museum is hindered by the want of suitable cases in which to exhibit its valuable mineralogical and palæontological specimens.

**DONATIONS TO THE LIBRARY.**—Rev. Thos. G. Smith, Melbourne, C.E., 3 vols.; Robert Thompson, Esq., Melbourne, C.E., 3 vols.; A Friend, Montreal, 27 vols.; Hon. D. N. Cooley, Washington, D.C., 10 vols.; Mr. R. McLennan, Bath Road, C.W., 5 vols.



WE have much pleasure in calling attention to the following circular.

At the Provincial Sabbath School Convention in Hamilton, last year, the "Sabbath School Association of Canada" was organized, with an executive committee to manage its affairs.

It was also unanimously resolved to hold a similar convention on the first Tuesday and two following days of September next. Mr. S. J. Lyman, on behalf of Montreal, tendered a warm and pressing invitation to the convention to make that city the place of meeting, which was heartily accepted. The Executive Committee, in accordance with the above, have great pleasure in inviting Ministers of the Gospel, Delegates from Sabbath School Associations, and from Sabbath Schools, to assemble in the city of Montreal, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 4th, 5th and 6th days of September next. It is particularly requested that County Secretaries of the Sabbath School Association of Canada will

attend, to afford verbal reports and otherwise to aid in the Convention. While there is no limitation to the number of Delegates, it is hoped that every county, if not every township, and Sabbath School, will be represented on this occasion. Able and devoted Sunday School Advocates from the United States have been invited and are expected. Essays on Sunday School subjects, by the Rev. H. Wilkes, D.D., and others, have been solicited. A prize of \$20 will be given to the writer of the best Essay, to be read before the Convention, on "The Sabbath School Teacher, his place and power." The Essay not to exceed the size of an ordinary eight page tract, and to become the property of the Association. It is requested that the Essays be distinguished by suitable mottoes, and that the real names of the writers be enclosed separately, in a sealed envelope, to be opened after the decision of the Judges. The Rev. J. M. Gibson, F. A. Torrance, Esq., and Rev. J. Jenkins, D.D., have been requested to examine the Essays and award the Prize. The Essays to be sent to the Rev. J. M. Gibson, of Montreal, not later than the 28th of August. The several Railway and Steamboat Companies have agreed to convey persons attending the Convention for one fare, with the exception of the Great Western, which charges one quarter fare on return. Delegates will pay their fare to Montreal, and, on leaving, be furnished with certificates which will entitle them to return free. Delegates and Visitors will please to give notice of their intended presence at the Convention to Mr. F. E. Grafton, Bookseller, Montreal, that arrangements may be made for their comfort during the Convention. On arriving in Montreal, they will please to go to Zion Church, Dr. Wilkes', where the Local Committee will attend in the basement to give them introductions to friends, who will kindly receive and entertain them during their stay. It is presumed that it is unnecessary to advance arguments in favour of Sabbath School Conventions—these have been abundantly supplied heretofore. Those who have attended such, have received the benefit and realized the value of them. The large number of Delegates at the Convention of last year, and the unanimous expression of delight from all who attended it, bespeak a growing interest in such assemblies; yet we cannot close this announcement without urging the advocates and labourers in the Sabbath School cause in Canada, to come together at Montreal to take part in the proceedings; by the prayer of faith to seek for wisdom, forbearance and harmony, and to call down blessings on the deliberations and decisions of the meeting. You will kindly aid this Association by making public through the local press, the pulpit, and by any other means in your power, the holding of this Convention. Those who purpose attending will please to give the following subjects, proposed for discussion, due consideration:—

1. Teacher's Training and Preparation Class Meetings.
2. The gathering in and retaining of neglected Children.
3. Infant Means of Grace.
4. Libraries.
5. Singing.
6. Retention of Senior Scholars.

I am, Reverend and dear Sirs, yours faithfully,  
WILLIAM MILLARD, *General Secretary.*

## Correspondence.

## STATISTICS.



IR; you complain in your last issue, and I think justly, that our Church seems to be the only Protestant body in the Province that does not give to her members, and the world, a clear and full statistical statement of her status and operations. Now this, in my humble opinion, is a defect that should be remedied if possible, for much of our success, as an active, living body of Christians, is involved in it: in short, it appears to me to be necessary in order to successfully carry forward the great work entrusted to us as a church, our strength and weakness, activity and apathy — our liberality and niggardliness, must be known before we can direct the one or correct the other. “Know Thy self” is a wise maxim of antiquity: modern times has not shorn it of its pertinency; to know ourselves, as a church, and to see ourselves as others see us would tend much to correct those complaisant sentiments of apathy which now to too great an extent prevail, and would act as a wholesome “spur up” to some, who now, seem but too fond of being “let alone,” who, in the opinion of many, too easily acquiesce in an obscurity which is not at all reconcilable with the stern Christian activity and publicity of this the latter part of the nineteenth century. The Synod has made several attempts to collect and present a full and correct statistical statement of our status and operations, but these laudable attempts were frustrated by the fact that many of our congregations, and among them the first in the church, disregarded the injunction of the Supreme Court. I know that there exists something like opposition among some congregations, and even with some ministers, to give publicity to the state of affairs among them; but the wisdom of yielding to such may be questioned. Experience and observation concur in the conclusion that *delicacy*, in exposing defects and unhealthiness, is but too frequently the underlying cause for courting that privacy and obscurity; by some, denominated virtue. No man is above the healthy influence of Christian emulation. Ambition is not sinful in itself, it is a noble virtue, and when devoted to the glory of God and sanctified by His Spirit it becomes one of the most powerful influences in

the Christian church. Had we, as a church, more of this emulation and ambition we feel certain that there would be less backwardness to expose to the world our status and operations—the command is “Let your light shine before men,” let full statistics be forthcoming, let us see our own defects, difficulties, struggles and successes: it will do us good, it will nerve ourselves to greater devotedness, zeal and activity, and command and draw forth the sympathy and respect of others.

The Synod, as a court of review, should insist on the production of all information deemed by it to be necessary for successfully reviewing all the operations of the whole church; for it is clear that the review and directions of the Synod must be defective, and, consequently, inoperative, in proportion as the information regarding the real work of the church is deficient. A review of the statistics of the various Presbyteries, based on congregational ones, would form one of the most interesting subjects of discussion that could come before the Synod: facts and suggestions would be elicited in connection with it that would prove highly beneficial in various ways to the members present, and, through them, to the whole church.

It has been stated, in answer to complaints made by members of the Synod, that the church has no mode of dealing with notorious cases of inefficiency but by libeling the minister. Now the whole fault may not be his: thus a minister may be so inefficient, or neglect his duties, or may act so imprudently as literally to destroy his congregation; and this state of things may go on for years, until both minister and people are ecclesiastically destroyed. Now all this could be prevented, or at least partially remedied, by an annual presentation of such statistics as the Synod many reasonably demand from every minister and congregation within its bounds.

There can be no doubt, that when our agent's report is laid before the church, much valuable information on this point may be furnished: yet the church should lay down, and *follow out* a definite plan by which to elicit, as a church, the required information; and it is not too much to say, from present experience, that the church will never act efficiently until this is done. Let the Synod give orders to Presbyteries, to collect these statistics annually, and forward them to the convener of the Synod's Committee



on Statistics, and see that these orders are punctually obeyed, and the evil complained of would soon disappear. There can be no reason why a little more of the "business element" should not be introduced, and insisted on in the church. Let the Synod, Presbyteries, Kirk sessions and congregations act upon the "Report principle" and in a few years the whole tone of the church would become healthy and vigorous. Yours truly.

STATISTICS.

### THE UNION QUESTION.

*For the Presbyterian.*



IS the Union question dead? Are the friends of Union discouraged by the late action of our Synod? These are questions which may be asked, and as easily answered. The desire for union of all the Presbyterians of B. N. A. is as strong as ever, and will continue to gain strength until this desired end shall be nobly accomplished. This movement is too important, and it involves too much of the future interests of Christianity—too much of the glory of God and the good of men—for its friends to be in the least discouraged on account of the opposition offered to it, either by captious or honest opponents. Truth will prevail, and so will this union of Presbyterians be effected. The question is in a more advanced stage than many suppose, for its friends are more fully convinced than ever of its desirableness—the one Synod has appointed a Committee to confer with one which may be similarly appointed by the other Synod, and this of itself will go very far towards that end. It is true that our Synod by a majority of ten defeated, for the present, any approach to the subject: but it is equally true that next Synod may carry the appointment of such a committee by a larger majority. It is good that there is opposition, and strong opposition presented, because it proves that both Synods are in earnest, and look upon the question as an important one.

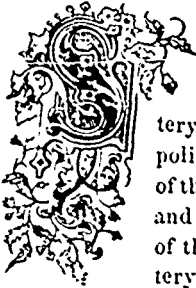
It must be confessed, however, that the opponents to it have completely broken down, as far as argument is concerned—when the leader of the opposition threatens in open court to join another Communion, it is plain that he has lost confidence in his own power of opposing the union; for in all such cases, threats like this are the last resort; and they are never resorted to until argument fails; or again, when his right hand man in this opposition

can afford to become facetious, and (in debate) designate the movement as "*Spiritual Fenianism*" and its "leaders" as "*Fenians in chief!*" it is evident to all observers that he is as void of argument as his noble chief; or still, when a follower of these tries to show that these are "dangerous times," to break off from the Church of Scotland because one of "*her elders*" has written a book (which was quoted), containing what he designated as "gross heresy," it is not difficult to conceive that the day for offering argument against a union of the two Presbyterian bodies, in this land, is fast declining; one excellent member who offered strong opposition dwelt largely on the undying nature of the principles and doctrines of the venerable Church of Scotland, by showing that they were still found in their integrity in the Presbyterian Church in the United States and other countries, which, instead of being an argument against union, was, to our mind, one of the strongest and most satisfactory in favour of union, because it afforded us a guarantee of the continuity of the grand truths for which we contend. Not one of the arguments brought forward by the unionists has been met: indeed no attempt was made to meet them: every opponent but one declared, that union was highly desirable and would come in time; but at the same time maintained that this was not the time, (now this is only a question of opinion) and the only reason given was that the agitation of the question greatly interfered with the Schemes of the Church; but it was shown in return, and can still be shown, that if such be the case it is not, and cannot be chargeable to unionists—in this we, unionists, evade no scrutiny, and fear no comparison.

The Presbytery of Montreal, at its last meeting, August 1st, re-affirmed the principle and recorded their deep sympathy with the union movement among the elders of Montreal. This question arose out of their former minutes, and was passed at an early stage, only two voting nay. From all this we think the friends of union have every reason to thank God and take courage; for they believe that the movement meets the approving smile of Him who so fervently prayed—"That they all may be one; as Thou Father art in me, and I in Thee, that the world may believe that Thou hast sent me." Those who are trying to remove the discordant elements that separate God's people, with a view to lead them to display the spirit of Christ more fully, must succeed: yes! Union is coming, "then let us pray that come it may—for come it will."

UNION.

HAS THE CHURCH ANY SPECIFIC ENACTMENT AS TO WHAT SHALL CONSTITUTE A QUORUM IN MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERY ?



IR,—At the last meeting of Synod, on the occasion of the Revision of the Presbytery Records, a certain line of policy was adopted towards one of the Presbyteries of the Church, and especially towards a couple of the members of said Presbytery, which has suggested the above query. From the Records of the Presbytery referred to—the Presbytery of Montreal—it appeared that at a meeting, regularly appointed to take steps for moderating in a call and, in the event of all things being satisfactory, to proceed with the induction of the minister called into the charge, only two members of Presbytery were present—and that these two ministers, taking all things into consideration, conceived it best to proceed with the work for which the meeting had been arranged. They felt that, situated as they were, and, with a large congregation gathered before them, they would be perfectly justified in proceeding with the case to its settlement; which they did accordingly. At the next regular meeting of Presbytery thereafter, that reverend court sustained their procedure.

At the meeting of Synod held recently, these acts came under the review of that court. To these acts the Synod took exception, on the ground that there was no Presbytery present on the occasion—two members being insufficient to constitute a Presbytery. And, in addition to pronouncing their acts invalid, and rendering null and void the settlement then effected, proceeded to pronounce “a censure upon the Presbytery, and especially upon that portion of it that presumed to override the rules of the church.”

Now that we have reached this point of the narrative, the question arises:—What are the rules of the church with respect to the matter in hand, i. e., as to the number of members required to constitute a Presbytery? Has the Church legislated as to what shall form a quorum? We ask the question for information. If it has done so, we have not been able to lay our hand upon the proof. We have consulted with the “Practice of the Church Courts” by Dr. Hill, and also Dr. Cook’s “Styles,” and have found nothing bearing upon the matter, in either; and while, ’tis true, these works treat more of the *Procedurc*, than of the *Constitution*

of the Church, we yet expected to find some light cast upon this question, when these respective writers speak of the duties and meetings of Presbyteries. We regret our non-possession of Hill’s “Constitution of the Church.” It is quite possible however that, even in it, nothing definite may be laid down upon this subject.

With regard to the Church in Canada, we doubt very much as to whether it has any rule upon the subject. We have searched its records, as embodied in the printed minutes, and cannot find any. On the other hand, we find reason to believe that no such rule has, as yet, been laid down. In the minutes of 1861 we find that the Synod remitted to its committee on standing orders, “to prepare a rule, as to what shall form a quorum in each of the several courts.”—And while the practice of the Church has in general been, to proceed to business when, at least, three of its members had convened; yet apart from that practice, which has, however, not been *invariable*, we are not aware of anything that could be looked to as a guide and directory in this matter.

It is true, a very general feeling prevails among the Ministers of the Church that, on occasions of meetings of Presbytery, there should be at least *three* of its members present, before proceeding to business. So general is this feeling that the occasions have been few, in which, when only two members were present they saw their way clear to proceed to work. Such occasions have recurred however. We have no doubt that from the difficulty of reaching many a parish among the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, and of collecting more than two of the brethren in their almost inaccessible districts, at a given day, and hour, they have occurred often; and from the same reasons, have they also occurred in this country. Important interests would be likely to suffer, and the most vital questions connected with the weal of the Church of Christ would be often left in a painfully unsettled state, were the procedure of Presbytery to be stayed, simply because of the lack of one member. And while, theoretically, it is well to hold, and to hold firmly, the desirability that at least three of their members be present to transact business on occasions of meetings of Presbytery—still we see not that it should tie up their hands if, from any cause, only two should be able to meet together. Several cases of this character have occurred in Canada, and the Synod sustained the acts; and we cannot see any reason whatever why, with respect to the action of the Synod in the case we allude to, that court should disallow the procedure of the Presbytery of Montreal, as regards it, pro-

nounce it null and void; and proceed to censure especially these two members of the Presbytery who took part in it—the more so when, in that whole business, the glory of God, and the good of His Church, were their sole and only aim.

It seems to one of the parties at least who thus stand rebuked by the highest court of the Church, and we doubt not to the other party also who is affected by this censure—that, instead of blame, their conduct on the occasion merited praise. Had the two members who were present dismissed the large congregation that had assembled without completing the work that took them there—a work, that it was evidently the desire of Presbytery, at its previous general meeting, to have completed without unnecessary delay—we think that in this case they would most richly have deserved rebuke; the more so, as all the circumstances connected with the case promised that the settlement would be a most happy one.

We have said that, as regards Canada, we find regular Presbyterian work accomplished on several occasions, where less than three members were in attendance. We have been able to lay our hand on several cases; and, we doubt not, many more have taken place, of which we are ignorant. In the Presbytery of Quebec, for instance, in the year 1832, at which time six of the Ministers of said Presbytery were resident either in the city of Montreal, or within 30 miles to the west of it, we find, on the occasion of the induction of the late Rev. D. Moody into the charge of Dundee, that only one minister was present—the present Rev. Dr. Mathieson, of Montreal—and the Synod never once thought, so far as appears from its minutes, of questioning the validity of the act, or of censuring the then young, but now venerable Doctor, for “presuming to override the rules of the Church.” Doubtless, there were circumstances that, in the opinion of the Rev. A. Mathieson of that day, justified the step which he then took—roads bad, it may be—difficulty of access to Dundee—or improbability of gathering a meeting of the brethren there. And at a much later date, January, 1859, in connexion with the same Presbytery, we find again, only one member thereof present, and conducting the whole service of induction to a close, having been appointed to this duty by that Rev. Court; an appointment which, we have been informed by the officiating clergyman of the occasion, that Presbytery expressly declared to be “irregular,” but which was nevertheless necessary, owing to the season of the year, and the immense difficulty of other ministers attending, reasons, that, as a matter of course, we hold perfectly valid and

good. It was just from similar reasons that the two censured members of the Presbytery of Montreal acted, in the case of the Rev. Mr. Ross of Dundee. But in the Synod of that year, the minutes of the Presbytery of Quebec are attested as having been carefully and correctly kept; and no note of disapprobation is affixed as to the irregularity of the appointment, nor, as to the irregularity of the proceeding on the occasion. And yet again, as appears from the minutes of Synod of 1864, page 27, on the occasion of a meeting of the Presbytery of London, only two members were present at the time of adjournment; whence we infer, whether correctly or otherwise, we know not, that the business of the *sederunt* had been chiefly, or, in part at least, conducted by these two members. But, beyond the record of this fact in these minutes, no expression of disapprobation is announced, nor were its proceedings rendered null and void. The Presbytery of London was not treated as if it had become defunct; nor, of course, was any future action necessary in order to resuscitate it again, all which, however, was done in the case of the Presbytery of Montreal at this time. But out of the incident alluded to it was felt that it were well to define precisely the number of members necessary to constitute a quorum; for in the same page of minutes it is engrossed that the Synod “instructed their committee on standing orders to prepare a rule as to what should form a quorum in each of the several Church Courts”—instructions that clearly evince that, in the judgment of the Synod, no such rule then existed. And, in as much as no report has yet been returned to the Synod, that no certain and definite rule yet exists.

In these circumstances, and were it for nothing else than to preserve the consistency of the Synod in future, it is most desirable that a positive and fixed law should be adapted on this subject. It is readily admitted that the use and want of the Church requires three members, at least, as the quorum, and that the feeling of every minister is altogether in favor of this arrangement—yes, even when circumstances arise to prevent their attendance; but it is evident, that this use and want have not been invariable. We have given instances where there have been departures from it; and not in any one of these instances did the Synod express its condemnation, or do what it has done in the present case. We cannot but think that if the Synod, at its last meeting, felt that it were well to decide that henceforth no proceedings of Presbyteries shall be sustained, except where three members have been present, it would have been better to have distinctly declared this

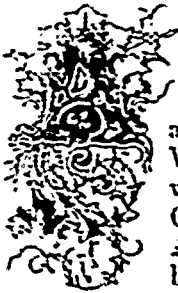
finding for the future; at the same time, sustaining the acts that had given occasion for legislation on the question, as it had done in other cases: or if, for any valid reason, it felt disinclined to this course, and were desirous of affixing its stamp of reproof to this act, as a warning that henceforth no proceedings of Presbytery shall be held as valid where fewer than three shall have been present—this could have been done by disallowing the proceedings in Dundee, and requiring them again to be gone over; without proceeding to pronounce its censures against those who acted in good faith that they were doing what was best fitted to advance the interests of the Church of Christ. Surely,

the spirit that prevailed to the engrossing of that censure upon the pages of the record, was a spirit most foreign and alien to the usual spirit of the Synod! And while the writer of this article acknowledges that he occupies the painful position of being one of the parties especially charged with "presuming to override the rules of the Church," he feels constrained to say that there is no ground or reason whatever for making this charge. Besides, he regards public censures, such as the one alluded to, to be matters of too serious concern to be expressed, without just and grave cause, against any man.

A. W.

## Articles Communicated.

### FROM THE WEST.



WORD for Woodstock.—

It is the chief town of the County of Oxford: a place of 5000 inhabitants. We have a Church and a valuable acre of land there: Once we had a Congregation. A dozen years ago, I remember to have sat in that old Church, when Mr. Sym was minister: since then, the congregation has gradually dwindled down; now, to all appearances, it has become extinct. A feeling of melancholy comes over one in thus surveying a deserted church edifice. Where are the fruits of all the sermons that have been preached here? Was it the fault of preachers or of hearers that has rendered this a silent sanctuary? Is there any remedy for the case? or is it too late? Two considerations served to dispel the gloom attaching to such reflections. First, that as the C. P. Church has three congregations in the town, our loss may have been gain to them: at all events, Presbyterianism is not likely to be extinguished. A little pamphlet since placed in my hands by Mr. Robert Chambers supplies the rest: from it we gather that "the Church and congregation of Woodstock having become vacant, by the retirement of the Rev. James Stuart in 1861, it was deemed advisable by certain members to erect a place of worship in East Oxford, distant about 8 miles, and, Mr. James Chambers having kindly given an eligible site, a very

neat and commodious building—seated for 250 persons—has been, thereon, erected accordingly." It is so far satisfactory to know that our cause has not absolutely gone down. A certain amount of debt has been incurred in the erection of this new Church. The Colonial Committee have generously promised to give £25 when the balance of the debt is provided for: \$50 from friends in Montreal and elsewhere have already been contributed, and, should any reader of this feel disposed to add his mite, in recognition of good service done to the Church at large by this Spartan hand, it will be well bestowed and thankfully acknowledged.

Including the counties of Bruce and Grey, with parts of Wellington, Waterloo, and Huron, the Presbytery of Guelph embraces a large portion of the Western peninsula. From the town of Guelph it extends in a Northerly direction to the Georgian Bay, a distance of 84 miles, and, westerly to Lake Huron, it is nearly equal in breadth. Scattered over this vast area, we have eleven congregations, of which four at the time of my visit were vacant.

Guelph, the seat of Presbytery and the county town of Wellington, is one of the most flourishing towns in Canada west. Occupying as many hills as the Eternal City, it is an irregularly planned, old-country-looking place, substantially built of fine freestone. The Speed, a pretty little river, flows through it, and its population numbers about 5000. Around it for many miles is a noble country, by far the best cultivated of any part of Canada,

and yet, incredible though it may seem, it is only thirty-five years since this whole region was a dense forest, inhabited by wolves and bears. A visit to Mr. Stone's farm in the immediate neighborhood of Guelph, is well calculated not only to interest but to instruct. In any country his might be called a model farm, and it is impossible to over-estimate the benefits arising to the whole community from such an example. He has about 600 acres here in the highest state of cultivation, over 100 head of cattle and 500 sheep of the finest breeds, representing in value a fabulous amount. He sows annually, about 50 acres of turnips and 80 acres of wheat; avoiding details, suffice it to say that he has demonstrated in a manner not to be gainsaid what industry, intelligence, and enterprize *can* do in Canada. There are also some five country residences in the neighborhood, with grounds and gardens tastefully arranged, such are Mr. Allan's, in the bank of the Speed, and Mr. Alexander's a little way from town.

Without drawing invidious comparisons it may be said that we have an excellent congregation in Guelph. The Church is a handsome building of freestone, erected in 1850 at a cost of \$18,000. It is seated for 420, and is already too small for the congregation, which is steadily increasing. The site of the first Church—where the Town-Hall now stands—was a gift from the Canada Company: we are indebted to that company for many like gifts. About 10 years ago, it was sold for \$7000. Government, besides, gave us 200 acres of land near Woodstock for a glebe, this was exchanged for land near Guelph which has since become valuable: part of it has been sold, part has been retained as a glebe, 42 acres are yet available as an offset to the debt on the Church, which amounts to about \$4,400.

The Reverend Mr. Hogg kindly undertook to convey me to Woolwich. Ere we left, masons had begun to pull down the minister's house about his ears, but, as it was to add to it, and to his comfort, there were no objections offered. Our road to Woolwich lay through a beautiful farming country. Fields so clear of weeds—a thistle is not permitted to live here—crops so luxuriant, farms so straight, I had not seen for a long time. At nine miles from Guelph, we halted at the house of Elder Quarry, where we were most hospitably entertained with lunch, and thence went on our way rejoicing—happily in ignorance

that we had taken the wrong way—a way some six miles round about. A good Scotch tongue avails one sometimes, but it failed us here, for, on "speering" our way from some peasant girls, we could make nothing of the broken patois—part French, part German—which conveyed the reply. On we went, passing a large Roman Catholic Church perched conspicuously on the top of a hill, overlooking the rather mean-looking village of "Little Germany." Rising from the ground in front of it, to the height of 30 feet or more, stands a huge white-painted wooden cross, bearing on its transverse arm this inscription, profitable alike for Catholic and Protestant:—*"Wer aber bis an das ende beharret, der wird selig."* (See Mathew x. 22.)

Markedly in contrast with Guelph is Woolwich, a small country congregation, struggling almost for existence. Their church and manse, however, are free from debt, and they are particularly fortunate in having so worthy a minister as Mr. Thorn. I shall not soon forget his and his people's kindness, nor the pleasant Sabbath day I spent there, nor my visit to that Sabbath school beyond the river, so ably superintended by Mr. Chambers. The weather was oppressively hot, and we resolved to drive to Fergus in the cool of the morning. My kind host called me at four a.m., and "Jackie" was at the door at five. We had a delightful drive up the rich valley of the Grand River,—at several points catching glimpses of magnificent forest scenery, where, far as eye can reach, rise tier upon tier of richly-wooded knolls clothed with luxuriant deep green foliage. Here and there, a thin blue vein of smoke rising from the new settler's shanty; elsewhere, a dark black cloud marking the spot where he has commenced a "clearing." In a few years hence this great primeval forest will have disappeared, and, instead, will be seen fields of waving corn, and villages, perhaps, and schools, and churches with bright-tinned steeples will crown these heights or nestle in repose at their foot.

Further on we reach Elora, a rising village, grouped along both sides of the Grand River, which here tumbles over a precipitous rocky bed, making in its descent of fifty or sixty feet, a pretty waterfall. A few miles up the river, is Fergus. It is smaller than Guelph, yet a place of considerable business. The congregation is slightly larger than that of Guelph, and its financial affairs are well looked after by Mr. Fordyce and other managers. Annual printed re-

ports are submitted, and collections regularly made for all the Schemes of the Church. Its history is similar to that of many of our western congregations. It had its beginning some 30 years ago, and its struggles with the difficulties incident to the first settlement of the country. In 1844 occurred the secession; the labour of years was undone and they had to commence *de novo*.

The Rev. Alexander Gardiner, of Aberdeen, its first minister, was inducted in 1837. He died in 1841. Mr. Smellie succeeded him in 1843; adhering to the protest of the minority of Synod in 1844, "he went out."—six Trustees, seven Elders, nine Deacons and 40 adherents joining him in solemn protest against the interference of the minority of the congregation of St. Andrew's Church, Fergus, as presumptuous and illegal. He is still minister of the C. P. Church in Fergus and has a large congregation. Dr. Mair followed in 1847. Originally belonging to the secession Church in Scotland, he was subsequently, for 15 years, a member of the Old School Presbyterian Church in the State of New York. He died in 1854. Mr. MacDonnell, the present worthy incumbent, was inducted in 1855. Through his instrumentality, a beautiful new Church was erected in 1862.

The Garafraxa road runs northerly in a straight line from Fergus to Owen Sound, 71 miles: we have lost all connections with railways and telegraphs, and by Coulson's daily line of stages are conveyed from place to place at the tiresome rate of five miles an hour including stoppages. This is one of the government's free grant roads, the lands on each side of it throughout its entire length having been given to settlers in lots of fifty acres each. Like everything else that costs little, these grants seem to have been little prized, for much of the country through which this road passes is most uninviting in appearance. Comfortless looking log-houses, and shabby log barns, tumble-down crooked rail fences—in some places no fences at all—even grave-yards by the way side, lie unenclosed. School-houses, there may be, but they are not visible to the naked eye. Between Durham and the Sound, there is not a Church to be seen of any kind, but, every mile and a-half at least, there is a tavern. The traffic on the road is immense, chiefly of farmers' waggons, carrying wheat and other grains to Guelph, and returning with merchandize of all kinds, including much *whisky*.

Arthur, 12 miles from Fergus, is a small

village on the Conestoga River. All around it are fields of stumps, but the soil is good and the crops are looking well. We have a small congregation here, over which Mr. Whyte has been settled since 1857. The Church erected in 1864, is a neat brick building seated for 336; it cost about £650, and is free from debt. A succession of bad crops, resulting chiefly from late spring frosts, had created for some years almost a famine here. From the effects of this, however, the country is recovering, prospects are brightening, the earth again yields her increase, and this will be followed, doubtless, with a decided increase of congregational prosperity.

Fifteen miles farther on is Mount Forest, a village on the Saugeen River, with about 1500 inhabitants. We have reached the watershed of the Western Peninsula at an elevation of about 700 feet above Lake Erie, or 1300 feet above the sea. The country in this vicinity contrasts favourably with the general description given of the Garafraxa road. The congregation is not large, but there is room for expansion. It was vacant by the resignation of Mr. Hay, its first minister, who was inducted to the charge in 1861. It is not enough to say that he preached with acceptance, his preaching was eloquent and impressive far beyond the average. He was an unassuming, highly-accomplished man. His intention was to have returned to his native place, Perth, in Scotland, but it was otherwise decreed. Since the time of my visit his earthly career has closed. At Kincardine, whither he had gone to visit some relatives, his gentle spirit went to him who gave it.

Mr. Whyte had brought me to Mount Forest; by stage, I went to Durham, and thence, branching off 10 miles westward, to Pricerville. The little village and its church, with glittering belfry, like a Swiss hamlet among the hills, was seen a long way off, and the sound of the bell came booming towards us, softly breaking the stillness of this quiet Sabbath morning. At the hour of worship, the Church was crowded to the door, and I could not help admiring the ingenuity displayed in extemporizing seats. Cleats were nailed on the ends of the pews next the passages: short pieces of boards were in readiness, and, so soon as the pews were filled, these, one by one, were quietly slipped in place by the beadle, commencing at the palpit steps, until the whole area was densely packed. Mr. Frazer, a missionary student from Queen's College, is stationed with them for the summer. The greater part of the

congregation are Highlanders, and a double service is conducted, with an intermiss of five minutes, the first in Gaelic, the other in English. The Celt has quite the advantage, for he gets the benefit of both.

Returning to Durham, we resume our journey on the Garafraxa Road. We are in the County of Grey, comprising 2321 square miles, divided into 17 Townships. In 1861, it contained 6186 houses, of which 5174 were built of logs. Further, saith the census, more than one-third of its population are Presbyterian. An unbroken forest in 1840, with scarce any settlers until 1848, it has now a population 45,000 souls, and in 1860 it produced 761,879 bushels of wheat. Four years ago 180 miles of good gravel roads were constructed by the municipality, and there is not a toll-gate within its limits. In many places the scenery approaches the romantic, and the whole country is watered by fine clear perennial streams, abounding in speckled trout. I remember that as we passed a low swampy turn of the road, and opposite a wretched log hovel there paced to and fro a tall, gaunt, grim-visaged old woman, brandishing a long wand and talking at the top of her voice with melancholy incoherence, a veritable Meg Merrilees—with wild vacant stare and violent gesticulation, she seemed to be holding communion with “the Prince of the power of the air.” Poor soul! Her history was sad, and is soon told. Years ago, her son, the pride of her family, had been suddenly killed by a falling tree. Her burden was greater than she could bear: she would not be comforted, and reason fled. All that the passer by can do is but to pity her, and ask himself the question “who maketh thee to differ?” At midnight we reached Owen Sound. It is an interesting place, which, dating from 1840, has near 2500 inhabitants. In summer, a line of steamers connects it with Collingwood and the Northern Railway, but in winter the snow lies deep and these 60 miles are hard to travel. We had neither minister nor missionary there this summer, but good hopes were entertained that a pastor of acknowledged worth and experience would soon be settled over them. Leith is seven miles distant, a quiet little village, prettily situated on the Sound—an arm of the Georgian Bay 15 miles in length. A nice brick church was erected here in 1865, on a site given by Mrs. Ainslie. At Johnson, seven miles farther on, there is a frame church, and at both places are good congregations which have been under the pastoral

charge of Mr. Hunter, since 1864. Considering the new state of the country a degree of liberality has been manifested that is highly creditable to minister and people. These united congregations comprise over 80 families. I was sorry that I could not visit Paisley, it is said to be a beautiful place, and there is a large congregation. It was then vacant, but has since been supplied with a minister. From Owen Sound a wretched apology for a stage plies daily to Southampton, at the mouth of the Saugeen River, over an execrable road and without change of horses, the distance of 32 miles occupied exactly 10 hours. It was delightful at the close of a sultry day, to come once more in sight of the broad expanse of Lake Huron and to be refreshed with its cool breeze. Embarking early next morning in the good steamer “*Silver Spray*,” we had a fine run to Kincardine. There are few places, in point of situation, more desirable than this. It is quite new, and improvements are going on all around. It is in the county of Bruce, noted for its fine climate and agricultural capabilities: peaches and grapes ripen in the open air at Kincardine, and plants and shrubs, elsewhere tender, grow and flourish here. The main street of the town is a mile and a half in length, has its plank side walks, and is well-graded and gravelled. Most noticeable to the stranger is the number of country waggons in the street, and interesting is it to see on front of the shops, while the farmers are trading, the patient ox lying down to rest in the yoke and chew the cud.

Mr. McKid, of Goderich, and Mr. Marat then of Niagara, were the first ministers of our church to visit Kincardine some ten or twelve years ago. Then they preached in Mr. McPherson's saw-mill. In 1859, this gentleman not only gave a site, but erected an excellent church at his sole expense and presented it to the congregation. It has but one fault, it is now too small; imitating the good example of its founder we may expect to hear of some one else footing the bill for the requisite addition, another will doubtless give a “park lot” site, while the congregation will assuredly erect a manse worthy of their energetic and respected minister. Mr. Dawson has several preaching stations in the interior, these, presently serving as feeders to Kincardine, will, some of them at least, soon rise to the position of self-sustaining congregations: down in the Huron settlement on a Sabbath afternoon we met a large and at-

tentive audience assembled for worship in a barn. Galt only remains to be mentioned and we have done with the Presbytery of Guelph. Though last on the list not the least worthy of notice is this, the largest congregation in the Presbytery, numbering 138 families, 234 communicants, and 130 scholars on the roll of its Sabbath school. St. Andrew's Church, Galt, occupies a fine elevated site. It was built in 1834 by Mr. Dixon, at a cost of about £1000, and was by him handed over to the congregation at half its cost. In 1844, the Church property was claimed by the seceding party, a chancery suit of five years followed, and heavy law costs were incurred. The Rev. Mr. Stewart, of Kenmore, Scotland, became minister of the first congregation in 1832. He was followed by Dr. Bain, who remained till 1844 when he left the "Establishment," taking with him most of the congregation. During the vacancy that followed, Dr. Liddell, principal of Queen's College seems to have rendered valuable assistance to the faithful few who remained. Mr. Dyer, a sailor, a great orator, and who created a wonderful sensation here and elsewhere in his day, also officiated for a short time. The Rev. John Malcom Smith who succeeded in 1848, was in 1851 appointed to the chair of moral philosophy in Queen's College. Mr. Gibson, now of Bayfield, followed him, remaining nine years; Mr. Robert Campbell was inducted in 1862.

The system of management, introduced by Mr. Campbell three years ago, is admirable, and may serve as a model to others. The ordinary expenses are met by seat rents which are paid on the Saturday and Monday, of the semi-annual Communion. For missionary and other purposes the congregation is mapped into 12 districts, and a couple of ladies, one married and one single, undertake the collecting for each district *quarterly*. Were the members of all our congregations thus canvassed, we might expect that each, though giving but a small contribution, might be led to take some interest in the general welfare and extension of the church. As matters are usually managed, there are in most congregations those who, joining in the outward observance of religious worship, contribute nothing for their support, and members too, in "good standing," (?) whose ideas of pecuniary obligation never go beyond the bare payment of their seat rent. In many cases we receive not because we ask not, in others, perhaps, because we ask amiss, and thus ministers become discouraged, and congregations run down, missions languish and die, and communities as well as individuals become wholly absorbed in self aggrandisement, while fathers and mothers—strange inconsistency!—gravely teach their children to repeat by rote,—“THE CHIEF END OF MAN IS TO GLORIFY GOD AND TO ENJOY HIM FOR EVER.”

## The Churches and their Missions.

### CHURCH COMMISSION OF SCOTLAND.

The Commission of the Church of Scotland was held yesterday in Edinburgh—Dr. Cook, of Haddington, moderator.

#### THE CONFESSION OF FAITH.

Mr. Phin, of Galashiels, called attention to the deliverance that had been unanimously given at the last meeting of the General Assembly, on the subject of adherence to the Confession of Faith. He, along with others, had trusted that the unanimous deliverance of the Assembly would have put an end to the previous cause of complaint, and that they would have heard no more on the part of those who signed the Confession of Faith, but discredited it as a doctrinal standard. Nothing could be more injurious to the Church than those attempts that were made by those who were disposed to depart from their Confession. There was serious danger to the Church by the belief being spread that there was some change contemplated by her leading members and ministers, and that the Church was no longer to be, as

it had formerly been, the source, under God, of so much blessing of Scotland. It had been hoped that there would be no more of these attempts to discredit the standards of the Church, but since the meeting of the General Assembly he had seen a renewal of the attempts which the Assembly had so strongly condemned, and which had brought so many overtures to its table. He should endeavour, as before, to avoid bringing any individual before the Court, but he could not fail from calling the attention of the Court to the fact, that no sooner had the General Assembly risen than certain members of the General Assembly and influential members of the Church committed what was more or less fitted to bring discredit upon their Confession. He maintained that their Confession was brought into discredit when any one said that it was suited for a former age, but not for the present age, and that there were many things in the Confession to which no person at the present day could be expected to give his consent. Speaking for himself and others, he affirmed that there was nothing in



the Confession but what they were prepared to give their assent to, equally to a higher authority—the Holy Scriptures themselves. The very things that were pointed out in the Confession as being objectionable were to be found in the Scriptures, and there was no expression in the Confession that he was not prepared to substantiate from the Scriptures. Therefore to say that the Confession was not suited to the present state of society was an attack upon the inspired Word of God. Under these circumstances it was the duty of the Church to make it distinctly known that these opinions, proceeding as they did from members within her pale, were strongly condemned by her, and that the Church was prepared ultimately to take such steps as might be necessary to prevent this frightful heresy from spreading. According to the proposals of certain individuals they were to have a new Church in this country, founded upon the principal—and he said it advisedly—of unlimited scepticism; upon the principal that a man might sign the Confession of Faith with the reservation that he was to believe as much or as little of it as he pleased. This, he affirmed, would lead to unlimited scepticism, for a believer in Pantheism and Unitarianism could sign it upon these principles. The matter was much more serious than many would be inclined to suppose. He therefore submitted the following motion;—"That whereas the General Assembly, at its meeting of 30th May, pronounced the following deliverance—'Whereas it is essential to the peace and unity of the Church of Christ, established by law in this land, that the relation of the Church to the Westminster Confession of Faith as her doctrinal standard shall be loyally and consistently maintained; and whereas the doctrine and government of the Church, as set forth in the aforesaid Confession of Faith, have been discredited by the expressions of persons of influence in the Church, the General Assembly direct and enjoin all the judicatories of the Church to see that all persons who shall have signed the aforesaid Confession of Faith shall not directly or indirectly depart therefrom, but shall loyally and constantly adhere thereto; and whereas it has been reported that the expressions of opinion thus condemned and prohibited by the General Assembly have been renewed since its rising, the Commission instruct the agent for the Church to send a certified extract of the aforesaid deliverance of last General Assembly to the clerks of the several Presbyteries of the Church, to be communicated to the first meeting of the said Presbyteries."

The Hon. Major Baillie seconded the motion, and hoped that, as the last deliverance of the Assembly was unanimous, that the motion now on the table would also receive the unanimous consent of the Commission.

The motion was unanimously adopted. This concluded the business.

**PRESBYTERY OF GLASGOW.**—The usual monthly meeting of the above rev. Court was held in Glasgow yesterday—Dr Paton, moderator. The only subject of general interest before the Presbytery was the consideration of certain objections to the settlement of the Rev. Mr Row, of Paisley, who has been chosen to fill the vacancy

in Laurieston Church, Glasgow, occasioned by the death of Mr Henderson. Mr Galbraith, writer, attended on behalf of the presentee, and presented a petition signed by 377 out of 497 members of the congregation, requesting the Presbytery to proceed with Mr Row's induction. Mr M'George subsequently addressed the Presbytery in support of the objection, none of which were personal to the presentee, but referred chiefly to the mode of election. The Presbytery, after discussion, divided on a motion by Dr Leishman, to the effect that the presentation be sustained, as against an amendment by Dr Smith (clerk), that it be not sustained—the motion being carried by a majority of three. Mr M'George and several members of the Court appealed against the decision, and intimated their intention of bringing it under the review of the Synod.

**PRESBYTERY OF GREENOCK.**—THE MID KIRK ORGAN CASE.—The clerk read reasons of protest and appeal lodged by the Rev. Mr. Brown against the finding of the Presbytery in the Mid Kirk organ case, on the 6th June last. The reasons are as follows:—

1st. Because inasmuch as neither the printed Act of Assembly, 1866, relative to the declaratory Act of 1865, regarding innovations, or any certified extract of the same, was on the table of the Presbytery, the Presbytery was not in a position to adjudicate in regard to the subject matter of the petition from the Mid Parish congregation.

2nd. Because the finding of the Presbytery proceeded on, and was influenced by a paper produced and read, headed "Dr. Pirie's motion," and which it was stated "had been put into the hands of the members of Assembly by the order of the Moderator," which statement was not according to fact, and which paper was not an authentic document, and was possessed of no official value.

3rd. Because by the finding of the Presbytery, time was not afforded for inquiring into the present feeling of the congregation regarding the introduction of an organ, and the petition having been signed about a year previously: also, the dissentient had reason to believe that some who had originally signed the petition for the same were not then members of the congregation.

4th. Because the statements in the deliverance of the Presbytery regarding the numbers of the petitioners, and also the objectors, are not in accordance with the numbers mentioned in the papers on the table of the Presbytery, or with fact.

5th. Because it was consistent with the knowledge of the dissentient and other members, that at the time the deliverance of the Presbytery was come to there was a petition in the House from certain members of the congregation opposed to the introduction of an organ, which would have proved the above statement, although from a slight informality it was not received.

Messrs. Bryce and Robertson were appointed to prepare answers to the reasons lodged by Mr. Brown.

**THE CUMRAE CASE.**—Mr. Bryce read reasons of protest and appeal by Mr. M'Nab, the pre-

sentee to the vacant charge at Cumbræ, against the findings of the Presbytery at their late meetings while "cognoscing and determining" on the case.

Mes-rs. Bryce and Robertson were appointed to prepare answers.

CHANGE OF PRESBYTERY MEETING-HOUSE.—

Mr. Bryce stated that, having only received one additional return of collections to the Schemes of the Church, of which he was convener, he was still unable to give to the Presbytery a completed report. He might state, however, that the amount already collected was between £50 and £60 more than last year.

This was all the business.

## Articles Selected.

### JESSICA'S FIRST PRAYER.

*Continued from page 262.*

#### CHAPTER V.

The minister was sitting in an easy chair before a comfortable fire, with a hymn-book in his hand, which he closed as the three children appeared in the open doorway. Jessica had seen his pale and thoughtful face many a time from her hiding place, but she had never met the keen, earnest, searching gaze of his eyes, which seemed to pierce through all her wretchedness and misery, and to read at once the whole history of her desolate life. But before her eyelids could droop, or she could drop a reverential curtsy, the minister's face kindled with such a glow of pitying tenderness and compassion, as fastened her eyes upon him, and gave her new heart and courage. His children ran to him, leaving Jessica upon the mat at the door, and with eager voices and gestures told him the difficulty they were in.

"Come here, little girl," he said, and Jessica walked across the carpeted floor till she stood right before him, with folded hands, and eyes that looked frankly into his.

"What is your name, my child?" he asked.

"Jessica," she answered.

"Jessica," he repeated, with a smile, "that is a strange name."

"Mother used to play 'Jessica' at the theatre, sir," she said, "and I used to be a fairy in the pantomime, till I grew too tall and ugly. If I'm pretty when I grow up, mother says I shall play, too; but I've a long time to wait. Are you the minister, sir?"

"Yes," he answered, smiling again.

"What is a minister?" she inquired.

"A servant!" he replied, looking away thoughtfully into the red embers of the fire.

"Papa!" cried Jane and Winny, in tones of astonishment: but Jessica gazed steadily at the minister, who was now looking back again into her bright eyes.

"Please, sir, whose servant are you?" she asked.

"The servant of God and of man," he answered, solemnly. "Jessica, I am your servant."

The child shook her head, and laughed shrilly as she gazed round the room, and at the handsome clothing of the minister's daughters, while she drew her rags closer about her, and shivered a little, as if she felt a sting of the east wind, which was blowing keenly through the streets. The sound of her shrill, childish

laugh made the minister's heart ache, and the tears burn under his eyelids.

"Who is God?" asked the child. "When mother's in a good temper, sometimes she says 'God bless me!' Do you know him, please minister?"

But before there was time to answer, the door into the chapel was opened, and Daniel stood upon the threshold. At first he stared blandly forwards, but then his grave face grew ghastly pale, and he laid his hand upon the door to support himself until he could recover his speech and senses. Jessica also looked about her, scared and irresolute, as if anxious to run away or to hide herself. The minister was the first to speak.

"Jessica," he said, "there is a place close under my pulpit where you shall sit, and where I can see you all the time. Be a good girl and listen, and you will hear something about God. Standing, put this little one in front of the pews by the pulpit steps."

Before she could believe it for very gladness, Jessica found herself inside the chapel, facing the glittering organ, from which a sweet strain of music was sounding. Not far from her Jane and Winny were peeping over the front of their pew, with friendly smiles and glances. It was evident that the minister's elder daughter was anxious about her behaviour, and she made energetic signs to her when to stand up and when to kneel; but Winny was content with smiling at her, whenever her head rose above the top of the pew. Jessica was happy, but not in the least abashed. The ladies and gentlemen were not at all unlike those whom she had often seen when she was a fairy at the theatre; and very soon her attention was engrossed by the minister, whose eyes often fell upon her, as she looked eagerly, with uplifted face, upon him. She could scarcely understand a word of what he said, but she liked the tones of his voice, and the tender pity of his face as he looked down upon her. Daniel hovered about a good deal, with an air of uneasiness and displeasure, but she was unconscious of his presence. Jessica was intent upon finding out what a minister and God were.

#### CHAPTER VI.

When the service was ended, the minister descended the pulpit steps, just as Daniel was about to hurry Jessica away, and taking her by the hand in the face of all the congregation, he led her into the vestry, whither Jane and Winny quickly followed them. He was fatigued

with the services of the day, and his pale face was paler than ever, as he placed Jessica before his chair, into which he threw himself with an air of exhaustion; but bowing his head upon his hands, he said in a low but clear tone, "Lord, these are the lambs of thy flock. Help me to feed thy lambs!"

"Children," he said, with a smile upon his weary face, "it is no easy thing to know God. But this one thing we know, that he is our Father—my Father and your Father, Jessica. He loves you, and cares for you more than I do for my little girls here."

He smiled at them, and they at him, with an expression which Jessica felt and understood, though it made her sad. She trembled a little, and the minister's ear caught the sound of a faint though bitter sob.

"I never had any father," she said, sorrowfully.

"God is your Father," he answered, very gently; "he knows all about you, because he is present everywhere. We cannot see him, but we have only to speak, and he hears us, and we may ask him for whatever we want."

"Will he let me speak to him, as well as these fine children that are clean, and have got fine clothes?" asked Jessica, glancing anxiously at her muddy feet, and her soiled and tattered frock.

"Yes," said the minister, smiling yet sighing at the same time, "you may ask him this moment for what you want."

"Jessica gazed round the room with large, wide-open eyes, as if she were seeking to see God; but then she shut her eyelids tightly, and bending her head upon her hands, she said, "Oh God! I want to know about you. And please pay Mr. Daniel for all the warm coffee he's given me."

Jane and Winny listened with faces of unutterable amazement; but the tears stood in the minister's eyes, and he added "Amen" to Jessica's first prayer.

#### CHAPTER VII.

Daniel had no opportunity for speaking to Jessica; for after waiting until the minister left the vestry, he found that she had gone away by the side entrance. He had to wait, therefore, until Wednesday morning, and the sight of her pinched little face was welcome to him, when he saw it look wistfully over the coffee-stall. Yet he had made up his mind to forbid her to come again, and to threaten her with the policeman, if he ever caught her at the chapel, where for the future he intended to keep a sharper look-out. But before he could speak, Jess had slipped under the stall, and taken her old seat upon the up-turned basket.

"Mr. Dan'el," she said, "has God paid you for my sups of coffee yet?"

"Paid me?" he repeated, "God? No."

"Well, he will," she answered, nodding her head sagely; "don't you be afraid for your money, Mr. Dan'el. I've asked him a many times, and the minister says he's sure to do it."

"Jess," said Daniel, sternly, "have you been and told the minister about my coffee-stall?"

"No," she answered, with a beaming smile, "but I have told God lots and lots of times

since Sunday, and he's sure to pay in a day or two."

"Jess," continued Daniel, more gently, "you're a sharp little girl, I see; and now mind, I'm going to trust you. You're never to say a word about me or my coffee-stall; because the folks at our chapel are very grand, and might think it low and mean of me to keep a coffee-stall. Very likely they'd say I musn't be chapel-keeper any longer, and I should lose a deal of money."

"Why do you keep the stall, then?" asked Jessica.

"Don't you see what a many pennies I get every morning?" he said, shaking his canvas bag. "I get a good deal of money that way in a year."

"What do you want such a deal of money for?" she inquired; "do you give it to God?"

Daniel did not answer, but the question went to his heart like a sword thrust. What did he want so much money for? He thought of his one bare and solitary room, where he lodged alone, a good way from the railway bridge, with very few comforts in it, but containing a desk, strongly and securely fastened, in which was his savings' bank book, and his receipts for money put out at interest, and a bag of sovereigns, for which he had been toiling and slaving both on Sundays and week days. He could not remember giving anything away, except the dregs of the coffee and the stale buns, for which Jessica was asking God to pay him. He coughed, and cleared his throat, and rubbed his eyes; and then, with nervous and hesitating fingers, he took a penny from his bag, and slipped it into Jessica's hand.

"No, no, Mr. Dan'el," she said; "I don't want you to give me any of your pennies. I want God to pay you."

"And he'll pay me," muttered Daniel; "there'll be a day of reckoning by-and-bye."

"Does God have reckoning days?" asked Jessica. "I used to like reckoning days when I was a fairy."

"Ay, ay," he answered, "but there's few folks like God's reckoning days."

"But you'll be glad, won't you?" she said.

Daniel bade her get on with her breakfast, and then he turned over in his mind the thoughts which her questions had awakened. Conscience told him he would not be glad to meet God's reckoning day.

"Mr. Dan'el," said Jessica, when they were about to separate, and he would not take back his gift of a penny, "if you wouldn't mind, I'd like to come and buy a cup of coffee to-morrow, like a customer, you know; and I won't let out a word about the stall to the minister, next Sunday, don't you be afraid."

She tied the penny carefully into the corner of her rags, and with a cheerful smile upon her thin face, she glided from under the shadow of the bridge, and was soon lost to Daniel's sight.

#### CHAPTER VII.

When Jessica came to the street into which the court where she lived opened, she saw an unusual degree of excitement among the inhabitants, a group of whom were gathered about a tall gentleman, whom she recognized in an instant to be the minister. She elbowed

her way through the midst of them, and the minister's face brightened as she presented herself before him. He followed her up the low entry, across the squalid court, through the stable, empty of the donkeys just then, up the creaking rounds of the ladder, and into the miserable loft, where the tiles were falling in, and the broken window panes were stuffed with rags and paper. Near to the old rusty stove, which served as a grate when there was a fire, there was a short board laid across some bricks, and upon this the minister took his seat, while Jessica sat upon the floor before him.

"Jessica," he said, softly, "is this where you live?"

"Yes," she answered. "but we'd a nicer room than this when I was a fairy, and mother played at the theatre; we shall be better off when I'm grown up, if I'm pretty enough to play like her."

"My child," he said, "I'm come to ask your mother to let you go to school in a pleasant place down in the country. Will she let you go?"

"No," answered Jessica, "mother says she'll never let me learn to read, or to go to chapel; she says it would make me good for nothing. But please sir, she doesn't know anything about your chapel, its such a long way off, and she hasn't found me out yet. She always gets very drunk of a Sunday."

The child spoke simply, and as if all she said was a matter of course; but the minister shuddered, and he looked through the broken window to the little patch of gloomy sky overhead.

"What can I do?" he cried, mournfully, as though speaking to himself.

"Nothing, please, sir," said Jessica, "only let me come to your chapel of a Sunday, and tell me about God. If you was to give me fine clothes like your little girls, mother 'ud only pawn them for gin. You can't do anything more for me."

"Where is your mother?" he asked.

"(Out on a spree," said Jessica, "and she won't be home for a day or two. She'd not hearken to you, sir. There's the missionary came, and she pushed him down the ladder, till he was nearly killed. They used to call mother the Vixen at the theatre, and nobody durst say a word to her."

The minister was silent for some minutes, thinking painful thoughts, for his eyes seemed to darken as he looked round the miserable room, and his face wore an air of sorrow and disappointment. At last he spoke again.

"Who is Mr. Daniel, Jessica?" he inquired.

"(Oh," she said, cunningly, "he's only a friend of mine as gives me sups of coffee. You don't know all the folks in London, sir."

"No," he answered smiling, "but does he keep a coffee-stall?"

Jessica nodded her head, but did not trust herself to speak.

"How much does a cup of coffee cost?" asked the minister.

"A full cup's a penny," she answered, promptly, "but you can have half a cup; and there are halfpenny and penny buns."

"Good coffee and buns?" he said, with another smile.

"Prime," replied Jessica, smacking her lips.

"Well," continued the minister, "tell your friend to give you a full cup of coffee and a penny bun every morning, and I'll pay for them as often as he chooses to come to me for the money."

"Jessica's face beamed with delight, but in an instant it clouded over as she recollected Daniel's secret, and her lips quivered as she spoke her disappointed reply.

"Please, sir," she said, "I'm sure he couldn't come; oh! he couldn't. Its such a long way, and Mr. Daniel has plenty of customers. No, he never would come to you for the money."

"Jessica," he answered, "I will tell you what I will do. I will trust you with a shilling every Sunday, if you'll promise to give it to your friend the very first time you see him. I shall be sure to know if you cheat me." And the keen, piercing eyes of the minister looked down into Jessica's, and once more the tender and pitying smile returned to his face.

"I can do nothing else for you," he said, in a tone of mingled sorrow and questioning.

"No, minister," answered Jessica, "only tell me about God."

"I will tell you one thing about him now," he replied. "If I took you to live in my house with my little daughters, you would have to be washed and clothed in new clothing to make you fit for it. God wanted us to go and live at home with him in heaven, but we were so sinful that we could never have been fit for it. So he sent his own Son to live amongst us, and to wash us from our sins, and to give us new clothing, and to make us ready to live in God's house. When you ask God for anything, you must say 'For Jesus Christ's sake.' Jesus Christ is the Son of God."

After these words the minister carefully descended the ladder, followed by Jessica's bare and nimble feet, and she led him by the nearest way into one of the great thoroughfares of the city, where he said good-bye to her, adding, "God bless you, my child," in a tone which sank into Jessica's heart. He had put a silver sixpence into her hand to provide for her breakfast the next three mornings, and with a feeling of being very rich, she returned to her miserable home.

The next morning Jessica presented herself proudly as a customer at Daniel's stall, and paid over the sixpence in advance. He felt a little troubled as he heard her story, lest the minister should find him out; but he could not refuse to let the child come daily for her comfortable breakfast. If he was detected, he would promise to give up his coffee-stall rather than offend the great people of the chapel, but unless he was, it would be foolish of him to lose the money it brought in week after week.

#### CHAPTER IX.

Every Sunday evening the barefooted and bareheaded child might be seen advancing confidently up to the chapel, where rich and fashionable people worshipped God; but before taking her place she arrayed herself in a little cloak and bonnet, which had once belonged to the minister's elder daughter, and which was

kept with Daniel's serge gown, so that she presented a somewhat more respectable appearance in the eyes of the congregation. The minister had no listener more attentive, and he would have missed the pinched, earnest little face, if it were not to be seen in the seat just under the pulpit. At the close of each service he spoke to her for a minute or two in his vestry, often saying no more than a single sentence, for the day's labour had wearied him. The shilling, which was always lying upon the chimney-piece, placed there by Jane and Winny in turns, was immediately handed over, according to promise, to Daniel as she left the chapel, and so Jessica's breakfast was provided for her week after week.

But at last there came a Sunday evening when the minister, going up into his pulpit, did miss the wistful, hungry face, and the shilling lay unclaimed upon the vestry chimney-piece. Daniel looked out for her anxiously every morning, but no Jessica glided into his secluded corner, to sit beside him with her breakfast on her lap, and with a number of strange questions to ask. He felt her absence more keenly than he could have expected. The child was nothing to him, he kept saying to himself: and yet he felt that she was something, and that he could not help being uneasy and anxious about her. Why had he never inquired where she lived? The minister knew, and for a minute Daniel thought he would go and ask him, but that might awaken suspicion. How could he account for so much anxiety, when he was supposed only to know of her absence from chapel one Sunday evening? It would be running a risk, and after all, Jessica was nothing to him. So he went home and looked over his savings' bank book, and counted his money, and he found to his satisfaction that he had gathered together nearly four hundred pounds, and was adding more every week.

But when upon the next Sunday Jessica's seat was again empty, the anxiety of the solemn chapel-keeper overcame his prudence and his fears. The minister had retired to his vestry, and was standing with his arm resting upon the chimney-piece, and his eyes fixed upon the unclaimed shilling, which Winny had laid there before the service, when there was a tap at the door, and Daniel entered with a respectful but hesitating air.

"Well, Standing?" said the minister, questioningly.

"Sir," he said, "I'm uncomfortable about that little girl, and I know you've been once to see after her; she told me about it: and so I make bold to ask you where she lives, and I'll see what's become of her."

"Right, Standing," answered the minister: "I am troubled about the child, and so are my little girls. I thought of going myself, but my time is very much occupied just now."

"I'll go, sir," replied Daniel, promptly; and after receiving the necessary information about Jessica's home, he shut up the chapel, and turned his steps towards his lonely lodgings.

But though it was getting late upon Sunday evening, and Jessica's home was a long way distant, Daniel found that his anxiety would not suffer him to return to his solitary room. It was of no use to reason with himself, as he

stood at the corner of the street, feeling perplexed and troubled, and promising his conscience that he would go the very first thing in the morning after he shut up his coffee-stall. In the dim, dusky light, as the summer evening drew to a close, he fancied he could see Jessica's thin figure and wan face gliding on before him, and turning round from time to time to see if he were following. It was only fancy, and he laughed a little at himself; but the laugh was husky, and there was a choking sensation in his throat, so he buttoned his Sunday coat over his breast, where his silver watch and chain hung temptingly, and started off at a rapid pace for the centre of the city.

It was not quite dark when he reached the court, and stumbled up the narrow entry leading to it; but Daniel did hesitate when he opened the stable-door, and looked into a blank, black space, in which he could discern nothing. He thought he had better retreat while he could do so safely; but as he still stood with his hand upon the rusty latch, he heard a faint, small voice through the nicks of the unceiled boarding above his head.

"God," said the little voice, "please to send somebody to me, for Jesus Christ's sake, Amen."

"I'm here, Jess," cried Daniel, with a sudden bound of his heart, such as he had not felt for years, and which almost took away his breath as he peered into the darkness, until at last he discerned dimly the ladder which led up into the loft. Very cautiously, but with an eagerness which surprised himself, he climbed up the creaking rounds and entered the dismal room, where the child was lying in desolate darkness. Fortunately he had put his box of matches into his pocket, and the end of a wax candle, with which he kindled the chapel lamps, and in another minute a gleam of light shone upon Jessica's white features. She was stretched upon a scanty litter of straw under the slanting roof where the tiles had not fallen off, with her poor rags for her only covering: but as her eyes looked up into Daniel's face bending over, a bright smile of joy sparkled in them.

"Oh!" she cried, gladly, but in a feeble voice, "it's Mr. Dan'el! Has God told you to come here, Mr. Dan'el?"

"Yes," said Daniel, kneeling beside her, and taking her wasted hand in his.

"Did he tell you at chapel?" she asked, faintly.

"Yes," he answered again, parting the matted hair upon her damp forehead.

"What did he say to you, Mr. Dan'el?" said Jessica.

"He told me I was a great sinner," replied Daniel. "He told me I loved a little bit of dirty money better than a poor, friendless, helpless child, whom he had sent to me to see if I would do a little good for his sake. He looked at me, or the minister did, through and through, and he said, 'Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided? And I could answer him nothing, Jess. He was come to a reckoning with me, and I could not say a word to him.'"

"Aren't you a good man, Mr. Dan'el?" whispered Jessica.

"No, I'm a wicked sinner," he cried, while

the tears rolled down his solemn face. "I've been constant at chapel, but only to get money; I've been steady and industrious, but only to get money; and now God looks at me, and he says, 'Thou fool!' Oh, Jess, Jess! You're more fit for heaven than I ever was in my life."

"Why don't you ask him to make you good for Jesus Christ's sake?" asked the child.

"I can't," he said. "I've been kneeling down Sunday after Sunday when the minister's been praying, but all the time I was thinking how rich some of the carriage people were. I've been loving money and worshipping money all along, and I've nearly let you die rather than run the risk of losing part of my earnings. I'm a very sinful man."

"But you know what the minister says," murmured Jessica. "'Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins.'"

"I've heard it so often that I don't feel it," said Daniel. "I used to like to hear the minister say it, but now it goes in at one ear and out at the other. My heart is very hard, Jessica."

By the feeble glimmer of the candle Daniel saw Jessica's wistful eyes fixed upon him with a sad and loving glance; and then she lifted up her weak hand to her face, and laid it over her closed eyelids, and her feverish lips moved slowly.

"God," she said, "please to make Mr. Dan'el's heart soft, for Jesus Christ's sake, Amen."

"She did not speak again, nor did Daniel, for some time. He took off his Sunday coat, and laid it over the tiny, shivering frame, which was shaking with cold even in the summer evening; and as he did so he remembered the words which the Lord says he will pronounce at the last day of reckoning, "Forasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Daniel Standing felt his heart turning with love to the Saviour, and he bowed his head upon his hands, and cried in the depths of his contrite spirit, "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

#### CHAPTER X.

There was no coffee-stall opened under the railway arch the following morning, and Daniel's regular customers stood amazed as they drew near the empty corner, where they were accustomed to get their early breakfast. It would have astonished them still more if they could have seen how he was occupied in the miserable loft. He had entrusted a friendly woman out of the court to buy food, and fuel, and light, and all night long he had watched beside Jessica, who was light-headed and delirious, but in the wanderings of her thoughts and words often spoke to God, and prayed for Mr. Dan'el. The neighbour informed him that the child's mother had gone off some days before, fearing that she was sick of some infectious fever, and that she had taken a little care of her from time to time. As soon as the morning came he sent for a doctor, and after receiving permission from him, he wrapped the poor, deserted Jessica in his coat, and bearing her tenderly in his arms down the ladder, he carried her to a cab, which the neighbour brought to the entrance of the court. It was to no other than to his own solitary home that

he had resolved to take her; and when the mistress of his lodgings stood at her door with her arms akimbo, to forbid the admission of the wretched and neglected child, her tongue was silenced by the gleam of a half-sovereign, which Daniel slipped into the palm of her hard hand.

By that afternoon's post the minister received the following letter:—

"REVEREND SIR,

"If you will condescend to enter under my humble roof, you will have the pleasure of seeing little Jessica, who is at the point of death, unless God in his mercy restores her. Hoping you will excuse this liberty, as I cannot leave the child, I remain with duty,

"Your respectful servant,

"D. STANDING.

"P.S.—Jessica desires her best love and duty to Miss Jane and Winny."

The minister laid aside the book he was reading, and without any delay started off for his chapel-keeper's dwelling. There was Jessica lying restfully upon Daniel's bed, but the pinched features were deadly pale, and the sunken eyes shone with a waning light. She was too feeble to turn her head when the door opened, and he paused for a moment, looking at her and at Daniel, who, seated at the head of the bed, was turning over the papers in his desk, and reckoning up once more the savings of his lifetime. But when the minister advanced into the middle of the room, Jessica's white cheeks flushed into a deep red.

"Oh, minister!" she cried, "God has given me everything I wanted, except paying Mr. Dan'el for the coffee he used to give me."

"Ah! but God has paid me over and over again," said Daniel, rising to receive the minister. "He's given me my own soul in exchange for it. Let me make bold to speak to you this once, sir. You're a very learned man, and a great preacher, and many people flock to the chapel till I'm hard put to it to find seats for them at times; but all the while, hearkening to you every blessed Sabbath, I was losing my soul, and you never once said to me, though you saw me scores and scores of times, 'Standing, are you a saved man?'"

"Standing," said the minister, in a tone of great distress and regret, "I always took it for granted that you were a Christian."

"Ah," continued Daniel, thoughtfully, "but God wanted somebody to ask me that question, and he did not find anybody at the chapel, so he sent this poor little lass to me. Well, I don't mind telling now, even if I lose the chapel; but for a long time, nigh upon ten years, I've kept a coffee-stall on week days in the city, and cleared, one week with another, about ten shillings; then the chapel was eighteen shillings a week; but I was afraid the chapel folks wouldn't approve of the coffee business as low, so I kept it a close secret, and always shut up early of a morning. Its me that sold Jessica her cup of coffee, which you paid for, sir."

"There's no harm in it, my good fellow," said the minister, kindly; "you need make no secret of it."

"Well," resumed Daniel, "the questions this poor little creature has asked me have gone

quicker and deeper down to my conscience than all your sermons, if I may make so free as to say it. She's come often and often of a morning, and looked into my face with those dear eyes of hers, and said, 'Don't you love Jesus Christ, Mr. Dan'el?' 'Doesn't it make you very glad that God is your Father, Mr. Dan'el?' 'Are we getting nearer heaven every day, Mr. Dan'el?' And one day says she, 'Are you going to give all your money to God, Mr. Dan'el?' Ah, that question made me think indeed, and its never been answered till this day. While I've been sitting beside the bed here, I've counted up all my savings; 397l. 17s. it is; and I've said, 'Lord, its all thine; and I'd give every penny of it rather than lose the child, if it be thy blessed will to spare her life.'

Daniel's voice quivered at the last words, and his face sank upon the pillow where Jessica's feeble and motionless head lay. There was a very sweet yet surprised smile upon her face, and she lifted her wasted fingers to rest upon the bowed head beside her, while she shut her eyes and shaded them with her other weak hand.

"God," she said, in a faint whisper which still reached the ears of the minister and the chapel-keeper, "I asked you to let me come home to heaven; but if Mr. Dan'el wants me, please to let me stay a little longer, for Jesus Christ's sake, Amen."

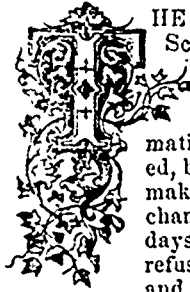
For some minutes after Jessica's prayer there was a deep and unbroken silence in the room, Daniel still hiding his face upon the pillow, and the minister standing beside them with bowed head and closed eyes, as if he also were praying. When he looked up again at the forsaken and desolate child, he saw that her feeble hand had fallen from her face, which looked full of rest and peace, while her breath came faintly but regularly through her parted lips. He took her little hand into his own, with a pang of fear and grief; but instead of the mortal chillness of death, he felt the pleasant warmth and moisture of life. He touched Daniel's shoulder, and as the chapel-keeper lifted up his head in sudden alarm, he whispered to him, "The child is not dead, but only asleep."

Before Jessica was fully recovered, Daniel rented a little house somewhat nearer the chapel, for himself and his adopted daughter to dwell in. He made many inquiries after her mother, but she never appeared in her old haunts, and he was well pleased that there was nobody to interfere with his charge of Jessica. When Jessica grew strong enough, many a cheerful walk had they together in the early mornings, as they wended their way to the railway bridge, where the little girl took her place behind the stall, and soon learned to serve the daily customers; and many a happy day was spent in helping to sweep and dust the chapel, into which she had crept so secretly at first, her great delight being to attend to the pulpit and vestry, and the pew where the minister's children sat, while Daniel and the woman he employed cleaned the rest of the chapel. Many a Sunday also the minister in his pulpit, and his little daughters in their pew, and Daniel treading softly about the aisles, as their glance fell upon Jessica's eager, earnest, happy

face, thought of the first time they saw her sitting amongst the congregation, and of Jessica's first prayer.

## OLD SCOTCH CHAPELS IN LONDON.

### I.



THE ministry of distinguished Scotchmen, and the establishment of Scotch congregations in England, may be traced back to the Reformation. John Knox not only visited, but tarried awhile in England, making his influence felt as a champion of Protestantism in the days of Edward and Mary. He refused a mitre, offered by the one, and narrowly escaped confessorship or martyrdom, threatened by the other. It is rarely remembered, that the great man, who made the Queen of Scots tremble and weep, officiated in the church of Amersham, and itinerated during the harvest months, one year, amongst the corn fields of Buckinghamshire, and the hop grounds of Kent; and thundered, in a court sermon before young King Edward, against certain magnates around his majesty, saying, "I am greatly afraid that Achitophel be counsellor, that Judas bear the purse, and that Shebna be scribe, comptroller and treasurer." In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a band of Scotchmen came over into Wiltshire, to assist in building Longleat House for Sir John Thynne. Being sturdy Presbyterians, they would not worship in the parish church, but obtained a cottage for separate religious service, and a piece of ground in which to bury their dead. The house was turned into a little chapel, still preserved, and a stone belonging to it bears date 1566. When the first rumble of the political earthquake, in 1649, began to roll through London, Scotch commissioners appeared in the city, including certain renowned clergymen, who had a mansion assigned them for their use by the lord mayor and corporation, adjoining St. Antholin's church, near London Stone. The house was connected with the church by a gallery, and the church became devoted to Scotch Presbyterian worship. Communion were there thronged as on the other side the Tweed. Immense popularity attended the ministration of Alexander Henderson, so that "from the first appearance of the day to the shutting in the light, the church was never empty." Honoured by Puritans, the place was hated by Anglican royalists, and Dugdale grumbles over it as the spot whence most of the seditious preachers were after sent abroad, throughout all England, to poison the people with their antimonarchical principles." The charge, like so many in that day, is far from true, for the Presbyterians, Scotch and English, as a body, were not "antimonarchical." Witness their conduct at the time of the execution of Charles I, and in connection with his son's attempt in Scotland, and under the Protectorate, and at the Restoration.

The oldest London congregation of Scotch Presbyterians now in existence, has a history going back nearly to the Restoration. The



good people, from the other side the border, eschewing "Prelacy, and walking in the steps of John Knox, then met together for Divine worship in Founders' Hall, Lothbury. "All the information that the society itself possesses, relating to its early state, is contained in a printed memorial, drawn up by Mr. Lawson, one of the pastors, at the time of building the meeting-house. It commences by saying, that the said congregation hath subsisted ever since there were a sufficient number of people from Scotland, of the Presbyterian persuasion, to form a public religious society. And, if tradition may be depended on, the place above mentioned, Founders' Hall, was originally the place of worship or chapel where the Scots ambassadors attended divine service; but not to lay any stress on this unauthenticated circumstance, it is certain, that the Scots congregation at Founders' Hall, was the only one in this part of the kingdom for a great number of years; and was in being before Charles II erected by his royal charter, the Scottish Hospital, or charitable corporation, of which so many Scots noblemen and gentlemen have most honourably distinguished themselves as patrons and benefactors."

Where and what is Founders' Hall, Lothbury?

Lothbury is a street on the north side the Bank of England, and St. Mary's, Lothbury, is one of Wren's churches, built after the Fire of London. In that building, every Tuesday, "The Golden Lecture" is preached, where we have seen crowds of city-men leaving their office, and abandoning change for an hour, to be engaged in the worship of Almighty God, and the hearing of his gospel. Very refreshing is the scene amidst the mammon-worship going on in that neighbourhood; and to the merchants engaged in it the service is as drops of water on the wheels of life, to prevent their catching fire and burning up, through over friction. "Lothbury," says Stowe, "takes its name, as it seemeth, of *berie* or *court*, of old time there kept, but by whom is grown out of memory. This street is possessed, for the most part, by founders, that cast candlesticks, chafing dishes, spice mortars, and such like copper or latten works, and do afterwards turn them with the foot, and not with the wheel, to make them smooth and bright, with turning and scratting (as some do term it), making a loathsome noise to the passers by, that have not been used to the like, and, therefore, by them, disdainfully called Lothbury."

This explains, also, what is meant by Founders' Court and Founders' Hall. Founders' Hall was the hall of the Founders' Company, and like the halls of some other companies, not rich enough to keep up their civic state, was disposed of for other purposes. A few were turned into chapels. This was. So, to the fashioning of metals there succeeded the moulding of souls, and the execrable noises, lamented by Stowe, were followed by the voices of devout Scotchmen, engaged in the "service of song."

Alexander Carmichael seems to have been the first pastor, and Jeremiah Marsden the second; and he died a prisoner in Newgate, 1684, for his nonconformity. He had suffered much for conscience sake: long wandering

about as a fugitive; and on his two and twentieth removal he exclaimed, "O my soul, what a sojourning state hath thy life been! now here, then there, and in no abiding posture! If ever soul had any, thou hast cause to seek and look after a better inheritance, in the mansions and city that hath foundations of God's laying!" In Marsden's time, the congregation met sometimes at Dyers' Hall, and sometimes at Founders' Hall. From the records of the company we find that the date of the lease, for securing the hall to the Presbyterians, bears date 1672, the year of King Charles' indulgence. A fresh lease was granted in 1687, the year of King James' grant of toleration.

A very notable man served this church, as pastor, from 1698 to 1716. Most readers have heard of Fleming's "Fulfilment of Prophecy," a book which attracted considerable notice a few years ago, from the coincidence between certain passing events, and the prophetic calculations of the author. A like interest it excited in 1794, from the versification, as considered by many, of the writer's opinion, through the downfall of the French monarchy. Robert Fleming, of renown among prophetic students, was the Lothbury pastor at the time just indicated. He had been piously educated, and at the age of thirteen, formally devoted himself to the Lord in a solemn covenant. Crossing the sea to Holland when a youth, he was imperilled by a storm, which led to earnest prayer, and after deliverance, was succeeded by earnest praise. He had a full persuasion he should not die, but that God would preserve him to preach the gospel. Preparatory studies were commenced by him at Edinburgh, and were completed at Leyden and Utrecht. In the Dutch universities he worked hard, and addicted himself, especially, to theological reading. But for awhile he proposed to forget the age in which he lived, and to throw himself back to the days of the ancients, and to seek acquaintance with "men of the greatest figure and fame." He, accordingly, consulted the remains of heathen antiquity, and, while lamenting the barren and uncultivated regions of thought, as he called them, through which he had to pass, he also admired the "greatness of soul that appeared in some, under the greatest disadvantages." Rays of light were tinged with vapours, and blended with offensive exhalations, but he could appreciate the lustre and fragrance, notwithstanding their drawbacks. He seems to have gone the round of ancient philosophy, not with an unsettled mind like Augustine; but like Augustine, when he had completed his circuit of speculation, he came to God in Christ, as revealed in the gospel, and found there the only real home of the human spirit. "The heart is restless till it rests in thee," were the words of the illustrious Latin father, at Hippo, and they express the sentiment of the devout Scotch divine, at Founders' Hall, Lothbury. His studies in Holland made him a workman not to be ashamed in London. There, after a pastorate at Rotterdam, he preached, and there he wrote, for a series of years, ever growing in knowledge, piety, and reputation. He was much valued by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and other prelates, and shared in some degree the confidence of his sovereign, William III, who



frequently consulted him,—Mr. Fleming, with characteristic modesty and prudence, wishing, whenever called to court, that the royal audiences should be granted with the greatest possible privacy. The temper of the man is seen in the following extract from his works:

"I have no other ambition, than to engage, and draw men over to the great and catholic interests of Christianity itself, in order to their becoming the followers and servants of our glorious God and blessed Saviour: so I am sure I can confidently say, without vanity or affectation, that there is not one in the world that ever had just occasion as much as to think, that I did, at any time, attempt to bring any person over to my way, as a party. And as thus I have been far from seeking either honour, interest, or popularity, so there are not a few that can bear me witness, that I have incurred the censure of some men of very different denominations, because I could never be induced to think that religion did properly stand in the rituals of any of the contending parties. The differences, therefore,—but especially the animosities that are among the Protestant Christians,—have ever been grievous and afflictive to me. And to heal these I could cheerfully be offered up a sacrifice, if I can be supposed to be conscious of the sentiments and movements of my own soul. For though we, of this congregation, differ from all others that dissent from the episcopal communion, in this that we are, in a peculiar sense, upon a national foundation, viz. in as far as we not only own the same church government, but keep up the same way that the Church of Scotland useth in her public administrations, to which most of us belong as natives, and all of us as proselytes, yet I must publicly own, that abstracting from this, I am a dissenter from that party that engross and monopolize the name of the Church of England. For though I have ever looked upon other controversies as more edifying and momentous than those unhappy ones that have kept that great body and ours divided, yet I have so far considered them, as hitherto to find no reason to quit that way I was educated in, notwithstanding the specious reasons made use of to prejudice people against us, as schismatics, rather than to convince us that we are so."

"The setting of his sun," we are told, "was serene and cheerful. In one of his last sermons to his congregation, when treating on the subject of eternal life, he was observed to be as in rapture. The nearer he approached to the eternal world, the more distinctly he saw its glories, and laboured to scatter his beams, before his own light was extinguished. In the near approaches of dissolution he called for his children, but could not collect sufficient strength to speak to them. Happily, they did not then stand so much in need of his counsels, having been trained in the fear of God; and he had the satisfaction of leaving them under the care of a pious and affectionate mother. His congregation had fixed a day to implore the Almighty for the continuance of his useful life, but before the day came he was taken to rest. He was assured, through his Saviour's merits, that when he left this world, he should be with him in paradise; and comforted himself and

them with the hopes that God would make his church on earth more like, in grace and peace, to that above. Thus we may conceive him taking his leave as it were in the words of Joseph and of Joshua; 'I die; but God will surely visit you; nor shall any one thing fail of all the good which God hath spoke concerning his church.'"

Fleming died in 1716, rich in the enjoyment of his people's affection, and in the esteem and honour of good men of all parties.

Dr. John Cumming succeeded him, a man of erudition and power, who distinguished himself in the famous Hoadly controversy, touching the relations of church and state, the presbyter taking side with the bishop in resisting ecclesiastical despotism. He was also zealous in the defence of the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, and became conspicuous in the memorable synod of dissenting divines, at Salters' Hall. Cumming's ministerial course, though honourable and influential, was but short, for he died at the age of forty-four; and it may perchance comfort the heart of some reader, solicitous about the future of his family, should God soon call him away, to learn that this servant of Christ said to Dr. Earle, "He was perfectly easy as to his personal concerns, and that nothing troubled him but the circumstances of his family." The only cloud on his mind soon broke, and left perfect sunshine. A few hours before death, he said to another friend, "That he had then committed that also to God, and was easy there." Other names of worth follow, of no public note—Wishart, Partington, and Steele. In 1752, we reach the ministry of Robert Lawson, a godly man, winning honours from his competitors, whom we pause here to mention particularly, because, during his ministry, the Scotch congregation removed from Founders' Hall to London Wall.

London Wall church was opened on the 2nd of July, 1764, by the pastor: and, according to Wilson, the building, including the sitting up, cost nearly seventeen hundred pounds. To raise this sum, Mr. Lawson circulated a printed address to his countrymen, exciting them, by a variety of arguments, to a liberal contribution. This had the desired effect: for within a very short time the entire sum required was raised. The meeting-house is described as a large, square, brick edifice, substantially built, containing three large galleries, and seating about a thousand people.

Within this edifice the eloquent Dr. Henry Hunter preached for thirty-one years. His "Sacred Biography," containing discourses on Scripture characters, made the author known to contemporaries beyond the circle of his own congregation and friends, and has been the means of transmitting to us a knowledge of the popular London Wall preacher, as a man of some power and of more polish—of rhetorical skill, and of ministerial fidelity. We remember the book well as the acquaintance of our early days, when it made instructive and pleasant impressions on our mind. Two volumes of sermons are mentioned by his biographer, in which, besides favourable specimens of pulpit eloquence, there are memoirs, anecdotes, and illustrations of persons and events, which gave rise to the delivery of the discourses. "In this

part of the work," it is said, "we have the real character and sentiments of Dr. Hunter delineated, with even more accuracy than if he had written a formal life of himself." Dr. Hunter distinguished himself somewhat as a general *litterateur*, publishing translations of several foreign works, amongst the rest, Lavater's "Essays on Physiognomy," and the "Studies of St. Pierre." But his literary labours did not interfere with his pulpit duties, or his efforts in the cause of Christian charity. He strenuously supported the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, and filled the office of secretary to the Board of Correspondence in London. He died in 1802, and on his grave-stone, in Bunhill Fields, is engraved the following inscription from the pen of Dr. Collyer, which we copy as a specimen of the style of epitaph common in those days:—

"Beneath this pillar, raised by the hands of friendship, sleep the mortal remains of the Rev. Henry Hunter, D.D., who thro' a long life, deemed of those who knew him, alas! too short, served with unwearied assiduity the cause of religion, literature, and the poor. In him, to

distinguished talents and a capacious mind were united energy of disposition, affability of manners, benevolence of heart, and warmth of affection. In the hearts of those who were blessed with his friendship, is preserved the most sacred and inviolable attachment; but his best eulogium, and his most durable memorial, will be found in his writings, there he has an inscription which the revolutions of years cannot efface; and when the nettle shall skirt the base of this monument, and the moss obliterate this feeble testimonial of affection, when finally sinking under the pressure of years, this pillar shall tremble and fall over the dust it covers, his name shall be perpetuated to generations unborn! Reader, thus far suffer the effusions of affectionate remembrance when no adequate eulogium can be pronounced, and when no other inscription was necessary to perpetuate the memory, than Henry Hunter, thirty-one years pastor of the Scots Church, London Wall, and on Wednesday, the 27th of October, 1802, left his family and his church to deplore, but never to retrieve, his loss; and silently took his flight to heaven in the sixty-second year of his age."

## Miscellaneous.

### A MEETING OF LONDON THIEVES.

A gathering of a most peculiar character took place last week in the neighbourhood of the Middlesex Sessions House, Clerkenwell Green, in accordance with an advertised notice running thus:—"Thieves, thieves, thieves, attend the public meeting in the Mansion House, Turnmill Street, Clerkenwell, near to Hick's Hall, on Wednesday evening next. Addresses will be delivered by a returned convict, and three converted thieves. Doors open at seven. Free admission." In addition to the above, which was advertised, a very pressing invitation was issued by Mr. W. J. Cattlin, who acts as secretary to the mission, to all the most degraded characters in this notorious neighbourhood, including, as it does, the parlours of Cox Cross, West Street, Saffron Hill, and the hundred and one adjuncts of the Fryingpan Alley stamp. The thieves were visited at their own homes, and in the quarters where they were known by a privileged few to resort, and the result was that soon after the appointed hour the large room was crammed to suffocation, and indeed at a subsequent period of the evening the demand of the crowd to hear the various speakers was so vehement that it was found necessary to despatch some of them down on the list to speak to hold a second meeting in another part of the building, and this was as speedily and as densely crowded as the first, and still there were crowds of lingerers outside who found it impossible to gain admission, and expressed their disappointment in no very measured terms. Precisely at half-past seven the proceedings commenced with Mr. Cattlin offering up a suitable prayer, after which the

assemblage, which up to this time was composed about equally of males and females of nearly all ages, and of a very quiet and respectful demeanor, commenced singing a hymn to the accompaniment of a blind young woman on the harmonium, when a violent rush was heard from the approaches from the street, and immediately the place was besieged by a mob of men and boys, who wore most indubitably the badge of the class to which they belonged, and for whose especial benefit the meeting had been called. In every description of dress, broad-cloth coats, fustian suits, the seedy and shabby gaiter, the ragged shirt sleeve, unvested, and a piece of string to uphold the nether garment, with a majority of begrimed flesh and suspiciously cropped hair; this stream poured into the place. The coarse sallies and jests, and in some few cases the condemnation of the atmosphere in language not fitted for ears polite, completely drowned the singing and playing, and it was some time before the efforts of the committee resulted in getting this great influx properly seated, and restoring something like quiet. However, with all this apparent rabble, the language uttered generally was not of that character which might have been expected from that class. Beyond a slight admonition for laughing and talking, there was nothing to complain of in the general conduct of the closely-packed mass unless it was the use of such expressions as "Come out, Jim, this is too hot for me," or, "All right, Bill, I've sent out for a gallon of ale; let's have that." On the other hand, the majority paid marked attention and respect to the addresses of the various speakers, and joined heartily in the singing of the hymns, and in more than

one case the tears could be seen running down the cheeks of some of the older thieves. One man, evidently approaching his allotted threescore and ten, sobbed audibly, on the expression of some well-pointed moral, and wiped his eyes with his old cloth cap. Amongst the juveniles, the true character of Lord Shaftesbury's young London Arab was plainly manifested. After singing a hymn, Mr. Cattlin delivered a short but impressive address, introducing the "returned convict" and the "converted thieves" to the meeting, and in doing so spoke of his experience in the mission, and of the sorrow and misery of the thief, even in his best times, and their mental and bodily sufferings at others. He pointed to the various scriptural texts which were conspicuously placed in different places of the room, in support of his exhortations to his hearers to repentance. A young-looking man of foreign appearance (John F—), who was described as a converted billiard-marker and gambler, then offered a very long prayers and some portions of the Scriptures were read. Jim S— was then introduced as one of the converted thieves. He was dressed in a suit of black, and appeared in a very anxious mood to deliver his address. He traced the history of his fall from the path of honesty and his return to it again. As the speaker was retiring, a scene of great violence and uproar took place, in consequence of the entrance of a man in a state of mad intoxication, and who was said to be blind; he screeched and howled, and tearing off his coat challenged the best man to fight. The women rushed out of the place screaming, and in the *mêlée* several people were knocked down, but at length two or three powerful men seized the intruder and carried him out, receiving severe blows, kicks, and scratches as their reward. The returned convict (on order being restored) then came forward and delivered his address; and after some farther prayer and singing the meeting was brought to a close, and the large assemblage quietly dispersed. There were no police about the place in uniform, although a detective or two were recognised by some of the fraternity.—*Daily News*.

**NATIONAL BIBLE SOCIETY OF SCOTLAND.**—A meeting in connection with this society was held at Lochgilphead in the Established Church, on Tuesday evening—the Rev. P. N. Mackichen in the chair. The meeting having been opened with prayer by the Rev. J. Macintosh, was addressed by Mr. W. J. Swan, who was present as a deputation from the society. Mr. Campbell of Auchendarroch moved the formation of a Lochgilphead and AndriSHAIG Auxiliary Bible Society. The motion was seconded by the Rev. G. N. MacGarg, and cordially adopted. The appointment of office-bearers was proposed by Rev. W. Fraser, seconded by the Rev. Mr. Ewing—Mr. Campbell of Shirran being named President, and the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles Vice-President, with a Committee including all the ministers in the two towns. A letter was read from the Bishop, expressing his deep regret that from ill-health he was unable to carry out his intention of being present, and

stating his earnest desire to assist this national effort for circulating the Scriptures throughout the world. The meeting closed with votes of thanks to the deputation and the chairman, and with the benediction.

**LANGS.**—Four stained glass memorial windows have just been erected in the Parish Church here, presented by several ladies and gentleman connected with the place. The windows have been designed and executed by Messrs. W. & J. J. Kier, Glasgow.

**THE EMPRESS IN THE CHOLERA HOSPITALS.**—A Paris letter gives the following account of the recent visit of the Empress of the French to Amiens:—"At the station but five persons—the Prefect, the Mayor, the Bishop, the Procureur-General, and Madame Conneau—received her Majesty, who instantly drove to the Hotel Dieu. She not only entered every cholera ward, but stood for some minutes by the bedside of every patient, and taking the hand of each—in most cases damp with the dews of death—bent low to catch the answers to her thoughtful inquiries. As she was about to quit the hospital, she perceived two little children weeping bitterly. They had just heard of the death of their last parent. The Empress, kissing the forehead of the little girl, immediately said "*Je les adopte*." Among those who were showing symptoms of convalescence was a young English girl sentenced to three months' incarceration, and who had been removed from the town prison to the hospital on being seized with illness. The poor girl, encouraged by the sympathising expression and gentle kindness of the Empress, ventured to implore her to intercede for her release—which, of course, she is certain of obtaining. From the Hotel Dieu her Majesty went to the Prefecture, where the ladies of the town were assembled to see her. She excused herself from the ceremony of presentation, regretting the shortness of time at her disposal, and, merely bowing as she passed through the *salon*, partook of a hasty luncheon, and started with as little delay as possible for the charitable refuge in the Faubourg Nozon, thence to the Maison des Petites Sœur des Pauvres, which visit was specially gratifying, as its inmates are of the very poorest and lowest class of society. Thence to the Maison de Secours de Notre-Dame de Saint Sen, to Gazette, and to Saint Jacques. At each of these institutions it was remarked that she remained longest by the side of the dying and of the worst cases. To describe the enthusiasm excited by the visit to this plague-stricken city is impossible. For hours after she had quitted the sick-wards the poor suffering patients repeated to each other the words of encouragement and of religion and consolation this gracious woman had poured on their despairing hearts. Before reaching the station she insisted on stopping at an orphan house, and though evidently much exhausted, got out of her carriage and remained sufficiently long to see all the children and bestow words of approbation on the committee, which had met, scarcely, however, venturing to hope that after so much fatigue and painful excitement her strength would permit of her visit.

## Sabbath Readings.

## "THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH."

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."—P<sup>S</sup>-ALM xxiii. 4.

BY THE REV. JAMES CULROSS.

**N**P to this point nothing has been said directly in the psalm, though something has been implied, of the gloomy in good men's experience. Hitherto all appears sunny and gladsome, just answering to the words, "They shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance." But as a matter of fact the gloomy—the dark and distressful—is as real, often as large, certainly as deeply blissful, an element in good men's experience as the bright and joyous; and any account of this experience would be defective, and so far untruthful, if the dark and distressful were passed without notice. We meet this element in the lives of the noblest and saintliest—the men of deepest nature and closest walk with God—from Abraham, on whom fell "an horror of great darkness," on and up to the Beloved Son, who said in the garden, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." The Book of Psalms, especially, reveals the largeness of this experience for God's people; telling of bread steeped in tears and drink mingled with weeping; of an horrible pit and miry clay; of cries from the depths; of the heart being smitten and withered like grass; of deep calling unto deep; of the waters coming in unto the soul; of the life drawing nigh unto the grate. The love of God does not shield from this experience, but leads into it. One who does not know that love, who has not marked its "mysterious ways," its far-seeing wisdom and its deep purpose of blessing, might expect after that word, "He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness," to be told next of "growing ardour" and "growing brightness;" but instead, here is the valley of the shadow of death. And they who know most of God's love will be the first to recognise this as the divine order.

The "pains of death" are the sorest and most dreaded of pains, the "bitterness of death" is bitterness of the sharpest kind; the "terrors of death" are the most fright-

ful of terrors; the "shadow of death" is the blackest of shadows. It is produced by death coming cloudlike between us and the sun, causing not only darkness but an icy chill, and is thus the emblem of deprivation, misery, mental and spiritual distress. The darkness which it means is darkness of the thickest kind; the gloom, the most unrelieved and intense. So Job, in cursing the day of his birth, says, "Let darkness and the shadow of death stain it;" and Isaiah, telling the woful condition of men destitute of the knowledge of the living and true God, describes them as "sitting in the region and shadow of death."

Standing on a hill-ridge in the Highlands, I have seen the mountain-tops, far and near, bright with the glow of the setting sun, while the valleys low down lay in dimness, almost darkness, and the sound of the stream, as it rushed along its rocky bed far beneath, seemed to come out of the gloom of midnight. I have seen the shadow creeping upward towards a flock of sheep that whitened a high slope, and the shepherd with the aid of his dog rapidly gathering them and leading them to their place for the night, the shadow overtaking them before the shepherd's task was done. It is not, however, such a scene that is brought into view in this verse; it is not the evening shadow closing in upon the flock on their way to the fold; but a different scene. The word rendered "valley" does not answer exactly to our English word, which suggests a pleasant lowland sweep bounded by sloping hill-sides; nor even to the modern Arabic "wady" or torrent-bed, filled in the rainy season and dry the rest of the year; it is rather, as its derivation indicates a chasm or rent among the hills—like Gehenna—a deep, abrupt, faintly-lighted ravine with steep sides and narrow floor, the bushes almost meeting overhead. Some savage glen among the hills of Judah, familiar to David during his shepherd-life, may have supplied the image, some deep narrow defile where the robber lurks and takes the flock at a disadvantage, or in which some fierce beast of

prey has its lair. Of course, in the failing light and blackening shades of dusk the gloom would be more than doubled.

This valley of death-shadow represents the gloomy and distressful in good men's experience, when the "power of darkness" comes in upon us; when the light from above is intercepted; when calamities threaten us from every side; when apprehensions of sin and wrath spring up in the bosom afresh, and all things combine to cloud the mind and to destroy our confidence in God. To walk through this valley means, in all our lips, to die. It is not to be denied or overlooked that there is something awful in the experience indicated by that word dying. We take a final leave of everything earthly; we go down toward a realm that is not lighted from the human side, with awful shadows across our pathway; we go down alone, absolutely alone, so far as even faithful human friendship is concerned; we know not what mysterious pangs may await us in the last hour; and the consciousness of sin starts awful imaginings. I do not speak of those only who know not God, and who are destitute of the blessed hope. Men assuredly reconciled to God, and trusting in him, sometimes have very deep gloom towards the last, and many a heart fear that they shall never obtain entrance in at the gate, and though really going home, find the way very far from cloudless. To think only of dying, however, is greatly to narrow the application of David's words: especially *now*, under the dispensation of the Spirit. If death throws down tremendous shadow, Christ has brought life and immortality to light through the gospel. As a rule, believers do not find the avenue to the other world dark: on the contrary, the eternal light flings its radiance on their path; the eternal peace attends them; the eternal love is shed abroad within their bosom; not seldom they rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. An example comes up as I write—that of an old soldier who had served throughout the Peninsular war and at Waterloo, a plain, simple-minded man who had lived a blameless Christian life, and whose most noticeable characteristic, perhaps, was the singular elevation of his spirit in prayer. As his strength declined and he wore slowly away, his cheerfulness increased, and he would talk with solemn gladness about what lay before him. Dying had ceased to trouble him; he always called it "falling asleep." As I shook hands with him on

the morning of his death, he said—and his face beamed with a most perfect serenity—"I have taken many a journey in my time; this morning I am taking the pleasantest journey of all—I am going home to my Father's house." It is not the exception but the rule. At evening time it shall be light. Such cases meet us ever and again, and remind us that the land of Beulah borders with the celestial country.

"Sure the last end  
Of the good man is peace. How calm his exit!  
The night-dews fall not gather to the ground,  
Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft."

John Bunyan, as it seems to me, assigns to the valley of the shadow of death its true place, when he puts it down midway between the gate and the river. He describes it too, in one touch (out of which David Scott has made his wonderful picture—the shadow below shapen according to the terror-fact above)—he describes it in one touch when he says, "Death also doth always spread his wings over it." Night brings out the silver-shining moon and sapphire stars; but neither moon nor stars are seen here. It is a region of gloom, most strangely haunted with evil things, filled with spectral shapes and horrors, with faces of hopeless woe and evil passion appearing dimly from behind adamantine chains, and made hideous with mutterings and wailings as of lost spirits under unutterable misery. Sometimes the very foundation-truths of the gospel are brought into doubt, or our personal "evidences" are lost. Whispers of blasphemy, too, are projected into the mind, scarce distinguishable from our own thoughts; or suggestions that we shall yet perish, while the memory of past sins is called up, and unrepealed curses seem almost to burn on every page of the Book; or hellish taunts, *Where is now thy God?* as if our shepherd had led us into danger and then deserted us. And oft-times when we lift our foot to set it forward, we know not where we are to plant it down. The valley is thus the symbol of the gloomy, the distressful, the dark and terrible, in good men's experience.

Now this dark valley lies in the way along which the Good Shepherd leads his flock for his name's sake. It cannot be avoided. Yea, love would not let us avoid it, lest we should miss a blessing. When David says, "*Though I walk,*" he is not putting a mere hypothetical case, but a very real one. We are not to suppose that some strange thing has happened to us when we are conducted into this valley: it

lies in the way heavenward: if we are going thither we must pass through it; and the assurance of a divine shepherd-love will not lead to any different expectation. An experience is here acquired by God's people that could be acquired nowhere else, and that they would not exchange, when once obtained, for all the blessings of prosperity; cancer-roots of selfishness, that strike down so deeply in our nature, are killed; we learn to talk by faith; we learn to look into the invisible and unfathomable; a glorious order of virtues is called forth—meekness, gentleness, composure, courage, self-command, patience, joy,—such as could not be attained, except in the most rudimentary way, in unclouded sunshine; and even the ordinary virtues become more vigorous and beautiful. We should miss more than we can tell, or even conceive, in evading this valley.

Yet somehow, even when we know that Love leads us in, it is natural for our poor, weak human hearts to shrink and fear in the entering. Not the timid only, but those who are constitutionally brave. Not children only, but even strong men; and sometimes strong men more than children. "They feared as they entered the cloud"—bright though it was. Imagination peoples the darkness with shapes of terror. Somewhere or other there *may* be danger couching invisible in the gloom, watching its opportunity, and ready to spring forth upon us without warning; and even when there is none, our faithless hearts call up a thousand frightful possibilities; and our fears are none the less distressing that they are vague and shapeless, but rather all the more.

What is the bearing of the Lord's flock in entering this valley? it comes into view in these words, which one speaks for all. "I will fear no evil." Mark, it is a single voice that speaks, a man all alone, conscious only of the presence of God. I will go into the death-gloom without dread and palpitation of the heart. There may be threatening, alarm, evil (tiger-like) watching its opportunity, all around; curses flung out of the darkness by the enemy, as if they were yet unrepealed; but I shall not be disquieted or dismayed, for evil shall not be allowed to harm me, yea, rather shall be compelled to contribute to my well-being. Most wonderful is it how largely and how variously this fearless confidence comes out in the Book of Psalms—not from the sanguine and untried, but from those who have had widest and profoundest experience—who have been in

the valley and have come forth of it unhurt, yea, nobler and loftier spiritually. "Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear." "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble: therefore will not we fear though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea." "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night nor for the arrow that flieth by day, nor the pestilence that walketh in darkness, nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday." "The Lord is thy keeper; the Lord is thy shade upon the right hand: the sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night: the Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; he shall preserve thy soul: the Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth and even for evermore."

On what does this fearless courage rest? Not on the thought that there is no evil in the dark valley. That were false because groundless security. There may be evil great and manifold in the valley; evil that has the heart, if only it had the opportunity to ruin us; tens of thousands setting themselves against us round about; the devil himself going about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour. Nor does it rest on the foolish fancy that we are able ourselves to cope with the evil. We cannot even *see* to defend ourselves, although we had the strength; and any fight in which we might engage were a fight in the dark. Our courage rests on our consciously enjoying the presence of Jehovah our shepherd. All minor considerations are omitted here—such as, that others have been in the valley already, the hope of getting well through it, the thought that bright-harnessed angel-guards surround us, and so forth—and the soul fixes on this chief thing of all, *the shepherd's presence*. This is the thought that calms every tremor of the heart and allays all apprehension, "Thou art with me,"—thou my Shepherd, in thy love, and truth, and almightiness,—thou who hast said, "Fear not; for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee, yea, I will help thee, yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness,"—thou who art more to me than all the universe besides. In this Sadducean age it is not uncommon to explain it away, and to resolve the presence of God with his people into mere unvarying law. O yes, men say, he is with them figuratively or spiritually, inasmuch as his providential arrangements and laws of working are on their

side. But evidently David means something more real and personal. The Lord does not merely "sit in the heavens" superintending the vast and complicated machinery of providence, and making all things work for good to them that love him; he does not merely watch from a distance, and listen to our cry, and send us help out of his sanctuary; but in a most real and living sense he is "present" with us. He is indeed unseen. Our five senses tell us nothing about him; he "dwelleth in the light which no man can approach unto; whom no man hath seen, nor can see;" but not the less assuredly is he nigh—a living, loving, personal God—compassing our path and our lying down, and acquainted with all our ways. David knew it, and so he laid himself down and slept, with thousands of cruel enemies girding him around; the three young Hebrews knew it, as they walked loose and unharmed in the midst of the fire, and One with them like unto the Son of God. When a ship plunges forward into a dark and stormy sea, it keeps away fear from the passengers to know that the captain is on deck, and that his eye takes in the whole case, and that his skill is able to meet the possibilities that may arise. In like manner, the assurance of God's shepherd-presence calms and tranquillizes the heart in the valley of death-shadow. The grasp of even a child's hand in a time of danger or fear—such is the strange power of sympathy—will help to give courage to the heart of a man; how much more the felt presence of the living God? Good men have had personal experience of this presence in the gloom throughout all past ages; they have left most precious testimony to it; and the promise bids us count upon it still; yea, though there were no promise in so many words, we could depend upon his proven character. He said to Jacob of old, "Behold, I am with thee and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest;" and he says to every one of the true children of Jacob, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee;" "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." We cannot fear *anywhere*—even in passing through the portals of death—when we realize the shepherd-presence. Thou art not merely "*for*" me but "*with*" me, and who then can harm, or separate from thy love, or pluck out of thy hands? The shadowed valley is dark to me, it is clear to thee; there are no ambuscades, no lurking dangers, hidden from thine eye. There is evil in the valley, and I am

weak, but thou art mighty—able to defend and save to the uttermost. "Though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me; thou shalt stretch forth thine hand against the wrath of mine enemies, and thy right hand shall save me." This is not a mere bit of systematic theology, designed to fit into a creed, but a matter of joyful experience on the part of believing men.

Observe at this point the change in David's manner of address. Hitherto he has been speaking about the Lord the Shepherd in the third person; now, as he moves in the sphere of darkness, like a child creeping closer to his father's side in the blackening gloom, he draws closer to God, and changes from "*he*" to "*thou*;" instead of speaking *about* him, he speaks *directly* to him, as to one near and hearing. In the last verse of the psalm it was "*he* leadeth me;" now, in the region of death-shadow, it is "*thou* art with me." The change, I think, marks the energizing of faith, and its closer grip of the great Hand in the dark. What a conception it gives us of the greatness of God that he *hears*, really hears, this breathing of the heart, "*Thou art with me!*" Think what multitudinous voices rise to the ear of God—voices of sin, distress, joy, praise, prayer—in whispers, groans, shrieks, hosannas—in all tones—in all languages—by night and by day—from the whole earth! And yet *my* feeble voice is not lost in the din, but reaches his ear, when I draw close to him in the darkness, and breathe out my confidence, "*Thou art with me.*"

We have no right to take comfort from this in our foolish or wilful wanderings. The night grew black around Christian and Hopeful when they wandered into the grounds of Giant Despair; and it began to rain and to thunder and lighten in a most dreadful manner, and the waters rose again; and their misery was that they did *not* feel, "*Thou art with me.*" The right course in such a case is to confess our sin, and to cry to the Lord to restore us; responding thus to the Voice behind us which says, "*This is the way; walk ye in it.*"

The words that come next are a passing from the general to the particular: "*Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.*" A great many puerile conceits have somehow gathered round these words. According to some, the rod and staff are "*props*" or crutches on which we lean in going through the valley; and are intended to symbolize the Word and Spirit of God. According



to others, the rod is the rod of faith which divides the river of death that we may pass over dryshod, as the rod of Moses divided the Red Sea; and the staff is the staff of promise on which we lean in going through the divided waters. According to others, while the staff symbolizes divine support, the rod (as an instrument for *beating* the sheep) represents affliction, which God so largely employs to comfort his people. It is surely not necessary to argue against such fanciful interpretations. The "rod" and "staff" are obviously the shepherd's instruments; part of his equipment for guiding and defending his flock, and delivering them from entanglements or dangerous positions. The "rod," with iron-studded head, is to the present hour the Syrian shepherd's weapon against beasts of prey. To this there is allusion in another psalm, in which David conceives of God as his defender against enemies, whom he likens to fierce beasts of prey: "Thou hast smitten all mine enemies upon the check-bone; thou hast broken the teeth of the ungodly." The "staff" or crook is the short pole, with bent or hooked end, by which he extricates a sheep from the entanglement of bushes or rocks; for a sheep will climb where a shepherd cannot follow. With "rod" and "staff" he is equipped for shepherd-service. Thus is symbolized the ability of the Divine Shepherd to conduct us in safety through all the evils and dangers of the valley of death-shadow. The thought is a very simple one. I am within the scope of his blessed power; he cares for me; he thinketh upon me; he is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that I ask or think; all the resources of the universe are under his control. And hence arises comfort to the heart even in the thickest midnight gloom—comfort that means strength, and courage, and patience, and hope, and even gladness—comfort that sometimes breaks out into triumphant song. I am under the guidance of Jehovah; he has led me hither; he protects me through the darkness; and in good time he will bring me forth into his own light. A grand picture this of a man trusting in God and quietly waiting for his salvation.

The spirit of the verse is that of fearless courage in going forward to encounter the

dark unknown. It is not possible to evade entering the valley; but it is possible to be in it and not to fear, realising a Divine Presence in the gloom, aware of a Love and Power on which we may securely count. And so this verse, breathed three thousand years ago from the heart of one whom God had comforted, comes down through the ages as God's great *Fear not* to his people when he leads them into the darkness; yea, rather his great Fatherly assurance that all things shall work together for their good. It is laid up in the Book for the use of all future ages, a promise, and strength, and joy for whatever evil days may come. Just like those snatches of song and sudden bursts of exultation that lie scattered throughout the Apocalypse—like that great *Alleluia* which is to be uttered when the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth—so this verse, mighty for the past, is written for times still future, and lies waiting till there shall be hearts and lips to sing it.

What will *they* do in the valley who have no God to trust in? What will *they* do who have said to him, *Depart from us, for we desire not the knowledge of thy ways?* The fool hath said in his heart, *There is no God.* What will his creed do for him *there?* At present, with fortune smiling and all things going well, it is an immense relief to him to get rid of God; a relief from those distressing mental sensations he experiences when he reflects,—sensations, of shame, self-reproach, self-condemnation fear, remorse, and so on, which no one can altogether shut out who is living in sin. And then, too, it is not only an immense present relief, but the removing of a tremendous dread. If only there were no God! Then there would be no judgment to come, no retribution, no undying worm and fire that never shall be quenched, nothing to terrify in that veiled Hereafter which sometimes seems so dread and awful, and the thought of which sometimes makes the heart so strangely palpitate. But oh, my fellow-sinner, when you have to pass through the valley of the shadow of death, toward unknown realms for which you have made no preparation, and in which you have no friend, what will you do without God *then?*



## NOT MY WILL BUT THINE.\*

For this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour.—I Tim. ii. 3.



My Saviour, as thou wilt ;  
 O may thy will be mine !  
 Into thy hand of love  
 I would my all resign :  
 Through sorrow or through joy,  
 Conduct me as thine own,  
 And help me still to say,  
 My Lord, thy will be done !

My Saviour, as thou wilt !  
 If needy here and poor,  
 Give me thy people's bread,  
 Their portion rich and sure.  
 The manna of thy word  
 Let my soul feed upon ;  
 And if all else should fail,  
 My Lord, thy will be done !

My Saviour, as thou wilt !  
 Though seen through many a tear,  
 Let not my star of hope  
 Grow dim or disappear.  
 Since thou on earth hast wept,  
 And sorrowed oft alone,  
 If I must weep with thee,  
 My Lord, thy will be done !

My Saviour, as thou wilt !  
 All shall be well for me :  
 Each changing future scene  
 I gladly trust with thee.  
 Straight to my home above  
 I travel calmly on,  
 And sing, in life or death,  
 My Lord, thy will be done !