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# The Presbyterian;

A MISSIONARY AND



RELIGIOUS RECORD

OF THE

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF CANADA IN CONNECTION WITH THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

CONDUCTED BY A COMMITTEE OF THE LAY ASSOCIATION.

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No. 11, November, 1852.

VOLUME V.

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## CHURCH IN CANADA.

### INDUCTION AT WOODSTOCK.

The Presbytery of Hamilton met at Woodstock on the 29th of September for the induction of the Rev. F. F. Sim. The Call had been moderated in by the Rev. Mr. Macnee, of Hamilton, and the Edict was returned duly served by the Rev. Mr. Mowat, of Niagara.

The Rev. Hamilton Gibson, of Galt, presided on the occasion, and preached from Hosea XIV. 5, 6, "I will be as the dew unto Israel: he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon. His branches shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the olive-tree, and his smell as Lebanon." When the sermon was concluded, Mr. Gibson put to Mr. Sim the usual questions, to which satisfactory answers were given, and received his assent to the Act of Synod anent the Spiritual Independence of the Church. Mr. Sim was then solemnly ordained to the office of the Holy Ministry by prayer and the imposition of the hands of the Presbytery, and was inducted into the pastoral charge of the congregation of Woodstock. Suitable exhortations were afterwards delivered to the minister by the Rev. Mr. Gregor, of Guelph, and to the people by the Rev. George Bell, of Simcoe. At the close of the proceedings the members of the congregation shook hands with their young minister in token of a cordial welcome.

Vacant congregations are apt to be quite discouraged by the failure of their urgent and repeated applications for a

pastor; but the success, which has at length crowned the perseverance of our people in Woodstock, may well induce others to continue their endeavours to have their spiritual destitution supplied. Our church in Woodstock has been vacant since 1844, but our adherents there, though often disappointed, have never lost their desire or ceased their exertions to procure a minister; and they have now obtained the services of a Licentiate of our own Church, who is expected by his interesting style of preaching and active labours, accompanied with the blessing of God, to repair the losses which our Church has sustained in Woodstock, and gather around a numerous and increasing flock.

At our meeting on the 19th of October Calls were received from Nelson in favour of the Rev. Mr. Macdonald, and from Saltfleet in favour of the Rev. Mr. Johnson.

### UNIVERSITY OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE.

The Twelfth Session of the classes of this University began on Wednesday, the 6th, and was publicly opened on Thursday, the 14th current, After the usual proceedings on similar occasions, the reading of the names of those admitted to Matriculation, and of the Statutes of the College, and the subscription of the Sponsio Academica by the Students then present, the Rev. Principal Machar delivered a very impressive address regarding certain moral habits essential to the successful prosecution of a course of University study.

We are gratified to learn that the number of new Students this session is greater than usual, a proof of the esteem in which this seat of learning is held, as well as of the increasing desire for the benefits of a higher education. We trust that this desire will be more widely and generally diffused every year. A thorough and Christian education is the main element in the superiority

of one community over another, and, not to speak of its other social and political advantages, it is what we need in this Province more than anything else for exciting enlightened enterprise, and giving an effectual impulse to the agricultural manufacturing and commercial prosperity of our people. —*Kingston Chronicle and News, Oct: 22.*

(From the Guelph Herald of 7th September.)

Monumental Tablet to the memory of the late A. D. FORDYCE, Esq.

An elegant white marble Tablet has recently been erected in St. Andrew's Church, Fergus, to the memory of the late Mr. Fordyce, first Warden of the District of Wellington. It bears the following inscription:—

In memory of  
ALEXANDER DINGWALL FORDYCE, Esq.,  
For fifteen years  
An Elder of this Church,  
During which time  
He laboured indefatigably for the  
Spiritual and Temporal welfare

of  
THE CONGREGATION,  
And through whose exertions, under God,  
They have been preserved in connexion  
With  
The Church of their Fathers.

This Tablet is erected by the Members  
of  
St. Andrew's Church, Fergus.  
He died on the 23rd February, 1852, aged 66.

## THE CHURCH IN THE LOWER PROVINCES.

In our Nos. for Sept. and Oct. we had much pleasure in publishing from the *British Colonist* some details of the labours of the Deputation from the Parent Church.

From the *H. and F. Miss. Record* for Oct. we extract the following remarks introductory to the publication of the details alluded to; and it affords us satisfaction thereafter to present our readers with some additional intelligence of the further progress of the Deputation:

The readers of the *Record* have already been informed that the Colonial Committee have sent their third Deputation to visit the congregations in connexion with the Church of Scotland in the Lower Provinces of British North America. The Deputation consists of the Rev. Dr. Ritchie of Longforgan, and Mr. Sutherland of Dingwall.

The object of this Deputation is neither to collect information for the Church at Home, nor to give information to the Church Abroad; for both Churches are now sufficiently acquainted with each other's condition and prospects. Its sole object is to preach the Gospel for three months and to minister the sacraments to our vacant and desolate congregations in Nova Scotia, Prince Edward's Island, and, if possible, also in New Brunswick. Are our readers really aware of the circumstances of our adherents in those districts? Have they fully taken in their spiritual necessities, and the responsibility of the Church in reference to them? Let us state a few facts.

The district of *Pictou* is reached in a single day from Halifax, where the steamer first touches the American shore. In and around this district alone there are in round numbers about ten churches and congregations, and as many thousand souls, in connexion with the Church of Scotland. How many ministers have we to officiate regularly among these?—Two! In *Prince Edward's Island*, separated from Pictou by a channel of about fifty miles, we have four churches, and a large body of adherents. How many ministers have we there?—Not one! In *New Brunswick* we have also four or five vacant churches. Now this miserable state of things has existed for nearly ten years. During all this time our firmest friends in these Colonies have plied the Committee with petitions for ministers, bonds for their stipends, remonstrances against our apparent supineness, and pleadings for that aid, which, unless granted by the Church of Scotland, they would be compelled to ask from some other Church. What could the Committee do? Five missionaries, they rejoiced to know, would be labouring, please God, in those districts during the coming winter. But could nothing be done in the meantime to supply the destitution, manifest the good-will and sympathy of the Church, and cheer the hearts of our suffering and most patient friends? The Deputation was suggested, and cheerfully granted by the Committee. Men more fit in every respect for the work could not be found. They sailed in July; and, after receiving a hearty welcome at Halifax, they immediately commenced their labours. These have been most precious to the people, and heart-stirring to the deputies themselves. One thing is quite certain, that had not the Church adopted some such means to aid the congregations Abroad, the probability, if not the certainty, was, that, disgusted with our indifference, numbers of them would in a body have joined other Churches. Who would have blamed them? As it is, they are deeply thankful for our care of them, and can now hold on till the missionaries arrive in December.

(From the *Gleaner*, Chatham, Miramichi, of September 25.)

#### DEPUTATION FROM THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

It was announced in last week's *Gleaner*, that the Rev. Mr. Sutherland, one of the Deputation from the Church of Scotland, had reached Chatham on the afternoon of Friday the 24th, having preached in Richilucto on the preceding evening. On Saturday he went to Black River, and, after visiting several of the settlers there, preached both in English and Gaelic. On Sabbath he de-

livered most eloquent and impressive discourses at Newcastle in the forenoon, and Chatham in the afternoon. The illness of his respected Colleague, the Rev. Dr. Ritchie, having thrown a greater share of labour on Mr. Sutherland in Nova Scotia and Prince Edward's Island than would otherwise have been requisite, necessarily shortened the time of his stay in Miramichi.

On Monday morning, previous to his departure by the Mail for Fredericton, an Address was delivered to him in St. Andrew's Church, Chatham; and, while the Courier was exchanging mails at the Newcastle Post Office, he was driven up to the Manse, where a few of the Elders and Trustees of St. James's Church waited upon him, and presented an Address, which was accompanied with a small contribution to the Funds of the General Assembly's Colonial Committee, as an expression of gratitude for their kindness in sending out Deputations to these Provinces.

We give below, in the order they were presented, the two Addresses, and the Replies of the Reverend Gentleman:—

#### ADDRESS OF ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH

To the Rev. William Sutherland, a Member of the Deputation from the Church of Scotland to the British North American Provinces.

Reverend Sir,—

We, the undersigned, for ourselves, and in behalf of the Elders, Trustees and Congregation of Saint Andrew's Church, Chatham, beg leave to offer you a hearty and sincere welcome, as one of the Deputation from the loved Church of our fathers, and to express our heartfelt gratitude for this fresh expression of our Church's solicitude for the spiritual welfare of her expatriated children in these Colonies.

Warmly attached to the venerable Church of Scotland, within whose pale most of us have been brought up, we have witnessed her recent prosperity with no ordinary delight. We have seen how that the good "hand of our God" has been peculiarly upon her, ever since the sorrowful hour when so many of her sons saw fit to separate from her, and that an unseen Helper has been enabling her to put on anew "her beautiful garments," and appear, as of old, Scotland's chiefest glory.

Situated at so great a distance from the Parent Church, and thinly populated as these Provinces are, it were no great wonder though a lack of Clergymen were experienced in many parts. If it had not been, however, for the Secession of 1843, which called away so many of our Ministers to larger and more lucrative fields of usefulness, the circumstances of the Church in these Colonies would be widely different, and her prospects more promising.

The hearts of those congregations, however, which have long been deprived of Gospel ordinances, have been wonderfully sustained, and their hopes, that their "cry for help" would ultimately be answered, have been wonderfully animated, by the unremitting exertions of the Parent Church to fill up the "waste places of our Zion" as speedily as possible; and this circumstance seems to have led not a few of them to cling to her even with greater fondness than during the days of her greatest prosperity.

Reverend Sir, we fully appreciate the sacrifices made by yourself, your Reverend and distinguished colleague, by your families and congregations, during your absence; and we respectfully tender the expression of our warmest acknowledgements, requesting that you will be pleased to communicate our sentiments to those parties respectively.

And now, Dear Sir, we bid you affectionately farewell, praying that during your journeyings through this wilderness land you may be preserved from every danger; and, when your "labour of love" in America has been completed, may you have a safe and speedy passage across the Atlantic, and ultimately enjoy a happy meeting with your family and friends in the land of your nativity.

Signed on behalf of the Congregation.

WM. STEWART,  
Minister of St. Andrew's Church  
JOHN MACKIE,  
JOHN MACDOUGALL,  
ALEXANDER FENTON,  
ALEX. McLELLAN,  
ALEX. LOUDOUN,  
GEO. JOHNSTON,  
JAMES CAIE,

Chatham, 20th September, 1852.

#### REPLY.

Gentlemen,

I beg leave most gratefully to acknowledge this mark of your kindness, and I am truly gratified that you regard our mission as a proof of the solicitude of the Church of Scotland for the spiritual welfare of her children in this Colony.

I have every confidence in the deep sincerity of your expression of warm attachment to the Church of your Fathers. In all my journeyings in this country I have found the same sentiments prevailing among the great majority of our countrymen. They are fondly attached to the Church of Scotland. Their earliest and their holiest associations are connected with it. The spiritual privations to which they have been subjected have taught them still more to prize that Institution through which the ordinances of the Gospel are freely and fully dispensed in their Native Land.

You refer with satisfaction to the growing prosperity of the Church at Home. We have indeed much cause of thankfulness to her Great Head for the favour shown to our Zion in the trial through which she was made to pass. You will rejoice to learn that her several Schemes for extending the Redeemer's Kingdom are now prosecuted with as much efficiency as at any past time in her history; and that she is earnestly and successfully engaged, at Home and Abroad, in diffusing that Spiritual Kingdom which is "not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."

It is with very painful anxiety that the Church has regarded the spiritual destitution which has for a long time prevailed in this part of the Vineyard. The demands at Home have hitherto been very urgent in consequence of the vacancies caused by the late Secession. These, however, have now been nearly all filled up, and we may reasonably expect that a supply of faithful Ministers will soon be ready to enter on the many interesting fields of labour in this country. The harvest truly is great and the labourers are few. Pray ye the Lord of the harvest that He would send labourers into His Vineyard.

I beg to thank you for your kind allusion to our families and flocks. I shall gladly convey to my much esteemed colleague the expression of your sympathy and regard. I can assure you that we shall always look back on our engagement on this mission with peculiar pleasure; and we have most reverently and most thankfully to acknowledge that the good hand of our God has been upon us, and that "hitherto the Lord has been our helper."

Farewell; and may the God of our Fathers bless and prosper you.

WILLIAM SUTHERLAND.

#### ADDRESS OF ST. JAMES'S CHURCH

To the Reverend William Sutherland, Reverend Sir,

We, the Minister, Elders and Trustees of St. James's Church, Newcastle, Miramichi, beg leave to express our pleasure at seeing you amongst us as one of a Deputation sent by the Church of our Fathers to preach the Gospel and dispense the holy ordinances of our Religion among such congregations in the Lower Provinces as have been for a length of time deprived of the benefits of a settled Ministry. We rejoice at your visits to this country as a substantial proof of the interest which the Church of Scotland is taking in the spiritual welfare of those who have left the home of their fathers to settle in this distant land.

We beg leave through you to express our thanks to the Church at Home for the liberal offers which they are making to those who may be willing to come out to labour as Missionaries or as settled Pastors in the Colonial Vineyard. We are glad to learn that some have been already appointed, and are on their way to fill up some of those vacant charges which you have been visiting in Nova Scotia and Prince Edward's Island. We are also gratified to learn that there is a prospect of an additional supply of labourers being sent to New Brunswick at no distant period.

We trust that what you have learnt of the state of New Brunswick during your visit to our Province, short though it necessarily has been, will enable you, when you return to your native land, confidently to urge our claims on the attention of the Probationers of our Church at Home, and that your advocacy on our behalf will be successful in encouraging some of them to come forth to the work of the Lord among their fellow-countrymen located in this distant land.

We sincerely sympathise with your respected colleague, the Rev. Dr. Ritchie, and hope that his health may soon be re-established.

We trust that the God of all grace will sustain you both under the great labours which you have had to endure, and which you may be yet called to undergo, in fulfilling the charge devolved on you by the Church of Scotland. We pray that He may watch over you, and guard you in all your journeyings, and take you both in safety back to your respective homes, and His blessing may follow your labours here, and rest upon all your efforts to promote the interests of the Redeemer's Kingdom.

WILLIAM HENDERSON, A. M.  
Minister of St. James's Church.  
RICHARD HUTCHISON, Elder.  
CHRISTOPHER WISHART,  
Chairman of Trustees.

WILLIAM LOCH,  
Secretary of Trustees.

Newcastle, September 20, 1850.

To this the Rev. Mr. Sutherland made the following Reply:—  
Gentlemen,

I beg to offer my warmest thanks to you for the very kind and encouraging Address with which you have honoured me.

The Church of Scotland does take the deepest interest in her children who have settled in this distant land. It is her earnest desire that they should still enjoy the ordinances of the Gospel, and I beg to assure you that she is using every means in her power to secure for them this invaluable privilege. I have reason to hope that the efforts of our Church in this matter will soon be crowned with success. There is a large number of young men in course of training for the Ministry, and I fondly trust there will be many of them found willing to consecrate their talents to the noble work of building up the Church of God among their expatriated countrymen in America. You may fully rely that I shall most cordially lend my humble aid towards inducing some of our young Ministers to occupy the waste places of our Zion in this part of the Vineyard. I can most truly assure them, from delightful experience, that they will meet willing hearers of the Word of Life, multitudes who are thirsting for the waters of the Sanctuary.

I shall not fail to convey to my excellent colleague the expression of your kind sympathy and regard.

I beg to bid you all an affectionate farewell, thanking you for the great kindness and attention which I have received from you. May the God of our Fathers bless and prosper you.

WM. SUTHERLAND.

## THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

ORDINATIONS.—The Rev. David Johnston, late assistant to the Rev. Dr. Glover, Greenside Church, Edinburgh, was ordained minister of

Chalmers' *quoad sacra* Church, Glasgow, on Thursday last. The ordination of the Rev. Robert Lockhart, A. M., assistant minister of Alloa, and his induction to the parish of Kilmaurs, took place on Thursday.

CLERICAL PRESENTATIONS.—Professor Hercules Scott, of King's College, Aberdeen, has presented the Rev. Archibald Francis Stewart, minister of Aberfoyle, to the second charge of the parish of Inverness. Thomas Dempster Gordon, Esq., of Balmaghie, has presented the Rev. William Lyon Riach, A. M., to the vacant parish of Balmaghie in the Presbytery of Kirkcudbright.

DUNDEE.—At a meeting of the Town Council on Thursday last it was agreed to present the Rev. Peter Myles, presently assistant to Dr. Paterson, Montrose, to the vacant charge of St. David's, as the two opposing parties could not come to an amicable agreement regarding their respective candidates.

WHITEHALL, OCT. 1.—The Queen has been pleased to present the Rev. George Kinyttan Davidson to the church and parish of Kinfauns, in the Presbytery and county of Perth, vacant by the transportation of the Rev. Lachlan M'Lean, late minister thereof, to the united parishes of Liff, Benvie, and Invergowrie.

EDUCATION SCHEME OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.—A numerous and influential meeting of ministers, elders, and friends of the Church of Scotland was held at Drymen on the 27th ult., under direction of the Presbytery of Dumbarton, for the purpose of receiving a Deputation of the General Assembly's Education Committee, consisting of the Rev. Dr. Cook, the Convener, and Professor Campbell Swinton, appointed to advocate the interests of this Scheme. The Duke of Montrose presided on the occasion. The church was filled with a highly respectable audience from the surrounding district. Resolutions favourable to the Scheme, and pledging it the support of the meeting, were moved and seconded by Principal Macfarlan; Mr. Buchanan of Craigend Castle; Mr. Smollett, M. P.; the Rev. Dr. Graham; Mr. Blackburn of Killlearn; Mr. Forbes, M. P., &c. One of the most interesting circumstances attending this meeting was the presence of the venerable Principal Macfarlan. The 27th happened quite accidentally, as regards previous arrangement, to be the 81st anniversary of his birth; and to find him on that day in the place of his nativity, in the field of his early ministerial labours, in that church in which his presence and his voice were so familiar, still hale in body and with mind unimpaired, taking part in the proceedings of the day, and ably advocating a cause so important to future generations, was not less gratifying than remarkable.

### EXTRACTS FROM THE REPORT OF THE FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE COMMITTEE OF THE CHURCH, READ TO THE LAST GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

Your Committee believe that they would be denying the General Assembly a high gratification if they failed to acquaint it that, according to accounts transmitted from time to time by the Secretary of the Central Protestant Society, the cause of Evangelical Religion in France has advanced during the last twelve months with a rapidity which has scarcely been witnessed since the era of the glorious Reformation. About seven years ago a number of ministers and elders of the National Reformed Church, feeling the desirableness of a more intimate religious union than the usual ecclesiastical arrangements afforded, and impressed with their obligations to disseminate a knowledge of the Gospel among the ignorant and blinded millions of their countrymen, formed themselves into a Central Home Mission Society, and that on the basis of principles which placed the Scriptural character of their convictions beyond mistake. They resolved that none should be admitted among their members who did not

hold and subscribe these fundamental truths,—the sinfulness and misery of man's state by nature, and inability to deliver himself from that state; his redemption by the blood of Jesus Christ, Son of God, and True God; his regeneration and sanctification by the Holy Spirit; the offer of salvation by Divine grace to every member of the human family, and its sure possession to those who by faith embrace it; and, lastly, the necessity of good works, as the fruits of faith, though not as meritorious before God; and with these principles as their standard, and in their hearts, they resolved to devote themselves earnestly to the task of causing them to be known and embraced by others. Their enterprize was favoured from on High; and in addition to those narrations of its success which have thrice awoken the sympathy of the General Assembly, and twice prompted it to invite the liberality of the various congregations in its aid, the accounts lately received have showed that the cause of the Gospel for the last year has been an almost continued triumph; and that, amid all the ominous changes and overturnings of political institutions which have been witnessed, religious awakenings, so numerous and so diffused, have occurred as to draw forth from our brethren expressions at once of wonder and gratitude. Never, indeed, has the opposition of the priests and their blinded instruments been more oppressive; and frequently the civil authorities, taking advantage of the supposed sympathy of the head of the State with their opinions, have impeded the proclamation of the Gospel by restrictions the most unwarrantable and injurious; but still, when the superior authorities, when appealed to, showed that they had both the power and the courage to protect our brethren, and, when scarcely a month passed in which the most earnest requests from the Roman Catholic districts of the country were not addressed to them that the knowledge of the Truth might be published there also, their feelings in such circumstances have their most appropriate expression in the language with which unexpected interpositions of the Divine hand were hailed of old, "When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, then were we like them that dream; then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing;" and, while they said among the heathen, "The Lord hath done great things for them," it was theirs gratefully to reply, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." It would seem, indeed, that want of men and want of money are almost the only obstacles which prevent France at this moment from yielding all abundant a spiritual harvest as any region of missionary enterprise which the fields of the World present.

The stations founded, and supported wholly or in part by the Central Society, amount at present to 28. Of these, 9 numbering from 250 to 500 members each, are composed wholly of converted Roman Catholics; 4, of Protestants and Catholic converts combined; and the rest of nominal Protestants, who previously were alike careless and uncared-for. And, even so lately as the 13th of last month, 800 inhabitants of a small Town in Anjou applied to the General Assembly, while holding its sittings in Paris, that a Christian pastor might be sent to them. Nor have these been transient awakenings. In all cases they have ripened into fruits of stated worship and holy deeds; while in some cases the touching spectacle has been presented of poor labourers and vine-dressers contributing their labour and their substance with a willingness which nothing but the deepest convictions could inspire, in erecting a seemly edifice for their worship; and then, as having given a proof of their sincerity which the Society, as they considered, could neither gainsay nor resist, they have implored that the much desired Protestant minister might be provided for them. That 28 stations of this character have been already founded, and that, but for straitened circumstances, more might immediately be added, inspires feelings in the thoughtful at once of joy and grief—of joy, that the harvest has proved so plenteous,

and that the fields are still so white unto it; and of grief, that the labourers are so few!

In the belief that the Lord, to whom the silver and the gold belong, and who, when He ascended upon High, gave gifts to men, of pastors and evangelists, and teachers, would supply them with all these blessings out of His glorious fulness, the Central Society lately intimated to the Committee, and through them to the Church at large, that, having found it indispensable that an institution for educating young men for the Ministry in their own principles, and under their own eye, should be founded, a suitable building for this purpose has been hired in Paris, the rent of which, with the salaries of the able professors they had engaged, and the partial maintenance of 18 out of the 40 students it was capable of accommodating, would involve an expense for the first year of not less than £650. Encouraged by the sympathy which the two last deputations received from the General Assembly, they fondly hoped that this sum would have been obtained from the collection which was ordered in their favour, and which they intended to devote exclusively to this purpose—that both they and we might enjoy the gratification of observing with what blessed results sympathy, when moulded into substantial gifts, is attended. The Committee are unable to report that this hope has been realized. The whole amount they have been enabled to transmit has been a sum of £430, including £10 from the funds of a previous collection, and £60 from the Ladies' Continental Association of St. George's, Edinburgh; and though this offering has been received with the deepest thankfulness, and given the Church of Scotland a place in their good opinion, their good wishes, and their prayers, which every Christian mind will appreciate, yet the fact that, in addition to the smallness of the amount, only 136 congregations have contributed, can scarcely be regarded either as a satisfactory implementing of the promises which were virtually made to the two last deputations, or a discharge of those duties of brotherly support and kindness of which the liberality of the New Testament Churches to their suffering brethren has set so noble and approved an example. The Committee would venture most respectfully to commend anew to the Church, and especially to those congregations who have not hitherto aided it, the claims of this admirable Society to their support. They are well aware that the demands for kindred objects, which the authority of the Church presents, are both numerous and urgent. But, in considering that in helping the Church of France we help a sister institution, that has not only to commend her a glorious memory of noble deeds and heroic sufferings in the past, but the power of leaving for the present with the pure, peaceful, and benevolent principles of Christianity a nation which for good or for evil has ever proved itself among the most influential upon earth, it seems as if few Christian minds could fail to take advantage of the opportunity of extending the boundaries of the Redeemer's kingdom, cementing the peace of nations, gratifying the feelings of benevolence, and engaging in holy works which will follow them, which the aiding of such an institution by sympathy, by prayers, and by alms, presents.

In the name and by appointment of the Committee,

ROBERT NISBET, *Convener, P. T.*

—H. & F. Miss. Record for September.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

### CHURCH YARD GLEANINGS, NO. 6.

"So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom," was the prayer of a good man of old, and may well be ours: nor may we, while engaged in the somewhat more abstruse science of Geometry, be without a memento of our frail estate, such as the inspired

*arithmetician* desires to have before himself. Let us listen to the lesson of instruction read in *Westminster Abbey* to those who look on the Tombstone of a former Prebendary, who died 28th Dec., 1621, at the early age of 29:—

With diligence and truth most exemplary  
Did *William Lawrence* serve a Prebendary;  
And, for his pains, now past, before not lost,  
Gain'd this remembrance at his Master's cost.  
Oh! read these lines again! you seldom find  
A servant faithful and a master kind—  
*Short-hand he wrote*, his flower in prime did  
fade:

And hasty death *short-hand* of him hath made.  
*Well coult he numbers, and well measur'd land;*  
*Thus doth he now that ground whereon you*  
*stand,*

*Wherein he lies so geometrical:*  
*Art maketh some, but this will nature all."*

The same truth is taught by the ruder verses of the *Montrose Poet*, who in recording the death of *Alexander Duncan*, (who died in 1662,) and his family, tells us that—

"As ev'ry thing a center hath, to which it doth  
incline,  
So all men, being made of earth, to earth return  
in time:  
Those, who do here from labours rest, more lines  
stretch from a center,  
Some short, some long, as He thought best, who  
is the Divine painter."

And then, fearful apparently of soaring too high, somewhat abruptly concludes:—

'To write eulogies of those dead, I find it's not  
my strain,  
If men be honest, and fear God, they're free  
from future pain'—

thus summing up all as the wise man did by saying, 'Fear God and keep His commandments': for this is—*all in all*—not only saves from pain and sorrow, but secures happiness and Heaven.

In like manner the *craft* of the Architect, when his fame in that capacity is no longer of avail to his fellows, may lead them to seek

'The house eternal built by God to lodge the  
holy mind,  
When once the prison walls have fallen, by  
which 'tis now confined'—

Such might be the tendency of the Epitaph at *Sarnsfield*, in Herefordshire, on *John Abel*, who died in 1694, aged 97:—

"This craggy stone a covering is for an Archi-  
tector's bed,  
That lofty buildings raised high; but now lyes  
low his head:  
His *line and rule*, so death concludes, are locked  
up in stee;  
Build they who list, or they who wist, for he  
can build no more.  
His house of clay could hold no longer,  
May Heaven's joy build him a stronger:"

But why need we multiply instances? Which is there of the various occupations of mankind, that may not minister instruction to the mind disposed to receive it; and by the analogies to higher and holier pursuits raise the thoughts from earth to Heaven, and induce the seriously reflecting mortal to desire above all things that, when the King of Terrors does come with his individual summons, he may be able

to address him in the triumphant language, "O death, *where* is thy sting? O grave, *where* is thy victory?"

### HOWARD, THE PHILANTHROPIST.

The man who won such an addition to his name, and made himself as widely and familiarly known by the title of *Howard, the Philanthropist*, as the Macedonian Conqueror by that of *Alexander, the Great*, has of course been heard of by most of our readers. Many, however, may not know, except in a very general way, by what means he earned this most honourable distinction, what were the labours of love in which he engaged, to what extent and with what perseverance and success he prosecuted them, or what were the animating principles which urged him on and sustained him in encountering the various obstacles against which he had to contend in carrying his purposes of benevolence into effect; or that in running his noble career, which drew after him the eyes of a wondering world, he was a humble disciple of Jesus, striving in singleness of heart to be found faithful to the Master whose name he bore; and that the mystery of his self-devoted labours, which astonished so many, is fully explained by saying that he exhibited the doctrines of the Gospel in their living power through faith working by love.

Poets and orators have united to sound the praises of the Christian philanthropist. They have rendered an honest tribute of admiration to his worth, but without any just or discriminating appreciation of the principles on which he acted, so that, while their eulogiums dazzle the imagination of the reader, they neither enlighten his understanding nor stimulate him to exertion by holding up before him an example of virtue he is expected to imitate. In the popular literature of most modern nations many a period is rounded off with the name of Howard; as doing honour to our common humanity. In most minds therefore the name has become associated with a vague, aimless admiration, producing no salutary or definite results. He is seldom thought of as one of those whose footsteps we ought to follow, and be followers of him as he was of Christ. It was not a specimen of our common humanity, but of what ought to be our common Christianity, which was exhibited in the life and labours of Howard. It was not by acting on the principles and motives of our common nature that he presented to the world such a remarkable manifestation of the spirit of benevolence. When regarded in this light, it is not surprising that he should be looked on as a splendid prodigy, sweeping across the moral horizon of our species in a track of his own, which none can follow, to be wondered at and praised and thought of no more. But he was no such prodigy, though an eminent example

of the power of the love of Christ in subduing selfishness and constraining men to forsake their own ease, that they may be helpful to their brethren in bearing their burdens, and so fulfilling the law of Christ. Often, however, as his name is employed in our popular literature to point a moral or adorn a tale, seldom is it there used to point men to Christ, or as adorning the doctrine of our God and Saviour, for, alas! it is no aim of that literature; which has become popular, to commend Christianity or induce men to become Christians, or stimulate them to act up to the principles of the religion they profess. It would have argued no less benevolence had the love of Christ, constraining him to seek the good of his brethren, led him to spend himself and be spent in direct efforts to convert them to the same faith which was in himself, the possession of which he considered the greatest blessing of his own existence, and to deliver them from the tyranny of sin in their hearts, and to apply a remedy to the evils arising out of their neglected moral and religious education, when no man cared for their souls, and translate them into the glorious liberty of the children of God, wherewith Christ makes His people free, instead of seeking to rescue the prisoners of men from the barbarous cruelties inflicted on them by mercenary keepers, into whose hands they were cast by vindictive prosecutors, careless judges, and a thoughtless public, and left to pine and languish, often rot and die amid the pestilential diseases engendered by improper and insufficient food, filth, and foul air, through the neglect of rulers, more intent upon securing the honours and emoluments of high office than of deserving them by a faithful discharge of its duties.

But, had Howard's benevolence prompted him to seek for men deliverance from spiritual rather than physical sufferings, its genuineness would not have been so readily recognized by many; and, could there have been detected under his zeal for their religious interests anything like carelessness about their bodily welfare, how seldom, in our popular literature, would his zeal for the one have been alluded to without bringing forward his supposed indifference to the other in such away as to throw discredit on everything like a serious and earnest profession of godliness. How comes it then that, when he attracted towards himself the gaze of the World as a kind of prodigy of wisely directed and steadily pursued benevolent exertion, this is not popularly explained as arising from his having not merely professed Christianity, but believed in Christ, and endeavoured to walk in the footsteps of his Master, seeing it turns out, upon examining into the matter, that this was in reality the secret power through which he never became weary in his unparalleled efforts to do good. It is to be feared

there are amongst us fewer candidates for the reward of giving a cup of cold water to him that needeth it, because he belongs to Christ, than becomes the profession of faith we so generally make, when so many are found calling themselves Christians, who begrudge Christ the honour of the good deeds done by His disciples, and will neither acknowledge them as the fruits of His Spirit, nor write them down to the praise of the glory of His name. To acknowledge the good deeds of Christians, and deny that they are wrought in Christ, and are the 'fruits of His Spirit, what is this but to reject Christ utterly, and put Him away with contempt? For this is to say, that there is no living power in the Truth as it is in Jesus; that it is not His Spirit in the Word which quickens the dead soul through faith, and kindles in it a flame of Divine love; but that men, dead in trespasses and sins, take into their dead bosoms the dead letter of the Word, and warm it into life, productive of love and good works; and that, though the seed of the Word should have come from God, all the increase of it is from man. Such is the spirit which pervades our popular literature with regard to Christ and His working in the hearts of His disciples even when it is intended to speak favourably of Him as a teacher of Religious Truth, and an expounder of moral obligations.

The Howards are one of the noblest lines of England's noble families; but it is seldom noted that the noblest of all the Howards became so by the indwelling of the Spirit of Christ exhibiting itself in a faith working by love. Whatever may be the case in those fictitious representations of human life drawn by novelists, who can invest their characters with virtues to any amount, and any degree of excellency their imagination can suggest, and make them perform any number of good deeds they may choose, however difficult to perform, and pass triumphantly through all trials, however great, upon any moral principles of action the creators of these fictitious personages, and the fictitious world in which they are placed, may choose to invent, for their airy puppets, these heroes and heroines of virtue, who people the visionary world of the novelist, do not represent the real world, and the men and women who live and act in it, no more than the saints of the Roman Calendar with their sublimities of devotion, austerities of self-denial, prodigies of patient endurance, lamb-like meekness, and lion-like courage, with their miraculous deliverances and miraculous performances, as set forth in the legends of monks and dreaming mystics, represent the saints who have adorned the doctrine of their God and Saviour in the Church. Whether the fictitious representations of Virtue in the one class of inventions are more favourable to the cause of Morality than the fictitious representations

of Piety in the other, to the cause of Religion, we leave to the reader's consideration. But, whatever may be found in the pages of fiction, there is no authentic account of any real man leading such a life of self-denial for the good of others, and accomplishing such labours of love, by a patient continuance in well doing, as was done by Howard, on any other principle than faith in Christ, and the motives and affections which spring from it, when deep and abiding.

But it is not surprising that those, who regard faith in Christ as a delusion, and a principle of fanatical enthusiasm, and not as a rational foundation of hope towards God, and an exuberant fountain of love towards man in every heart which receives it, should have been unwilling to trace such a steady course of benevolence as attracted their admiration in Howard to a source so despised in their eyes that they can hardly think of it as existing in any wise and well ordered mind. Those who made the highest profession of this faith were not so ready, as might have been expected, to recognize in the great philanthropist an eminent example of Christian devotion. If we are not greatly mistaken, these singular labours of love did not commend themselves at once to the conscience of every man throughout the Churches as an infallible proof of discipleship in Christ. The name of Howard has not even yet attained that place and currency in our Christian literature as a holy man of God and faithful servant of Christ, to which it was entitled from the very first. But, if any man or body of men, whatever they may believe or profess to believe, suppose that a man, knowing the doctrine of Christ and not believing them, might possibly surpass in good deeds and labours of love those who do truly believe these doctrines, we fear such neither know nor understand what Christ intended His Church should be in the midst of the World.

Those who represent the more religious class to be found in every denomination of Christians as the mere bigots of a sect, zealous only or mainly for a form of doctrine and worship and a peculiar phraseology, while they overlook the weightier matters of the law, justice and mercy, do not seriously believe in the truth of their inconsiderate accusations. It is in that very class, everywhere spoken against, that men of the world expect to find the highest instances of self-denying charity. Nevertheless it is a proof of the misleading power of our sectarian divisions in blinding our eyes to the genuine marks of a faithful servant of Christ, that, as soon as Howard was recognized as an eminent philanthropist, he was not in consequence recognized also as an eminent Christian. Many, it is true, claim the character of philanthropists, who are not Christians even as many claim the character of

Christians who are not philanthropists, whose respective claims to either the one character or the other are not worth disputing. But, when Howard, without obtruding claims either of benevolence or religiousness, quietly advanced to notoriety by simply performing what appeared to him his duty as a Christian man, his praise ought to have been found in all the Churches, as having well fulfilled the part. It can hardly be said, however, that this took place. Even to this day the name and example of Howard are introduced in our religious literature in a somewhat ambiguous manner. He is pointed out rather as an ornamental column in the Christian Church than as a solid stone forming an integral part of the common structure. He is held up as one in whom the professors of the Christian faith may glory as belonging to their number, rather than as an example whom they ought to imitate. But surely this ought not so to be, when it is written; "Pure religion before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction and keep himself unspotted from the world." There was more than enough of attention paid to sectarian differences in the Christian Church from the beginning. Many misapprehensions prevailed in the earliest times as to the nature of faith, the merit of good works, and what was the most excellent way of a Christian life. Courage in contending for the martyr's crown threw a false lustre around many imperfections. That instead of meekly bowing the head in patient resignation to receive it after the manner of the Apostles, it came to be contended for and grasped at in something like a spirit of bravado, showed the working of the old leaven of pride and vain glory amid the purer elements of Christian humility. The austerities of an ascetic life, founded not on the self-denying doctrines of Christ, but on the delusions of a vain philosophy not in any way honouring the body as the creation of God, attracted much senseless admiration both from the Church and from the World. Fleeing from society and its duties to spend life in self-consuming, unprofitable meditation, and an unceasing round of formal acts of devotion, came early to be regarded as the highest example of the Christian life. But, amid all these errors creeping in and abounding more and more, we learn from the writings of the earliest Christian apologists that a blameless conversation which could not be spoken against, and a life devoted to good deeds of charity, in which the heathen without the Church, as well as the necessitous brethren within it, were made to participate, formed the great glory of the Christian profession from the first as it must continue to do to the last. Never can these words of the Saviour be forgotten in the Church. "Then shall the King say unto them on His right hand,

Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the World, for I was an hungered, and ye gave Me meat. I was thirsty, and ye gave Me drink. I was a stranger, and ye took Me in. Naked, and ye clothed Me. Sick, and ye visited Me. In prison, and ye came unto Me. Then shall the righteous answer Him, saying; Lord, when saw we Thee an hungered and fed Thee, or thirsty and gave Thee drink? When saw we Thee a stranger and took Thee in, or naked and clothed Thee? Or when saw we Thee sick or in prison and came unto Thee? And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you. Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me." And, if it be asked who are Christ's brethren, to whom these things should be done by His disciples, dare any one answer otherwise than Christ answered him who asked, "And who, Lord, is my neighbour that I am to love as myself, when He instructed him by the parable of the Samaritan who helped him that had fallen among thieves. We do not think that the labours of Howard showed more benevolence and self-denial, were more philanthropic in their spirit, or more beneficial to society in their results than those of many a missionary who has devoted himself, if not exclusively, yet pre-eminently to the simple preaching of the Gospel of Christ; but we esteem them no less as the genuine fruits of Christ dwelling in his heart by faith; and that is the highest praise the labourer would have claimed for his exertions. Coveting this praise, he did not look to receive it from the World, and from the World he has not received it. If the World despise the labours of the Gospel missionary, and praise his as not wrought in Christ, but in its own spirit of self-righteousness, it does but pronounce its own condemnation out of its own mouth, for it will not imitate what it so ostentatiously commends. They praise Howard, but imitate him not, like the Jews, who built and adorned the sepulchres of the prophets, whom their fathers killed, but who, while erecting splendid tombs to the prophets, continued to walk in the footsteps of their fathers who put them to death. Had the World, instead of heedlessly passing by on the other side, turned in to visit those outcasts of society whom Howard sought out in their wretched and forlorn condition, and shown them common charity, had it done them bare justice or troubled itself to enquire, whether it were done them by others, had the men wearing the World's highest honours, receiving its richest rewards, glorying in being its rulers, legislators, and reformers, simply done the duties they were paid to do, no such field would have been left for Christian benevolence to reap.

There are now many loud-mouthed

lauders of the World's benevolence, who fail not to point their ridicule against Christians and their ways of doing good. It is something in this world to be laughed at for awkward attempts to do good. This is no standing subject of ridicule against the World. Few butts of this kind has the World set up for the satirist to aim his shafts against. Where are the heroes and heroines of the World's benevolence to be found? In the next street? No. But still they are not far to seek; you will find them in the pages of the first novel you choose to open.

Do we mean to say that there is no benevolence in the World? Far be it from us to think such a thought, much less to utter such a speech. But do any, who act in the spirit of this World, make a business of benevolence? To be benevolent by fits and starts is not enough. Why is there such a call upon Christians to make a business of benevolence, and pursue it steadily and systematically, except because the World is not benevolent? There is just now a great outcry about the necessity of doing something to relieve the moral degradation and physical destitution of the poor in great cities. The cry is neither too loud nor too urgent; but who are most likely to lay it to heart and act upon it? Who first discovered these abodes of misery, and entered these dark haunts of vice, to enlighten and relieve, and, if possible, reform their wretched inmates; and who will follow up the work to any good result? If it is not done by those whom the love of Christ constrains, is there any hope of its being done at all? That such a work has been suffered to gather on our hands shows how little of the power of that love is felt amongst us; but no principle of less power than that love which believeth all things, and hopeth all things, will encourage a man's heart seriously to begin, or strengthen his hands steadily to go on with the arduous and discouraging task. Many of those who make a merit of pointing out the monstrous evil, and reviling and reproaching others for suffering it to stand, will themselves never put forth their little finger to remove it. They say, but do not. They have no intention of doing anything but speak and write on the subject, and will not even continue to speak and to write longer than the public lends a willing ear to their theme. When the topic loses the gloss of novelty and becomes stale, it will be heard of no more in many quarters where now it rings so loudly. We trust Christian hearts are silently pondering how they shall answer to God if they suffer such things to continue, and will go resolutely to work for the good of their brethren in their Master's name; and trusting in His grace to aid them, while they seek to promote His cause on earth, as the Saviour and the Friend of man, who hears the prayer of

the destitute and sends His servants to be their helpers.

We trust the scope of these remarks will not be misunderstood. We have no design to claim undue praise for any particular set of men who may identify themselves in a peculiar manner with everything that is honourable to the Christian profession of faith. That a spirit of benevolence is widely diffused in the present day, and can be brought into effective operation in cases of emergency, the late famine in Europe, and the various calamitous fires that have occurred amongst ourselves, do sufficiently attest. That benevolent characters should be popular in our light literature, and the cause of benevolence obtain a ready hearing from the diurnal press, are alike symptomatic of good. But in the ideal world of the novelist spontaneous benevolence is exhibited in disparaging contrast with that which flows from religious principle in a way not justified by what happens in real life. Credit is given to fallen human nature for exhibiting specimens of exalted worth, which no one ever saw growing on such a stock; while serious earnest religion is represented as producing nothing but the sour grapes of bitterness and wrath. Now all history attests that a spirit of benevolence has pervaded the World along with the progress of Christianity. The history of the rest of the World can furnish no such examples of steady active benevolence as are to be found in the history of Christianity in every age and under every form of outward manifestation. It is true also that those who in Christendom have made a business of benevolence, and distinguished themselves by labours of love for the good of their brethren, have also been distinguished for strong religious convictions, ardent piety, and that warm personal attachment to Christ as their Saviour, which multitudes, who profess themselves Christians, look upon as a being religious-over-much, and think that men may do their duty to their Father in Heaven and their brethren upon earth sufficiently well without any such exclusive devotion to the name of Christ. But facts are facts; and none have been found so devoted to the cause of humanity as those to whom this name has been precious above every other name. Nor can the cause of humanity, and the removal of all the evils that afflict the World, be so effectually pleaded as by pleading the cause of Christ, and beseeching men to believe in His name, be reconciled to God through Him, and be kindly affectioned towards one another, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake forgiveth us.

The glowing eulogiums pronounced upon Howard, and set forth in all the dazzling splendours of rhetorical composition by our greatest masters of the art, contain no exaggerated praise. They were the meet tribute of genius to virtue,

offered in no spirit of flattery but of just admiration. But, as in very few of these are the peculiar principles, on which Howard acted, distinctly recognized, instead of being represented as an eminent example of the power of Gospel Truth, when consistently acted upon, he is held up as a kind of prodigy of natural benevolence. But his name ought not to stand among the list of human prodigies, but among the saints of Christ, who have purchased for themselves a good degree as servants who have been found faithful in the trust committed to them.

We speak thus with no design of detracting from the due praise of Howard as a man, or of flattering those who make a zealous profession of that faith which in him was made perfect by works. The World bears willing witness that, on whatever principles he acted, he showed himself to be no ordinary man. Must it not also be confessed, and not without some shame, that in giving this world-wide demonstration of the power of our religion in one of its most lovely forms, which stands alone amid centuries, he has earned a title to be considered also as no ordinary Christian. Still among Christians he is no prodigy, and exhibits but one among many distinguished specimens of what our nature may become under the transforming power of the Truth as it is in Jesus. As it was the great aim of his life to be found faithful to Christ in doing good to his brethren, so we propose to give some account of his labours, and the principles by which he was animated in the performance of them, that all, who profess the same faith, may be stirred up by his example to show their faith by their works, that they may with him receive a testimony and a crown, more to be desired than the highest honour this world can bestow.

## EXTRACTS.

### THE ARROW SHOT AT A VENTURE.

A CASE of this sort lately interested us, and will interest our readers.

Mrs. Judd, of the Baptist Mission at Port-au-Prince, tells the story. Her husband was absent, and the evening Sabbath service devolved upon a native assistant preacher.

"On the evening of the first Sabbath in this month, about the time of our evening service, there came up a shower of rain, and, as appearances had been threatening, but few had come in before the rain came on. Under these circumstances Brother Lilavois, who had prepared with considerable care and study a discourse for the occasion, consulted with two or three brethren, and suggested whether he had not better omit preaching that evening and have a kind of prayer and conference meeting. But our good brother Antonine (who believes in being 'instant in season and out of season') thought otherwise, and said to him very pleasantly, 'O no, my brother, 'preach the Word,' and if, peradventure, there should be 'one sinner that should hear and repent,' the angels in Heaven would rejoice.' This one encouraging word decided our brother, and, as it was already late, he immediately opened the meeting in the usual way. But he took another subject from

what he had first intended, and preached without notes or other 'preparation,' 'as the Spirit gave him utterance,' from John iii. 16, 'For God so loved the world,' &c. Just as he was about to name the text, the rain began to pour down in the usual manner in this climate, and at that moment several strangers entered our lighted and cheerful little chapel room, whose doors stood open invitingly, and were welcome sheltered under our roof, and soon found themselves listening to the sweet and melting sounds of the Gospel from the persuasive lips of our brother, whose soul was soon glowing with the fervency his subject was calculated to inspire. All listened with attention, but there was one in particular who seemed literally to *devour* every word that was uttered. Silent aspirations went up from Christian hearts that evening in a 'united' desire that at least some seed might fall upon 'good ground,' but hardly could they have hoped to see the ripened 'fruit,' 'while they were yet speaking.' But listen and judge ye.

"Immediately after the close of the meeting several of our brethren gathered around our strange friends, who seemed in no particular hurry to get away. On conversing all around with them a few minutes, we found they had all been interested considerably with what they had heard (some, I think, had never heard an evangelical discourse before,) and I was soon called upon for Bibles, tracts, &c.; for our brothers and sisters are as anxious to improve such an opportunity as we are, several of them having been converted themselves through these instrumentalities. But there was one, to whom I have alluded, who soon fixed the attention of us all. This man, whose name, we learned, is Louenski, lives a few miles from the city on what is called The Plain; had been in town on business through the day, and was returning to his home when he was arrested as I have mentioned, and his heart was opened to receive the Word, which was to him as 'cold water to a thirsty soul,' yea, 'as life from the dead.' As he said, the whole plan of Salvation seemed to open before him as clearly as the sun shining at mid-day. He wept, he rejoiced, he received as with open heart and open arms the Saviour. This was what he had been vainly seeking for years. He is an intelligent man, and he informed us that he had become convinced some three years ago, that men could not be saved by the system of catholicism, that there was something wanting.

"He, like one of old, needed 'some one to guide' him. And now the Lord had sent him here (for he seemed to look upon it as a special providence in his favour), and it had all been made so plain to him, he felt fully to receive it 'to-day' (alluding to our brother's emphatic quotation of that passage in his discourse, 'to-day, if ye will hear his voice,' &c.) and he knew not how to express his joy. His eyes filled with tears, while the drops of sympathy stood in the eyes of the simple auditors."

### FAMILY PRAYER AT EVENING.

THE evening hour, when the labours of the day are ended, and its cares may be laid aside, is the time in the day most favourable for serious reflection. The minds of the younger members of our families are then more likely to receive religious impressions than in the morning. Why, then, should the evening family prayer be omitted? I have observed with regret that many religious people attend family worship only in the morning.

Against the omission of it in the evening there are the following objections:—1. It seems to indicate a want of love for the worship of God, and a disposition to neglect it as far as one can without injury to his reputation as a Christian. 2. It deprives the Christian parent of a means of spiritual good to himself which he much needs to keep him alive in religion. 3. It belittles religion in the estimation of children and domestics, making it seem as if it was not worth attending to from morning till night, and its duties might be neglected, if it is not quite convenient to attend



to them. 4. It diminishes the amount of religious instruction given in the family. 5. It leaves unimproved one of the best ordinary opportunities to impress religious truths upon the minds of children and youth.

Christian father, you and your family are soon to part. Your opportunities of usefulness to them will soon be past. They hasten to eternity. Now you can do their souls good; now you can by example, precept, and prayer, impress upon them the importance of religion. Will you not do it daily in family worship at evening?

Have you no time? What are the hours given us for but that we may spend them in doing what will be most useful? And cannot a few minutes each evening be spent more usefully in attending family worship than in any other way? Ten, or even five minutes for it, would be better than none. It is difficult to secure the regular and orderly attendance of your family? Then its members are in danger of forming habits that will be injurious to them, and they need the regulating influence of evening family worship. That is a reason, not why you should neglect it, but why you especially should practise it.—*Puritan Record*.

### FRAGMENTS ON PRAYER.

(FROM JOHN BUNYAN.)

PRAY often; for prayer is a shield for the soul, a sacrifice to God, and a scourge for Satan.

Look yonder! Ah, methinks mine eyes do see  
Clouds edged with silver, as fine garments be;  
They look as if they saw the golden face  
That makes black clouds most beautiful with grace.

Unto the saints' sweet incense of their prayer  
These smoky curled clouds I do compare;  
For, as these clouds seem edged or laced with gold,  
Their prayers return with blessings manifold.

Prayer is as the pitcher that fetcheth water  
from the brook, therewith to water the herbs:  
break the pitcher and it will fetch no water, and  
for want of water the garden withers.

The godly have found all other places, the  
Throne of Grace excepted, empty, and places that  
hold no water. They have been at Mount Sinai  
for help, but could find nothing there but fire and  
darkness, but thunder and lightning, but earth-  
quakes and trembling, and a voice of killing  
words.

They have sought for grace by their own per-  
formances; but, alas! they have yielded them  
nothing but wind and confusion: not a performance,  
not a duty, not an act in any part of religious  
worship, but they, looking upon it in the glass of  
the Lord, do find it specked and defective.

They have sought for grace by their resolutions,  
their vows, their purposes, and the like; but, alas!  
they all do as the other, discover that they have  
been very imperfectly managed, and so are such  
as can by no means help them to grace.

They have gone to their tears, their sorrow,  
and repentance, if perhaps they might find some  
help there; but all is fled away like the early dew.

They have gone to God as the Great Creator,  
and have beheld how wonderful His works have  
been; they have looked to the heavens above,  
to the earth beneath, and to all their ornaments;  
but neither have these, nor what is of them,  
yielded grace to those that had sensible want  
thereof.

They have gone with these pitchers to their  
fountains, and have returned empty and ashamed;  
they found no water, no river of water of life.

Paul, not finding it in the law, despairs to find  
it in any thing else below, but presently betakes  
himself to look for it where he had not yet found  
it: he looked for it by Jesus Christ, who is the  
Throne of Grace, where he found it, and rejoiced  
in hope of the glory of God.

Oh, when a God of grace is upon a Throne of  
Grace, and a poor sinner stands by and begs for  
grace, and that in the name of a gracious Christ,  
in and by the help of the Spirit of grace, can it be

otherwise but such a sinner must obtain mercy  
and grace to help in time of need?

All the sorrow that is mixed with our Chris-  
tianity proceeds, as the procuring cause, from our-  
selves, not from the Throne of Grace; for that is  
the place where our tears are wiped away, and  
also where we hang up our crutches: the streams  
thereof are pure and clear, not muddy or frozen,  
but warm and delightful, and they make glad the  
city of God.

There is an aptness in those that come to the  
Throne of Grace to cast every degree of faith away  
that carries not in it self-evidence of its own  
being and nature, thinking that, if it be faith, it  
must be known to the soul; yea, if it be faith, it  
will do so and so—even so the highest degree  
of faith will do: when, alas! faith is sometimes in  
a calm, sometimes up, and sometimes down, and  
sometimes in conflict with sin, death, and the  
devil. Faith now has but little time to speak  
peace to the conscience; it is now struggling for  
life, it is now fighting with angels, with infernals;  
all it can do now is to cry, groan, sweat, fear,  
fight, and gasp for life.

I know what it is to go to God for mercy, and  
stand all the while through fear afar off, being  
possessed with this, Will not God now smite me  
at once to the ground for my sins? David thought  
something so when he said as he prayed, "Cast  
me not away from Thy presence, and take not  
Thy Holy Spirit from me."

None know, but those that have them, what  
turns and returns, what coming on and going off,  
there are in the spirit of a man that indeed is  
awakened, and that stands awakened before the  
Glorious Majesty in prayer.

It is a great matter, in praying to God, not to  
go too far, nor come too short; and a man is very  
apt to do one or the other. The Pharisee went  
so far, he was too bold: he came into the temple  
making such a ruffle with his own excellencies;  
there was in his thoughts no need of a Mediator.

It has been the custom of praying men to keep  
their distance, and not to be rudely bold in rush-  
ing into the presence of the Holy and Heavenly  
Majesty, especially if they have been sensible of  
their own vileness and sins, as the prodigal, the  
lepers, and the poor publican were. Yea, Peter  
himself, when upon a time he perceived more than  
commonly he did of the majesty of Jesus his  
Lord, what doth he do? "He fell down at Jesus'  
knees, saying, Depart from me, for I am a sinful  
man, O Lord."

Oh, when men see God and themselves, it fills  
them with holy fear of the greatness of the maj-  
esty of God, as well as with love to and desire  
after His mercy.

What is poor sorry man, poor dust and ashes,  
that he should crowd up, and go jostlingly into  
the presence of the Great God?

For my part I find it one of the hardest things  
that I can put my soul upon even to come to God,  
when warily sensible that I am a sinner, for a  
share in grace, in mercy. Oh, methinks it seems  
to me as if the whole face of the heavens were  
set against me. Yea the very thought of God  
strikes me through; I cannot bear up, I cannot  
stand before Him; I cannot but with a thousand  
tears say, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner."—  
(Ezra ix. 15.)

At another time when my heart is more hard  
and stupid, and when His terror doth not make me  
afraid, then I can come before Him and ask mercy  
at His hand, and scarce be sensible of sin  
or grace, or that indeed I am before God. But  
above all they are the rare times when I can go  
to God as the publican, sensible of His glorious  
majesty, sensible of my misery, and hear up and  
affectionately cry, "God, be merciful to me, a  
sinner."

### GLEANINGS FOR THE CHILDREN.

HOW A BOY BECAME A MINISTER.

"I WANT to be a minister," was the chief desire  
of a young lad whose heart was turned to God.

He was an orphan, he was poor; for all the little  
property left him by his father was lost by his  
guardian. Then he left school and went to his  
sister's; but her income was too small to help him.  
He loved study dearly, and his uppermost wish  
was to preach the Gospel; but his prospects look-  
ed very dark. At last a rich lady, having heard  
about him, offered to pay all his expenses at col-  
lege, if he would think upon religious matters as  
she did. He felt very grateful to this lady for  
her kindness, but felt obliged to refuse it, for he  
loved the faith of his fathers, and trusted in the  
merits of Christ alone for salvation.

Troubled and anxious, he thought he would  
venture to call upon a learned minister in the  
neighbourhood, lay his case before him, and ask  
his advice. The gentleman received the poor lad  
coldly, and said not a word of encouragement.  
He told him he had better turn his hand to some-  
thing else, and not think any more about preach-  
ing. This disheartened him very much, and he  
went from the house sorrowful. "Try the law,  
Philip," said some of his friends; "we will do  
what we can to forward you in your studies;" and  
not long after he received an offer to come and  
be in a gentleman's office.

There did not seem to be any thing else for him  
to do; but, before finally deciding upon it, Philip  
set apart one morning solemnly to seek God's  
direction. While he was engaged in prayer, the  
postman knocked at the door. He had a letter  
for Philip; and what do you think was in it? It  
was from an old friend of his father, who, having  
learned his destitute condition, offered, if he was  
still intent upon being a minister, to take him  
under his care and help him through his education.  
What a precious letter it was! "This," said he  
with heartfelt gratitude, "I look upon almost as  
an answer from Heaven, and, while I live, I shall  
always adore so seasonable an opening of Divine  
Providence. I have sought God's direction in all  
this matter, and I hope I have had it, and I beg  
He would make me an instrument of doing much  
good in the World."

His desires were gratified, for God enabled  
him not only to become a beloved and useful min-  
ister himself, but to train up young men to become  
good ministers also. He wrote some excellent  
books, one of which is to day preaching all over  
this country the doctrines of the blessed Gospel,  
and many have been brought by it to the kingdom  
of God. The book is called the "Rise and Pro-  
gress of Religion in the Soul," and Philip's  
whole name was PHILIP DODDRIDGE. What a  
blessing waits upon them who wait upon God!  
Are there no such Philips among the children  
who read this?

### THE INFLUENCE OF MAN OVER MAN

THE world is filled with the countless and inter-  
lacing filaments of influence, that spread from  
each individual over the whole surface and frame-  
work of society. The infant, that lies wailing and  
helpless in the arms of its mother, is already  
wielding an influence felt through the whole  
household, by his fretfulness disturbing, or by  
his serene smiles gladdening that entire home;  
and, as with added years his faculties are expanded,  
and the sphere of his activity widens itself, his  
influence increases; and every man whom he meets,  
much more whom he moulds and governs, becomes  
the more happy or the more wretched, the better  
or the worse, according to the character of his  
spirit and example. Nor can he strip from him-  
self this influence. If he flee away from the  
society of his fellows to dwell alone in the wil-  
derness, he leaves behind him the example of  
neglected duty, and the memory of disregarded  
love, to curse the family he has abandoned. Even  
in the pathless desert he finds his own feet caught  
in the thorns and entangled web of influence that  
bound him to society, and his cords remain  
wherever he was once known, sending home to  
the hearts that twined around him sorrow and  
pain. Nor can the possessor expect it to go down  
into the grave with him. The sepulchre may  
have closed in silence over him, and his name

may have perished from among men, yet his influence, nameless as it is, and untraceable by the human eye, is floating over the face of society. As in the external and visible world the fall of a pebble agitates, not perceptibly indeed, yet really, the whole mass of the earth; thus in the world of morals every act of every spirit is telling upon the whole system of moral beings, to which God has bound him. No man leaves the world in all things such as he found it. The habits, which he was instrumental in forming, may go on from century to century an heir-loom for good or for evil, doing their work of misery or of happiness, blasting or blessing the country that has now lost all records of his memory. In the case of some this influence is most sensible. Every age beholds and owns their power. Such men have lived. The Church yet feels throughout all lands the influence of the thoughts that passed, perhaps in the solitude of midnight, through the bosom of Paul, as he sat in the shadows of his prison, an old and unbefriended man; thoughts which, lifting his manacled hands, he spread in his epistles before the eyes of men, there to remain for ever. They feel the effect of the pious meditations of David while roaming on the hill-side, an humble shepherd lad; of the family piety of Abraham, and of the religious nurture that trained up the infancy of Moses. Every nation is affected at this moment by the moral power that emanated from the despised Noah, as that preacher of righteousness sat among his family, perhaps dejected and faint with unsuccessful toil, teaching them to call upon God, when all the families of the earth besides had forgotten Him. And, if the mind, taking its flight from the narrow precincts of these walls, were to wander abroad along the peopled highways, and to the farthest hamlets of our own land, and, passing the seas, to traverse distant realms and barbarous coasts, every man whom its travels met, nay, every being of human mould that has ever trodden this earth in earlier ages, or that is now to be found among its moving myriads, has felt or is feeling the influence of the thoughts of a solitary woman, who, centuries since, stood debating the claims of conscience and of sin amid the verdant glories of the yet unforfeited paradise.—*Williams.*

WE present to our readers the following extract from the opening sermon of the Rev. Dr. Humphrey before the last General Assembly of the Old School Presbyterian Church, United States.

JOHN CALVIN.—“John Calvin was twenty years of age before he was converted from Rome to Christ. When soon afterwards our theology struck its forces into his mind, it roused him to the utmost stretch of thought. It was like a fire in his bones. So vital was the new life within him that at the age of twenty-six he had deducted our entire system of doctrine from the Word of God, adjusted its elements into a masterpiece of logical coherence, and published it to the World in his immortal Institutes. The twenty-eight years of life that remained to him were laden with affliction both of mind and body. Physical infirmities multiplied upon him until no less than seven distinct maladies laid siege to his attenuated frame. He suffered also every private grief, even that domestic bereavement which he styled ‘an acute and burning wound.’

“It is impossible to look without wonder at the labours he prosecuted amidst all this weariness and painfulness. The products of his pen exist in nine hugh folios of printed matter besides several hundred letters, and more than two thousand sermons and theological treatises yet unpublished. He prepared a copious commentary on most of the Scriptures; he edited a French translation of the Word of God; he disputed by tongue and pen with Bolzec on the doctrine of Predestination, with Westphal and Hesshus on the Sacraments, with Welsius on Free Will, with Pighius on Free Grace, and Serretus on the Trinity. He wrote against relics and astrology,

the Anabaptist, the Libertines, and the Pelagians. He employed his wit and sarcasm in assailing the Sorbonne, his powers of argumentation in confuting the Tridentine Decrees, and his noble eloquence in behalf of the Emperor against the Pope. He corresponded incessantly with his contemporaries Farel, Viret, Beza, Melancthon, Knox, Cranmer, and the Kings of Sweden, Poland, and Navarre; projecting by his long and masterly letters his own intellectual and spiritual life into the leading minds of Europe. With an asthmatical cough upon him, he lectured three days in the week on Theology, and preached daily on every alternate week. He presided every Thursday at the Court of Morals, attended the frequent assembly of the Clergy, assisted in settling the civil and essential affairs of Geneva; he founded there a seminary of liberal learning, and, when the city was threatened with siege, laboured at the fortifications. He educated preachers of the Gospel; performed many journeys; was consulted on all important subjects; occupied the pulpits of his brethren in their absence; and did not neglect pastoral labours in the congregation. Besides all these things he composed the disquisitions which perplexed the Reformers and the strifes which afflicted the Churches; and aided in settling the affairs of the Reformation in Poland, France, Germany, Scotland, and England. At last, being compelled by mortal disease to relinquish public duties, he received in his chamber all who sought his advice, and wore out his amanuenses by dictating to them his works and letters. When his shortening breath and failing voice terminated these labours, his kindling eye and heaving breast indicated that he was in constant prayer. On a beautiful evening in May, seven days later in the month than this, the day of our solemn convocation, just as the setting sun was irradiating with its purple light the waters of Leman and the Rhone, the Jura mountains and the more distant glaciers of the Alps, this great man rested from his labours. He gave directions that his body should be buried without the slightest pomp, and that his grave should be marked by neither monument nor headstone. His commands were obeyed, and ‘no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day.’”

#### THE LITTLE BOY'S REBUKE.

A DEAR little boy, named Albert Armstrong, came with his sister to pay an afternoon's visit to a lady of his mother's acquaintance. He was four years old, very bright and talkative, and, among the many things which pleased him, he was most pleased with the dog. The dog's name was Tom. At supper time Tom took his seat beside his mistress's chair, waiting for his cup of milk. This, Albert thought, was very odd. As they gathered round, the lady's husband was called out, and, as there was much talk among the little folks, the usual blessing was not asked at table; indeed, the lady had never been in the habit of doing this duty herself, so she began to pour out tea.

But the omission hurt the little boy's feelings; he turned from the dog, and, looking seriously up into the lady's face, “Father prays,” he said. As she did not seem to mind this, he added, “If father don't, mother prays.” Then the lady understood his meaning, she thanked the little boy in her heart, and felt very humble, that from the “mouths of babes and sucklings” she needed to be told her duty. Henceforth she never forgot it. How precious are the fresh little shoots of Christian education!

#### JOHN OWEN—HIS LAST DAYS.

THE retirement, into which he was forced by the Restoration, was attended with most of the hardships incident to an ejected minister, to which were added sufferings and sorrows of his own. He never was in prison, but he knew what it was to lead the life of a fugitive; and, after making a narrow escape from dragoons sent to arrest him, he was compelled to quit his rural retreat, and

seek a precarious refuge in the capital. In 1676 he lost his wife: but before this they had mingled their tears over the coffins of ten out of their eleven children; and the only survivor, a pious daughter, returned from the house of an unkind husband to seek beside her father all that was left of the home of her childhood. Soon after he married again; but, though the lady was good, and affectionate, and rich withal, no comforts and no kind tending could counteract the effects of bygone toils and privations, and for the brief remainder of his days weakness and anguish made many a mournful deduction. Still the busy mind worked on. To the congregation which had already shown at once its patience and its piety by listening to Caryl's ten quartos on Job, and that was afterwards to have its patience further tried and rewarded in the long but invalid incumbency of Isaac Watts, Dr. Owen ministered as long as he was able; and, being a preacher who had ‘something to say,’ it was cheering to him to recognise among his constant attendants persons so intelligent and influential as the late Protector's brother-in-law and son-in-law, Colonel Desborough and Lord Charles Fleetwood, Sir John Hartopp, the Hon. Roger Boyle, Lady Abney, and the Countess of Anglesea, and many other hearers who adorned the doctrine which their pastor expounded, and whose expectant eagerness gave zest to their studies, and animation to his public addresses. Besides, during all this interval, and to the number of more than thirty volumes, he was giving to the world those masterly works which have invigorated the theology, and sustained the devotions, of unnumbered readers in either hemisphere. Among others, folio by folio, came forth that Exposition of the Hebrews, which amidst all its digressive prolixity, and with its frequent excess of erudition, is an enduring monument of its author's robust understanding and spiritual insight, as well as his astonishing industry. At last the pen dropped from his hand, and on the 23rd of August, 1683, he dictated a note to his like-minded friend, Charles Fleetwood:—

“I am going to Him whom my soul has loved, or rather who has loved me with an everlasting love, which is the whole ground of all my consolation. I am leaving the ship of the Church in a storm; but, while the Great Pilot is in it, the loss of a poor under-rower will be inconsiderable. Live, and pray, and hope, and wait patiently, and do not despond; the promise stands immutable—that He will never leave us nor forsake us. My affectionate respects to your lady, and to the rest of your relations who are so dear to me in the Lord. Remember your dying friend with all fervency.”

The morrow after he had sent this touching message to the representative of a beloved family was Bartholomew day, the anniversary of the ejection of his two thousand brethren. That morning a friend called to tell him that he had put to the press his “Meditations on the Glory of Christ.” There was a moment's gleam in his languid eye, as he answered, “I am glad to hear it; but, oh! brother Payne, the long-wished-for day is come at last, in which I shall see that glory in another manner than I have ever done, or was capable of doing in this world.” A few hours of silence followed, and then that glory was revealed. On the fourth of September a vast funeral procession, including the carriages of sixty-seven noblemen and gentlemen, with long trains of mourning coaches and horsemen, took the road to Finsbury; and there in a new burying-ground, within a few paces of Goodwin's grave, and near the spot where five years later John Bunyan was interred, they laid the dust of Dr. Owen. His grave is with us to this day; but in the crowded Golgotha, surrounded with undertakers' sheds, and blind brick walls, with London cabs and omnibusses whistling past the gate, few pilgrims can distinguish the obliterated stone which marks the resting-place of the mighty non-conformist.—*North British Review.*

#### THE SINNER'S REFUGE.

“BELIEVE in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou

shall be saved," is the only, and it is a sufficient answer to every anxious sinner seeking refuge from the eternal storm. You must seek for comfort in Christ, or you will seek in vain. But apply to Him, and you cannot fail. Say, as Peter did when he began to sink, "Save, Lord, or I perish!" and He will put forth His hand at once. It is already held out to help you. Lay hold of it by faith, and salvation is yours. "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world." "Look unto Me and be ye saved." You are invited to regard Him, not as the Creator, but the Saviour; not as the Judge, but the Advocate; not as the Ruler, but the Mediator. When conscience accuses, hear Him say, "It is I—I who have fully atoned for thy sins—I, who have blotted them all out by My blood!" When the thought of God alarms, listen to His voice: "It is I—I, who have made peace by the blood of the Cross—I, by whom the just God becomes the justifier of the ungodly!" When the painful conviction of shortcomings after all our striving overwhelms, again He says, "It is I—I, whose white robe will cover all your filthy rags—I, from whose perfect obedience, and not from thine own unworthiness, thou art to look for acceptance with God!" When a sense of weakness and inability to cope with the many difficulties and dangers which surround us depresses the mind, again His voice is heard: "It is I—I, who have engaged to perform all things for thee—I, who will never leave thee nor forsake thee!"

"It is I!" This is enough to satisfy every doubt, to quell every fear, to meet every difficulty. Am I guilty? Jesus receives the chief of sinners. Am I helpless? Jesus is able to save to the uttermost. Am I lost? Jesus "came to seek and to save the lost." Have I no merits? Jesus is "made to us righteousness." Have I nothing? In Jesus "all fulness dwells." He died for me; he lives to intercede for me; he watches over, strengthens, succours me; he guides me in darkness, cheers me in sorrow, defends me in danger, and is preparing a place for me in Heaven. If He is with me, what can injure me? If He is for me, who can be against me? The winds and the waves may roar around, but they have no power to harm me while Jesus says, "It is I!"

#### THE SWISS FARMER AND THE SABBATH.

I SHALL tell you what happened in the Emmenthal (a fertile valley of the Canton of Berne in Switzerland) to a farmer, who cared for neither God nor men, and wished in every thing to have his own way. It was on a Sabbath afternoon. He had a large quantity of cut grain in his field, and, observing the clouds gathering round the tops of the mountains, and the spring becoming full of water, he called his domestics, saying, "Let us go to the field, gather and bind, for towards evening we shall have a storm. If you house a thousand sheaves before it rains, you shall be well rewarded."

He was overheard by his grandmother, a good old lady, of eighty years of age, who walked supported by two crutches. She approached with difficulty her grandson. "John, John," said she, "dost thou consider? As far as I can remember, in my whole life I have never known a single ear of corn housed on the holy Sabbath-day, and yet we have always been loaded with blessings; we have never wanted for any thing. Granting that it might be done if there were a famine, John, or appearances of a long continuation of bad weather; but thus far the year has been very dry, and, if the grain gets a little wet, there is nothing in that very alarming. Besides God, who gives the grain, gives the rain also, and we must take things as He sends them. John, do not violate the rest of this Holy Day, I earnestly beseech thee." At these words of the grandmother all the domestics came around her; the eldest understood the wisdom of her advice, but the young treated it with ridicule, and said to one another, "Old customs are out of date in our day; prejudices are abolished; the world now is altogether alt. red." "Grandmother," said the

farmer, "every thing must have a beginning; there is no evil in this; it is quite indifferent to our God whether we spend the day in labour or in sleep, and he will be altogether as much pleased to see the grain in the corn-loft as to see it exposed to the rain; that which we get under shelter will nourish us, and nobody can tell what sort of weather it will be to-morrow." "John, John, within doors and out of doors, all things are at the Lord's disposal, and thou dost not know what may happen this evening; but thou knowest that I am thy grandmother; I entreat thee, for the love of God, not to work to-day; I would much rather eat no bread for a whole year." "Grandmother, doing a thing for one time is not a habit; besides, it is not a wickedness to try to preserve one's harvest and to better one's circumstances." "But, John," replied the good old lady, "God's commandments are always the same, and what will it profit thee to have the grain in thy barn, if thou lose thy soul?" "Ah! don't be uneasy about that," exclaimed John, "and now, boys, let us go to work! time and weather wait for no man." "John, John!" for the last time cried the good old lady; but, alas! it was in vain; and, while she was weeping and praying, John was housing his sheaves; it might be said that all flew, both men and beasts, so great was the despatch.

A thousand sheaves were in the barn when the first drops of rain fell. John entered his house, followed by his people, and exclaimed with an air of triumph, "Now, grandmother, all is secure; let the tempest roar, let the elements rage, it little concerns me, my harvest is under my roof." "Yes, John," said the grandmother solemnly, "but above thy roof spreads the Lord's roof."

While she was thus speaking, the room was suddenly illuminated, and fear was painted in every countenance.

A tremendous clap of thunder made the house tremble to its foundations. "Lord!" exclaimed the first who could speak, "the lightning has struck the house?" All hurried out of doors. The dwelling was in flames, and they saw through the roof the sheaves burning, which had scarcely been well housed.

The greatest consternation reigned among all these men, who but a moment before were so pleased. Every one was dejected and incapable of acting. The aged grandmother alone preserved all her presence of mind; she prayed, and incessantly repeated, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? O, Heavenly Father! let Thy will and not ours be done!"

The house was entirely consumed; nothing was saved.

The farmer had said, "I have put my harvest under my roof." But above thy roof is the Lord's roof," had said his grandmother.

This teaches us the lesson, that all is in the hands of God, whether in the fields or in the barn; and what we endeavour to preserve from the rain can be reached in any place by Him who commands both the rain and the thunder.—*Flying Leaves, by Dr. Fichern.*

#### THERE IS BLAME SOMEWHERE.

"NEVER from the beginning has any one been here before to tell of these things." Such was the exclamation of a Hindu when he first heard from the lips of a missionary that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. Generation after generation had gone since the Saviour died, but never before had such a truth been announced in that village. They had heard of a prophet that had lived long after the Messiah. Their country had become subject to his followers, but, whilst Mohammed was well known and believed on by millions, Jesus Christ was unknown, *Never, no never, from the beginning* had any been there to tell of the love of Jesus, and the true way of Salvation.

But, though that man and village have now heard of Jesus, yet how many millions and how many towns are there where the story of the Cross has never been proclaimed. Take the map

of the World, and see how many places are still darkened by error and superstition, and, like Carey, you will have to say, "This is heathen; here the missionary has never been." Why is this?

There is blame somewhere.—Reader! does any lie with you? Think of it, that hundreds of millions are like that Hindu, going down to wo unacquainted with Him, who came to seek and to save the lost. Think of it; that at the present day many cities, towns and villages, can take up that mournful cry, "*Never from the beginning has any one been here before to tell of these things.*" Think of it, that the heathen will perish without the Gospel, and that Christians are obligated to send it; and, as ye think, pray and act, that Christ may see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied.

#### SKETCH OF THE WALDENSES.

THE first scene is in 1686. During the twenty years succeeding the crusade of 1655 the afflicted people, though no longer openly butchered, had continued to be treated with great indignity. "It is my unhappiness," writes Cromwell's envoy at the close of his history, "to leave them, where I found them, among the potsherds, with sackcloth and ashes spread under them. To this very day they labour under heavy burdens, which are laid on their shoulders by those rigid taskmakers of the Church of Rome. To this very day do the enemies of the Truth plough and make furrows upon their backs..... Those very valleys which they inhabit are no other than a prison or dungeon, to which the foot of La Tour serves as a door." But, at last, on 31st January, 1686, a blow, more terrible than any yet struck, fell upon the devoted Church. At the instance of a French king, whom history has designated the Great, but whom God has registered in His book of remembrance as a Cain, a murderer of his dear saints, at the instigation of Louis XIV., who, not content with having in his own kingdom revoked the Edict of Nantz, and annihilated (as he hoped) the very name of Protestantism, seemed resolved, in his zeal as a minion of Rome, to blot it out, if he could, from the earth.—The Duke of Savoy issued on that day in all the valleys a proclamation, ordaining the complete cessation of every religious service except the Romish under pain of death and confiscation of property; ordaining the demolition of all the churches, and the banishment of all the ministers and teachers; and further ordaining that in future all the children should be baptized by the Popish priests, and educated in the Romish religion. All hearts were terror-stricken. Of the thirty-three wars, which their ruler had now waged with them on account of their faith, the war, of which this edict was the prelude, threatened to be the most tremendous. Former wars, however bloody, had inflicted their horrors on particular valleys; this war seemed to be designed as a war of utter extermination.

On the 22nd of April, after various fruitless entreaties for deliverance, the work of devastation and of death began. In the course of a few days not fewer than 14,000 persons, men, women, and children, were dragged from their homes and thrown into prison (13 or 14 prisons); whilst 2000 children were abducted from their parents, and distributed through Piedmont among the Papists. "From the gardens of the palace of Lucerna," says the historian, "whither he had come to enjoy the victory, the persecutor beheld the ravages made by his triumphant army. The fields that lay before his eyes were deserted; the hamlets on the sides of the mountains, the smiling villages with their green bowers and rich orchards no longer contained one of their old inhabitants; the valleys no longer resounded with the bleating of the flocks and the voices of the shepherds; the fields, the meadows, the Alpine pastures, in the previous spring so happy and so beautiful," and consecrated by the prayers and by the holy melodies of these saints of the Lord—"all were reduced to one vast solitude, dreary as the wildest rocks."

Of the unhappy prisoners not a few were publicly executed. How these martyrs endured the reader may gather from one example. It is the pastor of Pruli, M. Leidet. After passing many months in prison, fed on bread and water, and with one foot so fastened in heavy wooden stocks as to prevent him from lying down, he was condemned to death. The crime laid to his charge was that he had been taken bearing arms; but the real crime was that he had been found under a rock singing psalms. He heard his sentence without agitation. The monks seemed determined to have the pleasure of tormenting him in his last moments, for they would not leave him even for an instant. The martyr, however, enjoyed unbroken peace. As he came out of his cell, he spoke of his twofold deliverance—that from the captivity he had so long endured within these narrow walls, and that which death would give his soul, free from that moment to ascend to Heaven. He went to execution with holy exultation. At the foot of the scaffold, he poured forth a long prayer, which deeply affected the attendants. He ascended the ladder. "Father," he exclaimed, "into thy hands I commend my spirit." A moment longer, and he was with his Lord.

At the close of the year there remained only 3000. At five in the afternoon of Christmas day, that remnant were suddenly informed that they were at liberty to go away into exile. They had asked for exile rather than death. But with that refinement of cruelty which Rome knows so well to inflict upon her victims, the time selected was the very depth of an Alpine winter. They were told that they must instantly set out to cross the Alps. If they should delay for a single night, the liberty should be withdrawn. "Fearful," says the historian, "of losing the favourable opportunity, these unfortunate persons, wasted by disease, set out on their march by night, and walked four or five leagues through the snow and in the most intense frost. This first march cost the lives of 150. Another day, after resting at the foot of Mount Cenis, it was observed by certain well-known signs, that a storm was rising in the mountains, and they asked to be allowed to halt till it should be over. The officer refused. The company was forced to proceed. Eighty-six sank in the drifted snow, and were frozen to death. At length the band of exiles reached Geneva, the feeble remnant of a once happy population of 16,000. Man had cast them forth as the world's offscourings. But, like the pilgrim father of Chaldea, they desired a better country, that is, a heavenly; wherefore God was not ashamed to be called their God."

In the city of Calvin the exiles found a welcome worthy of itself. The population, hearing of their approach, hastened forth to meet them as far as the frontier. It was a point of contention who should have the honour of lodging one of these persecuted Christians. The greatest invalids and sufferers were taken by preference. If they had any difficulty in walking, men carried them in their arms into their houses. It was not only bread and clothing and an asylum of which these children of the Alps had need; they wanted also sympathising hearts to mourn with them and to console them in their distress. In Geneva they found both. And Geneva did not grudge it. "If Geneva," says the historian, "did so much for the Vaudois, it was because she believed that by the presence of these martyrs she would receive in spiritual blessings more than she could render to them in temporal aid."

The only remaining scene is in 1689. It is known in the Vaudois annals as

#### "THE GLORIOUS RETURN."

Though kindly welcomed in their exile by the Swiss cantons, they never ceased to yearn over their mountain-homes, entwined around their hearts by so many tender and holy memories. Much as had befallen to wean the Vaudois from his home, he clung to it still with an even deepening affection. "Dear is that shed," says the poet, delineating the patriot passion of the people of the Alps—

"Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,  
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms:  
And, as a child, when searing sounds molest,  
Clings close and closer to its mother's breast,  
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind roar  
But bind him to his native mountains more."

A wilder whirlwind than that of the Alpine blast had swept for nearly three centuries over the Vaudois' home. But, like the captive by the river of Chebar, the exile was ever turning his eye to his ancient valley, and, with a longing more intense than any mere patriot passion could inspire, exclaiming, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth."

On the evening of the 16th of August, 1689, after sunset there assembled on the border of the Lake of Geneva 900 of the exiles. Henri Arnaud, their leader, gave the signal for setting out by falling on his knees upon the margin of the lake, and "invoking in a loud voice the All-good and All-powerful God, who in their distress had remained their safeguard and their hope." They crossed the lake in fifteen boats. They proceeded on their march in three divisions—an advanced-guard, a centre, and a rear-guard, bearing, as their ensign, Israel's motto, "Jehovah-nissi, The Lord our Banner." Two days brought them to the foot of the Alps. "They were now," says the historian, "in the presence of the monarch of European mountains, the majestic Mont Blanc. They had to bend their steps over the undulating folds of his mantle of forests, and of rocks surmounted with silver snows, hollowed out with dazzling glaciers and torrent waterfalls. They came hither, not to admire the wonderful works of God, nor to refresh their hearts by this sublime spectacle, but to shun cities and men, to breathe at liberty as they marched on rapidly, like the chamois bounding from cliff to cliff on the heights above them, or as the eagle that soared over their heads." For eight days they were crossing this terrible region, finding scarcely anything to maintain them but milk and cheese and the frozen water of the mountains. Arriving at a bridge which must be crossed, they found a body of French troops, numbering 2500 men, firmly entrenched, and resolved to dispute their passage. The enemy fired. It was soon found that a division of the enemy had also taken them in their rear. The Vaudois were thus placed betwixt two fires. It was a critical moment. Some of them, feeling they must risk every thing, shouted, "Courage! the bridge is won!" At these words, the exiles, rushing forward, sword in hand, carried the passage, and enforced the entrenchments, putting the enemy to a total rout. The moon rose; the French had disappeared. "Thanks be to the Lord of Hosts," exclaimed Arnaud, "who hath given us the victory over our enemies."

The next day was the Sabbath. As it dawned, they found themselves on the summit of Mont Sci. With a full heart Arnaud pointed out to them in the distance the tops of their native mountains. On their knees they humbled themselves before the Eternal, confessing their sins, and adoring Him for all His mercies. They rose animated with fresh courage. On the following Tuesday they set foot on the first Vaudois village. It was the spot hallowed by the labours of the martyr Leidet, who had been surprised under a rock, singing psalms. The 700 confessors—for to that number they were now reduced—crowded into a church which was still standing, and lifted up their hearts to the Lord, first in the words of the 74th Psalm—

"O God, why hast Thou cast us off for ever?  
Why doth Thine anger smoke against the sheep  
of Thy pasture?"

And then in those of the 129th Psalm—

"Many a time have they afflicted me from my youth, may Israel now say:

Many a time have they afflicted me from my youth;

Yet they have not prevailed against me."

Such is the "glorious return." During the winter which followed the afflicted church endured the most trying hardships, on one occasion repulsing an assault of an army of 22,000 men. But at last, after a war of nine months, and after being chased from their last asylum in the higher mountains, and as their enemies were tracking them like game from rock to rock, until death or perpetual imprisonment seemed to be staring every man of the enfeebled remnant in the face, suddenly their ruler, under a pressure of an exigency which had arisen in consequence of a rupture with France, offered to them peace. "You have," said the Duke to a deputation of their number headed by their pastor Arnaud, "You have only one God and one prince to serve, Serve God and your prince faithfully. Up to the present time we have been enemies, henceforward we must be good friends; others have been the cause of your misfortunes. But, if, as you ought, you hazard your lives in my service, I will also hazard my life for you; and, as long as I have a morsel of bread, you shall have your share of it." It was man's extremity; but, as often before, it proved to be God's opportunity.

With the comparative rest from outward trial which marks their succeeding history, there stole upon them a blighting mildew. Churches, like individual souls, cannot live upon memories, however glorious and fragrant. Only a living Christ, daily realised and daily fed upon, can sustain the spiritual life. The Church of the Valleys, delivered from the seventimes heated furnace, seemed to have left behind them, as they came out, Him who had been with them there, and who so often had converted its burning floor into the very gate of Heaven. "You, ye humble valleys," exclaimed the devoted Felix Neff, as in the summer of 1826, he visited for the first time one of the Vaudois villages, and found the children of these noble confessors under great spiritual apathy, "ye humble valleys, watered by the blood of so many martyrs, must you be forever barren and desolate? O Eternal God, and is this feeble remnant of Thine ancient church altogether blotted from Thy book? Remember, O Lord, thy manifold mercies; restore again Thy candlestick to its place, and revive the zeal of the fathers in the hearts of the children, that they once more possess these desolate heritages!"

The scene which met his Eye was deeply affecting. Painfully he reminded that sin and death are the only things hereditary among the children of men. Grace, except in a very few instances, scarcely seemed to survive. Almost every person he met, it is true, manifested, he tells us, great reverence for the Scriptures; but an experimental knowledge of the Saviour appeared to be almost wholly gone. The "bones" were there in the "open valley," and even the "flesh was upon them," and the "skin covered them over above;" but the life-giving "breath"—it was departed.

Neff "prophesied to the wind;" and, as he prophesied, the "breath" began to enter into "the slain."

In company with one of the pastors, M. Blanc, almost the only living pastor of the Valleys, he went from hamlet to hamlet preaching, with his own peculiar ardour and pathos, the ancient faith for which their fathers had contended earnestly even unto the death. And the power of the Lord was present to heal. "The living flame," in not a few places, to use an expression of his own, "seemed to be communicated from one individual to another like an electric spark." "How often," exclaimed one of them, as he was guiding him through some precipitous passes in the upper mountains, "how often have I braved danger whilst pursuing the wild goat among these precipices! I was careless both of time and trouble. I endured cold, and hunger, and fatigue, and hundreds of times my life has been in the most eminent peril, when I have thus recklessly crossed these rugged and frightful rocks. And now shall I pursue eternal life with less ardour? shall I not do as much for Jesus Christ?"

From that time forward the Lord continued graciously to visit this His ancient vine. The various steps of the revival we cannot now detail. Enough to know that everywhere, throughout the Valleys the Lord has been leading back to the "old paths" the truant steps of these citizens of His ancient mountain Zion. "Rise," we may well exclaim, as we contemplate the altered scene,

"Rise, unforgotten of the Lord Above,  
He loved thee with an everlasting love,  
He hath restor'd thee, even as from the dead,  
The vine and olive o'er thy wrecks are spread."

But why this revival of His ancient church? why this lighting anew of God's candle in Italy? That is a momentous question.

The reader will remember Milton's prayer. He prayed that from the Vaudois' "martyred blood and ashes" there might grow "o'er the Italian fields" "a hundred fold, who, having learned God's way, early might fly the Babylonian wo." Within the last few years in northern Italy hundreds have been "learning God's way," from God's own Book. The "Babylonian wo" is hastening. These are learning "early to fly" from it. And He, who is thus leading them, has prepared His ancient martyr Church of the Valleys to take by the hand these men who are escaping out of Babylon as the day of doom draws near.

"Behold," said the Lord to the Church of Philadelphia, "I have set before thee an open door." Not less manifestly before the Vaudois Church the Lord has now set an open door. It is to the Vaudois that the Church of Christ is manifestly pointed by the Lord at the present hour as his missionary to the select remnant in Italy. The opening of the door, as in the case of Philadelphia, is the reward of the steadfast testimony. Whilst the Lord keeps the door open, no man, no power on earth or in hell can shut it. But how soon *He* may shut it, who shall say?

Reader, be it ours to know the time. If any land ought to enter, heart and soul, into the appeal which the Church of the Valleys is now lifting in the ears of Christendom, it is this land of confessors and martyrs—this land whose soil has been watered by the blood of so many saints. The Lord is at no loss for agents to do His work. If any among us, like the men of Meroz, or like the nobles of the Tekoites, decline or delay to put their necks to the work of their Lord, that work shall be done notwithstanding their coldness; but let such beware lest on them fall a curse which shall wither into the very leanness of death their already shrivelled hearts.

"Behold," says the Master, "I come quickly, and My reward is with Me, to give to every man according as his work shall be." Yes, believers, your every tear of sympathy and of contrition He is putting now into His bottle: your every prayer He is putting now into His censer: your every sigh for the abominations under which the earth is groaning He is treasuring up in His heart: your every visit or deed of kindness to even the least of His brethren He is registering in the book of His remembrance as a visit or a deed of kindness to Himself. And then, what a recompense of reward! Surely, He may well say, "Occupy till I come." "I paint for eternity," said an ancient painter. The phantasm of a perishable glory stimulated Xeuixis, lighted up his studio with a daily brightness. In a nobler and truer sense may not each Christian say, "I live for eternity. (On the method in which I fill up this brief moment hangs the measure of my immortal glory!" Brother!

"The potter's clay is in thy hands to mould it or to mar it."

"Cherish thy *to-day*, and prize it well." It is no other than "the seed-corn" of thine eternal "morrow." Yes, be up and doing for thy Lord. "Watch the hour-glass of time with the eyes of an heir of immortality."

#### A FRAGMENT.

I saw a bud, a lovely bud, just opening to life, just unfolding its tender petals with all the purity and freshness of its young existence, growing daily more lovely, more interesting every hour. How fondly, how tenderly was that fragile bud protected from every influence that could mar its beauty or impair its healthy growth; and daily, hourly, did each unfolding charm enrapture the heart of those to whose care its young life was entrusted. But who can tell how or where the cause begins to operate which will in the end blast the expectations of the fondest heart, or crush like a moth the idol of admiring love! A sudden change of air, a chill wind over which we can exercise no control, will nip the tender plant, and, notwithstanding all the care bestowed upon it, suddenly it fades way, it passes from our sight, and on earth it is seen no more. Such is human life! Such are human expectations and human hopes! Yet within the Christian heart, a power secret, invisible, yet mighty in its influence, which, like an anchor, holds the vessel fast and firm, while overwhelming storms of earthly sorrow threaten its destruction.

"Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,  
When what we now deplore  
Shall rise in full immortal prime,  
And bloom—to die no more."

Hope points to a blessed immortality beyond the grave, although to our perception the future is shrouded in mystery and would be to us a state of utter darkness, had we not been blessed with a light,—a glorious light—that shines, with a clear and beautiful effulgence to illumine our understanding, and unfold to our vision a glimpse of the great and glorious destiny of an undying spirit. The Bible, the precious Bible, so dear to the Christian heart, teaches us to believe that our loved are not lost—the innocent, the pure that are washed in the fountain of Jesus' love are blest, forever blest! Such happiness is theirs as no earthly love could bestow, no human power create. Are they not ministering spirits sent forth to minister to the heirs of salvation? Not by the senseless rappings that produce a heterogeneous mass of infidelity, showing with unmistakable certainty that they have their origin with the father of lies, but by the pure and gentle influence that is felt upon the heart, inspiring us with the desire for all that is pure and holy, that we may be fitted for that state of perfect bliss which, the Bible assures us, shall be the inheritance of all that obey the requirements of God—do they not speak to the heart even when deep sleep falleth on us? A few years since a young mother laid her only child in the grave—her beautiful boy suddenly died and left her overwhelmed with anguish—she could not forget him. No, never! And, though many as beautiful, as lovely as her own were blooming around her, yet they could never be to her as the sweet babe she had folded so fondly to her bosom—her beloved, her only one! One night, after the lapse of a few years, in a dream she saw the form of her angel boy! He was clothed in a robe of sparkling white, exceedingly pure; he had wings like a dove, white as the snow when it falls in its freshness on the earth; his eyes sparkled with the brilliancy of diamonds, and his whole countenance beamed with the pure and holy radiance of Heaven, while like a sweet bird he hovered over her head. In an ecstasy of delight she reached forth her hand to grasp her angel child, but found he was above her reach; she could only gaze on the beautiful vision and exclaim, "My boy! my darling boy!" And, while she gazed, he plumed his snowy wings, and, fixing his radiant eyes on her with a look of unutterable love, he rose slowly from her sight, smiling and beckoning her away to Heaven—"Sure I have felt thy presence! Thou hast given birth to holy thought!" The Blessed Book of God teaches us that death does not extinguish the pure and holy affections which God has planted in the soul.—No, no! these will expand and strengthen with

the power that can only be felt by those whose minds are free from earthly influences and impediments, and from the contaminating effects of sin. We may say of God's Word,

"Thou, truest friend man ever knew,  
Thy constancy I've tried,  
When all was false I found thee true,  
My counsellor and guide.  
The mines of earth no treasures give,  
That would this volume buy;  
In teaching me the way to live,  
It learned me how to die."

B. S. HALL.

Springfield, Mass. 1852.

#### CONVERSION OF DR. OLIN.

Everything relating to the history of the late Dr. Olin must be deeply interesting to the Christian public.

Doubtless his lofty original intellect and uncommon literary attainments, apart from every other consideration, would have procured for him great distinction in an age like this. But it was his deep piety, his holy living, his spotless Christian character, that gave strength and efficacy to all his other virtues and endowments. Nothing but deep and habitual communion with the Holy One could ever have imparted that unction which always characterized his pulpit ministrations. Heretofore, doubtless, his great strength lay. How natural then that we look back to the starting-point in his Christian history, that we trace the circumstances that connected him with the Cross, that we scan the event which exerted such a controlling influence over all his future life.

Hence it is not remarkable that several articles, relating to his conversion, should have appeared in our religious periodicals. And yet even another on the same subject may not be unacceptable.

In the winter of 1847, if my memory be correct, I saw Dr. Olin for the first time. With his name I had long been familiar, and of his character and talents had formed the highest estimate. To become personally acquainted with him was then a matter of the deepest interest to me. Returning from an official excursion to the then place of my residence, the village of Gazenovia, I learned that the President of the Wesleyan University had passed the Sabbath in town, filling the pulpit of the Methodist Church to the admiration of all who heard him, and that he was still quartered at the house of a distinguished citizen. In the evening I called on him and was introduced. The room was filled with the *elite* of the place, embracing both sexes, evidently convened with a view to spend a few hours in the society of this eminent scholar. Very few, if any of those present, professed to be followers of the Saviour. Whether the Doctor knew this or not, I cannot say; though, if he did, he could hardly have taken a course better adapted at once to profit them, and to do credit to himself as a Christian minister. I could hardly forbear saying again and again; What an example for all in holy orders! He gradually detached himself from the miscellaneous company, drawing nearer to myself, until he was seated close by me, all the time speaking on the subject of Christian experience, till he found it convenient to introduce his *own*. This was done with an ease and modesty that no one could have witnessed without the highest admiration. All other conversation in the room soon ceased, when he at once became "the observed of all observers." Without seeming to notice the company at all, he went on with his narrative till many an eye was filled with tears. The effect on those present can indeed hardly be imagined. A hallowed influence appeared to diffuse itself over the entire circle. God was there. All seemed to feel it so. Here one of the loftiest intellects of the age, coming down to the simplicity of elemental Christian experience, threw over the whole subject an interest and power which it had never before possessed, at least in the estimation of those present. To give the precise language employed by the Doctor, especially at this distance of time, were of course a hopeless task. This, therefore, cannot be attempted. The leading facts are, however,

distinctly remembered, and were in substance as follows:—

Soon after graduating at Middlebury College, Vt. he found it needful, on account of declining health, to go South. At Shelbyville, South Carolina, he was elected principal of what was called Tabernacle Academy. Sceptical in his views, he paid little attention even to the forms of Religion save only in so far as they might chance to fall in with social convenience or pleasure. Of spiritual religion he either had no idea at all, or a very disparaging one. But in his new home, doubtless under the guidance of a special Providence, he found board in a devoted Methodist family. The mistress in particular exhibited an excellence of character, which to Olin seemed all but superhuman. He could not help regarding her with the profoundest veneration. Thus matters stood, when a seemingly casual remark of hers led to a total revolution in all his religious views, and feelings, and habits. Returning from his day's toil at the Academy, he seated himself, book in hand, in his private room, the door leading from which into the ordinary sitting-room of the family being accidentally left ajar. Soon after one of his young pupils, the son of the good lady, returning from school, entered the family apartment, when the mother said, "Well, John, does your new master pray in school?" Circumstanced as he was, Olin could not avoid hearing the question, and, though he still kept his eye upon the page, his ear was given with the most intense interest to the colloquy in the other room. John of course answered his mother's question in the negative; when the latter said, "I am surprised to hear that. I thought it was a universal custom for the teachers of High Schools to either open or close with prayer, or to do both. I am sure it has always been the case here; and, as Mr. Olin comes from the East, where the people are proverbially religious, it was natural to suppose he would certainly keep up the habit. I am really much disappointed."

The listener could hear no more. I have come here, thought he, to teach. The practice of praying in school, it seems, is universal. If I continue my present employment, I too must pray. But I have never prayed in all my life, and how can I hope now to make a prayer that will be at all creditable to myself as principal of the Academy? Ruminating on the subject, he came to the conclusion that he would see what he could do with his pen in constructing the form of a prayer suitable for the close of his school. The thing was instantly done, somewhat to his satisfaction. But then it would not do to go into his school with it till he had not only committed it to memory, but ascertained by experimental inflection how it would sound. To accomplish this double purpose, he retired to a remote part of the plantation, where, he supposed, no human eye could see him, no human ear hear him. As to God, he was not in all his thoughts. To do the fair professional thing was all at which he aimed. Though trembling with fear lest some one should detect him in his religious gymnasium, he went on keying and modulating his voice, seeking the proper emphasis, cadence, &c., &c., till he concluded he was ready for exhibition. Accordingly, at the close of his school the next day, he told his pupils he had been advised that the custom of praying in such institutions was universal in that part of the country, that he thought well of the practice, and would thenceforward govern himself accordingly. He then repeated, with as much propriety as he could, the prayer prepared for the occasion. A little further reflection and experience, however, convinced him that he had taken in hand a very arduous task. To go on continuously in the same beaten track would by no means answer. A new form for each succeeding day was in some sense indispensable. Thus he went on for some time, writing, committing, and repeating prayers not only theistical, but prayers owing their existence and repetition solely to his official position. This almost wholly engrossed him. He could find time for comparatively little else. Still he was fairly committed to the task, and to retreat seemed quite out of the ques-

tion. But, as he became familiar with the exercise, he became less excited and more thoughtful. In one instance, when repeating in his seclusion what he had previously prepared, he became deeply affected. He had verbally recognised the Divine goodness, the reality of which goodness now struck his mind with great force. A train of new and deep emotions was at once excited within him. He wept, and could not help weeping. He saw, if what he had just acknowledged to be true were really so, he had been acting all his life a most unworthy part.

For the moment the mental sensation was rather pleasant, and he thought he would like to feel so again. Again, therefore, he repeated the same words, and found that the sentiment still affected him. Deep conviction of base ingratitude soon followed. He saw, he felt, in a manner language could never describe, that he had lived in utter forgetfulness of the Best of beings; nay, that his whole life had been little better than a tissue of wickedness, an unbroken monotony of crime against the God who made him. And now he began to pray in solemn earnest, seeking the Divine guidance with a full and distinct consciousness of the utter impotence of human reason either to direct or to save him. Day after day passed without bringing him any relief. The struggle increased, and he sought the spiritual advice of the godly family with whom he boarded. They took him to the house of God, where he heard the great truths of the Gospel as he had never before heard them. He saw the need, the absolute necessity of an atonement, and that, as he "believed in God," so also must he believe in Christ. The last vestige of infidelity now left him, while the Christian scheme of human salvation commanded the unreserved assent of his judgement, as well as the profoundest homage of his heart. In the language of believing Thomas, he cried out, "My Lord and my God!" A treaty of peace was instantly concluded between Heaven and earth. The thunders of Sinai were hushed, her lurid lightnings ceased to blaze, and "the voice of the turtle was heard in the land." The Divine Majesty was now enthroned in his affections, and swayed the whole empire of his soul. Counting all things but loss for Christ, he joined himself to the people of God, and resolved to spend his life in His blessed service.

Such was the substance of Dr. Olin's narrative. The whole scene can, however, never be described; at least, I am sure my pen can never describe it. No one seemed disposed to speak after it, and the company broke up at an early hour, and retired. The impression then made can never be effaced.—*Christian Advocate Journal.*

**MINISTERIAL RESPONSIBILITY.**—Far be it from us to attribute to man what properly belongs to God; or to suppose that means, without the accompanying power of the Holy Spirit, can avail to awaken the dead in sin; but, when we discover that efforts, made in correspondence with His commands and with the sinner's circumstances, have been blessed, and sometimes unexpectedly blessed; when it is even not certain that these efforts will be made in vain, there comes down upon us a tremendous pressure of obligation to try them. Then, if we allow self-indulgence to say to us, You cannot reach that sinner, when access is barely possible, we may well tremble at our position. If we allow his forbidding frown, or his known hostility to the Truth, or his high and influential station—if we suffer any or all of these to be an impassable barrier to exertion; if on these grounds we give him up, or only ply with him the arrows of Truth at a cold and professional distance, we may come near to the guilt of being accessory to his eternal ruin. Here is a point, whose bearing on our success is as important as its bearing on our responsibility is dreadful. Shall we suffer any sophistry to break its full force upon our consciences? Shall we allow the indefiniteness of what duty in all these respects is, to undermine our moral energy, or to deflect our vision from the overwhelming account which we are soon to render for the care of souls? If we have not looked over our charge with an in-

tense longing for the salvation of each individual; if we rest satisfied with fidelity in the pulpit; if we allow interviews with the sinner to occur without an effort to save him; if we are discouraged by obstacles, or listen to the plea of indolence and timidity, we are not the faithful watchmen we profess to be. We are preparing terrible work for a dying hour. But, if on the other hand we are awake to the import of our commission, and striving by every possible effort to interest sinners in the message of salvation, discriminating and pungent in our appeals from the pulpit, tender but faithful in our private interviews with souls, watchful of every opportunity to do them good, and hastening to improve it; if nothing that the Gospel commands or justifies as a means of salvation be left untried; if all is done that can be done, and done relying on God alone—then, if the sinner dies and drops into hell, he will have none to blame but himself, or at least we shall be guiltless of his blood. Awful is our responsibility! We are to our hearers "the savour of life unto life, or of death unto death." Under our ministry some are to be roused from their slumbers, and others lulled into a more fatal security. Some are to lay down the weapons of their rebellion, and others to clench them with a more unyielding grasp. Some will ripen for Heaven, and others rush on more madly to Hell. Some will cavil and criticize, until pride of opinion, combining with obstinacy of heart, will prepare them to reject all religion and die in the darkness of infidelity. Others will come to mock, but remain to pray, and meet us at last in Heaven. Thirty years, if our labours be extended to that period, will present us with a new congregation. Ears that were wont to listen to us will be cold in death. We shall have handed one generation of hearers over to the tribunal of God. One after another they will have fallen. From the pulpit we shall be called to close their dying eyes. The question is well nigh as solemn to us as to them. How have they been instructed? What sentiments have we inculcated? What hopes encouraged? As they turn upon us their glazed eye, its glance rendered the more penetrating by the anxiety of the departing moment, how shall we feel, and what will our consciences say, when they seem to implore our last effort in their behalf? Suppose them impenitent. Have we taught them the whole Truth of God? Have we shown a personal interest in their salvation? Have we followed them to their retirement with our warnings? Have we prayed over them with that intensity of desire which their perilous condition demands? Have we left no means untried to rouse them to a sense of their guilt and danger? Can we say, as they lie gasping in death, not one drop of their blood will be found on our skirts, nor an upbraiding look from them be flung upon us at the judgement-bar?

It is in vain for us to think of escaping from these inquiries. Nor can we atone for the neglect of souls by assiduities at the death-bed. 'Tis not the place for us to labour. We can as little hope to do good as they to obtain it. All then is alarm and agitation. Every thing is rushing to a fearful crisis. The soul is struggling in its tremendous passage-way to eternity. If the work has not been done before, it is almost hopeless that it will be done then. No: the question is, whether, whilst we have the soul under our influence, within reach of our efforts, we have done all we could to save it. What verdict will conscience pronounce on this point? Have we taken leave of no soul at the threshold of eternity, in whose case something seems to whisper, "It has sunk to hell; it has gone, irrecoverably gone: it is among the everlasting burnings!" The thought even is dreadful. And how much more dreadful when conscience mutters, "Yes, it is gone and you are to blame! You should have prayed more for its salvation—shown a deeper interest in its welfare—laboured more industriously to save it. You were too indifferent whilst it was within reach of mercy. But now it is gone. Your note of warning cannot reach it now. Your next interview with it will be at the bar of God."—*Lit. and Theo. Review.*

## MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

(Abridged from the *Edinburgh Christian Magazine for August.*)

## CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

**PROGRESS OF THE GOSPEL IN SOUTH INDIA.**—On the entire aggregate under instruction there has been an increase of 2639; in the baptized, an increase of 7965; in the communicants, of 1653; and in the unbaptized, a decrease of 5326. We see here very satisfactory evidences of improvement in those masses of natives who, disgusted with idolatry, and anxious for something better, yet very ignorant of the truths and requirements of Christianity, placed themselves, from time to time, under the instruction of the Missionaries. As we consider *seriatim* the separate fields into which this mission is divided, we shall discern how much of this alteration belongs to each respectively.

**GENERAL SUMMARY OF THE MISSIONS.**—Stations, 110; European Missionaries, 139; East Indian Missionaries, 2; Native Missionaries, 21; European Catechists and other Laymen, 27; European Female Teachers, 15; East Indian and Country-born Teachers, 16; Native Teachers, 1,612; Communicants, 15,306; Baptisms during the year, Adults and Children, 4,807; Attendants on Christian Worship, 107,000; Scholars under Christian Instruction, 40,000.

## LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

## ANNUAL INCOME.

Subscriptions in Great Britain.....	£46,764	7	8
Legacies.....	10,108	16	9
Contributions raised in Missionary Stations.....	12,175	7	10
	£69,048	12	3

**CHARACTER OF THE CHINESE.**—Prolonged acquaintance and close observation, on the part of our missionaries, with the character of the Chinese, deepen their conviction, that it cannot be more accurately described than in the affecting language of the Scriptures, as "earthly, sensual, and devilish." Notwithstanding a plausible exterior and manners sometimes approaching refinement, the want of truth and honesty, and the prevalence of selfishness and lust, are all but universal. The philosophical principles and moral aphorisms of Confucius are understood by few, and felt by still fewer; and practical atheism and gross puerile superstitions divide the millions of this mighty empire.

**KAFFER LAND.**—It will be gratifying to the friends of the Society to learn, that of its thirty-five stations, within and beyond the Colony, from four only have the missionaries been compelled to retire; and that in all the rest they have continued to prosecute their ordinary labours without any serious impediments. The native congregation of Peelson, (one of the four stations abandoned,) retired at the outbreak of the war with their missionary, the Rev. Richard Birt, and put themselves under the protection of the British Government at King William Town. Immediately after their departure, their dwellings, the house of their missionary, and their chapel, were all laid in ruins by the hostile Kaffirs, and the poor people for the time were left destitute and homeless. But through the kindness of the Government they have obtained a place of temporary settlement within the Colony, and by industrious habits they are now in possession of ordinary comforts; and from the fruits of their industry they have commenced a liberal subscription towards the erection of a new chapel at Peelson, whenever tranquillity is restored and they are permitted to return to their homes.

**DISCOVERIES IN SOUTH AMERICA.**—The Rev. Dr. Livingston has returned in safety and peace from his third journey into the interior of the country. On this occasion he penetrated be-

tween 300 and 400 miles northward beyond the limits of his former travels. He found a country abounding with rivers—some of much greater magnitude than he had hitherto seen in Africa, and an interesting population, far more numerous than any of the native tribes dwelling southward. These people, though speaking a different dialect, understood the Si chuana language, through which Dr. L. made known to them the Way of Salvation. They received him and his family with much kindness; and, encouraged by this successful effort, Dr. L. purposes soon to return to these hitherto unknown multitudes in the hope of permanently establishing among them the kingdom of Christ. The Directors have felt constrained to sanction this projected enterprise of their self-denying and dauntless friend, commending him to the care and protection of that gracious Saviour whom he aims so zealously to serve, and who has hitherto proved his guide and his protector.

**SUCCESS OF MISSIONS IN INDIA.**—At the close of the first half-century of modern Missions, the number of stations occupied in India was 260; of Missionaries employed, (including 22 ordained natives,) 403. The number of native Agents occupied in preaching and teaching the Word of God in the bazaars and markets, and thus widely diffusing the knowledge of Salvation, was 551. The number of Christian churches formed was 309; these embraced upwards of 17,300 members, who again formed the nucleus of a Christian community of 103,000, who regularly enjoy the blessings of evangelical teaching.

The number of Mission Schools for boys was 1418, containing 85,692 pupils; and for girls 445 schools, containing 11,950—making a total of 1863 schools, and of 97,642 scholars.

Although this glorious work was commenced fifty years ago, two-thirds of the agency just stated have not been in operation half that period; and hence these vast results are no less calculated to surprise than to delight. Here are facts, glorious facts, which refute all objections founded on the infidel hypothesis, that India can never be evangelized; that her people will never renounce the venerated gods of their fathers for the pure service of Him who is a Spirit; and never discard their vain confidence in offerings and sacrifice to trust alone in the Lord Jesus for salvation. These are facts, glorious facts, that supersede all argument, demonstrating that the Gospel, when accompanied by the grace of the Divine Spirit, is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; snited to men of every caste and every clime; effectual to elevate the most degraded, and to sanctify the most impure; adequate to satisfy the largest wants, and assuage the deepest sufferings of the human mind.

## THE JEWS.

## ANNUAL INCOME OF THE LONDON SOCIETY.

General Fund.....	£28,707	6	0
Special Fund.....	1,788	9	8
	£30,495	15	8

## THE JEWISH PEOPLE.

**Berlin.**—In Berlin 2,500 of the descendants of Abraham are now united with us in a profession of Christ; and it must be obvious that there is no want of evidence to show that God has made known His Truth to many who were once followers of rabbinical traditions, and without Christ, without hope.

**London.**—There is good reason to believe that at the present moment there are now living in London at least 2000 of the descendants of Abraham, who are united with us in the profession of faith in our Blessed Saviour. But it is quite obvious that it is altogether impossible for any one to ascertain with any certainty even the precise number, and still less to trace the history of each individual. We know that 592 have been baptized in our Society's chapel; and we know that these, with their families, would form no incon-

siderable part of the above-mentioned number. But there have been many baptized by different clergymen and ministers in various parts of the metropolis and in the country; and no one can tell precisely how far the example we have been permitted to set in this great work, the books we have circulated, the private influence of those honoured friends who have been associated in our cause, have led to this happy result.—*Report.*

**England.**—There are now upwards of 50 clergymen of the Church of England who were once in Jewish darkness, and who are now ministers of the Gospel of Jesus, having the privilege of preaching that Gospel to sinners of the Gentiles. It might be extremely interesting, my Lord and Christian friends, to follow those clergymen. Where are they? One is standing on the banks of the Euphrates, and another is proclaiming the Gospel on the shores of the Nile. Many are in distant lands. Four are chaplains to gaoles. I myself know personally upwards of 30 of them who are dispersed, I may say, over all the globe, preaching and proclaiming the Gospel of Jesus to both Jews and Gentiles.

**Cheap Bibles.**—The Jews have always carefully preserved the Law of God. In every synagogue the Sacred Roll is kept and regularly read; but, while the New Testament was unknown to them, it was not easy for the Jews to obtain copies of the Old Testament in Hebrew for general use. In the early history of our Society it was thought to be a great advantage that a copy of the Hebrew Bible could be prepared for sale at the price of *three guineas*. The Bible of Vander Hoogth, which was then reprinted, had sold at *six guineas* before that time. This high price is owing to the various points and accents, which greatly increase the expense of printing. We may be thankful that a vigorous effort has been made to meet the difficulty, and that we can now offer the Hebrew Bible for sale at little more than the twentieth part of the price which it cost when our Society first commenced its labours.—*Report.*

At the Meeting of the Bible Society the Bishop of Cashel gave the following facts regarding

## CONVERSION FROM POPERY IN AMERICA.

"There is an immense work going on among the Irish population in America. There is a great falling off in the Roman Catholic Church in that part of the World. I have here *The Annals of the Faith*, the great Roman Catholic Book for the details and statistics of the Romish Church. This work contains amongst other things the statistics of that Church in the United States; and it appears that the sum total of Roman Catholics in the whole is 1,663,500. They did not much like the result, it appears, when they had made it out; for in a note it is added that "the real total far exceeds that amount;" and it is added that the Roman Catholic population of the U. S. is generally estimated at 2,000,000. For my purpose I would just as soon call it 2,000,000 as 1,663,500. A lecture was given at the end of last year by a Mr. Robinson at a place near New York on the statistics of the U. S. That gentleman estimates the population of the U. S. at 30,000,000. He further states that there are in the U. S. 3,000,000 of born Irish, and 4,500,000 of the descendants of the Irish; so that there are in all 7,500,000 Irish, or 1,000,000 more than are now supposed to be in Ireland. Yet not 2,000,000 of the whole population which came out of a Popish country now belong to Romanism. I have another authority. Here is a letter from a priest at New Orleans, dated February, 1852, to the priests of Ireland on the subject of the dreadful falling-off in the Roman Catholic Church in the U. S. The writer says, that, considering the number who came over, there ought to be 3,970,000 Roman Catholics in the U. S., whereas there are only 1,980,000. He is a little under the 2,000,000. I do not quarrel with him about the excess over the other Romish statements. Well, he says the number lost to the Roman Catholic Church is 1,990,000; so that, in round numbers, 2,000,000

are confessedly lost to the unscriptural Church of Rome, even according to this statement. What this priest acknowledges is doubtless vastly under the reality; yet it is a startling revelation, especially when it is remembered, that these 2,000,000 of Irish Roman Catholics have been lost to the Romish Church in less than a quarter of a century."

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### GOD ANGRY AT SIN.

THERE is nothing in all the world, with which God is angry but sin; for all other things are His own works, in the goodness of which He rested with singular complacency and delight. Sin is that against which God's arrows are directed; and, as the arrow sticks in the butt unto which the mark is fastened, so the judgements, which are shot at sin, must needs light upon them unto whom sin cleaveth. The way then to divert the arrow is to remove the mark. Let a man take what course he can to keep off God's judgement and hide himself in the closest protection that human policy or power can contrive: so long as he keeps his sin with him, God's arrows will get through at one joint or other. A naked man with innocence is better armed than Goliath in brass or iron.—*Bp. Reynolds.*

### GOD RECONCILED IN CHRIST.

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

The King of Siam has allowed free toleration to all religions; and also permits free access by the missionaries to every part of his kingdom.

The Presbyteries of Dingwall, Penpont, and Lerwick, have approved of the appeal to the House of Lords on the subject of reduced stipends and the propriety of obtaining some legislative redress.

The number of Wesleyan Dissenters in the present year in Great Britain appears, from the official reports of the Conference, to be 281,266, being a decrease as compared with the previous year of 20,964. In Ireland the number is 20,040.

Five thousand slaves, who are professing Christians in the city of Charleston, S. C., have contributed during the last year to benevolent objects the sum of \$15,000—being an average of \$3 each.

**THEOLOGICAL PREMIUMS.**—A gentleman deceased left by his deed of settlement a considerable fund to be applied by his trustees at intervals of forty years from 1774 in the payment of two premiums for the best treatise on the following subjects: 'The Evidence that there is a Being, All-powerful, Wise, and Good, by whom everything exists; and particularly to obviate difficulties regarding the wisdom and goodness of the Deity; and this, in the first place, from considerations independent of Written Revelation; and, in the second place, from the Revelation of the

Lord Jesus; and from the whole to point out the inferences most necessary for and useful to mankind.' The amount of the fund to be so applied cannot be less at any period than £1600, and on occasion of next competition it will be about £2400. Three-fourths of the fund divisible at each period are appointed to be paid to the author of the treatise found by the judges to possess the most merit; and the remaining fund to that next in merit. The time allowed for the composition of the treatise extends till January 1854.

**GEORGE BUCHANAN'S TOMB IN THE GREY-FRIARS' CHURCH-YARD.**—In the ancient cemetery of Greyfriars the remains of our illustrious countryman George Buchanan were deposited. It is stated long ago a monument was designed and a subscription set on foot for the purpose of erecting a monument over his grave; but still nothing was done, though money was from time to time collected. However this may be, it happens that about a month ago a humble but pleasing tribute to the memory of Buchanan was placed in the ancient burying-ground. A very neat framed iron tablet, painted black, and rising from a handsome stalk of supporters, has been erected in the grounds near the Martyrs' Monument southward, on which is the following inscription:—"In this cemetery are deposited the remains of George Buchanan, Scottish historian, one of the most distinguished reformers of the sixteenth century, and the best Latin poet that Europe has produced. He was born in the parish of Killearn, Stirlingshire, in February, 1506, and died 28th September, 1552." On the back of the tablet are the words "Erected by James Ritchie, smith, 21st July, 1852."—*Edinburgh Newspaper.*

**A ROYAL EXAMPLE.**—Many of our readers perchance are not aware that there is in Buckingham Palace a regularly organised Sabbath School for the instruction of the children of the servants and other resident officials of that establishment. With sincere gratification do we add that our beloved Sovereign Lady, the Queen, not merely patronizes this interesting seminary, but acts as an instructress therein. This fact cannot be too well known, as it may have a tendency to stir up the upper classes of our Colony to the discharge of this duty, in which frequently they are greatly remiss, particularly in the more rural districts. Many of our brethren, who labour in the country, have complained to us of the difficulty which they experience in prevailing upon the ladies of their flock to take an active part in the inculcation of religious knowledge to the young on the Lord's Day. We fully grant that higher and nobler motives than the example of earthly royalty should urge Christian matrons and maidens to the discharge of this most important and delightful duty. Constituted however as human nature is, the precedent afforded by the highest personage in the realm may not be without its good effect. "The Queen's name is a tower of strength" either for good or for evil; and it may be that some, who have hitherto kept aloof from the Sabbath School through feelings of false pride, may from the example of the sovereign be led to the performance of a work, incumbent upon all who have the leisure and ability therefor.—*Montreal Gazette.*

**DOING GOOD.**—How often do we sigh for opportunities for doing good, whilst we neglect the openings of Providence in little things which would lead to the accomplishment of most important usefulness! Dr. Johnson used to say, "He who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will never do any." Good is done by degrees.

**A WORD IN SEASON.**—About half a century ago a young lady was on her way to the Sabbath school in London when she met a dirty and ragged boy. She spoke to him kindly and led him to the Sabbath school. Behold the simple act which gave to China her Morrison, whose name shall shine out with increasing lustre as the millions of that great people shall come gradually into the Kingdom of Christ. How illustrative of the greatness of the humblest instrumentality!

**ANECDOTE OF DR. BLAIR.**—The eloquent Blair, when concluding a public discourse, in which he had disclaimed with his usual ability on the amiableness of virtue, gave utterance to the following apostrophe; "O Virtue, if thou wert embodied, all men would love thee!" His colleague, Rev. Dr. Walker, attended the same pulpit in the afternoon of the same day, and, addressing the congregation, said; "My Reverend brother observed in the morning, that, if Virtue were embodied, all men would love her. Virtue, my brethren has been embodied; but how was She treated? Did all men love Her? No; She was despised and rejected of men, defamed, insulted, scourged, led to Calvary and crucified between two thieves!"

**HOW TO HEAR THE GOSPEL.**—Rowland Hill paid a visit to an old friend a few years before his death, who said to him, "Mr. Hill, it is just sixty-five years since I first heard you preach, and I remember your text and a part of your sermon. You told us, that some people were very squeamish about the delivery of different ministers who preached the same Gospel. You said, 'Suppose you were attending to hear a will read, where you expected a legacy to be left you, would you employ the time when it was reading in criticising the manner in which the lawyer read it? No, you would not; you would be giving all ear to hear if any thing was left to you, and how much it was. That is the way I would advise you to hear the Gospel.'" This was excellent advice, well worth remembering *sixty-five* years! Multitudes, because they have not learned the lesson taught by Rowland Hill, lose much of the benefit and enjoyment they might derive from hearing the Gospel preached.

**SIMPLE TRUTH.**—The following fact occurred at the farm of Abingdon in the parish of Crawford-John at the distance of well nigh a century from the present day. It was then, as it is in greater or less degree still, the practice among the farmers to lodge the way-faring poor; and, as the farmer's room is often but small and the character of such random guests sometimes doubtful, they are furnished with blankets and straw in some of the outhouses, where, however, they are comfortably sheltered. It was in the practice of this generous hospitality that the character of the humble subject of it was revealed to view.

Says the narrator to his brother, I remember an anecdote of my mother which Sir Walter Scott would have valued. A poor wandering simpleton or idiot came to her father's house one winter evening and sat by the fire. It was soon noticed that he was very unwell; and being asked, what ailed him, his reply was, I am unco cauld. After giving him warm gruel, he was put to a warm bed in the kiln. At a late hour one of the maid-servants came in saying that the poor thing in the kiln was aye muttering and speaking to himself. My mother and others went to listen, when they distinctly overheard him speaking over and over again the following bit of rhyme.

"There's o' Ane, and Ane o' Three,  
And Ane o' Three will save me.

The next morning dawned, but the soul of the poor wanderer had gone to the bosom of that Ane o' Three, on whose mercy he relied. My mother, the narrator adds, could not relate the anecdote with dry eyes. Is there not in the simple language of this poor wanderer the distinct recognition of the doctrine of Trinity, and of the mediatorial work of the Saviour together with His Divinity, as that Ane o' Three, to whom the simple soul committed itself in full confidence that, in its own appropriating language, He will save me. It reminds us of the Saviour's striking language, 'I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of Heaven and earth, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent and hast revealed them unto babes; even so, Father, for so it seems good in Thy sight.'—*The Canada Evangelist.*

The Committee of the Edinburgh Ladies' Emancipation Society wish attention called to the sentiments of the Rev. Albert Barnes on



Philadelphia on the subject of slavery. Mr. Barnes says, "Advert for one moment to the hindrances which exist to all efforts which can be made to remove slavery from the World in consequence of the relation of the Church to the system. Reflect how many members of the Christian Church, and how many Ministers of the Gospel, are owners of slaves; how little effort is made by the great mass to dissociate themselves from the system; and how many there are, even from the pulpit, who openly advocate it; how much identified the system is with all the plans of gain, and all the views of the comfort and ease of domestic life, among many members of the Church; and how faint and feeble is the voice of condemnation of the system, uttered by the great mass, even of those who have no connection with it: and how often the language of apology is heard even there;—and it is easy to see how ineffectual must be all efforts to remove this great evil from the World. The language of the Ministry and the practice of Church members gives such a sanction to this enormous evil as could be derived from no other source. No one can doubt that the Church of Christ in this land has power to revolutionize the whole public sentiment on the subject, and to hasten the hour when in the United States and their territories the last shackle of the slave shall fall." Again,—“What is it that does most to keep the public conscience at ease on this subject? The fact that the system is countenanced by good men; that bishops and priests and deacons, that ministers and elders, that Sunday-school teachers and exhorters, that pious matrons and heiresses, are the holders of slaves; and that the ecclesiastical bodies of the land address no language of rebuke or entreaty to their consciences.” “Were all the ministers and members of the Churches to stand before the World in the sublime and noble attitude of having no connection with the system, how soon would that system come to an end.” . . . . “There is no power out of the Church that could sustain slavery one hour, if it were not sustained in it.” How reasonable and important these sentiments are, may be inferred from the simple but appalling fact that there are 660,563 slaves held by ministers and members of churches in America; and that nearly all the religious societies refuse to treat slaveholding as a sin.

#### POSTSCRIPT.

We have received an obituary notice of the late Revd. Isaac Purkis, of Osna-bruck, who died there on October 16th in the 68th year of his age, and 43rd of his ministry; but regret that it reached us too late for insertion in this number.

We have pleasure in somewhat tardily announcing the arrival, some time ago, of the Revd. Mr. McDonnell, late of Bathurst, New Brunswick, and, although we have not had the pleasure of meeting him, we feel confident from the reputation as an author and a faithful Minister, which preceded him, that he will prove a decided acquisition to our Church. We will be glad to learn of his speedy settlement in one of our many waste places. We should also have long ere this chronicled the arrival amongst us of the Revd. Mr. Dobie, late assistant to Principal Haldane, of St. Andrew's, Scotland. Mr. Dobie has been officiating for some weeks past in St. Andrew's Church in this city in the stead of the Revd. Dr. Mathieson, now temporarily absent in Scotland on Church business. We have great pleasure in hailing Mr. Dobie's arrival, as a decided accession to our strength. A

thoroughly earnest manner—great power of extemporaneous preaching—much fervency and pointedness of address—with a forcible pressing home of the truths of the Gospel upon the consciences of his hearers, will deservedly enable Mr. Dobie, yet a young man, to take a very respectable position in our Church, and will, we trust, with a blessing from on High on his labours, render him an honoured servant in his Master's work. We sincerely trust that the expected reinforcements from the Mother Country will prove of a similar stamp to the two to whom we have just taken the liberty of above alluding in the language of sincerity and plain dealing.

#### SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED SINCE LAST PUBLICATION.

Mr. Duncan McVean, St. Laurent, 1852, 2s. 6d.; Mr. Michel Stevenson, Quebec, 1849-52, 10s.; Mrs. Lambie, Whitby, 1852-53, 5s.; Mr. Francis Horne, Hemmingford, 1852, 2s. 6d. B. Workman, Montreal, 1852, 2s. 6d.; James Milne, Montreal, 1852, 2s. 6d.; John Mackintosh, Montreal, 1853, 2s. 6d.

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