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THE

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VOL. V.

TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1858.

No. 4.

THE DAY OF SPECIAL PRAYER FOR THE INSTITUTE.

The notice in our September number of the resolution passed at the late annual meeting of Subscribers to the Theological Institute,—“that the various Churches be recommended to make the *Second Sabbath in October* a day of special prayer for the Institute;”—has we trust met with general attention from the brethren and secured those arrangements which when wrought out will prove a means of spiritual growth in the Churches themselves and of enlarged blessing on the important work specially pleaded for. In our view there is something peculiarly pleasing in such solemn appeals at the throne of grace. The interest which we should feel in our school of the Prophets ought to be deep and devotional. Prosperity there will ultimately work out a wide-spread and heavenly influence in the land; perversity there unheeded and unchecked, would yield bitter fruits. We regard the training of holy men for the work of the ministry, as of the utmost consequence to the cause of Christ; so far as our agencies are concerned this lies at the foundation. Hence there is much that strikes us, as beautiful in this consecration of a session, by the prayers of the churches. We begin with acknowledgment of God; the eye is fixed on Him from whom our help cometh. As of old the first fruits were brought to God, this is the dedication of our Institute, in all its interests, to Him whose eyes are open from the beginning of the year to the end of it. It is also the application of a power for good the full extent of which is beyond our calculation. Faith opens the hand to receive, and God is accustomed to fill the hand that is held out. We have no hesitation therefore in regarding prayer, as of vital importance in securing the ends intended; drawing down from heaven that blessing without which we labour in vain, and spend our strength for nought.

We plead for the Institute, that it may possess a stronghold on the affection of the Churches. Isolation to it would prove disastrous and destructive. There can be no falling back on Endowments or Parliamentary grants; the first are not possessed, the latter are not wanted. The Christian willingness that consecrates to the Lord, the silver and the gold is the source of supply. In whose hands are the hearts of Men? Who maketh the heart soft? The Lord will provide. In men too far more than in money, is the strong hand required to work for us. It is not an Institution to make ministers. God alone can make a minister. The excellent John Newton has said:—

None but He who made the world can make a minister of the Gospel. If a young man has capacity, culture and application may make him a scholar, a philosopher, or an orator. But a true minister must have certain principles, motives, feelings and aims, which no industry or endeavours of men can either acquire or communicate. They must be given from above, or they cannot be received.

No, attainments in philology, philosophy, or in any or all the particulars which constitute the aggregate of what we call learning, can in the least contribute to form a minister of the Gospel, any farther than he is taught of God to refer them to, and to regulate them by, the Scriptures as a standard. On the contrary, the more a man is furnished with this kind of apparatus, unless the leading truths of Scripture reign and flourish in his heart, he will be but the more qualified to perplex himself, and to mislead his hearers.

We must look to the Lord and Master to raise up and qualify men whom he will thrust forth into the harvest field, to gather precious sheaves. Here we may be met with the objection, that our labour is in this view uncalled for and useless. Such is not our persuasion, for it is of the utmost consequence to enable Brethren, of whom Christian love judgeth that they are already called to the work, to acquire those helps which fit for rightly dividing the word of God, and make workmen that need not to be ashamed. This is the end we seek to compass; without God's help in furnishing the men we fail. Money and men, power and success we must ask from Him who is exalted to bestow gifts. Nothing can therefore be more calculated to break up any feeling that would isolate the Institute from the churches, than joint supplications. The nearer you approach the Sun its rays are the more united, so the nearer we approach the source of all spiritual feeling shall we become united and enlightened.

The state of the Ministry must have a bearing on the state of religion. The cold, formal, lukewarm discharge of the ministerial functions must of necessity convey to the minds of hearers the impression, that the subjects treated are not matters of life and death. An earnest ministry, on the contrary, will diffuse a spirit of holy solicitude about divine things. A heart burning with the love of souls, will communicate its sacred sympathy and thus earnest churches will become centres of saving influences. Our impression is, that the prosperity of a denomination in moral and spiritual power, must be largely affected by the qualifications and resources of those occupying its pulpits. How important then the labours of the faithful and beloved Brethren, occupying the high and honourable position of Tutors in our Theological Institute; our prayers should rise, that on them a double portion of the Spirit may rest. Truth at the fountain will send a pure stream to gladden the land. An error-poisoned spring would spread death-dealing waters. Long may a succession of faithful men come forth to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints. Let gratitude too be expressed, that so many standard bearers occupy their posts in the field and have not fainted. Interest in the work of those gone forth is natural, as you watch the progress of a ship designed to achieve some noble purpose, all interest does not cease when it is launched, but you continue to mark its history to know what success follows it in its battles for freedom, or in diffusing the blessings of commerce, of science or of benevolence. How much higher the objects aimed at by a faithful ministry? Let the churches hear the request, "Brethren, pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course, and be glorified."

The necessity of maintaining the distinction between the church and the world is recognized and contended for among us. This principle applied to the working

of Theological Institutes, renders it an indispensable rule, that those admitted to their privileges give evidence of such piety, zeal and ability as are demanded in the solemn work of the ministry. An unconverted ministry must do still more grievous damage to the cause of Christ, than an unconverted people wearing the Christian name. The responsibility of Committees of admission is therefore great. They need the "discerning of spirits." Circumstances may lead them to wrong conclusions. They may say like Samuel, surely the Lord's anointed is before me, when it is not so. It is evident also, that such seats of learning thrive and are loaded with blessed fruit, when spirituality and devotedness distinguish all connected with them. The young men engaged in the prosecution of their studies have especially a great work to discharge in maintaining alive the flame of piety, amid the cares and struggles of a student life. The temptations to which their peculiar position expose them, they are called to resist and overcome. The lamp must be kept burning, not only in secular studies but in the duties of the closet. Individual religion is not only to be kept but developed—not only preserved but increased. This view of the necessity of spirituality to the success of the Institute should give force, fervour and direction to the prayers of God's people on its behalf; that in particular the beloved young Brethren, who are set apart to preparation for the sacred office, may grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

SYSTEMATIC VISITATION.

The subject brought before our readers by a letter in our last number, is one we would not wish our Churches to lose sight of, and we now lay before them a memorandum of directions, which we earnestly recommend to be studied. In our next number we may probably have further particulars to communicate, but in the meantime let our thoughts and our prayers be directed towards the object.

SYSTEMATIC DISTRICT VISITATION.

1. Divide the entire city, county or town into distinct districts, each comprising a definite territory, having reference to the number and size of Evangelical Christian Churches in the vicinity; and request each church to take a district, and become *responsible* for its permanent visitation, and in this way extend the practical influences of the churches of Christ so uniformly over the whole field, and not to leave anywhere a single neglected family.

2. Each church will divide its own district into small manageable sub-divisions of not more than 5 to 20 families each, and have them numbered and assigned so that each member of the church, if possible, who is not prevented by ill health or family disabilities, shall have a field of labour and responsibility to call forth his or her efforts, sympathies and prayers. Select the right visitors for the right places. If each member would take the spiritual oversight of but six families, none would be unreached.

3. Each visitor will be *responsible* for the faithful visitation of all the families of his or her section, and, if possible, bring each child and youth into the Sabbath School, and family into some place of worship. Repeat the visitation once a month, if practicable, and oftener when occasion may require; for sickness, removals, and other changes, will render such monthly calls on the *rich* and *poor*, as a general rule appropriate and desirable.

4. It is recommended that every church do especially designate one of the weekly prayer meetings in each month, to hear reports, receive information, and pray over this great work.

5. No church or school is considered under any obligation to *confine* their visitations to the families of the district assigned them, but will continue to enjoy the same liberty

as heretofore, to visit *voluntarily* everywhere, and personally to "do good to all men as they have opportunity."

CAUTIONS.

1. Not to draw away pupils from one Sabbath School to another, and by this means embarrass where you intend to aid.
2. Take the child into such Sabbath School as its parent or friends prefer, and thus avoid the suspicion of proselytism.
3. If they have no particular preference, take them into your own school, or where you may think best for them. The same rules apply to families attending church.

SUGGESTIONS TO VISITORS.

1. A humble, holy, believing heart is the first element of *usefulness* in the service of Christ.
2. Settle the conviction of your hearts that your work is of *God*, and in cheerful confidence *seek* and *expect his aid*.
3. Go forth on an errand of pure good will and offer no other ministration than that of respect and kindness. Calmly, courteously, and unobtrusively in word and manner approach all. If they do not *misunderstand* your object, all will receive you kindly.
4. Seek the confidence and *regard* of the parents and the children, and present to them the *attractions* of the Sunday School in its various exercises.
5. Presevere against *all* repulses, and never give up a child who agrees to attend, until it is in the school, and its name registered as a permanent pupil. Call for the children on the Sabbath.
6. Do not become discouraged, or faint-hearted because you cannot see *immediate* results.
7. Through the parents reach the children, and through the children seek to reach the *parents*.
8. Enter *no* house in vain. Have your eyes fully open to every *want* and woe of humanity. Everywhere express kind christian *sympathy*; quote some appropriate portion of God's word; and be so earnest and intent on your object of doing good, that you shall seem to be *insensible* to all opposition.
9. *Real kindness*, frankness and gentleness, and a *sincere desire* to benefit the children and the parents, is the grand *secret* of success.
10. Relieve all want and distress as far as possible, personally or by proxy; point to *permanent* relief in well directed industry; inculcate the best habits of temperance, economy, cleanliness, and order in all domestic arrangements, so as to *elevate* if possible every wretched family.
11. Counsel and sympathize especially with *mothers*, and give them good suggestions as to the best modes of governing, influencing, teaching and training children.
12. Find some *common* ground of feeling or principle, on which to stand in your intercourse with every person. Give a fraternal aspect, instead of an inquisitorial, patronizing one, to all your visits.
13. Avoid *controversy*, and to a large extent, even argument, and rely under God more fully on an all prevailing Christian *SYMPATHY*.

REPORT MONTHLY TO YOUR CHURCHES.

1. How many families in district visited.
2. How many children.
3. How many children attend Sunday School.
4. How many do not.
5. How many children gathered into it. Also, what facts of interest in connection with Bible or Tract distribution—families relieved, gathered to churches, &c., &c.

Trans-Atlantic Retrospect.

ENGLAND.—The triumph obtained by the Lords over the Commons last session, in the matter of the Church Rates Abolition Bill, threatens to bring with it such consequences, that the victors will soon be led to exclaim, "Another such victory and we are lost!" Already there are four distinct motions upon the books of the Lower House, each contemplating, after a fashion, more or less indirectly, the abolition of the rate. The most radical of the four—(one for the total abolition

was not made before the prorogation of Parliament; it will be, immediately upon its reassembling)—is by Mr. Thomas Duncomb, and is to “transfer the freehold of the parish churches and churchyards from the parsons to the representatives of the parish;” in other words, the church is to become the property of the parish, and the parishioners would then be able to let it, as they thought fit. This motion, it is evident, is intended to meet the argument used by the defenders of the rate, that churches are public property, and ought to be kept in repair and provided for out of the public purse, equally with any other public building. It says, “If churches are indeed public property, and to be maintained by the public, then let the public have the control of them, and use them as they shall think will best realize the end of their establishment.” It is impossible to dispute the logical fairness of this; and if those who used the plea were really sincere in it, they could not object to the proposal. The only end, however, that it will serve, will be to expose the hollowness of the arguments used by the defenders of the rate, and to compel them to shift their ground to some equally untenable position. Verily, the advocates of a bad cause have no enviable task.

It is some time since we noticed the Chinese war. We commented upon its origin as being disgraceful to England, as being unprovoked and tyrannical. No amount of success can alter anterior facts; and that England has been successful—that she has occupied Canton, demolished the Pei-ho forts, and finally concluded a peace advantageous to herself and her ally, does not change our opinion one whit as to the sinfulness of the war. Let us thank God that it is concluded; that the weak have yielded to the strong, and that by any means the destruction of human life is at an end. There is one thing peculiarly gratifying in the announcement of the peace. It is this: that it was the first regular message conveyed by the Atlantic Telegraph; that after the compliments, congratulations, and interchange of courtesies had ended, the first message to be made public flashed along the wires was one of peace. Let us accept it as an omen of good; let us hope that it is indicative of the inauguration of a new era—new, unhappily, in practice on earth, but old as the everlasting hills in the intentions of our Maker: “Peace on earth; good will to men.” We are yet without the particulars of the treaty; but we are told in general terms that “the ports are open, the free exercise of the Christian religion allowed, the establishment of consuls admitted, as also the sending of diplomatic agents to Peking if necessary. France and England have, moreover, obtained a considerable pecuniary indemnity.” No one is sanguine enough to suppose that the Chinese question is thus permanently settled. If current reports respecting Lord Elgin’s intentions are correct, there is one point which must be fatal to hopes of permanent peace—*He is determined to have the opium trade legalized*; and the whole course of that traffic has been so marked by deceit and violence, that even were it not a curse to the Chinese, we could not hope for peace and good will to flow from its establishment by law. Let us pray that He who can, and frequently does, bring good out of evil, may overrule even this grievous wrong to the everlasting well-being of the myriads of China.

An attempt to introduce the practice of Confession into the English Church, by a few of the extreme Tractarian party, is causing considerable excitement just now. The authors of the movement seem to be as deficient in delicacy and decency as they are in sound scriptural Christianity. There is, happily, little chance of their making many converts, for the great body of the members of the English Church have a wholesome dread of any popish practices of that ilk. We are pleased to see that a lady has taken the lead in exposing and denouncing one of the latest instances of enforced confession. That is fitting; for the practice cannot exist to any extent, without a corresponding degradation and enslavement of the female sex.

MONUMENT TO THE WIGTOWN MARTYRS.—There are few in Scotland not familiar with the story of Margaret M’Lauchlan and Margaret Wilson, the two heroic maidens who some century and a half ago suffered martyrdom in the tidal waters

of Wigtown Bay. The foundation stone of a suitable monument to their memory was laid last week, in the presence of an immense assembly, gathered from all parts of the country. At half-past one the large assembly, computed to be between 2,000 and 3,000 people met in the square where the "Martyrs' Anthem" was sung by a number of young ladies and gentlemen belonging to Wigtown, and the procession then formed, four abreast, headed by the provost, magistrates and council; Mr. James Dodds of London; Mr. James Caird, M.P., the clergy of the district, and the committee of management, and walked to the Windyhill, a conspicuous spot, where the monument is to be erected, and where the foundation was laid.—*Scotsman*.

LETTER FROM DR. LIVINGSTONE.—The following is an extract from another letter from Dr. Livingstone, dated "Zambesi, 25th of June, 1858," addressed to Charles L. Braithwaite, Esq., of Kendal: "We reached the southernmost branch of the Zambesi on the 14th of May, and found the bar much smoother than we anticipated. The breakers were rather boisterous on each side of us, but we entered safely, making signals for her Majesty's ship *Hermes* as to the depth of the water, till she was out of sight on her way to Kilimane, to deliver our credentials to the Portuguese. As we were now in the midst of mangrove swamps, we took quinine, and believing it to be a work of necessity to get away as quickly as possible, the launch was put together. Two days were required to get her in a working trim, and we are now threading our way up among the swamps, the launch piloting the *Pearl*. Saw but one native. 25th June, Zambesi.—I add a few lines to say that after exploring different mouths of the Zambesi, we have at last found a very good bar and harbour, which leads us into the main stream. The water was falling fast, and as we were ordered not to risk the detention of the *Pearl* in the river, we thought it most prudent to let her depart, and landing our house on an island, we put our things there, and now trust to the launch to take us up the country. Captains Gordon and Bedingsfield are delighted with the river. The latter says it is quite unlike the rivers on the west coast. We have had no fever, and have ascertained one great fact, if this is to be a highway into the heart of Africa: this time of the year is perfectly safe for Europeans; not a single man of the *Pearl* or *Hermes*, or of the expedition, has been attacked by the disease. You are aware that I left the river at Mazaro (in coming from the interior in 1856), and that we have been indebted for our knowledge of the parts below that to Captain Parker. We went up to Mazaro, and I looked with a thrilling sensation of gratitude on the smooth spot on which I made my last astronomical observation on the Zambesi, and the indential little hut in which I slept. The hippopotami can't bear the steamer at all, the crustiest old bachelor among them goes off pell-mell as soon as we come near. We are on good terms with the natives. Will go to Tete next week. No fever yet.

MR. SPURGEON IN BELFAST.—Mr. Spurgeon preached in the May-street Presbyterian church, Belfast, on Tuesday night, being his first appearance in Ireland. The sermon was the first of a series of three, intended to be delivered in connexion with the Young Men's Christian Association," and tickets of admission were charged 2s. each. The house was crowded in every part. The Rev. Dr. Cooke accompanied Mr. Spurgeon into the pulpit, and read a portion of the service. The *Northern Whig* gives the following description of Mr. Spurgeon and of his style of pulpit oratory:—In person Mr. Spurgeon is short and stout; his face is large and soft, well developed in the lower part, and with an overhanging forehead. His countenance is devoid of colour, and he has a quantity of neatly arranged black hair. His voice is penetrating and powerful, but strongly accented with an English provincial twang, and he uses a profusion of gesture and dramatic action. Last night, Mr. Spurgeon preached without any gown, and was not assisted by notes or MS. Mr. Spurgeon's pulpit style is eminently theatrical. He uses his hands and arms forcibly, frequently alters his position, addressing himself now to the right hand, now to the left, and occasionally turning almost entirely round in the pulpit. In the colloquial and conversational parts of his sermon—which are

of constant recurrence—he changes his voice and gives the dialogue in varying tone and accent, to suit the circumstances of his *dramatis personæ*. The discourse, consequently, becomes more of an oration, or of a lecture illustrated with action, than a sermon. The words are embellished with a profusion of gestures, starts, downward movements, which seem very remarkable to those accustomed to the gravity of demeanour which is generally presented in a Presbyterian pulpit. The introduction of two stanzas of poetry into the prayer was generally remarked as a very singular feature.

PERSECUTION OF FRENCH PROTESTANTS.—A letter from Maubongo supplies another instance of the sad persecution to which our fellow-Protestants in France are exposed. On Sunday last, the 22nd ult., ten Protestants were expelled from a room in which they were assembled, and four of them, one the minister, who had been sent from the Consistory at Lille, carried to prison. The *Lien*, a journal of the Reformed Churches, publishes the following extract of a circular lately addressed by the Prefect of the Sarthe to the Sub-Prefects and other authorities in that department, relative to the hawking of books and other printed publications:—"I must add, according to instructions from the Minister of the Interior, that in all the departments like ours, where only a small proportion of the population profess the reformed religion, Protestant Bibles must be assimilated to other writings contrary to the religion of the majority, and consequently of a nature to excite a certain degree of irritation. It is, therefore, proper to exclude those works from being hawked, even when they have the usual stamp."

GEORGE COMBE, the phrenologist, died last Saturday at Moor-park, Surrey, but as it is probable a more extended notice will be generally published, I merely mention the death of the great founder of the Scotch school of phrenology. Owing to his influence was it kept alive, and not a single person is left qualified to be his successor. He was the ablest of a very dangerous class of opponents to Christianity,—those, namely, that never show openly what they are. May he have found at last a higher salvation than that found in the "Constitution of Man," or based on the mere observance of the physical laws of nature!—*British Standard*.

SEVERAL months ago the directors of the Scottish Temperance League of Glasgow, anxious to extend the usefulness and improve the standard of their Monthly Pictorial Tracts, offered by public advertisement a series of prizes,—one of five guineas, two of three guineas, and three of two guineas,—for the six best temperance narratives that might be submitted to them before the first of June, 1858. No fewer than 250 MSS., embracing nearly as many competitors,—some of them not unknown in literary circles,—were forwarded to the office of the League. These were duly submitted to adjudicators previously appointed; and the decision of these gentlemen has been published. The first prize of five guineas was awarded to Mr. J. K. Hood (Glasgow), nephew of the famous Thomas Hood; the two second of three guineas to Mr. W. J. Stewart (Needham, Suffolkshire), author of "The Fortunes of Farleigh," and Mr. J. K. Hood *ut supra*; and the three third, of two guineas, to the Rev. S. S. Barton (Glasgow), Mr. George Lawson (Edinburgh), and Hugh T. Howat (Edinburgh), student of divinity, United Presbyterian Church. The whole of the prize tracts will be published immediately.

THE MISSION TO THE MAKOLOLO.—Three Missionaries, belonging to the London Missionary Society, have arrived by the *Athens* for the new mission field opened by Dr. Livingstone's labours amongst the Makololo.—*Cape Town Mail*, July 21.

MISSIONARIES FOR BRITISH COLUMBIA.—The Colonial Church School Society is making arrangements for sending out two clergymen to British Columbia, one of them immediately, and the other as soon as funds are provided.

TWELFTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.—Circumstances, which could not be foreseen, having arisen to prevent the next Annual Con-

ference being held, as was intended, at Belfast, arrangements are being made for holding it at Liverpool; and the time determined upon is the last week in October, from the 28th to the 30th inclusive.—*Evangelical! Christendom for September.*

RELIGIOUS FREEDOM IN SWEDEN.—It is supposed that in the next session of the Swedish Chambers the law of persecution will be either abolished or mitigated as regards the Baptists, and perhaps some other Protestant communities. I trust the expectation may be well founded. As regards Roman Catholics, there is no probability of any mitigation, but rather of the reverse, but their number here is so inconsiderable—it cannot, I think, go to more than 300 in the whole United Kingdom—that the sacrifice of them is perhaps not to be regarded as any very great matter, however disgraceful it may be, as by it general freedom can be gained.—*Correspondent of the Star.*

SOCIAL AND MORAL EFFECT OF PUBLIC FOUNTAINS AND PLAYGROUNDS IN LIVERPOOL.—The importance of public drinking fountains, as a means of sanitary and social improvement, was pointed out by the Liverpool Recorder in his charge to the grand jury this week; and in a presentment made by the jury, at the close of the sessions, while they fully concur in the Recorder's observations as to the effects of drinking fountains, they desire to express "their strong conviction that the temptation to drunkenness would also be greatly lessened by increasing the number of public walks, playgrounds, and gymnasiums, and thereby affording means of innocent and temperate recreation for all classes." Mr. C. P. Melly, of Liverpool, to whom that town is indebted for its public drinking fountains, has recently established at his own cost a public gymnasium, the results of which so far quite realise the anticipations of the Recorder and the jury.

RELIGIOUS CHANGES IN RUSSIA.—According to a letter from Warsaw, "a religious reform has taken place in Russia. The Government has limited the powers of the orthodox Greek clergy in certain matters, and has suppressed some ridiculous ceremonies which had been introduced into public worship in order to strike the imaginations of the ignorant and superstitious populations. It has also resolved to reduce the number of the United Greek clergy, so as to have one Pope for every 1,000 souls instead of one for every 300. Lastly, the schools which were set apart to the priests' children have been converted into communal schools."

Correspondence.

For the Independent.

SACKVILLE, N. B., Sept. 1, 1858.

Mr. Editor and Dear Brother in the Lord Jesus:—I saw recently that the *Independent* was to be removed from Toronto to Bowmanville, and there in future to be published in a Magazine form, monthly. You have my best wishes, Sir, in your new field, or more properly speaking, new location. I presume, like myself, you consider the world at large the field of labor for the soldier and servant of Jesus. I like the name of your paper. I always was a child of liberty, the God of Liberty made me to hate and abhor and hiss at every form and phase of despotism, political or individual, and I thank God that since He converted my soul, my dispositions of mind lead me to fight as well as I can against the great tyrant and despot, SIN, under the banner of the Great Captain of our Salvation, Jesus. I can truly say that I love God, and all mankind, I especially love the Brethren in CHRIST JESUS who know with me what the 8th of Romans means, by happy experience, as well as what is implied in Ephesians, 2nd chapter, and St. John,

3rd chapter. And, sir, I especially rejoice when I find those who have faith to believe what the Lord Jesus tells us in St. John's 10th chapter. I recently withdrew from membership with the Wesleyan Brethren, because the Doctrines they conscientiously hold, are to my conscience dishonoring to Jesus. Jesus tells me I shall never perish, and that no man can pluck me out of His hand, and that He gives to me eternal life; but Wesley says, I can fall out of the SAVIOUR'S hand into Hell; and Glory be to God, I cannot believe Wesley and disbelieve and dishonor Jesus, so I let go Wesley. At the same time, let no man think that I despise Wesley or true Christians in the Wesleyan fold, and I think since my conversion, I have met many real Brethren and Sisters in CHRIST in membership with that respectable, wealthy and numerous body of Christian professors.

I am endeavouring to preach Jesus as a Temperance Lecturer, here, as I did in my beloved native land, Canada, and the welcome that I have received in this strange land from many a Brother and Sister in CHRIST Jesus, assures me that wherever the people of God are, they all speak one language, and they all understand one another. I have also met treatment here too that more than ever convinces me that all are not the Lord's servants who wear the Lord's livery! Livery will not do much if there is no love in the heart, and if love is in the heart it will be manifested in the life. And it will not manifest itself in pride, bigotry, and contempt of those whom God has called and chosen to do His work. I have no feeling but one of pity and love for the poor man, I care not how lofty may be his position, who has not Grace enough to see that the Temperance Reform is a part and parcel of God's GRAND SCHEME OF LOVE to our ruined rum-scourged, rum-ruled world. And if I were to say that I believe God sometimes calls men out of the grave of the confirmed drunkard, and gloom of the Infidel, and nakedness and destitution of the drunken vagrant, as He in mercy called me, to rebuke those who in various Churches think they are the true servants of God, when all the time they are the sort spoken of in Isaiah, 28th chapter and 7th verse. I ask the prayers of all your readers, especially those of them who love the LORD JESUS, and the Truth as it is in Jesus, that I may have more, and more, and more grace given me.

I remain yours truly in Christ Jesus,
 JAMES A. DAVIDSON.

To the Editor of the Canadian Independent.

I promised, when in St. John, N. B., a few days ago, to send you a brief account of the doings of our brethren who met recently in Congregational Union, in that place. That promise I now perform.

The pastors of the churches at Sheffield and Keswick Ridge, with three Delegates from the two churches, and three delegates from Nova Scotia, were aided in their deliberations by the Rev. J. B. Thornton (who is supplying the church in St. John,) two active intelligent members of that church, and myself. We "helpers" were made "honorary members." The church of St. John is not a member of the Union, but received that body, nevertheless, very cordially. It will probably become again associated ere long. To that church the gathering of the brethren and the public services, were eminently encouraging, at a time when some cheering elements were much needed. The church is in a state of peace, and it may be hoped, of no little earnestness in divine things, but it has recently passed through a season of great trouble.

The public services were morning prayer meetings, Sermon on Wednesday evening, 8th instant, by myself; next evening by the Rev. R. Wilson, and on Friday evening an interesting conference and prayer meeting over which Mr. Thornton presided. On Sabbath, I preached twice to very encouraging congregations for numbers, and obvious intelligence, and after the evening service, Rev. G. Stirling, a most estimable, and well tried labourer, presided at the Lord's table. Though somewhat advanced in life, Mr. Stirling continues very active in the Lord's work. The pastor at Keswick Ridge, visits Cardigan, an extensive

and populous settlement from 12 to 15 miles from him, several times a year, and spends days among them at each visit—days of evangelistic labour. May our brother Stirling be long spared to toil in that portion of “the Vineyard!”

The Reports from the Churches were turned into the Missionary Committee for careful examination and action. Gorham College Library and Apparatus, now lying in a gentleman's dwelling in Nova Scotia packed in cases, was respectfully committed to the care of our Theological Institute, Toronto, for its use. The money collected in England for the re-erection of the College, or rather the balance of it, is to be realized and placed at the disposal of the Colonial Missionary Society. Resolutions were passed expressing confidence and much interest in *The Canadian Independent Magazine*, and some new subscriptions obtained: also in favour of uniting with the Canadian Churches on the second Sabbath in Oct. in special prayer for the Academy, and on the following Lord's Day, in special supplication for the general revival of true religion.

The Missionary Committee spent a day in viewing the field, and devising means to supply its wants. Arrangements were made to assist Mr. Stirling to do more for Cardigan. A local Missionary Society in New Brunswick joined us, and placed its funds, between £30 and £40 at the disposal of the Committee. Arrangements were made regarding Milton, N. S., whither our good brother Lancashire has gone, and also as far as they could be made regarding Liverpool, N. S. to which it is hoped one of our Canadian ministers will bend his steps. We were greatly interested in the sketch which Mr. Stirling gave us of Cornwallis, N. S., Mr. Wilson will visit it in order to ascertain precisely its wants. The most important action taken was the appointment of Mr. Wilson to visit the above mentioned place and all the country eastward from Halifax, including Cape Carso, and a part of Cape Breton, to preach the Word, look up and gather the scattered ones, and then return and tell us what we ought to do. It is hoped that our friend will soon be on his way to said regions. It was estimated that the pecuniary requirements for the work indicated in this sketch, which will exceed a thousand dollars, will be very nearly supplied in the country, by the contributions of the churches, and the Trust funds placed at the disposal of the Union. Let me ask for the prayers of our Canadian Churches, that the Lord would comfort and bless the feeble and scattered flock in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and make those few churches a great blessing in their respective localities. A work needs to be done there which our denomination has some special qualifications to accomplish; but in order to the doing of which our churches must work in harmony, and according to a plan—the strong helping the weak. With the exception of Yarmouth, all the churches seem to have entered into the recent Missionary arrangements most cordially. That exception, it may be hoped, will not long continue.

The Union adjourned to meet at Liverpool, N. S., September 10th, 1859.

Yours tr...y,

Montreal, 24th September.

HENRY WILKES.

Literary Review.

THOLUCK'S COMMENTARY ON THE PSALMS: translated from the German, Rev. Isidor Mombert, 8vo. pp. 497, \$1 25. Mortien, Philadelphia.

It is said of the venerable John Knox, that he used to go over the Psalms once every month, this no doubt contributed largely to his spirituality, and growth in grace, as well as to qualify him for the arduous labors which he performed in the cause of God. The Psalms have been the *vade mecum*, of all those who attained to eminent piety and usefulness. We may well then regard with interest any effort made, with the view of leading christians to give more attention to this portion of God's word, and, to aid them in a better understanding of it.

Tholuck, the author of this commentary, is well known to the scholar by the various works which he has published on the Scriptures, and on other subjects connected with theology, and in all he is considered one of the masters. He is not unknown to the christian reader, as several of his religious publications have long been in circulation. This commentary though written and published many years ago in the German, has been made accessible to the English reader only during the present year, the object of the author in preparing this volume will be seen in the following extract from his preface to the English edition. "In writing my commentary on the Psalms my object was this: *to interpret the Book of Psalms in the spirit of Calvin: and basing it on the helps derived from newly gained views of modern times, to adapt the volume to the wants of the people, and also professional men, who, besides strictly grammatical commentaries look for a guide to the spiritual understanding of this portion of Holy Writ.*

It will be seen at a glance that this work is quite different from some of his commentaries, such for instance, as that on the "Sermon on the Mount." To get any good from that, one would need to have a knowledge of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew—but this requires only our own tongue. One advantage of it is its brevity; the book contains only about one third the amount of matter that Matthew Henry has written on the Psalms. It is thus rather suggestive than exhaustive. There is an introduction of fifty-six pages which will be found valuable and instructive. We give the following as a specimen of his treatment of his subject. Ps. x., l. "Why standest thou afar off O Lord? why hidest thou thyself in times of trouble?" "We are prone when misfortune and helplessness oppress us, to regard God as standing afar off, because goodness and powers belong to his being; nor unjustly so, for however much the presence of God, within us, may strengthen our hearts in desperate circumstances, the existence of outward trouble is always a sign that our unity with God is not yet completely established, nor manifested in its last effects, which however can never take place on earth." We very much wish that the book may have a large circulation among ministers and private christians in Canada.

D. M.

MEMOIR OF JOSEPH CURTIS, a Model Man, by Miss Sedgwick. New York, Harper. Toronto, Maclear & Co., King Street.

When a person is heralded as a 'model man,' it rather creates a bad impression than otherwise. Our prejudices rise up at once, and we inwardly determine to find some flaw or other which will justify our refusing assent to the description. For this reason the title page of the book before us is unfortunate, but the title page page is the worst part of it, and we are glad to say on a careful perusal, that the character brought before us is one eminently worthy of study and imitation. He would have been the last man to have described himself so. We have heard it said indeed, that some who knew him, did not think him a model man at all, but a very tyrannical and self-willed character. This is very likely. He was, in truth, one of those men, who because of their inflexible honesty and wisdom, make enemies of the idle, the shiftless, and the hot-headed. In this fast age and country it is refreshing to meet with a man such as Mr. Curtis is described to be; a man of the true old Puritan stamp, a man of truthfulness, patience and forethought, wise in deliberation, but indomitable in execution. Full of benevolence and with a special adaptation to usefulness amongst the young. He devoted all the leisure hours of a long and active life to labours for the good of others. He organized and superintended the House of Refuge for the depraved and vicious youth of New York. He did a great and good work amongst a number of apprentices who were brought under his notice in the way of business. But it was in the Public Schools of the city that his principal and final sphere of usefulness was found, and here all his talents for organization and management were brought into play. Thousands have reason to bless the day when they first came under his influence there.

His career as a man of business is not the least interesting portion of the book. A thorough business man, with all the virtues of the best of his class, such as punc-

tuality, economy, forethought, and enterprise, and yet kept clear of that making haste to be rich, which is the bane of the modern business world. He conscientiously gave away as his means increased—a great thing to say of any man.

One thing about him we could have wished different. Though he regularly attended church, and brought forth all the fruits of piety, he was never a church member. He shrank from the open profession, which, as we conceive is a Christian's highest privilege, as well as a primary duty, or rather he regarded the open constant attendance upon worship as the profession which was required of him. This view we think wrong; had Mr. Curtis identified himself with some individual church, he would have lost none of the genial and catholic spirit which always distinguished him, and have gained much in the way of Christian comfort and edification. But altogether, he was an eminently good man. We wish there were more such. We wish our young men might study such examples, and bring forth similar fruits.

News of the Churches.

ORDINATION AT STANSTEAD.

The South Congregational Church in Stanstead, C. E., having given Mr. A. McDonald, graduate of the Congregational Theological Institute, Toronto, a call to become their pastor, which call he accepted, "Letters Missive" were sent to neighbouring ministers and churches, to meet as an ordaining counsel. The following ministers and Church delegates assembled at the house of Dr. Cowles, Stanstead Plain, Wednesday morning, Sept. 8th:

Rev. J. J. Carruthers, D.D., pastor of the 2nd Congregational Church, Portland, Maine; L. B. Haskell, delegate; Rev. E. J. Sherrill, Eaton; J. McNicol, delegate; Rev. R. V. Hall, Stanstead, North Church; Rev. A. Duff, Cowansville; Rev. L. P. Adams, Potton; Rev. John Fraser, Derby, Vt.

The meeting was called to order, and Rev. E. J. Sherrill chosen moderator. S. W. Wyman, scribe. After prayer by the moderator, the candidate passed the usual examination, at the close of which it was moved,—“That the examination of Mr. A. McDonald, as to his theological views, religious experience, and reasons for entering the ministry, is altogether satisfactory to this council.” Meeting closed with prayer by Rev. A. Duff.

The ordination services were in the evening of the same day.

Dr. Carruthers preached an impressive sermon from 1 Peter, 1, 24-5.

Rev. L. P. Adams offered the ordaining prayer. Charge to the Pastor by Dr. Carruthers. Right Hand of Fellowship by Rev. E. J. Sherrill. Charge to the people by Rev. A. Duff. Benediction by the Pastor.

Several ministers of our own and other denominations assisted in the exercises. The singing was in good taste and added much to the deeply interesting and solemn services.

Mr. McDonald is the third member of the 2nd Congregational Church in Montreal, who has entered the ministry and is now labouring in Canada.

E. J. S.

COUNTY OF PEEL SABBATH SCHOOL UNION.

The anniversary meetings of this union will be held in the town of Brampton, on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 26th and 27th of October. This union is the result of the convention held last year in Brampton, and already it is believed that good fruit has been brought forth in extending and improving the Sabbath Schools of the County. May this and kindred institutions have much success in feeding and folding the lambs of Christ's flock.

EPISCOPAL METHODIST.

The Rev. James Richardson, of Toronto, has been elected a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada.

KNOX'S CHURCH, TORONTO.

The Presbytery of Toronto, in connection with the Presbyterian Church of Canada, has inducted the Rev. Alex. Topp, late of Edinburgh, Scotland, to the pastoral charge of this congregation.

FATHER CHINIQUY.

The movements of "Father" Chiniquy have been watched with deep interest by the friends of religious freedom, and the lovers of the French Canadian people. It is gratifying to learn that on Sabbath, the 22nd August, he declared, in a public meeting in the Court House at Kankakee, (12 miles from St. Anne) that he separates himself from the Romish Church, to follow the religion of the Bible.

THE AMERICAN BOARD.

The Forty-ninth Annual Meeting of the American Board of Foreign Mission was held in Detroit, commencing on Tuesday, the 7th September, and continuing till Friday the 10th. The President, Mark Hopkins, D. D., was in the chair. The Treasurer's Report showed the receipts for the year were \$330,818 48c., and the expenses \$353,849 93c. The debt on the Board on the 1st of August was \$40,870 87c.

The report gives a brief notice of each of the Missions of the Board. These notices represent the work of the Missionaries in its different aspects—some of success, of encouragement and of hope, others of disappointment and of darkness for the future. Looking at the work as a whole, the aspect is encouraging. The following summary will show the extent of the Board's operations at the present time:—

MISSIONS.

| | |
|--------------------------|-----|
| Number of Missions | 27 |
| “ Stations..... | 121 |
| “ Out-stations..... | 101 |

LABOURERS EMPLOYED.

| | |
|---|-----|
| Number ordained missionaries, (eight being Physicians)... | 164 |
| “ Physicians not ordained..... | 5 |
| “ other Male Assistants..... | 10 |
| “ Female Assistants..... | 194 |
| Whole number of labourers sent from this country..... | 373 |
| Number Native Pastors..... | 19 |
| “ Native Preachers..... | 191 |
| “ Native Helpers..... | 314 |
| Whole number of native helpers..... | 524 |
| Whole number laborers connected with the Missions..... | 897 |

THE PRESS.

| | |
|--|---------------|
| Number of Printing Establishments..... | 8 |
| Pages printed last year..... | 45,489,346 |
| Pages printed from the beginning..... | 1,080,481,083 |

THE CHURCHES.

| | |
|--|--------|
| Number of Churches (including all Sandwich Islands)..... | 138 |
| “ of Church Members (do. do. do.)..... | 27,749 |
| Added during the year (do. do. do.)..... | 1,582 |

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.

| | |
|--|--------|
| Number of Seminaries..... | 6 |
| “ other Boarding Schools..... | 17 |
| “ Free Schools (322 supported by Hawaiian Government)..... | 619 |
| Number in Seminaries and Schools..... | 1,7020 |

CHURCH OF ENGLAND SYNOD.

At a meeting of this Synod held in Kingston, on Wednesday, 15th September, the Hon. J. H. Cameron moved, and Dr. Bovell seconded the following resolution, unanimously recommended by the Committee on the Common School Question :—

“That a petition be presented to the Legislature at its next session, praying that such alterations may be made in the Common School Acts for Upper Canada, as shall recognize religious instruction in the schools, by authorising the opening and closing of the schools with prayer, the reading of the Bible, the use of the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments and Apostles' Creed, and the right of all denominations of Christians to impart instruction, according to their religious tenets, to the children of their own persuasion, at specified times, to be set apart for that purpose ; and that if by the law as it now stands, the members of the Church of England cannot have Separate Schools in cities or towns, that such further amendments be prayed for, as may remove any doubts that now exist as to the right of any denomination of Protestants to have Separate Schools in cities or towns, on compliance with the requisitions of the 19th section of the School Act, 1850, whether the teacher of the Common School in any School section, in which such Separate School is demanded, be a Roman Catholic or not.”

We understand the motion was carried.

PHILADELPHIA.

The Philadelphia Correspondent of the New York *Tribune* has the credit of giving the interesting religious history of this city—thus :—

There are strange anomalies observable among us just now. While some of our fire companies are mere assemblages of ruffians who run to fires with pistols in their pockets, and discharge them promiscuously into the crowd, killing some and crippling others, as many as nineteen companies have been brought within the influence of the great awakening, and now hold religious meetings in their several engine houses every Sabbath evening. The great revival of religion has by no means died out. Prayer-meetings are held in twelve different places daily. The Tabernacle Tent of the Young Men's Christian Association holds a sunrise meeting, and another in the evening. The business men's prayer-meeting continues to be held daily at Jayne's Hall, in Chesnut street. It is still attended by large audiences. The whirlwind and tempest of the revival having passed, the still, small voice is distinctly audible to the awakening conscience. Many evidences of its power might be related. But it needs a personal visit to these interesting meetings to realize the fervor of those who conduct them. The union among all shades of Christians is so perfect as to symbolize that everlasting Sabbath when all disputes shall cease ; when every denomination of true Christians will discover that each was but a side chapel in the same grand cathedral, worshipping under the same roof, resting on the same floor, chanting the same divine hymn, only in different dialects of the same mother tongue ; and that instead of quarreling as they now do, they should have forgiven the smaller points on which they differed for the sake of the magnificent and glorious one on which they were all united.

The Tabernacle Tent, a movable pavillion, has proven so great an acquisition to the cause that another of those canvas sanctuaries has been pitched, and was open three times on Sunday. After performing duty in one destitute locality, the stakes are pulled up and again planted in a new one. The tent can thus be pitched in the very waste places of the city, among a population who never enter the walls of a popular church. Into this plebian structure, however, the lame and halt are summoned from the wayside to hear the Word and to pray. This flying sanctuary is a happy imitation of the temperance tents which once induced so many to abandon their cups.

REVIVALS IN COLLEGES.

Since the last Thursday in February, revivals have been enjoyed in more than twenty colleges and academies in our land, which have resulted, as far as has been reported, in more than five hundred hopeful conversions.—*Oberlin Evangelist*.

HOME EVANGELIZATION, ENGLAND.

The Rev. James H. Wilson, of Aberdeen, in a letter on Home Evangelization,

addressed to Thomas Thompson, Esq., Treasurer of the Congregational Home Missionary Society, says :

Most heartily do I sympathise with your scheme for the improvement of our "Home Missionary Society." *Extension*, not *limitation*, must be our motto. There are *five millions* of people in England who are living in open neglect of the means of grace. For these we plead. Every other denomination is at work, and shall Congregationalists now become faint-hearted? Rome is moving heaven and earth to gain proselytes in the country; Infidelity is doing its deadly work with the most fatal precision in the large towns; Puseyism is rampant in many a rural village; and Mammon is swaying his Godless sceptre over his heartless subjects in every part of the land. But yet there is hope. The darkest cloud has a silvery lining. The Christian Church is being stirred. In Scotland our Congregational Union is now concentrating efforts on towns as well as on villages, and works side by side with every other denomination of evangelical Christians. The United Presbyterian Church is exhibiting renewed vigor, and the Free Church has put forth a giant's strength to reclaim our moral wastes. "Give us," said her Home Mission Committee, "an annual income of £500 for our largest towns alone." and the Free Assembly unanimously resolved to give an annual collection in 650 churches, which will secure twice that sum. "Give us," asked the Home Mission Committee of the United Presbyterian Church, "£3,000 for our city work;" and the membership are giving £5,000. "Help us," said the Committee of the Church of Scotland's Home Mission, "half a million of money, and we shall establish new interests in every destitute district;" and the friends of that Church have already subscribed £350,000. All this, too, is done, while the general income of the churches has advanced. The income of the Free Church has increased from £250,000 in 1848, to £331,000 in 1858,—a sum exceeding by £60,000 the total annual value of all the parsonage, including even the glebes and manse, of the Established Church of Scotland.

To the Secretaries of the London Missionary Society.

January 1, 1859.

My dear Brethren,—The following is an extract from a letter which my friend Dr. Patton, of New York, has lately received from his sisters in America, and which he has placed in my hands to give it what publicity I may think desirable :

"It has been mentioned at one of the noon day meetings, that it will most probably be proposed, that, on the first of the new year, 1859, at twelve o'clock, the hymn commencing, 'Jesus shall reign where'er the sun,' shall be sung wherever the Gospel is preached. There is something exciting in the thought, that, at that hour (in each country,) the sacred song will be begun, and go with the sun to all the Christian world."

This proposal, if it contain little of the *utile*, has in it much of the *dulce*. It is piously picturesque. Is there not something delightful in the idea of the whole Protestant Church of Christ, scattered over the whole earth, holding on the same day a blessed fellowship in these exulting strains of Christian triumph? Here, as my friend Dr. Patton has observed, is an electric cable that will encircle the globe. How remarkably blissful the thought, that, as the clock strikes twelve, in every part of the earth, this burst of praise and prophecy shall raise from the coast of China, to the plains of India, the colonies of Australia, the deserts of Africa, the kingdoms of Continental Europe, the British Isles, the United States of America, and the Islands of the Pacific! Will it not seem and sound like the first note of the jubilee song of all nations converted to Christ? Will not the ear of our ascended reigning Lord listen with Divine pleasure to such a prolonged strain of adoration, and His people upon earth waken up to new zeal, and do something more to realize their own loyal, believing, and rapturous anticipations? It is not to be expected they would be contented with merely the service of song. Let prayers for the coming of Christ in power and glory mingle with praise; let exhortation accompany both; and let all be crowned with an additional offering cast upon the altar of the missionary cause.

I leave the suggestion, my brethren, in your hands. Depend upon it there is more in it than a mere appeal to our sanctified imagination. It will be like a

new consecration of the whole Christian Church to the Great work of the world's conversion to Christ, and that on the very threshold of the new year.

Yours faithfully,

Birmingham.

JOHN ANGELL JAMES.

RELIGIOUS AWAKENING IN NORWAY.

"In Tromso, more perhaps than in any other place in Norway, the religious awakening, which commenced a few years back, has taken firm root, and its fruits are seen, not only in an eager and devout attendance on the means of grace, but likewise in the changes which have taken place in the habits and pursuits of the principal inhabitants. Tromso can no longer lay claim to the title of "Den lille Paris," (The little Paris,) which its gaieties had acquired for it: every thing is now changed. Formerly, balls and theatricals were attended every evening, the younger branches of some of the best families being the actors in the theatre. These amusements have now been thrown aside, and those who took the principal part therein now meet in the evening at each other's houses to read the Word of God together, to sing hymns, and to pray; and, what is more, owing to the chief actors in the theatre having become anxious for the salvation of their souls, and having in consequence, joined the movement, those of their former associates, who have thus far stood aloof, are no longer able, by themselves, to continue their former amusements, and, as a result, they are no longer heard of in Tromso."—*Bible Society's Monthly Reporter for September.*

BRAZIL.

A desire for the Word of God seems to be widely felt by the Brazilians. The following remarkable conversation is illustrative of the state of public sentiment in that country.

Before my repast was ended, a party of horsemen passed by the window, among whom was the padre for whom I was waiting. After reading the letter which I brought, he entered the room and bade me a cordial welcome. He had arrived in company with the ex-Regent Feijo, with whom I had previously enjoyed an interview at the city of Paulo, and from whom he had received notices of me, as inquiring into the religious state of the country. My way was thus made easy to introduce the special topic of my mission. On showing me his library—a very respectable collection of books—he distinguished, as his favorite work, Calmet's Bible, in French, in twenty-six volumes. He had no Bible or Testament in Portuguese. I told him I had heard that an edition was about to be published at Rio, with notes and comments, under the patronage and sanction of the Archbishop. This project had been set on foot in order to counteract the circulation of the editions of the Bible Societies, but was never carried into effect. He knew nothing of it. He had heard, however, that Bibles in the vulgar tongue had been sent to Rio de Janeiro, as to other parts of the world, which could be procured gratis, or for a trifling consideration. Judge of the happy surprise with which I heard from his lips that some of these Bibles had already appeared in this neighborhood, three hundred miles from our depository at Rio. His first remark was, that he did not know how much good would come of their perusal, on account of the bad example of bishops and priests. I informed him frankly that I was one of the persons engaged in distributing these Bibles, and endeavored to explain the motives of our enterprise, which he seemed to appreciate.

He said Catholicism was nearly abandoned here and the world over. I assured him that I saw abundant proofs of its existence and influence; but he seemed to consider these "the form without the power." Our conversation was here interrupted; but, having an opportunity to renew it in the evening, I remarked that, knowing me to be a minister of religion, he had reason to suppose I would have more pleasure in conversing on that subject than upon any other.

I then told him that I did not comprehend what he meant by saying that Catholicism was nearly abandoned. He proceeded to explain that there was scarcely anything of the spirit of religion among either priests or people. He, being only a diacono, had the privilege of criticising others. He was strong in

the opinion that the laws enjoining clerical celibacy should be abolished, since the clergy were almost all *de facto* much worse than married, to the infinite scandal of religion; that such was their ignorance, that many of them ought to sit at the feet of their own people to be instructed in the common doctrines of Christianity; that the spirit of infidelity had been of late rapidly spreading, and infecting the young, to the destruction of that external respect for religion and the fear of God which used to be hereditary. Infidel books were common, especially Volney's "Ruins." I asked whether things were growing better or worse. "Worse," he replied, "worse continually!" "What means are taken to render them better?" "None! We are waiting the intereference of Providence." I told him there were many pious persons who would gladly come to their aid if it were certain they would be permitted to do the work of the Lord. He thought they would be well received if they brought the truth; meaning, probably, if they were Roman Catholics.

I asked what report I should give to the religious world respecting Brazil. "Say that we are in darkness, behind the age and almost abandoned." "But that you wish for light?" "That we wish for nothing. We are hoping in God, the Father of Lights."

I proceeded to ask him what was better calculated to counteract the influence of those infidel and demoralizing works he had referred to than the word of God. "Nothing," was the reply. "How much good, then, is it possible you yourself might do, both to your country and to immortal souls, by devoting yourself to the true work of an evangelist?" He assented, and hoped that some day he should be engaged in it.

I had before placed in his hands two or three copies of the New Testament, to be given to persons who would receive profit from them, and which he had received with the greatest satisfaction. I now told him, that, whenever he was disposed to enter upon the work of distributing the Scriptures, we could forward them to him in any quantity needed. He assured me that he would at any time be happy to take such a charge upon himself; that, when the books were received, he would circulate them throughout all the neighboring country, and write an account of the manner of their disposal. We accordingly closed an arrangement, which subsequently proved highly efficient and interesting. When I showed him some tracts in Portuguese, he requested that a quantity of them should accompany the remission of Bibles. On my asking how the ex-Regent and others like him would regard the circulation of the Scriptures among the people, he said they would rejoice in it, and that the propriety of the enterprise would scarcely admit of discussion. "Then," said I, "when we are engaged in this work, we can have the satisfaction to know that we are doing what the better part of your own clergy approve." "Certainly," he replied, "you are doing what we ought to be doing ourselves."

Seldom have I spent a night more happily than the one which followed, although sleep was disposed to flee from my eyelids. I was overwhelmed with a sense of the goodness and providence of God, in thus directing my way to the very person out of hundreds best qualified, both in circumstances and disposition, to aid in promoting our great work. This fact was illustrated in the circumstance that, although I had a most cordial letter of introduction to the vicario of the same village, which I left at his house, I did not see him at all, he happening to be out when I called. To use the expression of a gentleman acquainted with the circumstances, "he hid himself," as though fearing the consequences of an interview, and, by not showing at least the customary civilities to a stranger, greatly offended the gentleman who had given me the letter. The padre whose kindness I experienced had paused in his clerical course some years before, and was engaged in the legal profession, although he retained his title and character as a priest. In correspondence with this circumstance, there is scarcely any department of civil or political life in which priests are not often found. After the second night I was under the necessity of taking leave of him in order to pursue my journey.

Bills from the Fountains of Israel.

THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER IN THE FIRST AGES.

In those days of primitive simplicity and truth, it was identical with all that could elevate and ennoble. It signified no vain convictions, no questionable motives, no equivocal condition. The zeal it spoke was an unextinguishable flame. The joys of which it was the symbol was as life from the dead. No danger could alarm, no opposition quell that spirit of beneficence it was known to indicate, the fury of the persecutor and the derision of the scorner were alike powerless before it. He who possessed it stood composed and dauntless against the combined assaults of violence and slander. As if the shield of the cherubim were stretched above his head, as if a buckler of triple brass begirt his bosom, he was insensible to weakness and incapable of fear. He might fall, but he could not fly; he might perish, but he could not yield. His blood might be spilt upon the ground, but his hope could not waver, nor his honour be trampled in the dust; you might crush his limbs with torture, his affections with solitude, his name with infamy and his freedom with the chain, but he bore within him an imperishable principle which you could not crush nor impair; it was the energy of living faith. This, like electric fire, acquired force by resistance, and intensity by repression borrowing increase of splendour from surrounding gloom. The planets might have grown weary in their orbits, the lamps of heaven gone out in utter darkness, but this living flame could never languish, this ethereal spirit never could expire. Here was the fragment of a new creation, the germ and rudiment of a yet unfashioned world, infolding in itself the embryo of that lost form of perfect existence, wherein the great parent mind would finally enshrine the revelations of his power and glory. It was fitted to survive convulsions, to forbid decay. It could only waste with the waste of that eternal spring from whence it was derived. Hence it existed in perennial fulness and poured its renewing influence with an unailing stream. Christianity was then the religion of heroes, of saints, apostles, and martyrs. It belonged to them of whom the world was not worthy. It transfigured all it touched into its own celestial likeness, enduing its subjects of whatever age or condition with an inflexible constancy and an exhaustless ardour, before which the virtues of the patriot and warrior dwindled into ordinary things. To be a Christian then was to hold fellowship with uncreated wisdom, to drink of the fountain of eternal purity, and to breathe the soul of a philanthropy as unquenchable as it was unrestrained. It was to tread in the footsteps of Jesus, and to partake the mind of Christ, the pity with which a Christian was then animated, was the same that had wept in Gethsemane and bled in Golgotha. The sanctity with which he was arrayed was in essence, His, who was holy, harmless, undefiled and separate from sinners. The fervour which impelled him had once looked on dissolution in its most hideous form and said, "I have a baptism to be baptized with and how am I straitened till it be accomplished." The energy which bore him onward was no other than that which made death vital and mortal agony the source of endless beatitude as it lighted the features and gleamed from the eyes which were dimmed and shrouded and closing on the cross. Such was a Christian then. And has that solemn designation declined in any measure from the import which it once included? Has it come to signify a less exalted standard either of belief or practice. Does it mean less than that we who have assumed it have tasted of the heavenly gift and been partakers of the Holy Ghost, and felt the power of the world to come: while from the empire of Satan we have passed into the kingdom of the Son of God? Do we call ourselves by its assumption anything less than a royal priesthood, a peculiar people, fellow-citizens with the saints and members of the household faith? What mean we by it except that we are not our own, but bought with a price that we should glorify God in our bodies and spirits which are God's? Has it now become less energetically true that if any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of his? Or can he justify its application to a piety of meaner stature than that of having the same mind in us which was in him? Behold then my brethren the model to which you are pledged to be conformed,

the type you are to bear, the inscription which is to be written on your forehead, the holiness which is to cleanse your very garments and the light which is to shine around your path. You are Christians. Forget not either the grandeur or the peril of that most sacred name.—*Dr. McAll.*

GIVE AN ACCOUNT OF THY STEWARDSHIP.—By THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

Let us briefly but very solemnly go over a few thoughts that may help to reflect much upon this giving an account of our stewardship.

First, let us notice that when we come to give account of our stewardship before God, that account must be given in *personally* by every one of us. While we are here we generally talk in the mass; but when we come before God we shall have to speak as individuals. You hear persons sometimes talking about "*our* Sabbath school." Many persons are wicked enough to call the Sabbath school "*their* Sabbath schools," when they never see it by the year. They say, "I hope *our* school is flourishing," when they never subscribe anything to its funds, never give the teachers a word of encouragement, or even a smile, and do not know how many children the school contains. Yet they call it theirs. Thieves that they are, taking to themselves that which does not belong to them! Well, but we, each in his measure, make the same mistake. As a ministry, we often speak of the doings of the "*body*," and what wonders have been done by the "*denomination*." But when we come before God, let us recollect, there will be no judging us in denominations, no dealing with us in schools and churches, but the account must be given by each one for himself to the Master. So, then, thou that hast the infant class, thou wilt have to give in thine own account. It was but the other day thou wast finding fault with the conduct of the senior class, and thou wast told then to look at home. Conscience told thee so. But at last, when thou shalt have to stand before God, thou wilt have no account to give of the senior class, but of the infant class that was committed to thee. And thou, my sister, you have been for seven or eight years a teacher—you must give an account for yourself, not for that teacher of another class, of whom you have so often boasted, because she has been the means of binging six or seven children to Christ lately. Remember, her six will not be put with your none at all, in order to make the total at the year's end look respectable; but there will stand your great blank at the end of your labours, and there will remain the dark mark of your negligence, your unpunctuality, your carelessness in your class, without being relieved by the bright side of the diligent teacher's success. We must be judged each of us for ourselves, not in bodies, but one by one. This makes it terrible work, for a man to be looked at all alone. I have known people who could not bear to stand up in a pulpit, the very fact of so many eyes looking upon them seemed so terrible; but how will it be when we must stand up and have our hearts read out by the all-searching eye of God, and when the whole of our career in the offices which we have held, will be published before the sun, and that too, I repeat it, without the salvo of the success of others, and without any addition to our labours derived from the diligence of other teachers? Come Mr. Steward, where is your account? Not that one, sir, not that one; but *your* account. "Lord, I have brought in the account of the Sunday school books." "No, not that; the account of *your own* class?" "Well, my master, I have brought in the account of the class for the last twenty-five years, showing how many were converted." "No, not that; the account of *your own class while you were its teacher*." "Well I have brought in the account of the class during the time I was teacher with So-and-so." "No, not that; the account of the class while you were the teacher of it *alone*; the account of how you taught, what you taught, how you prayed, how earnestly you laboured, how diligently you studied, and what you sought to do for Christ. Not with the addenda of the other teacher who helped you in another part of the duty, but your own personal account of what you did alone must be brought in before God. 'Give an account of *thy* stewardship.'" Viewed in this light, what account will some of you have to give on the last great day? Just

let me stop a minute to charge your memories. What kind of account will it be? I trust a very large number here can say humbly in their hearts, "I have done but little; but I did *that* little sincerely and prayerfully; may God accept my little through Jesus Christ." But I fear there are some who, if they were true to their consciences, would say, "I have done but little; I did that little carelessly; I did it without prayer; I did it without the help of the Holy Spirit." If so then, my brother, my sister, I hope you will add to that, "Oh my God, forgive me, and help me from this good hour to be diligent in this heavenly business, fervent in my spirit, serving the Lord." And may God bless you in that prayer! Make no resolve, but offer a prayer, which is better far; and may you be heard in heaven, the dwelling place of God.

And now, note again that while this account is personal it must be *exact*. You will not, when you present your account before God, present the grand total, but you will have to present every separate item. When thou givest in thy account of thy stewardship, it will be thus: Thou hadst so many children; what didst thou say to this child, and to this, and to the other? how often didst thou pray for that child with his bitter temper, for that child with his strong obstinacy; for that child with his loving quickness, and its sweet affection; for that child that sulky one; for that child, that headstrong, vicious one who had learned all the evils of the streets and seemed to taint others? What didst thou for each one of these? How didst thou labour for each one? And to make the account still more exact, it will run thus; *What didst thou do* for each child on the Sabbath? Thou heardest one child utter an ill word, didst thou reprove him? Thou sawest another child oppress a less one, didst thou deliver the little one out of his hands and reprove him, and teach both children to love each other? Didst thou notice the faults of each? Didst thou strive to understand the temperament of each, so that thou couldst fit thy discourse or thy prayer to each? Didst thou travail in birth for the conversion of each one? Didst thou agonise in prayer with God for them, and then didst thou agonise in exhortation with them, beseeching them to be reconciled to Christ? I believe the account will be far more minute than this, when God shall come to try our hearts and reins as well as our works and ways. My poor way of putting it does but shadow the truth which I seek to bring forth, but nevertheless so shall it be; a special and exact account shall be given. And then there shall be an account given for every opportunity, not only of every child, but of every opportunity of doing good to that child. Did you avail yourself of that afternoon, when the child was in a peculiarly solemn frame, because his little brother lay at home dead? Did you seek to send the arrow home when Providence had made a wound in his little heart because he had just lost his dear mother? Did you seek to turn every event that occurred in the school to account, whether it was joyous or sad? God gave you the opportunity, and he will at last ask you what you did with it, and your account will be exact as to every opportunity bestowed in which you might have said something for Christ. We shall many of us make but a sorry account, for we have neglected much that we ought to have done; and the general confession must be ours, "We have done those things we ought not to have done, and we have left undone those things which we ought to have done."

Then remember, again, the account will be exact as to every thing we did. We shall not only be examined as to how we addressed the school—we may have had peculiar gifts for that, and may have done it well—it will be, "How did you address your own class?" and not that alone, but "How did you study the lessons?" If thou hadst not much time, it will not be required of thee to do what thou couldst not; but if thou hadst much leisure, how didst thou spend it? Was it for thy children's good in thy Master's service, that thou mightest find polished shafts to shoot forth from thy bow, that God might bless thee, by giving thee strength to send them home into the heart? And then, what didst thou in thy closet? *Wast thou cold and careless there? Were thy children forgotten, or didst thou bring them on thy heart, and in thy arms, and with tears and cries commend them to Christ?* Ah, Sunday school teachers, your closets shall be turned into the open air one day, and the contents of those secret chambers pub-

lished before the sun! Oh, ye whose cob-webbed closets witness against you!—oh, ye against whom the beam of the wall exclaimeth, because your voice hath not been heard there, against whom the very floor might bear witness, because it hath never felt the weight of your knees!—how will you stand this searching test? How will you endure this day of burning, when God shall try you for everything you did, and everything you did not do, but which you ought to have done, in connection with the work of teaching your children? The account will be exact and precise, as well as personal; but I shall not stop to enlarge upon that, as your own conscience and judgment can enlarge upon it at home.

Now, remember, once again, that the account must be *complete*. You will not be allowed to leave out something; you will not be allowed to add anything. Perhaps some of you would like to begin your account with to-morrow, or with next Sabbath, and strike out the past. No, Sunday school teacher; when God says, "Give an account of thy stewardship," you will have to begin with the day when you first became a teacher. Oh! my God, how many are there who profess to preach Thy word, who might well ask that Thou wouldst let many a year of their ministry be buried in forgetfulness! Oh! might not some of us fall upon our knees and say, "Lord let me give an account of my diligent years, not of the idle ones?" But we must begin with our ordination, we must end with our death; and you must begin with the first hour when you sat down in your class, and you must end when life ends, and not till then. Does not this put a very solemn aspect upon your account, some of you? You are always saying, "I will be better to-morrow;" but will that blot out yesterday? "I will be more diligent in future;" will that redeem lost opportunities which have departed in years gone by? No; if you run at your highest speed, you will wish to run faster, if your desires are right; and if you have loitered long, and lingered much, you will find that running at your hardest speed to-day will not make up for the loitering of yesterday. There are some men who, after spending many years in sin, have been doubly diligent for Christ afterwards, but they have always felt that they have only done the day's work in the day, they have had to mourn over those years which the locusts had eaten, as altogether beyond recall. Oh! catch the moments as they fly, Sabbath-school teachers; use the days as they come. Do not be talking about making up for the badness of the first part of the account by the brilliant character of the conclusion: you cannot do it, you must give an account for each day separately, for each year by itself; and do what you may to retrieve your losses, those losses will stand upon the book, and the Master will say, at last, "How came these here?" And, though they are all covered up by Sovereign grace, if thou believest in Jesus Christ, yet thou wouldst not wish to have any the more stains for that. Because Christ hath washed thee, thou dost not desire to make thyself filthy; because He hath atoned, thou dost not desire on that account to commit sin. No; live, my brethren and sisters, as Sunday-school teachers should live; live, as if your own salvation depended upon the strictness of your fulfilling your duty; and yet recollect it does not rest upon that, but on your personal interest in the everlasting covenant, and in the all-prevailing blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, who is Israel's strength and his Redeemer.

FAITH IN CHRIST THE NECESSITY OF OUR NATURE.

(From Inaugural Address by Professor Brown, Aberdeen.)

When Luther, at the Diet of Worms, uttered before the collected grandeur of the empire those thrilling words—"Here I stand, I can do no other; God help me! Amen," he was in a state of mind very different from ordinary heroism. He was strung to firmness by the sheer demands of felt truth. The day before, when asked if he was prepared to retract the opinions contained in his writings, he requested time to consider, and a day more was granted him; filling some of his enemies with the hope, and some of his friends with the fear, of a break-down. He looked through his books; he retired to rest; and on the morning of the decisive day, instead of springing from his couch in an elastic defiant mood, he rose in a

soft surging frame, tossed upon a sea of dark anxiety and ready to sink. He threw himself upon his face; he poured out his troubled soul; he wrestled with an absent God; it was his Gethsemane: If it were possible, he would that this cup might pass from him; and only when he clearly saw that it might not pass from him except he drink it, did he say with his Master, Thy will be done. This, and this only, nerved him for the stand he had to make; and having solemnly sworn, over an open bible, that the would be true to the Gospel even unto blood, he was ready for the Diet, where, in no spirit of petulance or heated enthusiasm, but as one simply shut up and held in captivity by God's truth, he uttered, with a softness at once touching and sublime, the words which I have quoted.

Gentlemen, in entering on the scientific study of theology, I think it right to forwarn you that all our deepest convictions and finest emotions on Divine things, in this land of shadows, will be found to have in them this same element of *felt necessity*. We find ourselves shut up to them, and, in spite of surrounding difficulties, held captive by them. What I have related of Luther is but a faint illustration of this. In the Gospel History, we have one which so far surpasses it in interest, and in the closeness of its bearing on our present purpose, that I must ask your special attention to it.

About two-thirds of Christ's ministry had run their course; and though in the north His popularity was at its height, His death was already resolved on by the ecclesiastics of the south. Instead, therefore, of keeping his third passover at Jerusalem, "Jesus walked in Galilee; for He would not walk in Jewry, because the Jews sought to kill Him." He has crossed by ship from Capernaum, on the north-western shore of the sea of Galilee, to Bethsaida, on the north-east, to get rid of importunate multitudes who kept hanging about Him, and enjoy a breathing time after tidings had reached Him of the Baptist's death. But as the people were not to be balked, they ran round the head of the lake, forded the river, and again flocked around the object of their wonder. Moved with compassion for the shepherdless sheep, He kept healing their sick till the evening arrived, when, unwilling to send them away fasting, He closed His work for the day by providing them, in the upland and bushy wastes of Bethsaida, a banquet of His own, feeding five thousand of them, besides women and children. To prevent them taking Him by force, in the height of their enthusiasm, to make Him a King, He constrained His disciples to re-embark for the western side, while He Himself withdrawing from the crowd, spent the night alone on a mountain in prayer, watching meanwhile the rising storm which was to enwrap the boat. In the fourth watch of the night, seeing them, from His mountain-top, in the middle of the lake, "toiling in rowing," He comes to them "walking upon the sea." They descry His figure like a dark speck moving upon the waters, and are affrighted; but He makes Himself known to them, they receive Him gladly into the ship, and immediately they are at the land. It is Capernaum again, and the morning of the Sabbath-day. Hearing of His arrival, the villagers of the western shore hasten to Him, and with profused munificence He heals their sick. By and by the multitudes whom He had fed on the eastern-side, not finding Him there in the morning as they had expected, and knowing that His disciples the night before had crossed without Him, got boats, and putting across to Capernaum, were astonished to find Jesus there before them. They question Him about it; but instead of feeding an idle curiosity by telling them how He had ploughed the deep, He raised their thoughts from the meat that perisheth, to that meat which endureth to everlasting life; and as it was now synagogue-time, whither, as His wont was, He went, the crowds following, He only waited till the customary services were ended, and then resumed His subject, expatiating on the Living Bread which came down from heaven, in a strain wonderfully exalted indeed, but in the form of it singularly harsh, if not studiously so, to the natural taste; as if His express object had been to snap the slender thread by which the multitudes were held gaping after Him. Accordingly the bulk of them, on leaving the synagogue, gave Him up in disgust, and "walked no more with him." This brought on a crisis with the Twelve. Symptoms of wavering even in that little band were discerned by those eyes which were as a flame of fire; and perceiving that now or never was the time for decision, He addressed to them that

most touching appeal, "Will ye also go away?" Great occasions call forth great spirits, and give birth to magnanimous sayings and heroic deeds; and never, as a judge, was nobler saying uttered by human lips than that which greeted the ear of Jesus in reply to His question—"Then Simon Peter answered Him, Lord, to whom should we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life. And we believe and are sure that Thou art that Christ, the Son of the living God." (John vi. 68, 69.) "Truth, Lord, we have been staggered as well as others; and beholding so many 'going away,' who, by teaching less harsh, might, as we deem, have been retained, even we have been driven to ask ourselves, Shall we follow the rest and give it up? But as soon as it came to that, our light returned, and we found our footing again. When the thought of 'going away' stood full before us, then rose up the awful question, 'To whom shall we go?' To rabbinical formalism again, and the drivelling traditions of the elders, whereof we are now ashamed? or to the gods many, and lords many, of the heathen around us? 'They are vanity and the work of errors; in the time of their visitation they shall perish.' But 'Thou hast the words of eternal life'—the authority to reveal it, the power to confer it. This life we have learnt to crave as the grand necessity of that deeper nature which Thou hast awakened, and now we cannot want it. Whithersoever we turn, voices meet us, saying, 'It is not in me.' But 'with Thee is the fountain of life and in Thy light shall we see light.'" The nobleness of this saying lies not, as it seems to me, in the *strength* of adherence to Christ which it expresses, though that is perhaps the ordinary view of the words. Like Luther's saying before the Diet, its secret lies, I think, in this, that Peter was conscious of inducements to "go away" from Christ, which were not without their dreadful effects at that very moment; but having looked them in the face, and pursued them to their ultimate consequences, he was chased out of them, and, by a *method of exhaustion* as valid in moral as in mathematical science, "shut up" to Christ—discerning more clearly than ever before, in sight of the rocks on which he was ready to be dashed to pieces, the haven of eternal security which Jesus offers to the tossed and weary spirit of man.

Gentlemen, there are seasons when the faith of a thoughtful and earnest student is tried to the uttermost, particularly by speculative difficulties. The spiritual eye then swims, and all truth seems ready to depart from him. At such seasons a clear perception that to abandon Christ is but to face blank desolation, ruin, and death, is an anchor of the soul sure and steadfast: but to be further able, on recoiling from this, to fall back not merely on first principles and immovable foundations of belief, but on *personal experience of a living Lord*, in whom ourselves have found all truth wrapt up and made flesh; this, this is relief unspeakable. Under that blessed Wing taking shelter until we be again fit to grapple with the questions that have staggered us, we at length either find our way through them, or, which is almost as good, attain to tranquil satisfaction in the discovery that they lie beyond the limits of present apprehension.

Do you wonder that Christianity should thus shake the thoughtful soul to its centre? It is just because it is true, and an all-searching truth. It is, indeed, a *life* rather than a *dogma*; but it is a life springing out of new discoveries and adjustments of all Divine and human relations. Once projected, therefore, into the wide territories of human thought, it could not fail to affect, them all, and in the mortal struggle be itself affected. If it was to bruise the head of error, its own heel must in turn be bruised. In this conflict, of eighteen centuries' duration, many a shallow student has clung to Christ only till some stumbling difficulty has crossed his path: "From that time he went back, and walked no more with Him." But as different from this has been the history of another class of students, as the end of Peter from that of Judas. "My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me; and I give unto them eternal life,"—that very life the beating pulses of which only stayed the soul of Peter—"and they shall never perish, neither shall any one pluck them out of My hand." (John x. 27, 28.) The same stumbling-blocks cross *their* path as the path of those who eventually make shipwreck of faith and of a good conscience; nay, sometimes in more appalling forms, just in proportion to their greater tenderness of conscience and intensity of desire to be guided aright, it is permitted to come the length even of "going away."

But when it reaches that point, horrors of still greater darkness, revealing themselves in the visage of every other master and system, shut the soul up to Christ, and as the cry of Peter, ascends in a still small voice, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life," the reeling spirit is stayed, and the inner man irradiated in a moment.

The Fragment Basket.

HOLINESS OF CHRIST.

Unquestionably, the moral image of Jesus, even if regarded as nothing more than an idea, is the noblest and dearest possession of humanity; a thing surely for which a man might be willing to live or to die. For this idea is the noblest to which, in religion or in morals, the mind of man has ever attained. It is the crown and glory of the race; it is the holy place in which the moral consciousness may find refuge from the corruption of every-day life. The man who would knowingly stain or becloud this idea, would be a blasphemer against the majesty of the divinely begotten human spirit, in its fairest and purest manifestation. Even if we were to regard the image of Jesus as an invention, we should have it to confess it to be the sublimest fiction that the mind of man has ever conceived. We should have to own that as a romance, it far transcends every common experience, and that its world-transforming power has proved itself more mighty and more efficacious, than the whole range of actual facts, of whose reality history gives us unquestionable evidence. But just because it so transcends alike all the romances and all the reality in the world, besides, it is impossible for us to regard it as a fiction; just because it is so deeply and indissolubly interwoven with the whole development of the human race, and because, more particularly, the origin of the Christian faith, in its peculiar features, would be utterly inexplicable if it be not true,—we must of necessity view it as historical and real.—*Dr. C. Ullman's "Sinlessness of Jesus an Evidence for Christianity."*

THE HOUR GLASS.

Coming hastily into a chamber, I had almost thrown down a crystal hour-glass. Fear lest I had made me grieve, as if I had broken it. But, alas! how much precious time have I cast away without any regret! The hour-glass was but crystal, each hour a pearl; that but like to be broken, this lost outright; that but casually, this done wilfully; a better hour-glass might be bought, but time one lost, lost for ever. Thus we grieve more for toys than for treasure. Lord give me an hour-glass, not to be by me, but to be in me. Teach me to number my days. An hour-glass to turn me, that I may apply my heart unto wisdom.—*Dr. Thomas Fuller.*

COVETOUSNESS.

"If you should see a man that had a large pond of water, yet living in continual thirst, not suffering himself to drink half a draught for fear of lessening his pond; if you should see him wasting his time and strength in fetching more water to his pond, always thirsty, yet always carrying a bucket of water in his hand, watching early and late to catch the drops of rain, grasping after every cloud, and running greedily into every mire and mud in hopes of water, and always studying how to make every ditch empty itself into his pond; if you should see him grow gray in these anxious labors, and at last, end a careful, thirsty life by falling into his own pond, would you not say that such an one was not only the author of his own disquiet, but was foolish enough to be reckoned among madmen? But foolish and absurd as this character is, it does not represent half the follies and absurd disquiets of the covetous man."—*Law's Serious Call.*

THE WORK OF THE HOLY SPIRIT IN PRAYER.

The Spirit has much to do with acceptable prayers, and his work in prayer is so much neglected. He enlightens the mind, to see its wants—softens the heart to feel them—quickens our desires after suitable supplies—gives clear views of God's power, wisdom, and grace to relieve us, and stirs up that confidence in his faith which excludes all wavering. Prayer is therefore a wonderful thing. In every single acceptable prayer, the whole Trinity is concerned.—*J. A. James.*

FAITH, HOPE, LOVE.

Now abideth these three; Faith, by which we see the glories of the eternal here; Hope, by which we mount towards them; and Love, by which we grasp, and inherit them—therefore, the greatest of these is Love. Love amid the other graces in this world, is like a cathedral tower, which begins on earth, and at first, surrounded by the other parts of the structure. But at length, rising above the dressed wall, and arch, and pinnacle, it shoots, spire-like, many a foot right to the air, so high that the huge cross on its summit glows like a spark in the morning light, and shines like a star in the evening sky, when the rest of the pile enveloped in darkness. So Love, here is surrounded by the other graces, and divides the honors with them; but they will have felt the wrap of night and darkness when it will shine luminous against the sky of eternity.—*Beecher.*

KIND WORDS.

Kind words never blister the tongue or the lips. And we have never heard of any mental trouble arising from this quarter. Though they do not cost much, they accomplish much. They help one's own good nature and good will. Soft words soften our own soul. Angry words are fuel to the flame of wrath, and make it burn more fiercely. Kind words make other people good natured. Cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful. There is such a rush of all other kinds of words in our day, that it seems desirable to give kind words a chance among them. There are vain words, and idle words, and silly words, and hasty words, and spiteful words, and empty words, and profane words, and boisterous words, and filthy words and warlike words. Kind words also produce their own image on men's souls. And a beautiful image it is. They soothe, and quiet, and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.—*Pascal.*

A CURIOUS FACT.

"On account of the extreme rarity of the atmosphere at the great elevation of Hospice, (of the Grand St. Bernard) the water boils at about 187 degrees of Fahrenheit, in consequence of which, it takes nearly as long again to cook meat as it would if the water boiled at the ordinary point of 212 degrees. The fire must be kept glowing, and the pot boiling, five hours, to cook a bit of meat, which would have taken only three hours to get ready for the table, if the water would have waited till 212. This costs fuel, so that their dish of *bouilli* makes the monks consume an inordinate quantity of wood in the kitchen. On the other hand, it may take less fire to boil the kettle for tea, or to make coffee, or to boil an egg, as the baked meats, we take it the oven is no slower, in its work here than in the valleys; but for the business of boiling, they lose 25 degrees of heat, for want of that pressure of the atmosphere, which would keep the water quiet up to 212. Just so, some men's moral and intellectual energies evaporate or go off in an unsteady explosion, unless kept under forcible discipline and restraint. A man has no increase of strength after he gets to the boiling point. Some men boil over at 17, others wait till 212; others go still higher before they come to the boiling point; and the higher they go, the greater is the saving of intellectual fuel and so."—*Cheever's Wanderings of a Pilgrim in the Alps.*

Poetry.

JESUS, JUSTICE, AND THE SINNER.

“Enter not into judgment with thy servant; for in thy sight shall no man living be justified.”—Ps. cxl

Jes.—Bring forth the pris’ner, Justice. *Just.*—Thy commands
Are done, just Judge : See here the pris’ner stands.

Jes.—What has the pris’ner done ? Say ; what’s the cause
Of his commitment ? *Just.*—He hath broke the laws
Of his too gracious God ; conspir’d the death
Of that great Majesty that gave him breath,
And heaps transgression, Lord, upon transgression.

Jes.—How know’st thou this ? *Just.*—E’en by his own confession :
His sins are crying ; and they cry aloud :
They cried to Heav’n, they cried to Heav’n for blood.

Jes.—What say’st thou, sinner ? hast thou ought to plead
That sentence should not pass ? hold up thy head,
And shew thy brazen, thy rebellious face.

Sin.—Ah, me ! I dare not : I’m too vile and base
To tread upon the earth, much more to lift
Mine eyes to Heav’n ; I need no other shrift
Than mine own conscience ; Lord, I must confess,
I am no more th’n dust, and no whit less
Than my indictment styles me ; ah, if thou
Search too severe, with too severe a brow,
What flesh can stand ? I have transgress’d thy laws ;
My merits plead thy vengeance ; not thy cause.

Just.—Lord, shall I strike the blow ? *Jes.*—Hold, Justice, stay :
Sinner, speak on ; what hast thou more to say ?

Sin.—Vile as I am, and of myself abhorr’d,
I am thy handy-work, thy creature, Lord,
Stamped with thy glorious image, and at first
Most like to thee, though now a poor accurst,
Convicted caitiff, and degen’rous creature,
Here trembling at thy bar. *Just.*—Thy fault’s the greater.
Lord, shall I strike the blow ? *Jes.*—Hold, Justice, stay :
Speak, sinner ; hast thou nothing else to say ?

Sin.—Nothing but mercy, mercy, Lord ; my state
Is miserably poor and desperate ;
I quite renounce myself, the world, and flee
From Lord to Jesus, from thyself to Thee.

Just.—Cease thy vain hopes ; my angry God has vow’d,
Abused mercy must have blood for blood :
Shall I yet strike the blow ? *Jes.*—Stay, Justice, hold ;
My bowels yearn, my fainting blood grows cold,
To view the trembling wretch ; methinks I spy
My Father’s image in the pris’ner’s eye.

Just.—I cannot hold. *Jes.*—Then turn thy thirsty blade
Into my sides, let there the wound be made :
Cheer up, dear soul ; redeem thy life with mine ;
My soul shall smart, my heart shall bleed for thine.

Sin.—O groundless deeps ! O love beyond degree !
Th’ offended dies to set th’ offender free.

Family Reading.

THE COBBLER OF HAMBURGH.

On a fine summer's evening, as crowds of artizans were passing along the streets of Hamburg, to drink coffee and hear the music at the Elb-Erholung, or Altona, a shoemaker was busy cobbling his shoe beneath an awning near his door. Above his head as a starling, which sang, and chattered, and seemed to keep up a busy talk with its ind-hearted possessor,—now turning his head, and looking down upon his bald pate with a most curious eye, as a master would watch and examine an apprentice at his work; and then as if quite satisfied, would ruffle his feathers, fly up to his perch, and utter forth every note, and bit of song, and witty saying, which he had learned, to the great delight of old Hans the cobbler. *Ach! du lieber Vogel!* Hans would say, half-oud—"Thou art a happy bird, and well provided for; and why should not I be a happy Christian with such mercies!"—and so he would begin to sing one of the fine old German psalm-tunes.

While thus engaged on the said evening, hardly looking up from the sole of the large shoe before him, and heedless of the crowded street, a young man who was passing by stopped and addressed him saying, "Well friend—beg pardon—but you seem a merry fellow!" The person who thus spoke had the look and dress of a student. His features were dark and sombre, with the full black eye, the high nose, and rather sallow skin, which marked the descendant of Abraham. Hans looked up to him, and replied with cheerful voice, "Merry!—to be sure, I am right merry, my brother; and why should not be so!" "All are not so!" replied the student, with a sigh, and shrug of his shoulders. "Why should you not? you asked," continued the student. "I would rejoice, that your own poverty might afford a sufficient cause for sadness in you. But you have no living thing, I suppose, to take care of but the bird up there, who seems by the way, to be as jolly as yourself!" "And why should he not be merry? my little speckled starling!" said Hans, chirruping to his starling. "But he is not all my family, young man; for I have a wife and seven children to provide for with these hands; but yet you can sing at my work."

The student was silent; and he began to think of all the sorrow he had experienced in the midst of books and literature; and in spite of having youth and health on his side, with fair prospects of success in the world, yet, he knew not why or how, a sadness like the pall of the dead often rested on his spirit; and questionings from the endless future and from beyond the grave came to him in his solitary hours, to which he could give no answer; and he had no peace from thoughts of God, when he had any thoughts of him at all; and he knew not Jesus Christ! *He was a Jew!* and felt that his soul all old things had passed away; but nothing had as yet become new! And while in one of these gloomy moods, and when on his way to seek some repose from music, and enjoyment from the company, in the public gardens, he was arrested by the busy and happy cobbler, and by a sudden impulse was induced to address him, in order to discover from what source one so poor, and yet so contented, drew his happiness.

Again resuming the conversation, he said, "I confess, friend, I am surprised to see your artizan like you so cheerful." "Poor!" exclaimed Hans. "How knowest thou, friend, how my account stands with the bank! Poor! I am richer than thou knowest." "It may be—it may be," said the student, with a smile; "I must have heard of, though I have forgot, thy name in the Exchange, or heard of the sailings of thy ships, or when thou wast at the bank"—"Enough," said Hans, "thou hast confessed thy ignorance of me!"—and without stopping his work, laying his hand on the student's arm, and looking at him with an expression of countenance from which all fun was banished, he said, calmly and solemnly, "Stranger! I am not poor. Don't pity me—envy me; for be it known to you that I am a King's son!"

The student started—made a low bow—and departed. "Poor fellow—poor fellow!" muttered to himself. "And art thou happy only because thou art mad!—and art thou able to rejoice only because all realities are to thee dreams, and all dreams to thee realities! I have sought strength and comfort at thy mouth in vain!"

A week passed; and again the student traversed the same street; and there, in the same place was Hans, busy as ever in his stall; and the starling as happy as ever in his perch. The student, as he passed him, took off his cap, and said, "Good evening to

your royal highness!"—"Halt, friend!" cried Hans, with a cheerful but firm voice; "and come here to me for a few minutes. I am glad I have seen you again. You left me abruptly t'other evening. I suppose you thought me mad. But I am not so; but in sober earnest. I tell you again I am a King's son; and when you interrupted me, I was singing a song about my kingdom. Would you like to hear it?" "Surely, if it please your royal highness," replied the Jew, with a benevolent smile, and anxious to gratify his strange acquaintance, whose insanity he never doubted. Hans having provided a seat for the young Jew, began to sing a hymn on "*Thy kingdom come*;" and when it was finished, perceiving that it was listened to with apparently deep interest, he asked if he understood its meaning. The Jew shook his head. Upon which Hans proceeded to explain all he knew—and it was much—about the kingdom of Jesus Christ, and the glory of its King. Beginning with the promise uttered in Eden of One who should be a conqueror, and bruise the serpent's head, he pointed out the growth of prophecy, from age to age, regarding the kingdom of the Redeemer—showing how "all things must be fulfilled which were written in the law of Moses, and the Prophets, and the Psalms, concerning Christ; how "it behoved the Messiah to suffer these things, and to enter into His glory;" how all power was now given Him; how He was now establishing on earth a universal kingdom, "never to be moved," which embraced Jew and Gentile in one citizenship; and how every subject in His kingdom was a son and heir, yea, a "joint heir" with Christ the King, and would "reign with Him for ever and ever!" As old Hans expatiated on these promises, his work was laid aside, his eye beamed with love and hope; and deep feeling gave eloquence and grace to his language. The Jew sat as a child at his feet, gazing up to him with his full black eye, and so absorbed by all he heard for the first time in his life, of the promise made of old unto his fathers, that he was roused from his waking dream only by Hans taking him by the hand, and saying, "Now, thou seest how I am a King's son, and why I am happy; for I know and love this Jesus, and all things are mine, whether life or death, things present or things to come; and, young man," he asked, with emphasis, "believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest! For, unless I mistake thy countenance greatly, thy father did; and thou, my son, believing in them, must also believe in Him whom they have foretold, and whom God hath sent to perform the mercy promised to thy fathers, and to remember His holy covenant, the oath which He swore to thy father Abraham." The Jew was silent. Unutterable thoughts passed through his mind. "Where," he asked, meekly, "can I learn more of this?—for I see that thou believest and hast peace!"—"From this book," said Hans, handing him a Bible. "Go home, and read there about the kingdom, and return to me when thou hast studied the passages I shall point out to thee; and whilst thou art doing battle with the enemies of thy soul—for Satan will stir up a host to destroy thee—I shall, like Moses, pray for thee on the mount, and ask One to pray for thee, whom as yet thou knowest not, but who knoweth thee, and who is greater than Moses!" The young Jew grasped Hans by the hand, and taking off his cap, made a respectful bow and departed. "May the Lord engraft him into His own olive tree!" said Hans, looking upwards and resuming his work, when the form of the Jew was lost to him as he turned into a neighbouring street.

My story is ended. The substance of it was told me by a distinguished Christian Jew as we walked together in the streets of Hamburg. What became of Hans I could not learn. But the young Jew is now Mr. N——, for many years an eminent and successful missionary to his brethren in Silesia.

Reader! let us divide one lesson before we part; it is this: If the seed of truth is in thine hand, sow it in any field which God provides for thee in his providence: and the least seed may become a great tree, whose fruit may feed many souls, and make glad thine own, here or hereafter, with exceeding joy.—*Edinburgh Christian Magazine.*

A DREAM.

I dreamt some time since, that I was spending a few days with a friend who resided at a short distance from town. We were at family prayer, being as usual, assembled in the drawing-room; but, by one of those strange inconsistencies so common in dreams, I soon found, though without any feeling of surprise, the scene changed to the kitchen.

Scarcely had we knelt down, when, hearing a slight rustling by my side, I turned, and saw the cook rise very deliberately and proceed to make preparations for dinner. Although she did this so quietly as not to disturb any one, there was no appearance of

any wish for concealment—all seemed a matter-of-course. In the meantime the housemaid had also risen, and commenced opening various drawers, from which she took sundry articles for the prosecution of her peculiar duties.

As I looked at her in astonishment her eye met mine, but there was no change of expression in her countenance, nor did she appear conscious of any impropriety in her conduct, but continued her work with perfect indifference.

“Is this, then,” I thought, “their constant practice?” but before this inquiry could be solved I awoke; and as I lay in that dozing state which is neither sleeping nor waking, musing over my dream, (for the scene was so graphically portrayed on my imagination, and the incidents were so apparently consistent with each other, that I could easily recall them), this answer was suggested: “Yes, such is the constant practice of many worshippers, not only at the family altar, but also in the house of God; and ah! must it not be added, in the closet also?”

But some one may say, “Oh! you were surely dreaming still; I never saw or heard of any one rising in the midst of private, family, or public worship, and set about their ordinary occupations.”

True, my readers, but do you remember the words of the Scripture, as a man “thinketh in his heart, so is he?” Thoughts are actions in the sight of God. We do not rise from our knees or alter our posture of devotion; we have too much deference for our fellow-worshippers to act thus. The man of business does not carry his ledger, nor the young lady her portfolio, to the house of God; but He observes the attitude of the heart towards him, and declares his verdict of approval or of condemnation accordingly. “Thou didst well that it was in thine heart,” said Jehovah to David. “I know you,” said Christ to the Jews, who were at that very time professing great zeal for the honour of the law, the temple, and the Sabbath: “I know you, that ye have not the love of God in you.”

Thus while the outward development of this inward wandering of the heart may seldom be apparent in an assembly of professedly Christian worshippers, or be only occasionally manifested by the roving eye, or the listless posture, the eye of the Discerner of spirits penetrates deeper than these external appearances; and since all things are naked and opened to his sight, of how many who “draw nigh unto him with their mouths and honour him with their lips,” may he declare, “In vain do they worship me!”

“Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bended knees the ground;
But God abhors the sacrifice
Where not the heart is found.”

Were it possible to write down the train of ideas which have passed through the mind of some apparently devoted supplicant during the season of private, social, or public worship, what an interlineation of worldly and spiritual meditations would appear! how many schemes of business and plans of pleasure, how many reminiscences of the past, and plans for the future, would be found intermixed with confessions of sin, pleadings for pardon, and thanksgivings for mercies; forming together such a medley of inconsistencies that none would venture to expose it even to the scrutiny of a fellow-sinner, much less presume to present it as a prayer to the holy, heart-searching God!

A striking illustration of this point may be mentioned. A Christian visitor, calling upon a dying woman, who had for many years attended the means of grace, found her quite ignorant of her state as a sinner, and of the way of salvation. Feeling that no time must be lost, he proceeded to warn her of the imminent danger of her unconverted state, at the same time explaining the nature, and urging the necessity of “repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.” “This is all a mystery to me,” exclaimed the poor sufferer. “And yet,” replied her visitor, “you must often have heard these truths from the pulpit!” “Very likely,” she answered; “but my thoughts were otherwise engaged—dress and fashion filled my mind.” “As she spoke,” adds the relator, “I remembered the confession recorded in Holy Writ: ‘I was almost in all evil in the midst of the congregation and assembly.’”

But it is not only the careless or formal worshipper who is subject to this under-current of vain imaginations; the sincere believer is not secure against the incursions of rambling, worldly, or even sinful thoughts. These, in great measure, constitute the “iniquity of the holy things,” and cause him to cry continually, “O wretched man that I am!” These give rise to inward conflict described by the apostle Paul; for though the mind of the Christian is renewed by grace, yet still in his “flesh dwelleth no good

thing." We do not hear the wordling complain of this burden; but the Christian who desires to attend upon the Lord without distraction, mourns over this hindrance to his spiritual communion with God. The one resembles a man who is overtaken and hurried on, before he is aware, by an unruly crowd; the other is as one passing on with them unresistingly—as among his chosen companions or familiar friends. Therefore, let none to whom this restless working of the imagination is a grief and a burden too hastily conclude that they have neither part nor lot with the children of God.—*Tract Magazine*.

THE PRAYER MEETING OF ONE.

In the old town of Eastville, New Hampshire, there was once a flourishing church. Years as they sped on kept adding to its numbers, and Christians who worshipped there were widely known for their good fellowship and religious integrity. Old Nathan White was the pastor. His hairs were grey, but age had not diminished the fire of his eye nor the thunder of his tones. Fearless, energetic, resolute and old-fashioned in all his Gospel ideas, he dealt out the words with a force and pungency which few could resist. There was no telling how often the plain cushion of the front of the pulpit had been renewed. Father White always made his hands heard as well as his voice; and not unfrequently hands, feet and tongue all went together. But there came at last a dark day that spread a mourning veil over the whole parish. Old Nathan White lay dead. Every body grieved in some manner—men, women, and children. The little quaint parsonage house was besieged by those eager to look upon that sweet and venerable face once more. It was affecting to see how his memory was beloved by the very aged. One man, who could scarcely stand up, who, besides being a cripple, was blind, insisted to be taken to the old minister, that he might only lay his half-palsied hand upon the cold features he had often watched before his infirmities grew so great.

His death was also much commented upon, or the manner in which it took place. He had walked erect in the midst of his congregation on the very day which it pleased the Master to call him. To every one who saw him he looked surprisingly well. It was observed that his hand often trembled of late, but on this day the nerves were firm. His voice, too, was clear, though subdued, as he announced his text, "For I am now ready to be offered up," and his face shone like that of an angel. These things, it may be would have been less noted and talked about but for what followed. He had nearly finished his discourse, and was in the act of lifting his hands, when, with the holy name of Jehovah upon his lips, he suddenly fell forward, leaned over the cushion that was to bear his vigorous stroke no more, and peacefully breathed his last.

"He died, as I've often heard him say he'd like to die, with his armour on," exclaimed the palsied man and blind old brother, as his thin hand moved caressingly down the sharpened features of the minister's face. "Well, well, God knows best; but I did hope," he added, with a faltering voice, "I did hope I should be there to welcome him." The funeral was over, the people settled down in silent sorrow. A new minister was sent—a young unmarried man, who did well for a time: but the old people were broken-spirited; things did not seem to them to go as well as formerly; and paying more heed to their infirmities, they did not attend the courts of the Lord as had been their wont. Others moved away, because at that time the Western fever broke out, and raged epidemic-like, to the ruin of many and the building up of some. Fashion crept into the church, discipline became more lax, the youth were less restrained, the minister preached politics, and finally the church appeared to come to a stand; there were no conversions, and the whole body became inactive, losing all spirituality.

Quite near the church, in an old sort of a cottage, lived old Aunty Baker. Imagine the woman, over seventy, who combines in herself many Christian graces, and you will have known what sort of a person Aunty Baker was. Aged as she seemed, they were still dimples in her cheeks, and sweet smiles playing over her lips. Her complexion had survived the decay of some other beauties, and even now rivaled the rose; her attire was neat, rather prim, and her piety, like a pure stream constantly and freshly springing up in glistening purity. Who was there that ever said Aunty Baker, who did not instantly love her? The young were magically attracted, and seldom was she seen walking along the country road without two or three little ones following and listening to her sweet voice. The sick watched for her coming, young maidens sat at her feet to learn wisdom from her teachings, the church looked up to and revered her while

Nathan White lived; but her influence seemed rather lessened since his death, for the reason before stated, that the church seemed shorn of its spirituality. Over this sad fact Aunt Baker mourned with a constant sorrow. She had not wept when the good minister died, for by faith she saw him in his angels garment, amidst the purified, walking the golden streets, eating from the tree of life, drinking of the river that flows by the throne of the Lamb, and her soul rejoiced that he had gone home to the Master he loved so well. But she mourned when the stately stepplings of Jehovah ceased to be heard among them; and, as she often told them, it was not the Lord's fault, but all their own. They had depended too much on an arm of flesh; now if they went to the living God, he would be gracious. But they heeded not. O, how she prayed for them! night and day they lay near her heart, but her prayers seemed not to be answered; the church grew colder and colder, until it seemed as if the world had taken the place of the Saviour. It was as if strangers had stood in the holy place where Jesus had wept, and looked coolly on the ground bedewed by his anguish.

Time sped on, and the church still kept in the back-ground. By-and-by, as the members fell off, some by death, some by marriage, entering other places of worship, and some getting tired of the homely meeting house and the quiet preacher, who had wedded in their midst, joining themselves to more modern congregations; the stated meeting for prayer grew so thin, that it became almost a by-word. Had you gone into the vestry of that church, lighted dimly as it was, you might have seen, at long distances apart, here an old man his chin upon his cane—there one old lady, with closed eyes, holding communion with her God, and some seven or eight others, striving to keep up the form of godliness. "How different it was in Father White's time!" they would say to one another, as they slowly broke up, after the few prayers and the few songs of Zion. Ay—how widely different! Then every seat was filled; then little children and young maidens and young men crowded to the sanctuary. Now the travelling circus and the hotel steps were always full. Now the corners of the village streets never lacked their crowd, but the sanctuary was neglected.

It was a cold night in February, six years after Father White had been laid in the grave. Within the little cottage of Aunt Baker the dishes had been cleared away, the hearth swept up, a blazing fire sent its cheerful light out even to the panes of the window, lighting the road beyond. Aunt Baker never shut her blinds until she went to rest. It was a cheery sight, she said, of a dark night, for the passer-by to see the token of a pleasant fire-side, as he was going his way. It seemed selfish to shut all up, especially when there was no moon, as was the case to night.

Every article in the little room was polished till it shone again; there was a plentiful supply of wood in the closet, a grey cat purred upon the hearth; and the red stocking she was knitting for some favorite child, added its small quota of cheerful color to the surroundings.

"I declare! it does seem a cold night to go out in," mused Aunt Baker, shrugging her shoulders a little as if she heard the wind whistle. "But then if the rest fail in their duty because of these trifling things, I musn't fail in mine. I can't see that prayer meeting go down; I can't! Forty years have I listened to the prayers of God's children there; and shall I desert it now when the cause is bleeding and dying? O no, no; to be sure, I'm nigh on to eighty, but the dear Lord has given me health and a measure of strength; I cannot see that prayer meeting go down."

So saying, she arose, her face alight with the joy of her resolve, and saying, "I know the Lord won't disappoint me; I know he won't," she put on hood and cloak, lit the little horn lantern she always carried, and hastened to the church. The vestry was lighted and warmed, and the sexton, an old man, sat by the fire. Greetings were exchanged, and the two waited for somebody to come. An hour passed, and Aunt Baker said, solemnly, "let us pray," and kneeling down, she besought God to appear in their midst. The sexton followed with another prayer; they sang a hymn together and the meeting was closed. Still, strange to say, Aunt Baker did not feel as much discouraged as she had. "I know the Lord is going to appear," she said again and again; "we shall have better prayer meetings after this."

Poor Aunt Baker! what was her consternation to hear it announced from the pulpit, on the succeeding Sabbath, that, on account of the small attendance, the prayer meeting would be given up for the remainder of the winter.

"Give up the prayer meeting!" she exclaimed, great tears running down her cheeks; "give up the prayer meeting! Oh, I hadn't expected this. The Lord is trying me.

"You'll have to give it up, Aunt Baker," said one of the members; "it's no use to contend against it. We're a cold church, and the Lord is going to leave us."

"I can't believe it! I can't believe it!" said the dear old lady, still weeping: "poor and humble as I am, I don't believe my prayers are lost. I'm going to try him a little longer; I can't believe He will give us up—O no, no!"

A happy thought came into her mind. She went toward the old sexton.

"Brother Sands," said she, wiping the tears away, "I want you to leave the key of the church at my house. I'll take good care of it, and you know it is right on the way."

"Very well," said he, wondering a little. That night Aunt Baker carried the church and vestry key home.

The next Friday evening was both cold and stormy. Faithful to her promise to the Lord, however, Aunt Baker equipped herself for the meeting as usual, and with her little lantern wended her way to the vestry, where, alone with the Almighty, she offered up her solitary prayer.

It was remarked on the following Sabbath that a light was seen in the vestry on last prayer meeting night. It began to be talked of; and as in those days superstition was rife, some declared that the Church was haunted. Still as often as the evening recurred, that solitary light was to be seen. What could it mean?

Two or three of the brothers, whose curiosity was worked up to the highest pitch, resolved to investigate the matter. They went to the vestry, and cautiously entering, encountered—not a spirit from the unseen world, but good old Aunt Baker just rising from her knees.

The vestry was cold—very cold, but her radiant face seemed to infuse warmth all around.

"Why Aunt Baker!" exclaimed the foremost man, a backsliding deacon, "what are you doing here!"

"Holding a prayer meeting," said Aunt Baker meekly.

"What! a prayer meeting—alone?"

"O no—not alone;" and a glad smile broke forth over her sweet face; "not alone my God was with me. I have been holding sweet communion with Him."

The brethren seemed conscience-stricken. They looked at her—they looked at one another."

"Brother," said the deacon, after a long and awkward pause, during which his cheek had reddened and paled; "brother, let us pray."

And he did pray; such a prayer had not been sent heavenward by him for many years. It was full of contrition for past coldness—earnest, fervent, penitent. The hard hearts were broken down at last; they all prayed, with tears and strong cries. That week the news flew from home to home that Aunt Baker had been holding prayer meetings by herself. Many a conscience was roused—many a cold heart awakened. The next prayer meeting night the old vestry was filled, and from that time commenced the great revival ever known in Eastville, or indeed, in all New Hampshire.

"I knew the Lord would wake us up," cried dear Aunt Baker, taking none of the credit to herself; it's just like Him; He always keeps his word."

Yes—know ye of faint hope and weak faith, God always keeps His word.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

THE BAPTISM OF FIRE.

Suppose we saw an army sitting down before a granite fort, and they told us they intended to batter it down, we might ask them "How?" They point to a cannon ball. Well, but there is no power in that; it is heavy, but no more than half a hundred, or perhaps a hundred weight; if all the men in the army hurled it against the fort they could make no impression. They say "No: but look at the cannon." Well, but there is no power in that. A child may rive upon it, a bird may perch in its mouth—it is a machine, and nothing more. "But look at the powder." Well, there is nothing in that; a child may spill it, a sparrow may peck it. Yet this powerless powder and powerless ball are put into the powerless canon; one spark of fire enters it, and then, in the twinkling of an eye, that powder is a flash of lightning, and that cannon ball is a thunderbolt, which smites at if it had been sent from heaven. So it is with our church machinery of this day—we have all the instruments necessary for pulling down strongholds, and O! for the baptism of fire.—*Rev. W. Arthur.*