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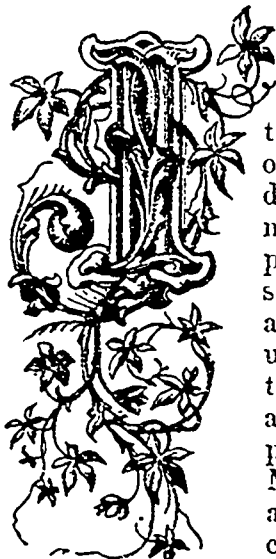
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# THE PRESBYTERIAN.

JUNE, 1865.



**I**N order to build up any Church on a sure and lasting foundation, it is essential not only that her doctrine, discipline, and government, be pure and perfect, but that she should be able to rally about her, and depend upon, the willing, active and ready co-operation of all those who profess to belong to her. Many Churches are in a highly prosperous condition on account of

little else than the zeal and activity of their adherents. Other Churches, with more apparent means of prosperity within their pale, languish and go to decay, almost entirely owing to the cold, lukewarm support given by their professed members. In many denominations the ablest, wisest, and most influential men are always put forward and enlisted in the service of the Church, and the effect of this course can easily be seen in the flourishing condition of such bodies. In other denominations it is a most difficult thing to get almost any one to accept office in the Church, and men of very ordinary talent and with no influence at all are put forward because the men better fitted refuse or neglect their duty; and the consequences that follow are easily traced in the decay of such Churches and their gradual but sure dwindling away into unimportant sects, having neither weight nor authority in the country.

How is it that in the Presbyterian Church of Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland, although we number among our adherents men of great wealth, character, and position, there are to be found in our Church courts so few of such men enlisted in the service of the Church?

There is surely something wrong here. Do our ministry earnestly seek among their congregations for the best men to be office bearers, and do they strive day and night to obtain for the Church the services of such men? We fear not. In too many cases they are content to take such men as offer themselves, and they forget the great importance of always having the very best men in office.

We are utterly ashamed at the little interest taken in Church matters by many of our people. Even representative elders fail to attend Church courts, and in this way it happens that the business is managed almost entirely by ministers who have far too much to do without having this additional duty thrown upon them, and simply because the people neglect their duty. We wish that we could see in this country what we see in other countries, more particularly in our native land, the office of a representative elder coveted, sought after as a post of honour, and eagerly desired, by men of high rank and position. Surely there is in every congregation at least, one man, who for the sake of the Church of his forefathers would willingly serve in her courts without fee or reward. We are convinced that in nearly all our congregations there are such men to be found if they were diligently sought after and means taken to bring them into the service of the Church. It is clear to us that we shall never attain to our right position as a Church until we have at our service, not only the influence and the abilities of all our adherents, but also a much larger share of their means and their time. Our men of wealth and eminence should be proud to devote themselves, and the means which a bountiful Providence has placed at their command, to the service of the great Head of the Church; a heavy responsibility rests upon them if they do not. We are not unmindful of the services

rendered to the Church in the present day by Chief Justice McLean, Judge Malloch, Judge Logie, John Thomson, Esq. of Quebec, Alex. Morris, M.P.P., and others; nor do we forget the labours of some eminent men who have passed away—the Hon. Peter McGill, the Hon. Wm. Morris, Hew Ramsay, Esq., and Col. Thompson—the work of these men was honourable to themselves and useful to the Church, but a few bright exceptions only prove the rule.

At the approaching meeting of Synod we fear that it will be found that while we have a fair attendance of ministers, only some ten or twelve elders will be there to represent the people. Surely this is not as it ought to be.

We have always considered that it was unwise to restrict congregations in their choice of representative elders. We think that no harm would arise if congregations were allowed to elect as their representatives any elders within the bounds of the Synod in whom they have confidence, and in whose hands they feel that their interests would be safe. It may be difficult in some sessions to get a fit man to attend Church Courts; but it is well known that there are many sessions out of which four or five persons could be found, not only able but willing to serve in the Church Courts. And surely it would be a wise policy to draw out these men, and to obtain their aid, instead of losing their services altogether or only getting them at long intervals. It would almost seem as if some of our ministers were afraid of their elders coming out in force, so carefully do they guard their entrance into Synod or Presbytery. A wiser policy would dictate precisely the opposite course, for the more you can enlist the sympathies of the people,—the more you can throw upon them the work of the Church,—the more you will get of their means and time, and the better it will be for the Church, for her ministers, and for her adherents.

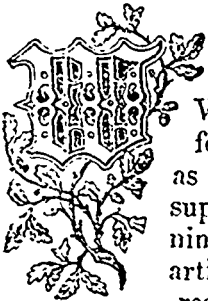


**N** conducting the operations of the mission of our Church in Canada, there is a great lack of that deep, heartfelt desire for the spread of the Gospel amongst the more destitute portions of the country, which it is absolutely necessary to possess before true and permanent progress can be made. No test of the vitality of a Church is so sure as the tes-

timony afforded by its Missionary operations. And we use the word not merely in reference to Foreign Missions, to which it is generally so exclusively applied,—we include in this term Missionary, all the efforts made either at home or abroad for disseminating the great truth, which we, as Christians, have received. It is true that many congregations of our Church are doing good service in the neighbourhood around them; but these efforts, for want of concentrated and systematic action, are apt to languish, and, one or two active members of these congregations being removed by death or otherwise, these attempts too often end in failure, and as a consequence, discouragement to others. We need something more than isolated cases of well doing. We need more than here a congregation and there a Presbytery engaging heartily in the true business of missions. We want the Church as a whole to enter earnestly, vigorously, systematically into the cause. We must set before our people some definite course to be followed, a central fund to be raised and maintained, the whole question of missions to be agitated, discussed, viewed on every side and looked at in every light which the varied, and it may be contradictory, opinions of all our members can throw upon it. How many of our ministers, how many of our Church members, ever think of contributing through these pages the results of their inquiries into the state of religion in the districts amongst which their lot has been cast? Has there been so much done by our Church that nothing more remains to be effected? Has such a flood of light been thrown upon the condition of this land that any one can say, "I can state nothing which is not already known?" Has every congregation within the bounds of the Synod been so effectually stirred up that we can say that nothing more can be done to urge them on in the right way? In a word, are we, as a Church, so fulfilling the task laid upon us as a Christian community, that we have no shortcomings to chronicle, no unfulfilled obligations to lament?

It has often been a subject of regret to the conductors of this periodical that so little apparent interest has been felt in the Schemes of the Church. Their aim has been to afford by its means a vehicle for the discussion of all subjects affecting the interests of Christ's cause. They do not seek to stifle the expression of the opinions held by individual members. What is often needed to reconcile apparent differences, is the fair

and full discussion of the points at issue; the result in many, if not in most cases, being the discovery that in every essential point there is no real opposition. In saying this let us not be misunderstood. We have no reason to believe, nor have we ever seen evidence to lead us to think, that there are jarring and opposing elements in the Church, but it is part of the privileges each man possesses as the member of a Protestant Church, that he shall possess the liberty of opinion. The views thus held conscientiously must possess a certain value. These we desire to see fairly stated; and if this were done throughout the year the members of Synod would be better prepared to consider the questions brought before them; and the Sessions and Presbyteries, having the subjects likely to occupy the attention of the Supreme Court of our Church brought under their notice in a tangible form before the annual meeting, would be more likely to arrive at a just conclusion as to the proper course to be adopted in regard to the various proposals then brought forward.



WE have received a letter from the Rev. D. H. McVicar on which we have a few words to say. He states, as a matter of complaint we suppose, that his name appears nine times in our editorial article for May. But the reason for the individual prominence given to him is surely plain enough, inasmuch as he signed, and we have no doubt, wrote the article on which we then commented. He goes on to say that the object of devoting so much attention to him and his brethren is best known to ourselves, which is quite true; but our object is equally well known to him and to our readers, because we plainly stated it in this journal. He then coolly proposes to us, to republish in our pages the whole of his remarks on the doings of his denomination at Sherbrooke. Now we shall most certainly do no such thing. If our readers wish to see his article *in extenso*, they know where to find it, and they would feel anything but grateful to us did we fill up our columns with such intellectual food. And the reason given for this extraordinary request is quite in keeping with it, namely, that it may be seen there was nothing in his remarks to ruffle our temper. This is quite refreshing. Why our article was written in the most amiable frame of

mind. When our reverend correspondent knows us better, he will not be slow to discover that we are so full of the milk of human kindness that we never quarrel with anybody. It is well known to our readers that, never since the establishment of this journal, have we lost temper with any person or thing,—not even with the Free Church in its most rampant days. We could enlarge upon this, to us, agreeable topic, but—modesty stands in the way. He proceeds to say that his remarks have called forth smart hits on our part, which may be intended as a compliment to us—if so, we regret that we cannot honestly return it. About one half of the letter is occupied with the remarks which he desires us to republish; and after filling them in, he goes on to deny that he intended to find fault with the remarks in our issue for August, in which case we must confess that we do not understand the meaning of plain English. Afterwards he proceeds to cover us with humiliation by referring to our candid confession that we had hitherto failed to call forth the liberality of our people as successfully as his denomination had done; and so far from disputing our assertion, he is good enough to confirm our remarks, naively enough, by a quotation from our own columns, in which we lament the want of zeal and liberality on the part of our people in behalf of Home or Foreign Missions. Although we do not see that this is any especial business of his, we nevertheless thank him for coming to our help, and endorsing as correct our remarks. We do complain very much of the want of a generous Christian liberality on the part of our people. They do not give to the great work of spreading the Gospel, in proportion as God hath blessed them, and this is the only right rule of giving. We rejoice to believe that our correspondent has been more successful with his people; and we may hope, now that our appeal to the liberality of our congregations is backed by such good authority as we acknowledge our correspondent to be, that we shall do better for the time to come. He proceeds in his letter to make much of the occasional services at Sherbrooke of Dr. Taylor, Mr. Kemp, Mr. McDonald, and Mr. Jones. Far be it from us to underrate the services of these excellent men. We have the honour to number most of them among our personal friends, and we know that any work in which they engage will be well done. But it would have been more candid in our correspondent if he had at

the same time stated that the labours of these worthy men only commenced a short time *after* our missionary had been established in Sherbrooke, and not before. This is an important point in the controversy. Our correspondent winds up his letter by asking in a tone of triumph, who are chargeable with intrusion, and who have acted contrary to the views advanced by him at the meeting of the Book and Tract Society, to which we made reference. He replies by stating that the answer is obvious. We entirely agree with him. The answer is plain. And so having arrived at this happy state of agreement, we bid adieu to our reverend correspondent.

It is with great pleasure we inform our subscribers that we have arranged with Mr. Notman of Montreal, to furnish us with a photographic portrait of the late lamented Principal Leitch. We need say nothing of the manner in which the portrait will be executed. Mr. Notman's

name is sufficient guarantee for that. We now, therefore, are in a position to promise each of our subscribers now on the list, *and not in arrears*, and every subscriber up to the date at which the photograph will be issued, who shall pay in advance, a copy of Principal Leitch's portrait, neatly mounted on tinted paper. It will be an interesting memorial of one who had the good of our Church sincerely at heart, and who had inaugurated movements tending to promote her efficiency.

We are desired to intimate that Mr. William R. Croil has been appointed Secretary to the Temporalities Board, in the room of Mr. John W. Cook, who resigned the office in January last, after having served the Board with zeal and fidelity for many years. Mr. Cook takes charge of the Record until the first of June, after which date, all communications are to be addressed to Mr. Croil, at Montreal.

## News of our Church.



THE regular quarterly meeting of the Presbytery of Montreal was held on the 3rd of May, at noon. The Rev. Mr. Darrach, Moderator, was in the chair. The minutes of last meeting were read, and, after discussion, sustained. The Rev. Dr. Mathieson laid on the table documents connected with the Elgin Mission. The Rev.

Mr. Cochrane, ordained missionary, read a report of the operations in the mission station at Elgin and vicinity, shewing a total congregation of 160, of whom 94 were members, and the amount raised was \$208. The reverend gentleman stated that as his term of engagement with the Colonial Committee was drawing to a close, he was anxious to be appointed to a settled charge. He had received letters from the Western part of the Province, enquiring as to his willingness to accept a call, as to which he had not yet made up his mind.

Rev. Mr. Patterson said that the report by the Rev. Mr. Cochrane was full, and shewed the cause of the difficulties connected with this station arose from the small number of sittings taken by those who had a numerous family, not one half of the sittings required by such families being taken and paid for. It was well known that the people of Elgin were, as a rule, well off, and should have no difficulty generally in taking a sitting for each member of the family over 14 years of age.

Some discussion took place as to the terms in which Mr. Cochrane's report was couched, but the report was ultimately received.

Two memorials were read from the congregation of Elgin, to the effect that the congregation had been led to believe that there would be a union with Athelstan, and that they were anxious to carry out the wishes of the Presbytery in regard to requisite alterations in the deed of the Church property, so as to bring it into accordance with the model deed, and requesting that the services of the Rev. Mr. Cochrane be continued. The building of a Manse had been undertaken, to cost \$1100 when completed, \$400 of which had already been expended, and they prayed that the money arising from seat rents might be allowed to be retained, to be applied to the building of the Manse.

A letter from the Colonial Committee of the Church of Scotland was laid before the Presbytery, sanctioning the application of the seat rents as requested.

Rev. Mr. Patterson stated that the people of Elgin were willing to go on with the Act of Parliament, provided Athelstan was joined to Elgin, leaving it to be understood that if the union did not take place, they would not do so. It was therefore a question whether the people should be encouraged to go on with the Manse.

Rev. Dr. Mathieson said, that the Presbytery were bound to fulfil the pledge given to the people of Elgin, and this pledge had been given very much at the desire of the Rev. Mr. Wallace, who had expressed a wish to be relieved of the charge of so large a district. He therefore moved that upon a transference of the Elgin property according to the terms of

the Act of Parliament relating thereto, and on the deed being completed in terms of the model deed, the money requested be granted.

The Clerk read the Report of the Committee appointed to consider the application of the Rev. Dr. Jenkins. The Committee find that Dr. Jenkins' memorial is fully supported by credentials properly authenticated and highly satisfactory, and unanimously recommend the Presbytery to grant the prayer of the memorial, and to receive Dr. Jenkins as a Minister or Missionary, subject to the approval of the Synod at its next meeting, which was unanimously agreed to.

The Clerk read a communication from the Presbytery of Toronto, in reference to the call from Dundee, in favour of the Rev. Donald Ross, of Vaughan. The document stated that another call, from Southwold, had been laid before the Presbytery of Toronto, which had been accepted by Mr. Ross.

The Clerk was instructed to intimate to the Congregation of Dundee that the Rev. Mr. Ross had declined their call.

Rev. Mr. Wallace applied for leave of absence for three months, which was granted, Mr. Wallace to supply the pulpit during the time of his absence.

The Presbytery adjourned until 7 o'clock.

After the adjournment supplies were granted to Dundee, till next meeting of the Presbytery, and to Chatham till the meeting of the Synod in June. A deputation of Presbytery was appointed to visit Laprairie on the 26th inst., to inquire into the state and prospects of the congregation. The memorial from Mr. Watt, regarding certain proceedings of the Committee appointed by the congregation of St. Paul's Church to take steps for obtaining a Minister, was re-read, and the Presbytery ordered it to lie on the table.

The roll of the Presbytery was revised, and ordered to be attested and transmitted to the Synod Clerk.

The Presbytery then adjourned, to meet on the first Wednesday of August.



THE Presbytery of Toronto met in St. Andrew's Church, Toronto, on the 18th April, with a full attendance of members.

Rev. Francis Nicol, minister of London, and Rev. Hugh Niven, minister of Saltfleet and Binbrook, being present, were asked to sit with the Presbytery. The same courtesy was extended to Mr. Aitken, missionary for the Colonial Committee of the Church of Scotland, and to Mr. Muir, ordained missionary, recently from the Presbytery of Montreal.

A call from the Congregation of Dundee in the Presbytery of Montreal, and one from the congregation of Southwold in the Presbytery of London, in favour of the Rev. Donald Ross, minister of Vaughan, duly received and forwarded by the respective Presbyteries, were presented to Mr. Ross, who after hearing the opinion of Presbytery regarding the relative claims of these calls, signified his acceptance

of that from Southwold, in accordance with the almost unanimous opinion of his brethren that the claims of that charge were, in view of the general interests of the church, superior to those of Dundee. The Presbytery took the steps usual in such a case, for the translation of Mr. Ross to Southwold.

A memorial from the members and adherents of the church at Lindsay, craving moderation in a call in favour of the Rev. J. B. Muir, was laid upon the table, and after due consideration, the prayer of said memorial was granted.

A memorial from the members and adherents of the church of Peterboro', praying that steps might be taken to secure the early settlement of a minister there, and especially desiring that the Presbytery would sanction the presentation of a call to the Rev. William Aitken, to become the minister of the congregation, was read, and after some discussion was laid over for consideration at a future meeting.

After the transaction of various routine and other business of minor importance, the Presbytery adjourned to meet in the church at Maple, in the Township of Vaughan, on the 3rd day of May, at 11 o'clock a.m.

#### PRESBYTERY OF GLENGARY.

This Presbytery met in St. John's Church, Cornwall, on Wednesday 3rd May.

The members present were the Revs. Hugh Urquhart, D.D., Thomas MacPherson, Robert Dobie, Peter Watson, Thomas Scott, James Mair, and Hugh Lamont. Niel MacDougall ordained Missionary. Messrs Donald Ross, James Croil, F. B. McLennan, James Donaldson, Peter Conroy, and John H. MacMillan, Elders. In the absence of the Rev. A. Currie, Moderator, the Rev. James Mair was appointed Moderator *pro tem*.

The following, besides other business, engaged the attention of the Court.

Mr. Croil read the report of the Committee on the Presbytery's Mission, which was approved of, and the Committee were re-appointed with the following instructions:—to prepare the report for being printed, with a view to its circulation amongst the members of the Church within the bounds of the Presbytery; to submit at the ordinary meeting in November a plan of operations for the holding of meetings of a Missionary character next winter, and to draw up a Schedule of Queries for a General Presbyterial Visitation, which it is proposed to hold in connection with the Missionary Meetings.

No objections having been offered by the Congregation of Matilda to the acceptance by the Presbytery of Mr. Scott's resignation of that charge, the Presbytery agreed to accept of said resignation, and appointed Mr. Scott to labour in the meantime in Plantagenet as an ordained Missionary.

It was agreed to transmit to Synod an overture anent the appointment of a General Agent for the Church.

The Presbytery agreed to accept the services, as Catechists for the summer months, of Messrs. Donald Fraser and John S. Lochead, Students of Divinity, assigned them by the Missionary Association of Queen's University, and appointed Mr. Fraser to labour in East Hawkes-

bury and neighbourhood, and Mr. Lohead in the Township of Matilda.

Sessional Records were examined, and the following appointments were made: Mr. Watson to conduct Divine Service in Dalhousie Mills on last Sunday of May; Mr. Darrach,—— Alexandria, on 1st Sunday of June; Mr. MacPherson to dispense the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper in Dalhousie Mills, and Mr. Dobie to discharge the same ministerial duty in Matilda on such days as may be found most convenient

**BEAUHARNOIS—CONGREGATIONAL REPORT.**—We have received the annual report of the Beauharnois Congregation. It is full and satisfactory both as respects the details it gives and the results it shews. The details given embrace all that is necessary to be known of the working of a charge like this, and show the receipts and expenditures properly classified. We give some of the points thus brought out. The sessional receipts for the year were \$139.85 including a small balance on hand at the beginning of the financial year. Out of this there were contributed to the Schemes of the Church \$69.32; and for ordinary expenditure, such as heating and lighting, attendance and cleaning, &c., \$57.53—leaving a balance of \$13. A new manse has been built, completed, and taken possession of on the 1st of May last year. A debt of \$400 still remains against the building, but to meet this there is a balance on hand and payable, by subscribers who had agreed to pay by instalments, the builder having agreed to accept payment in the same way, and the last instalment not being due till November, 1866. This fund, then, is also in a good position. The grave-yard has been enclosed by a substantial fence at an expense of \$166, and it is intended to have trees planted round it immediately. The report of the Sabbath School operations is a very pleasing one. For periodicals nearly \$7 have been expended, and \$14 have been laid out on the library, besides a sum of \$12 contributed to the Indian Orphanage, the whole amount having been collected in the school. A comparative table shows the fluctuations in average attendance for the last three years.

The Temporal Committee report that the sittings continue to be well let, and that the Rev. Mr. Sym has been paid a sum in excess of that originally promised him. Should any of our congregations desire to obtain a copy of the report itself, we have no doubt that the Rev. Mr. Sym, the excellent pastor of the Beauharnois Congregation, will cheerfully forward one.

**PRESENTATION TO THE VERY REVEREND PRINCIPAL SNODGRASS, D.D.**—A very interesting meeting was held at the residence of John Rankin, Esq., Mount Royal Terrace, to present to the Very Reverend Principal Snodgrass, of Queen's College, the diploma sent from the Glasgow University, which has lately conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. Shortly after three o'clock, John Greenshields, Esq., addressing Principal Snodgrass, in a few words explained the object of the meeting, and read an address, numerously signed:—

MONTREAL, May 20, 1866.

To the very Rev. William Snodgrass, D.D., Principal of Queen's University, Kingston:

Reverend and Dear Sir,—We beg that you will accept at our hands the box and case which contain the degree of Doctor of Divinity, recently conferred upon you by the University of Glasgow.

We do not assume any merit whatever in regard to procuring this degree from the University; our only part in that matter was to see that your character, attainments, and position, were fairly submitted to the authorities of that honoured seat of learning, feeling a strong conviction that your claims would at once be recognized and acknowledged. We were not disappointed in this matter, nor were we long kept in suspense, as the senators took the very earliest opportunity of conferring the honour upon you.

It is our hope and prayer that you may long live to enjoy this honour, and that you may continue to add to the public usefulness and prosperity of the important institution over which you preside, and also that when you reflect with just pride on the high distinction which you have received in the present instance from so venerable and distinguished a University, you may bear in kindly remembrance and connection therewith, your friends and well-wishers in St. Paul's Church, Montreal.

Mr. Greenshields then, after a short but appropriate address, gave an account of the steps that had been taken to bring before the University of Glasgow the claims of the Rev. Mr. Snodgrass to have the degree of D.D. conferred upon him. He said they made no solicitation, but merely showed upon what grounds they considered him entitled to the honour, and the Committee were glad to find the Senatus had at once hastened to show that they were satisfied, by, without delay, bestowing the highest honour in their gift. To Mr. Robert Muir, of this city, but at present in Glasgow, the thanks of the Committee were due for his attention; and to his good taste they owed it that the presentation was this day made in so beautiful a box as that which was now before them. Whatever the sins of St. Paul's congregation were, that of neglect of their ministers could not be laid to their charge, and he believed that there had been a mutual influence for good upon both people and ministers. Through a good Providence they had been blessed with good ministers, and he believed they had every prospect of this continuing to be the case. He then took a rapid review of the past history of St. Paul's Church, and in conclusion presented the box and case containing the diploma, in the name of the Committee, requesting the Principal's acceptance of the same; and said that it must add to his gratification that this degree had been received from his Alma Mater, the Venerable University of Glasgow.

Principal Snodgrass, in reply, said it was difficult for one who was worthy of honour to acknowledge such a gift; how much more one who felt himself unworthy of the honour which had been conferred upon him. Looking back upon his past career and looking at his present position he felt that to a loving God he owed all that he had or was. He referred in

affectionate terms to his connection with St. Paul's Church, which he would ever regard with peculiar interest, and he trusted that it would be long before they had another minister to graduate, and wished them individually all happiness. He thanked them warmly for this fresh mark of their regard.

The box and case, which are very handsome, and are the gift of Robert Muir, Esq., were then handed round for inspection. The case is of green morocco, with a neat gold moulding, the box is of solid silver, richly plated in gold and elaborately chased, having on a raised escutcheon the arms of the Glasgow College, the legend round which is "*Via, Veritas, Vita, Glasgow College.*" It is a beautiful specimen of workmanship, and does great credit to the taste of Robert Muir, Esq., who selected, and of the Messrs. Muirhead, of Glasgow, who executed the design.

PRESENTATION TO THE REV. JAMES C. SMITH, M.A.—On the evening of Thursday the 27th ult., a few friends belonging to, and others interested in the welfare of St. Andrew's Church congregation, Buckingham, C.E., presented, in a very quiet and unostentatious manner, an elegant silk Pulpit Gown to Mr. Smith the incumbent, as a tribute of their respect for the dignity of his office, as well as a pledge of their personal esteem.

Such expressions of kindly interest when prompted by a sincere love to the servants' Master, cannot fail to be productive of a double blessing.

PRESENTATION.—The ladies connected with the congregation of Finch, and others, recently presented their minister, the Rev. Hugh Lamont, with a purse of money, to enable him to furnish his study. Miss C. McInnes read an address, after which she, in the name of the ladies, handed the valuable gift to Mr. Lamont, to which he suitably replied verbally.

#### FOREIGN MISSIONS.

"The Synod recommends congregations to contribute for Foreign Missions on some convenient Sabbath."

Act for Special Collections, 1864.

The difficulties which have attended the prosecution of the Jewish and the British Columbia Missions appear to have discouraged the members of our Synod from expecting much success in either field, and consequently from putting forth strenuous effort on their behalf. The one Mission had been taken up with great interest, and sustained with much liberality by our people, until the retirement of our missionary from the field to which he had been assigned, had left us without an agent to conduct our mission. The failure of the committee to procure a suitable agent for the latter mission, had cooled the ardour of those favourable to its prosecution. In these circumstances, the Synod at its last meeting withdrew the injunction given in previous years, to collect for these missions, and substituted for it a recommendation, as quoted above.

The committee have thought it their duty, in view of this change, in the relation of this mission, to the other missions of the Synod, to

limit their action to a mere co-operation with the corresponding committees of the Church of Scotland. A portion of the funds of the Jewish mission have been placed at the disposal of the Jewish Committee of the Church of Scotland, for expenditure upon their mission, now happily increasing in interest and success. The whole amount collected last year for British Columbia about, (\$300,) three hundred dollars, has been remitted to the Colonial Committee of the Church of Scotland, for the service of that field.

Is it too much to expect that our congregations will continue to express their interest in our Foreign Mission, in compliance with the recommendations of the Synod, by contributing to its funds? Many of our co-religionists from Canada, as well as from other countries, are finding their way to the new colonies on the shores of the Pacific, and shall we feel no obligation to follow them with the ordinances of the gospel administered in the modes to which they have been accustomed, and become attached? The Church of Scotland has begun to care for those fields inviting her missionary enterprise, and to which so many of her sons have emigrated. She will cordially welcome us as fellow labourers, and allow us at present, through the machinery of the mission, to make our humble efforts more availing for the purpose which we have in view than they could otherwise be made. If we cannot as yet sustain a separate mission, let us at least contribute somewhat to the operations of the Parent Church, on a field which may soon hold a very intimate political union with our own country.

It is suggested that a collection be taken up on the first or second Sabbath of June, in those congregations which have not already collected, in aid of the funds of the mission. The amounts to be remitted to Alexander Morris Esq., Perth, C.W., Treasurer of the mission.

In the name of the Committee,

K. MACLENNAN, Convener.

NEW CHURCH.—The congregation of St. Andrew's Church, Pictou, has resolved upon erecting a new Church, on the site of the old one, immediately,—the cost of which, it is estimated, will be about \$8000.

The ladies of St. George's Church, River John, purpose holding a Bazaar in the course of a few months, to assist in increasing the Manse Building Fund. Contributions will be thankfully received.

CLOSING OF THE WINTER TERM IN DALHOUSIE COLLEGE.—The formal proceedings in connection with the closing of the Winter Term in Dalhousie College took place on Wednesday, in the hall formerly occupied by the Mechanics' Institute. The proceedings commenced shortly after 11 a.m., with prayer by the Principal, and after some introductory remarks by him, the Secretary of the Senatus read their report. It appears that sixty students were in attendance during the Winter Term. While the Professors were satisfied with the industry and progress of their pupils, they feel the want of Exhibitions, and other special incentives which work so beneficially in the Institutions of older coun-



tries; and have therefore resolved to establish certain Free Scholarships, to be competed for by Students of the first and second year. To ensure better preparation among those entering the Institution, it is proposed also to offer a scholarship to each of the principal Academies in the Province, to be competed for by the pupils, and entitling the holder to free attendance in all the first year's classes. It is hoped that private liberality will add to the number and value of these scholarships.

The announcements of the results of the College Examination were then made, showing who were the successful competitors in each class.

After the prizes had been distributed, Hon. Dr. Tupper made an excellent speech to the students, reminding them that much devolved on them to make the present experiment of an unsectarian college appear to proper advantage in comparison with denominational institutions. He spoke of the satisfaction he felt at the proofs of progress now given, and paid a high tribute to the memory of the late Professor MacCulloch.

Hon. S. L. Shannon, M. P. P., then made a neat practical address to the students, recommending them to be thorough in all their efforts, and to avoid the superficial tendencies of the age, and instanced various illustrious examples of a thorough collegiate training.

Rev. G. M. Grant very generously promised a donation of ten pounds to the prize fund for next year.

His Honor the Chief Justice, in some eloquent and impressive remarks, expressed his satisfaction at seeing that Dalhousie College was now a fixed fact; and congratulated all concerned on the interesting ceremonies they had just witnessed, and on the additional facilities afforded for the expansion of that intelligence which he had always been convinced was as high in Nova Scotia as in any part of America.

His Excellency Sir Richard G. McDonnell then favoured the assemblage with a judicious, admirable speech, expressing very felicitously and forcibly the importance of harmony in educational effort, and his satisfaction at the position and prospects of Dalhousie College. The Rev. Principal then read a parting address to the students, and closed the proceedings with the benediction.

NOVA SCOTIA.—The Rev. Mr. Boyd, late of St. Andrew's Church, Halifax, sailed for Scotland on the 27th April. His removal leaves but one clergyman in Halifax belonging to our church instead of four, the number formerly there. The Trustees and Elders presented him with an address expressive of their regret. They had resolved to pay him the sum of four hundred dollars in addition to his salary up to 1st May. A committee of the ladies of the Congregation waited on Mrs. Boyd and presented her with a purse containing \$200.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.—*Convocation.*—On the 27th of April—the last day of the Session—a statutory meeting of Convocation was held. The Principal presided, having on his right the Chairmen and several members of the Board of Trustees, and on his left the Profes-

sors and Lecturers. The Convocation Hall was well filled with ladies and gentlemen, some of whom had come a considerable distance to witness the proceedings. Decorations of flags, evergreens, and pictures had been allowed to remain from the meeting of the *Alma Mater* Society the evening before.

After prayer by the Principal and the reading and confirming of minutes, the Professors were called upon in order to distribute the prizes which had been awarded in their several classes.

Then came the ceremony of laureation. Degrees were conferred upon the following gentlemen:—Bachelor of Divinity on John McMillan, B.A., Nova Scotia; Master of Arts on John Bell, B.A., Kingston; James Arthur Hope, B.A., Kingston; James Pennington Macpherson, B.A., Ottawa; Silas Minor, Fergus, William Baldwin Thibodo, B.A., Kingston, and Bachelor of Arts on James Fraser, Quebec, with second class honours in Classics and Metaphysics; George Malloch, Ottawa, John McAlister, Kingston, Alexander George McBean, Lancaster, with first class honours in Classics, History, and Natural Sciences, and second class honours in Natural Philosophy, Metaphysics, and History; Samuel McMorine, Ramsay, with first class honours in Natural Sciences; John Shortt Muckleston, Kingston, Rev. James B. Muir, Lindsay, Robert S. O'Loughlin, Kingston, with first class honours in History; and John Roderick Thompson, Prince Edward Island, with first class honours in History and Natural Sciences, and second class honours in Metaphysics.

The Graduates having received the congratulations of the Professors, were briefly addressed by the Principal, who spoke to them of the gratification which it afforded him to confer on them the honours they had gained, of the interest which his colleagues had taken in their studies, and of the humility with which they should still comfort themselves in view of the boundless treasures of truth and wisdom which lay open to their acquisition.

Mr. John McMillan, B.A., B.D., in response to the Principal's call, then delivered a valedictory address on behalf of the students who retire this year from the College classes. The address was frequently applauded.

The Principal then announced the conferment of the degree of D.D. upon Rev. James Bayne, Pictou, Nova Scotia, Rev. John McMorine, Ramsay, Rev. Samuel B. Beryne, London, England, and the Rev. Henry Gill, London England, stating in connection with each name the grounds upon which the Senate had considered themselves justified in granting the distinction. The friends of Dr. Bayne, who are aware of his professional attainments and of the leading interest he has long taken in education and missions, will be pleased to hear of the honour which has been done him. We express, we are sure, the feeling of very many in this Province—all indeed who know how great are his attainments as a scholar and his worth as a Christian minister—when we congratulate Dr. McMorine. Dr. Beryne's position, in connection with the translation department of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and Dr. Gill's services in the same department,

together with his laborious and eminently useful visit last winter to the British Provinces of North America, as a deputation from the Society, were mentioned among other objects of recognition in honouring these gentlemen. Dr. Gill being present, delivered, upon the invitation of the Principal, an address, which was listened to with marked attention.

The Principal here announced two University Prizes in addition to those he had been authorized to intimate at last Convocation when degrees in obedience were conferred—expressed the pleasure which was thereby afforded, of having the anticipations he then indulged in fully realized, and admonished the students that the continuance of such munificent inducements would, in a great measure, depend upon their competition for the prizes now offered. The following is a complete list of the prizes :

*The Carruthers Prize of \$50.*—Offered by John Carruthers, Esq., Kingston, for the best Essay on "The sources and uses of Petroleum and other Hydrocarbon Oils, with observations on the best modes of obtaining and transporting them, special reference being had to Canada." Open to all Students.

*Note.*—Without reference to the Essay, competitors are requested to add a short notice of the Economical Minerals of the Counties in which they reside.

*The Kingston Prize of \$30.*—For the best Essay on "Metastasis considered in relation to Rheumatism, Pyæmia, and Cancer." Open to all Medical Students.

*The Ottawa Prize of \$40.*—For the best Essay on "The advantages and responsibilities of our connection with the Parent Country." Open to all Students in Arts.

*The Montreal Prize of \$40.*—For the best Essay on "The didactic in relation to the devotional element in the Lord's Prayer." Open to all Students of Theology.

#### CONDITIONS.

1. The Essays are to be sent to the Registrar not later than the first Monday of November next, before which date competitors must be registered as Students.

2. Each competitor is to inscribe a motto, on his Essay and attach a sealed envelope bearing the same motto, and containing his name, with a declaration that the Essay is his unaided composition, and the envelope is to be opened and the author's name ascertained in Convocation only.

3. The successful Essays are to be deposited in the Library and remain the property of the University. They may be printed upon recommendation of the judges.

4. Any Essay to be successful must be judged to be of sufficient merit.

N.B.—These Prizes, though instituted by private liberality, rank as University Prizes, and the successful competitors will carry very high honours.

The Rev. Professor Mowat was called upon to deliver a valedictory address in behalf of the professors. The previous part of the proceed-

ings having extended over a considerable time, the professor confined himself to the concluding sentences of his address, in which he set before the students the remarkable example of success afforded by the appearance of Mr. Thomas Harkness, a graduate of Queen's, at a recent competitive examination for the East India civil service, as a stimulus to diligence and perseverance.

Fellows were elected—from the Faculty of Arts, Thomas F. Harkness, B.A., East India civil service; Theology, John McMillan, B.A., B.D., Nova Scotia; Law, the Hon. Attorney General West, John A. McDonald, LL.D.

Proceedings were then brought to a close by the Principal pronouncing the benediction.

*Success of a former Student.*—We are pleased to observe that Mr. McDonnell, a son of the Rev. George McDonnell, of Fergus, and formerly a distinguished student at Queen's, has been carrying off high honours at Edinburgh University. He has obtained the degree of B.D., the first prize in his year's Divinity, the second in Biblical Criticism, and the third in the Hepburn Competition.

*Donations to the Library.*—The late Principal Leitch, by bequest, 480 vols, containing many most valuable works; Maxwell Strange, Esq., Kingston, 197 vols., some of them very rare; John Rankin, Esq., Montreal, De Quincy's works in 21 vols. During the year ending 27th April there have been added to the Library 1748 volumes, almost all donations. Many thanks to the contributors for their assistance in enriching the collection. The Library is still very small and much remains to be done to bring it up to the mark.

*Alma Mater Society.*—The annual Conversation of this Society was held on the evening before the Convocation—John M. Machar, Esq., M.A., barrister, President, in the chair. The students, relieved from their examinations, had spent the day in decorating and preparing the rooms, and their work appeared to great advantage; The élite of Kingston—ladies and gentlemen—formed the assemblage, which was very large. The proceedings consisted of addresses, music, tableau, and experiments by the Professors of Natural Philosophy and Chemistry. The experiments proved very successful, and were much admired. Refreshments were also provided, in quality and quantity adapted to any appetite. The whole evening's enjoyment seemed, to the students at least, a fitting relaxation after the work of the Session.

#### COL. E. W. THOMSON.

It is not yet a year since the Synod met in Kingston, and how many who then took part in its proceedings have passed away. First, Mr. Petrie, elder from the Cumberland Church, was removed within a few weeks of his return home; and the last is Col. Thomson, of Toronto, whose loss we have now to deplore. Whoever came in contact with him could not fail to be impressed with a feeling of the genuineness of his character, and the singleness of

his heart. Without pretension to oratory, he had the knack of presenting his views in a practical form, and his influence in our Church was always for good. He enjoyed the esteem of all, and the part which he played in the Province was distinguished and honourable, and one which left an impress upon the past, and will have an effect upon the future of our country. But our loss is his gain. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

Called suddenly, although not, as we have every reason to believe, unprepared, he escaped the lingering pain which often accompanies death. The Sabbath after his interment the Rev. Dr. Barclay, of Toronto, preached his funeral sermon, from which we have been allowed to make the following extract. The text was from Job xiv. 10, "*But man dieth and wasteth away. Yea man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?*"

Death is ever busy in the prosecution of his melancholy mission among the sons of men. With unrelenting perseverance, and sometimes with startling rapidity, does he repeat, in successive demonstrations of the frailty of man, the one sad story of mortality—opening afresh the fountain of human sorrows—illustrating anew the transitoriness of human life—and carrying one after another of our neighbours, our acquaintances, and our friends away for ever from the living intercourse we had with them.

Within the circle of this congregation death has once more come, an unwelcome intruder. A man of mark among us, an Elder of the Church, has been stricken down. In the twinkling of an eye—without the usual warning notes of the heralds which announce the approach of the King of Terrors—unwasted by sickness—engaged in the ordinary avocations of life, he has passed away from us with such startling suddenness that we pause and wonder whether the sad story of his decease be indeed a reality! Last Lord's day found him as usual in his accustomed seat in the sanctuary—a worshipper along with us, and apparently in his wonted health. Ere another Sabbath dawned, his mortal part had been laid in "the narrow house," and his spirit had returned to God who gave it.

It seems fitting that here, where our departed friend has united with us for so many years in the worship of Almighty God, we should give expression to the feelings that move our hearts, and to the sympathies that press for utterance, over the severance of those earthly

ties that bound not a few of us to him, as a friend whom we had long known and highly respected. It is not my purpose—nor will it be expected of me, here to enter largely into the details of the events of his life. It is enough that in general terms, and in a few sentences, I should simply remind you of the salient points of his character, that for a few brief moments you may contemplate what he was as a man, highly respected among all who knew him—what as a member of society, for whose interests he had done not a little in his day—and what also as a Christian, humble and earnest, whose walk and conversation so fully accorded with his profession as a member of the household of faith: that while we thus pay due honour to his memory, and drop the tear of sympathy on his tomb, we may also learn the lessons that are taught us alike by his life and by his death.

The pulpit is no place for unmeasured eulogy. But I do not think that I use other than the sober language of truth when I speak of our departed friend as one who was upright in his principles and honourable in all his intercourse with his fellowmen. Of active habits, and unwearied diligence; with an open manliness of deportment, which gave its tone to all his actions, and with a soundness of judgment which enabled him usually to arrive at right conclusions, for his own guidance, and to give valuable advice to others; steady in his aims and strenuous in his efforts, to maintain the ascendancy of truth and right, with a kindness of disposition which led him to take a warm interest in the welfare of those around him, and, whilst decided in his own opinions, prompted him to pay a becoming deference to the views of others: he had thus many excellent qualities both of head and of heart to commend him to the approbation of the good, and he had secured a high place in the estimation of a large circle of friends as a valuable member of society and an upright estimable man.

Living, as he did, at a period in the history of this Province, when men of public spirit and of private worth were specially needed to aid in the development of the resources of a young country, he, in various ways, did important service, in his day, to the cause of the material and the social progress of this the land of his birth. His country, to which he was truly loyal, he had served in the field. In early life he was one of the gallant band of volunteer defenders of its soil—whose ranks are now greatly thinned by death—who in a time of need maintained a successful resistance to a foreign foe, sustained with undaunted bravery the honour of their country's flag, and preserved the

integrity of the Empire, of which it is our pride and happiness still to form a part.

His subsequent life presented instances not a few of unselfish devotion to the public interest: and he was well and widely known as a man of enlarged views and generous sympathies, who took his part with the foremost men of his time in seeking to promote the general prosperity of their common country.

Particularly is his name honourably associated with successful efforts to improve the agricultural operations, in which so large a portion of our population are directly interested; and, in that important department, to advance the general interests of the Province. The qualifications which fitted him for taking part in such work, justly demand our respectful recognition.

But there was something far more important than even these public and patriotic efforts—qualities and aims of sufficient prominence in his career to claim even a fuller and heartier tribute to his worth—especially from this place. His religious character was decided. Cherishing a becoming reverence for religion, he ever manifested a due regard for sacred things: Animated with an humble faith in the divine Saviour, he paid proper respect to the day of the Lord, and the ordinances of the church of Christ—whilst with exemplary regularity he attended public worship here notwithstanding his distance from this House of Prayer. Possessing an eminently catholic spirit, yet his attachment to the church of his fathers, as an honoured branch of the great Christian family, was sincere and enlightened. The efforts he so willingly made to aid in promoting the prosperity and extension of the Branch of the Parent church in this land, were highly to be commended. And he was ever ready to take his part in the advocacy of the claims of the various missionary and other schemes of the Church. His services as an Elder, both in the more local duties of his office, and as a representative of the session in the higher Ecclesiastical Courts of the Church, in which, in his turn, he sat as a member, are worthy of special mention. For the same clearness of apprehension, soundness of judgment, and honesty of purpose and good practical common sense, which formed a prominent characteristic of his mind, had there opportunity to manifest themselves in the opinion he formed, and the sentiments he expressed on the various important questions that came up for consideration in the Church Courts. Over all these qualities, which thus distinguished the deceased, there was spread that strong sense of religion which gave colour

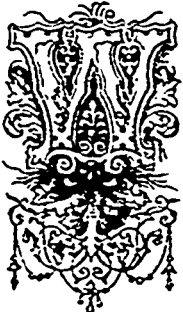
and complexion to his whole career. But to say this is but to affirm that he endeavoured to put religion to its proper use in making it not so much a matter of public profession (altho' that it also was with him) as a pervading principle by which he sought to regulate his life. Hence his religious character was not of that demonstrative kind which appeals to the public eye and seeks to attract the notice of others—as a thing superadded to other accomplishments. It was rather of that eminently practical sort which quietly and unostentatiously influenced his course of conduct, and enabled him to give to its claims the response of an upright, exemplary, Christian life. He had been the subject of early religious impressions, which grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength into the confirmed habit of a life regulated by the precepts and hopes of the gospel. In early life he made a narrow escape from a watery grave. On one occasion when travelling with him, long after, in that quarter, he himself pointed out to me the place where he was made the sole survivor of a numerous company who were overtaken by a storm on Lake Ontario, when the vessel was wrecked and all his companions were drowned—he alone succeeding, with much difficulty, in reaching the shore. He was then preserved, in the good Providence of God, for a life of activity and usefulness to his fellowmen, and that he might present the life of a humble Christian example in the sphere in which he moved. That example he endeavoured faithfully and unostentatiously to maintain. And though his departure was so sudden and unexpected, and death overtook him in circumstances which deprived him of the presence of those whose kind offices of affection would have been ministered to him in the closing scenes of life; and although the stroke of death came so suddenly as to deny him the opportunity even to arise and trim his lamp, yet the cry "behold the bridegroom cometh" surely took not such a man by surprise, but found him ready—firm in the faith wherein he had stood so long, and in the blessed hope of glorious immortality! We reverently bow to this dispensation of God's providence which has thus deprived us, as a congregation, of the further presence and counsel of an honoured member and a valued office bearer—we cherish his memory now that he is hidden from our eyes amid the dark shadows of the tomb—we offer our respectful and heartfelt sympathy to sorrowing relatives who lament his unexpected departure. We hear the solemn truth as it comes in distant echoes from the grave where the

righteous rest in peace, that decay and death, which thus have their triumph over all that is earthly in the condition and the hopes of man, cannot dim the brightness of the spiritual and the heavenly, but only succeed in giving to these elements of our regenerated nature a brighter and more enduring lustre,—and that godly example is the most precious legacy to friends and kindred, with the hallowed remembrances that hang around the life that was regulated by the “hope that maketh not ashamed.” And surely a solemn admonition is lifted among us this day that “there is but a step between us

and death.” It may overtake you in youth when the journey of life had scarcely been more than begun. It may meet you in the mid-time of your days, when but half your course seemed to be run—or its dark shadows may not envelop you until you have descended into the vale of years. But whether in the second or in the third watch the cry ariseth—“Behold the bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him.” “The night is far spent—the day is at hand.” “Let your loins be girded and your lamps burning and ye yourselves like unto men who wait the coming of their Lord.

## Correspondence.

### WHAT ABOUT THE GRIFFINTOWN CHURCH?



venture to affirm that there is not within the bounds of the Church a more interesting and important mission-field than in Griffintown, Montreal. This district is most extensive and populous. It embraces that portion of the city which lies between St. Joseph street and the canal, bounded on the west by the city limits, and on the east by McGill street. It contains a population of fully 18,000, of whom 12,000 are Roman Catholics; of the remaining 6000, more than 2000 are Presbyterians. The character of Griffintown has greatly changed within the last few years, and we are glad to believe, decidedly for the better. A few years ago, it used to be a common saying that “it was as much as a man’s life was worth to walk through Griffintown after dark.” Griffintown was in Montreal what the “Five Points” was in New York, or the “Seven Dials” in London.

But, since the great fire in June, 1852, the character of this portion of the city has materially changed. Substantial and commodious brick buildings have taken the place of the former wooden hovels. An industrious, respectable class of people now occupy the whole district. Griffintown is now, in a great measure, the residence of that most interesting class of the community—mechanics and artisans—and it will most probably increase in population of this class more rapidly than any other district of the city. The rents are low, the situation is not unhealthy, it is also in close proximity to the city mills, foundries, public works, and shipping yards.

The church accommodation in Griffintown is altogether inadequate to the necessities of the Presbyterian population. In that extensive and populous district there is only one Presbyterian Church, the one in St. Joseph street, erected by the Canada Presbyterian Church—a building capable of seating about 400 people. Where, then, are the other 1600? We would be far from saying that they attend no place of worship—we do know, from personal acquaintance, that this is the case with many of them; but, as a class, we believe that they are a moral church-going people. They find accommodation, as best they may, in the city churches; but this, on account of the distance and already over crowded state of many of these churches, with great inconvenience and disadvantage to themselves. At the present time, we unhesitatingly affirm, that there is a crying necessity for a new and large Presbyterian church in this part of the city. Such a church, erected in William street or its vicinity, would soon, we believe, be filled with an interesting, prosperous, self-supporting congregation. Now, if this be true, viewed in the light of present circumstances, how much more clamant does this necessity become, when we remember the rapidly increasing population of the city, and of this district in particular. There is no city in America which is growing more rapidly in wealth and numbers than Montreal. In the last ten years its population has actually doubled itself. Ten years more, if we go on at this rate, we will have a population of over 250,000. Now, are we to wait until that time, before we bestir ourselves in the matter of building sufficient and commodious churches for the necessities of our people? Surely not: if we are true to ourselves our extension should keep equal pace

with that of the city. In truth, the principle of action in every enlightened Christian church should be—to build in *advance* of the population, and not to lag behind it.

But, apart from this general view, there is another circumstance to be taken into account, which bears more particularly upon the Griffintown church question. And that is the fact that the Presbyterian congregations are removing their churches from the lower to the extreme western part of the city. At this present time there are no less than four large churches in process of erection in the upper western part of Montreal, viz., the American Presbyterian, Dr. Taylor's, the St. Gabriel street, and a Methodist church, and, in all probability, in less than two years, St. Paul's church will follow their example. "Westward, ho!" seems to be the cry of the city churches. A mania seems to be possessing them for building in the fashionable "upper ten" part of the city. Now what will be the consequence of this movement? Why, many of those in the lower part of the city—for whom, at present, there is barely sufficient church accommodation—will actually be cut off from church attendance.

No doubt the great bulk of these congregations will go with their new churches, but in each there will be many, and these principally of the middle and poorer classes, who will find it practically impossible, not only from the distance, but also the increased expense necessitated by the erection of these large and fashionable churches, to maintain their attendance at these new places of worship. Thus, like sheep without a fold, they will wander about at the peril of their souls, and, perhaps, finally make shipwreck of their faith within the open doors of Arminianism and Unitarianism.

Here, then, we affirm, is a mission-field, second in importance and interest to none within the bounds of the Church. We have now a most favourable opportunity of building, and thus of adding to our Church in the first city in British America, an entirely new and influential congregation.

The Church, it is true, has not been actually unmindful of the claims of this field. In the winter of 1864 the Rev. Mr. Darrach of Point St. Charles, commenced and maintained an afternoon service upon the Sabbath. This action of his was followed up—the following Spring,—by the appointment of the Presbytery of Montreal, of Mr. Joshua Fraser, of the Queen's College Missionary Association, to labour in this field. This gentleman prosecuted the work steadily and with a fair measure of

success. Services morning and evening, Bible classes, prayer meetings and visiting among the people were faithfully carried on. But during this time the great desideratum of the field, and what rendered the missionary's work fruitless as far as organizing a congregation was concerned, was a suitable building in which to hold divine services. The building in which he preached had been generously placed at his disposal by Mrs. Aitken, a lady whose Christian solicitude and active benevolence in this part of the city cannot be too highly spoken of. This building—built solely at Mrs. Aitken's expense—while admirably adapted for Sabbath Schools and prayer meetings, was yet altogether unsuitable as a means for attracting and organizing a congregation—it was small, inconveniently situated, and difficult of access. With it as a central collecting point, the missionary's hands were practically tied, his best efforts were rendered abortive. All experience proves that missionary operations, especially in a city, are useless for the object of forming a congregation, without a respectable commodious church in which to meet with the people.

Mr. Fraser laboured as the Presbytery missionary for a year; at the expiration of which time, the Presbytery, from actual want of funds, felt themselves unable any longer to guarantee him his salary. They were then in arrears to him for the half of the past year, and had not one cent in their treasury wherewith to pay this, nor to provide for the future. The missionary however, realizing the importance of the field, continued his work as before, and still does so, and thus keeps the field open and in the hands of the Church.

This then is what has been done. What has yet to be done is obvious to all. The first and last essential for the proper working of this field is a substantial church capable of seating 500 or 600 people. For the purchase of a lot and the erection of a building the sum of \$10,000 is necessary. Upon whom rests the responsibility of the matter? We say unhesitatingly upon the two city churches, St. Andrew's and St. Paul's. They have the means, they have the opportunity of accurately knowing the field—they are interested in it in every conceivable way above all others. Surely when the claims which this object has upon their sympathy and assistance are made known to them, they will have sufficient heart and Christian zeal to respond to them. We believe that with the majority of our people, all that is necessary in such cases as these, is a plain unvarnished statement of facts, an appeal not so

much to their feelings as to their enlightened judgment and Christian duty.

For the credit of our Church and the glory of God may our ministers and people be stimulated to *immediate* action in this matter. Let us not allow year after year to slip away, until our opportunity of building is lost to us, and Griffintown be made to tingle in our ears with all the stinging reproach of the old St. Joseph

Street failure. We have now an opportunity of adding to our church an independent, flourishing congregation; every such accession as this adds moral weight to the Church, and increases her influence for good, both at home and abroad.

These things are written about the Griffintown church by

*Cognitor.*

## Articles Communicated.



FEW months ago appeared a book with the title "Apologia pro Vita Sua," being Dr. Newman's final reply to the charges incidentally made against him in the Macmillan Magazine of January 1864, by the Rev. Charles Kingsley. The angry dispute, which preceded the appearance of the book has almost already gone down to that abyss of oblivion, which swallows up so many controversies, that excited attention and warm feeling while they lasted:—but it has left an enduring memorial, which will not soon be forgotten, in Dr. Newman's book. It would be hardly worth while referring to the quarrel were it not for the example it affords of two men, wise and sensible in their own way, persistently refusing to give each other credit for honourable motives, or to understand each other's words in the sense in which they are meant; and thus being carried away by the heat of passion to write things neither honourable, gentlemanly, nor true.

Mr. Kingsley in reviewing Froude's Hist. of the Reign of Elizabeth, and in referring to the low moral state of Roman Catholicism at the time, remarks that "Truth for its own sake had never been a virtue with the Roman clergy." If he had stopped at this general proposition no one would have taken issue at it: for while in one sense it is wrong, in another, it is incontrovertibly right. But to justify himself, he added: "Father Newman informs us that it need not be: and on the whole ought not to be: that cunning is the weapon which Heaven has given to the Saints wherewith to withstand the brute main force of the wicked world, which marries and is given in marriage." Now Mr. Kingsley was decidedly wrong in stepping aside to aim a

blow at Dr. Newman. Even if Dr. Newman had said exactly the words, the tone with which they are introduced savours of ill-feeling and revenge. But Dr. Newman did not say them. He said something very like them, and to which most readers would attach that meaning, in a sermon on "Wisdom and Innocence," from the text "Be ye wise as serpents, and harmless as doves." But they were capable of a somewhat different interpretation,—and where a man's words may be interpreted in a favourable and unfavourable sense, we are bound not to charge him with the wrong. Dr. Newman's opinions, however, look so very similar to what Mr. Kingsley attributed to him, that we imagine that nine out of ten of those who have sneered at Mr. Kingsley's mental calibre, which incapacitated him from measuring the depth of Dr. Newman's meaning, would have construed Dr. Newman's sermon in the very same way Mr. Kingsley did: and we therefore cannot but feel sorry for him, writhing as he must be in the grasp of his powerful antagonist, altogether his superior in dialectics. Dr. Newman naturally took issue at the imputation, and called upon Mr. Kingsley for an apology. A lame apology was given, and published in the next number of Macmillan's Magazine. It was to the effect that as Dr. Newman asserts he did not mean what he was charged with, he, Mr. Kingsley is compelled to believe him. Yet we cannot help feeling that Mr. Kingsley continued mentally "but for all that I do believe what I said."

Of course the apology was unsatisfactory. Dr. Newman thereupon published a pamphlet, very clever, but very disingenuous, in which he twists poor Mr. Kingsley's words into any other shape than that he intended to give them. This was followed by a brochure from his opponent, reflecting

upon Dr. Newman's whole life, as well as upon the matter in hand—and telling him broadly that whereas heretofore he had considered him a knave, he now regarded him as a fool.

Newman always knew that his conduct in the past had been explained by one or other of those suppositions, and had long wished to lay an explanation of his life before his countrymen and late fellow-churchmen. The opportunity had, however, never occurred. Now he felt compelled to undertake it: and he has fulfilled his difficult task unsparingly and honestly. When brought to the point, we can well believe his assertion that "he shrank from the exposure which it would entail. I must, I said, give the true key to my whole life. I must show what I am, that it may be seen what I am not, and that the phantom may be distinguished which gibbers, instead of me.....It is not pleasant for me to be egotistical, nor to be criticised for being so. It is not pleasant to reveal to high and low, young and old, what has gone on within me from very early youth. It is not pleasant to be giving to every shallow or flippant disputant the advantage over me of knowing my most private thoughts, I might even say the intercourse between myself and my Maker." Yet what he proposed to do he has done. As far as it was possible to make it so, his narrative reveals the working of his innermost life, side by side with its outward manifestation. And we accept it as true,—as true as any narrative of the evanescent operations of the mind can be—if only for this reason, that it makes him appear a far weaker intellect than he received the credit of being. He knew this, and it must have cost him a struggle to give this advantage to "every shallow and flippant disputant."

He depicts himself as a strongly marked character, making its own individuality strongly felt throughout life, and impelling him, often successfully, in a direction contrary to that in which his intellect, if unfettered, would lead him, and as being at the same time acutely susceptible to the influence of others. Now this is not the light in which men would be regarded: and in which most men would be honest enough to portray themselves. Yet judging by the irresistible bent with which men adhere to some certain set of cognate opinions—it is not the true light in which to read the conduct so often inexplicable on any other grounds—of many a man in every walk of society. While this, then,

produces in the readers of Newman's book a conviction of sincerity, it gives a dramatic interest to his history with which it might have been supposed impossible to invest a life so devoid of incident as his. He appears in it driven on step by step, against his will, to a goal whither the natural bent of his mind irresistibly led him, but from which his reason was continually repelling him. He was throughout life arguing against a natural inclination, to which the peculiar constitution of his mind gave a tremendous force.

He was and is a man of a fine logical intellect. No further proof of this could be desired than the book we are reviewing. But with the logical power was combined in a high degree that still more subtle element of mind which distinguishes relations and seizes analogies, as it were by intuition; relations and analogies—which the mere reason is powerless generally to discover, but which it should be able to try, so as to accept them if true, reject them if only imaginative and delusive. Here, we conceive Dr. Newman's mind was at fault. The intuitive or imaginative faculty was too strong for the ratiocinative. Instead of using his reason to check the products of his imagination, and reject, as he should have done, the greater part, he used it to find arguments for their support.

From a child he had a strong conviction of the reality of the unseen. To his fancy the air was peopled with angels; he himself was an angel, and the natural world a dream and a deception. At fifteen years of age he was converted, and remained under the influence of men of the Clapham sect—the extreme Evangelical—till far on in his college career. The views he acquired then and the opinions he adopted clung to him with annoying tenacity, and delayed, no doubt, his ultimate change of principles. At Oriel, however, he fell under the influence of men who gave an opposite direction to his thoughts; and under whose guidance he rapidly abandoned Calvinism and readily imbibed opinions more congenial to his mental disposition. But more powerful than any of the living, we can well believe to have been Bishop Butler, whose scheme of analogies between the natural and the spiritual fell in with the original tendency of Newman's mind, and was adopted. But of course in adopting Butler's principle, he gave it shape to suit the emergencies of his then spiritual and religious state. He easily derived from it an argument for the Roman Catholic doctrine of the sacraments. These



he found no difficulty in believing to be pervaded by a spiritual essence, on the same reasoning as he believed the natural universe and the system of providence to be governed by the same rules and the same powers as are exerted in the economy of grace. It can require no great stretch of faith for a man haunted with such dreams of the spiritual world as hovered about Newman not only in his childish days but throughout life, to embrace a doctrine which simply represents what he is accustomed to consider pervaded by a spiritual essence, as pervaded through some mysterious process by an element more sacred and divinely spiritual still.

Another principle which forms the groundwork of Butler's system he afterwards found very useful in enabling him to accept what otherwise his reason would have rejected. "The doctrine that probability is the guide of life, gave him a plea with which to persuade his rebellious reason into accepting many a monstrous story on the very slightest grounds of evidence.

He was thus soon drifting towards Rome, and now having broken away so completely from his early persuasions, he needed some surer guide than his reason, which had, he supposed, already led him astray, and that guide he found in antiquity. The voice of antiquity, as heard through the apostolical succession, which he supposed to distinguish the English church and to stamp it as the true Church, he accepted as his infallible monitor. That voice gave utterance always, as he supposed, to dogmas, defining as accurately as words could define, the precise nature of the truth which it expressed. The theory, therefore, taught by his brother and Theodore Parker, which rejected as incompatible with man's spiritual nature, the possibility of a book revelation and adherence to logically defined dogmas, and which accepts as revelation the multitudinous and various intuitions, or fancies of each individual mind; this theory of course was hateful in Dr. Newman's eyes, and the propounder of it, though his brother, (if we may judge from a stray expression) equally odious.

The sacraments in their Roman Catholic sense, antiquity and dogma, he regarded then as indispensable signs of the true church. These he thought to distinguish exclusively the Anglican church, as its doctrines were propounded by the Tractarian School: and therefore he adhered to that church. The Roman Catholic approached nearest, but as vicious practices, of which the

Reformation had cleansed the English Church still adhered to it, it held a secondary place.

Arrived at this point he made a firm stand, and for years evidently remained steadfast in his opinions. During that time he was the leader of the Tractarian movement, though he assigns that important position to others: and both by his writings and his personal influence did more than any other man to give shape and permanency to the present High Church party. Their most powerful engine was a series of Tracts expository of the true tenets of the Anglican Church. The tracts excited just such a commotion throughout the land, as the Essays and Reviews or Colenso's books have raised during the past four years. The excitement culminated in the ninetieth Tract, written by Newman himself, which expounded in such strong terms the tenets of the *via media*, as they called their school, seeing it lay between Roman Catholicism on the one hand and Evangelical Anglicism on the other,—that the Bishops were obliged to notice it. Newman compounded by stopping the series, on condition that he were not compelled to withdraw from circulation the obnoxious Tract: but bishop after bishop treated it severely in their charges, after Newman supposed the matter had been allowed to drop. He had heretofore looked upon his Bishop as the Roman Catholic looks upon the Pope. Henceforth he could do so no longer, and now he began to doubt the claims of the English Church.

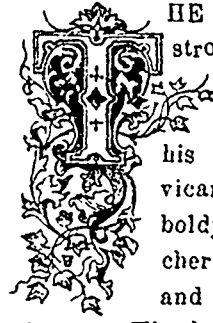
The doubt once having taken hold of him was strengthened by the conduct of the English Church in the Jerusalem Bishopric affair. Lutheran Prussia and Episcopal England agreed to establish a Protestant Bishopric in the East, the see to be filled successively by a nominee from each Church. Therein the English Church, he considered, disowned the claim he had been attributing to her. Such an unnatural alliance with a body which could lay no claim to antiquity, and whose doctrines were professedly derived at once from the Bible, without being consolidated by their progress through antiquity, was obnoxious in the extreme, and intended still further to materially weaken his hold on the English church. And so it went on for several years, lingering threads of faith and old associations holding him back from taking the final step and leaving the church in which he had so long ministered, but to which he had really for some time not

belonged. It is a painful but very instructive period of his life, and he has faithfully laid it open. How he grasped at one argument after another in the vain attempt to save himself;—how when one sign of the supposed true Church failed to meet the case of the English Church he invented another;—how frivolous the objections often were which shook his faith in the English church, and still more frivolous those which won his adherence to the Church of Rome,—and how great a struggle of contending feeling preceded the resignation of one office after another in the Church he had so much loved, and where he had so many lovers;—how hard it was to bear the obloquy which was heaped so thickly upon him by those who did not and could not understand his feelings and position,—and how he at length superstitiously accepted the chance appearance of a certain Father Dominic a Passionist (who from his youth had been led “to have distinct and direct thoughts first of the countries of the North and then of England, and who after thirty years waiting was without his own act sent there”) to be admitted into the fold of the only true Church: all this the closing chapters of the book set forth! Never was so much weakness voluntarily confessed by so strong a man. The effect of it upon the reader is strange in the extreme. He feels not merely that Newman was honest in every step he took, but that he was driven inevitably by his own logic under the dictation of feeling to the destination he at length reached; that his own arguments were sufficient to convince himself, and yet that they are utterly powerless to convince any one else. It is strange that one should rise from a book so powerfully written, so fascinating in style, and to the author so conclusive in argument, without feeling the slightest inclination to think as he thinks. And when the writer leaves the autobiography to define and support his present belief, we are amazed at his frankness and still more at his failure. If we mistake not, the book has called forth an opinion from the Head of the Romish Church very far from favourable (though of course no one will hear anything of that): and still it will be, we are sure, a useful weapon in the hands of future Protestant controversialists.

PERKIN is surrounded by wall within wall. The outside wall is sixteen miles in circumference. It is of massive masonry, being sixty feet high and forty feet broad, with nine great iron gates, each surmounted by a lofty tower.

## SONGS OF PRAISE.

No. 5.



HE name of Toplady savours strongly of Calvinism and polemical strife. With Rowland Hill, then a young man, and his brother, Sir John Bevidge, vicar of Everton, and others, he boldly assailed Wesley and Fletcher of Madeley, the champions and defenders of the Bristol minutes. His clear and forcible exposition of the true doctrine, as understood by Calvinists, was of great service at the time, and is still valuable; but it is to be regretted that so much acerbity mingled with the discussion, and that so much was said and done to destroy the character and usefulness of so eminent a servant of God as John Wesley. Wesley, who at a previous period would have married his cousin, if his brother Charles had not interfered, had the misfortune to make an unhappy alliance, his biographer Southey classing his wife with Xantippe and Job's wife. This very imprudent and faithless woman was in league with the opponents of her husband, and furnished them with material for charges, which were no doubt unfounded or grossly exaggerated.

Toplady never departed from his attitude of extreme hostility to Wesley. When on his death-bed, a report was circulated that he had sought and obtained an interview with Mr. Wesley in order to secure his forgiveness, the dying man was so indignant, that he caused himself to be carried to the church, where he solemnly declared his adherence to the opinions he had advocated, and protested that he had nothing to retract of what he had said regarding Mr. Wesley. When he reached home he wrote his “dying avowal,” publishing it in the form of a tract, in which he attributed the report to the “perfect liars;” and said with respect to Mr. Wesley—“I most sincerely hope my last hours will be much better employed than in conversing with such a man.”

Toplady died in his thirty-eighth year, having rendered in this short period illustrious service to his age. His fame will rest chiefly upon his hymns, especially upon one, which has met with, as it merited, universal favour, and which, if the world should continue, and pass again through a period unfavourable to the preservation of literary remains, will probably survive, like the solitary hymns of some primitive writers, kept alive in every age and under every change by the strong hold it is fitted to

maintain on the interest and affection of the people. "Rock of ages cleft for me" (57) is now on every tongue; it has been translated into many languages; it has confessedly ministered to the comfort of many persons in life and death, and is worthy, from its structure, force and pathos, of all the encomiums which have been heaped upon it. It is said, that the late lamented Prince Consort found great comfort from it upon his death-bed. An eminent writer has styled it the first of English hymns. No more profitable exercise can be imagined than the earnest utterance of its life-giving sentiments.

There are none of the other hymns of Toplady equal to the "Rock of ages." It exactly suits the requirements of a hymn, simple and compressed in its language, rich and full in its meaning, earnest and devout in its spirit, and revolving, with happiest effect, round the great truth of the efficacy of the atonement. How much better suited the stanza than the ordinary metre, for the expression of earnest longing. But the other hymns of Toplady are characterized by much of the same power, and nervous elegant expression. He finds an excellent hymn on the 137th Psalm. (Hymn 140.)

Your harps, ye trembling saints  
Down from the willows take \* \*

His jubilee hymn, "Blow ye the trumpet, blow" is a very masterly production, and is worthy of a place in every hymn book. With Cowper he has described the spiritual life under the figure of a voyage to heaven, with Christ as the pilot through the quicksands and storm. With Pope he has made the dying believer soliloquize his own soul in stirring terms :

Deathless principle, arise,  
Soar, thou native of the skies,  
Pearl of price by Jesus bought,  
To his glorious likeness wrought,  
Go to shine before his throne,  
Deck his mediatorial crown,  
Go, his triumphs to adorn,  
Made for God, to God return.  
Lo he beckons from on high!  
Fearless to his presence fly:  
Shine the merit of his blood:  
Shine the righteousness of God.  
Angels joyful to attend,  
Hov'ring round thy pillow bend,  
Wait to catch the signal given,  
And escort thee quick to heaven.

A number of excellent hymns by Toplady we cannot use from their length, structure, or some peculiarity, which unfits them for use in the sanctuary. A few of them were written during the heat of the controversy already alluded to, and sing the praises of election, the terms

which have so often given offence in the pulpit when injudiciously used, being here tenderly and lovingly conveyed. These hymns on election, by the way, which are quite unfitted for divine service from their controversial aspect, are certain to be met with in the collections of the Calvinistic Baptist churches, with whom Toplady is a prime favourite.

The Olney Hymns derive their chief importance, from the part which the poet Cowper had in their production. The residence at Olney of Cowper, and his deep interest in religion, led the pious Newton to turn the opportunity to advantage, and a volume of hymns was projected of a comprehensive nature, embracing the whole narrative of Scripture as well as all subjects relating to the Christian faith and life, in which the genius of Cowper, and the diligence of Newton were to be combined for the good of the church, and also as a lasting monument of the warm friendship of the two writers for each other. The fatal malady of Cowper arrested his hand before his portion of the work had far advanced, the noble faculty was unstrung, and Newton was left alone. It is surely impossible to sing the noble hymn, "God moves in a mysterious way," without tears, when we remember that it was the last effort of Cowper's pen, in the joint task, ere reason fled; and that it was written on his return from an excursion, which had been undertaken with a view to self-destruction. What a burlesque by the way, is the tune (Walmer) set in Scotch music books to these words. Newton went on with the work, and performed both Cowper's share of it and his own. We take but little interest, however, in Newton's verses compared with those that are marked C. which needed not this distinguishing sign to make known their authorship. The conversation and counsel of a thoroughly sincere and pious man will always be instructive, and will be listened to with respect, whether he speak in prose or verse. His experience is serviceable to others. But there is something more required for song than piety and a willingness to be useful. Newton seems to have been aware that he lacked the gift, though he wrote so many hymns; for we find him attempting to justify himself by saying, that it is not poetical ability so much as simple versification that is needed in a hymn,—an erroneous opinion which has been widely entertained and has led to the deluge of inferior productions, by which in England hymnology has nearly perished. "If the Lord whom I serve," he says, "has been pleased to favour me with that mediocrity of talent, which may qualify me for

usefulness to the poor and weak of his flock without quite disgusting persons of superior discernment, I have reason to be satisfied." Of his talent, such as it was, he made a good use; and his verses, from the dignity and force of the genuine piety that reigns in them, have been profitable to many. One of his best hymns, on the name of Jesus, evidently founded on Bernard's hymn, will be found in the collection (106). One or two others might be included; but a higher style than Newton's should as a rule be aimed at.

Cowper contributed to the collection some sixty hymns. A few of them are admirable, as

"Far from the world, O Lord, I flee;"  
 "O for a closer walk with God (127);"  
 "There is a fountain filled with blood;"  
 "The spirit breathes upon the word (100);"  
 "O Lord, my best desire fulfil;"  
 "The billows swell the winds on high;"  
 "God moves in a mysterious way (39)."

The genius of Cowper appears to perfection in these and some other hymns. In others he has been tolerably successful, but there are more among his hymns than we should have expected which fail to reach the ideal of a good hymn, or which, for some reason or other, are unavailable for the purpose intended. We are the more disappointed at this, that Cowper's muse was of a kind the best suited for a hymn writer, his power lying in the description, by language of unaffected and touching pathos, of his own feelings under the experience through which he was passing, or the objects by which he was immediately surrounded. He turned aside from the grander subjects which have usually excited the ambition of poets, from the glare and ostentation of the world, and threw the light of his genius upon common objects, until people were surprised and delighted that there was so much true poetry in ordinary life. Some of his hymns, like passages in his best poems, are too prosaic. Others, again, have a moodiness and gloom, which disqualifies them for ordinary use. His versification is sometimes at fault; indeed, he affected a disregard of smoothness. "Give me," he said on one occasion, "a manly rough line, with a deal of meaning in it, rather than a whole poem full of musical periods that have nothing but their smoothness to recommend them." A rough line interferes sadly, however, with the success of a hymn.

Passing over a quarter of a century we come to two illustrious contemporaries, Montgomery and Heber, who have both rendered signal service to the cause of hymnology. Mont-

gomery was born some years before Heber, but death reversed the order, and the missionary bishop fell a martyr to his duties nearly thirty years before the Sheffield poet was gathered to his fathers in years and honour.

The genius of Montgomery is not of the highest order, and his longer poems are deficient in some qualities necessary for success, as dramatic power, skill in narrative, and completeness and variety of incident. But in his shorter pieces, where there is little necessity for construction, his power is great and his simple, earnest, pure, and nervous style appears to much advantage. He seems to have understood well what was required in a hymn, and to have addressed himself to the work with the object fairly in view and well considered. He came of a good school, and it needs only a glance at the collection of Moravian hymns, which he edited for the use of his fellow Moravians in the three kingdoms, to perceive how powerful must have been the impression made upon a poetical nature by so rich a fountain of song. There was another impelling reason for the direction which the muse of Montgomery took in singing the songs of the Church. It was the great aim of his life to be useful, and he turned readily aside from what was frivolous or fashionable to supply a felt want. He claimed this merit for himself at a public dinner given to him in Sheffield; and said, that if he had succeeded, it was entirely owing to this. How well he judged for the interests of society as well as for his own fame, the result proves. While poets of equal calibre are read only by a few, and their works remain subject to a doubtful criticism, the sacred songs of Montgomery have found their way into the hearts of Christian people, and contribute largely to their enjoyment. Bright in the gratitude and love of the faithful is the halo which encircles the name of a sweet singer of Israel.

Montgomery published his *Songs of Zion* in 1822. This was an attempt to translate the psalms of which he has furnished seventy-two versions of particular psalms or parts of them. Some of these are very superior. Witness his translation of the 100, 72, 27, 91 and 133, beginning with the lines:

"Be joyful in God all ye lands of the earth;"  
 "Hail to the Lord's Anointed;"  
 "God is my strong salvation;"  
 "Call Jehovah thy salvation;"  
 "How beautiful the sight."

If ever the Church should compound a version of the psalms from the different translations

that have been made—and this would seem to be a far more reasonable course to pursue than to accept the complete work of a single translator however able and well fitted for his task,—Montgomery will receive, as he deserves, great preëminence. It may be safely now accepted as a rule, established by abundant experience, that any writer, no matter how gifted, who addresses himself to the task, either of translating the psalms, or of providing other needful hymns, will succeed only in a very limited number of his efforts, so difficult is it to reach the standard of a hymn, and satisfy all its requirements. The earlier translators, whose versions have been used in the churches, have a uniform dulness, and, if dulness be the object, we cannot do better than continue in the old track. But the number of superior versions of single psalms is rapidly increasing, and we shall soon, by combining the efforts of individuals, possess a translation of the psalms that will be more proof against criticism, and more suited to the lofty style of the original.

In the year 1825 Montgomery, who had now fairly given his mind to the subject of praise, published a collection of hymns in five parts, the last of which consisted of original hymns of his own, prefixing to the whole an essay in which he embodied his views on hymnology. He steadily added to the number of original hymns during the remainder of his life, assisting Bickersteth and other compilers by fresh compositions. At the close of his long and useful life, in the year 1853, he gathered together all he had written, which now formed a respectable volume of "Original Hymns, by James Montgomery," assigning, as a reason for the publication, the great liberty that had been taken, not by the use of his compositions, but by the alteration of his text, that detestable habit of which authors had so much reason to complain, but which is now happily beginning to disappear from the church. "This is the cross," says the poet, "by which every author of a hymn, who hopes to be useful in his generation, may expect to be tested at the pleasure of any Christian brother, however incompetent or little qualified to amend what he may deem amiss in one of the most delicate and difficult exercises of a tender heart and an enlightened understanding." In this farewell publication the poet revises his own hymns, and makes sometimes petty alterations, which are felt to be uncomfortable as interfering with the memory, while the improvement is, in many cases, more than questionable.

Montgomery has contributed a large number of superior hymns. Sometimes he fails in his

plan, and the judgment otherwise displayed is not always correct; but the style is so admirable, that we hail his voice on every subject. In the Synod's collection will be found the following, and a few more might be added with advantage: hymns 21, 24, 43, 52, 73, 93, 129, 157, 160, 161, 162, 164, 170.

There is a romance about the name of Heber. His birth and social advantages, his university distinction, his brilliant professional prospects in the Church at home freely renounced at the call of duty, his Indian diocese and labours, his fine talent, the rich imagination which seemed to find a congenial sphere in the East, his devotedness, with the noble disposition which he on all occasions evinced, surround him with the deepest interest. It was a bright and heroic career, and when it came prematurely to a close, the shock and lamentation were great. Many reflected that so fair and valuable a life should have been given to the heats of India, and the labours of a diocese that was too extensive for one man to oversee; and thought how much the bench of England would have been improved and adorned by the presence upon it of such a man. But a life sacrificed to duty, as Heber's was, is far from lost. It was fitting that such a man should go forth to the heathen with the banner of the cross in his hand. His name and memory will be all the more illustrious that he fell at his difficult post, while his life was yet young.

It was one of the most cherished objects of Heber's valuable life that he should provide the church with a hymnology more in keeping with the worship of the sanctuary than the hymns which were current throughout England; and for a work of this kind he would, with reason and practice, regard himself as specially adapted, his brilliant success in "Palestine" and other poems encouraging him to proceed. He projected a series of hymns "appropriate to the Sundays and principal holidays of the year, connected, in some degree, with their particular collects and gospels, and designed to be sung between the Nicene creed and the sermon. He solicited the help of the present dean of St. Paul's, Dr. Milman, who sent him a number of superior hymns; also of Sir Walter Scott, who disappointed him by only contributing one, a short paraphrase of the Dies Iræ. He had also hopes of Southey. He announced his intention in the pages of the Christian Observer as early as 1811, giving a few hymns as a sample; but he was called away to India before the work was completed; and it was not until after his death, in 1826, that the volume was published by his widow. Several letters to

Milman on the subject are extremely interesting. He had a perfect horror of the "vile trash, vile in sentiment and theology, as well as style, which prevailed, more or less, in all the collections which he had seen; at the same time," he says, "that experience shews us that the common people require something more obviously appropriate to Christian feelings than the Psalms of David alone." It comes out in the correspondence that the Bishop of London, whom Heber had consulted in the hope of getting his work licensed, when ready for use in the churches, disapproved of the ornate and highly artistic style, which is the great fault of both Heber and Milman. "Of my conversations with the Bishop of London," he says to Milman, "I have, on the whole, a very favourable account to render. He, himself, acknowledged and lamented a deficiency in ear; and accordingly, being accustomed to judge of merits rather by his fingers than by any other test, he is less tolerant than I could wish of anapaests and trochaic lines. He was surprised, however, when I shewed him that your 'Chariot,' for Advent Sunday, rolled to the same time with the old 104th psalm. In other respects his taste is exquisite, though, where my own lines were concerned, I thought him too uncompromising a lover of simplicity."

The judgment of Heber is sadly at fault in some of the hymns he has written, thus professedly for the sanctuary. They are quite unsuitable for divine service. The imagination is fine, and we love to read them in the printed page, but, in worship we must have the simplicity for which the Bishop of London contended. Yet where Heber and Milman do not transgress all bounds, when their rich and luxurious fancy is chastened by a little sense of fitness and gospel simplicity, a collection is greatly enriched by their splendid lines. The Missionary Hymn of Heber stands alone for beauty and power. It was written at the request of his father-in-law the Dean of St. Asaph, who was to preach in Wrexham for the Society for Propagating the Gospel, and wished a new hymn for the occasion. Few lines have answered their purpose so admirably, or found so general a response in the hearts of Christian people. After waiting for nine years, Heber rejoiced in the birth of a daughter, and heavy was his calamity when his beloved child was removed at the age of six months. One of the happy fruits of this affliction to others was the beautiful hymn. "Thou art gone to the grave but we will not deplore thee." Of Heber's hymns the following may be mentioned as well adapt-

ed for church service :

- " Hosanna to the living Lord (23) ;"
- " O Saviour is thy promise fled (73) ;"
- " Spirit of truth on this thy day ;"
- " Hely, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty (28) ;"
- " Beneath our feet and o'er our head ;"
- " From Greenland's icy mountains (159) ;"
- " The Lord shall come, the earth shall quake ;"
- " Lord of mercy and of might."

There are many beautiful ones, where the imagination is a little too luxuriant, as

- " Brightest and best of the sons of the morning ;"
- " The Son of God goes forth to war (114) ;"
- " The Lord of might from Sinai's brow."

The hymns of Milman are of the same high character as Heber's, and are open in some cases to the same objection. The following are the most useful :

- " O help us Lord each hour of need (36) ;"
- " Ride on, ride on in majesty (51) ;"
- " When our heads are bowed with woe (49) ;"

His chariot hymn for Advent and his Passion for Good Friday, in the style of Sir Robert Grant's litany, are two of the noblest efforts of the sacred muse, though not well adapted for worship. We shall conclude the article by a specimen of each.

The chariot ! the chariot ! its wheels roll on fire,  
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire ;  
Self-moving it drives on its pathway of cloud,  
And the heavens with the burden of Godhead are bowed.

The glory ! the glory ! by myriads are poured,  
The hosts of the angels to wait on their Lord ;  
And the glorified saints, and martyrs are there,  
And all who the palm wreath of victory wear.

The trumpet ! the trumpet ! the dead have all heard :  
Lo the depths of the stone covered channel are stirred ;  
From the sea, from the land, from the south and the north,  
The vast generations of men are come forth.

Bound upon the accursed tree,  
Faint and bleeding, who is he ?  
By the eyes so pale and dim,  
Streaming blood, and writhing limb ;  
By the flesh with scourges torn,  
By the crown of twisted thorn,  
By the side so deeply pierced,  
By the baffled burning thirst,  
By the drooping death dew'd brow,  
Son of man ! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou.

Bound upon the accursed tree,  
Dread and awful who is he ?

By the sun at noon-day pale,  
 Shivering rocks and rending veil;  
 By earth, that trembles at his doom;  
 By yonder saints, who burst their tomb;  
 By Eden promised ere he died,  
 To the Felon at his side;  
 Lord our suppliant knees we bow,  
 Son of God! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou.

PASSAGES FROM MY DIARY.

A SUNDAY IN PARIS.



FROM Notre Dame we went to the Tuileries Gardens and sat down in the deep shade of some magnificent orange trees, amid whose leaves the hand of Autumn had just begun to sprinkle the gold into which melts the green of Summer. The sun, chasing past light fleecy clouds, poured down through the azure outlets a flood of bright golden beams, which added a fresh glory to the grass and a splendour to the flower. Richly, after the morning shower, did the ambrosial air, that rolled from the gorgeous meridian sunlight, over grove and bloom and meadow, waft on its invisible wings the offerings of ten thousand censers, with which it fanned our brows and regaled our senses. Vast plots of flowers of myriad hues, from deepest crimson to purest white, amid which graceful statues silently stoop as if entranced by their magic beauty, lay around us, and as we gazed upon them, there irresistibly came upon the eye, if not exactly a tear, at least a glimmering which told that the heart required some kind of an overflow. Bees humming dreamily about the bloom, joyous birds singing in the swaying tree-tops, fountains playing down their sparkling murmuring showers, rustling branches and whispering leaves bore an orchestral part in the universal anthem. A single soldier mounted guard, and watched that no one might injure tree, or flower, or plant. When we arrived in the gardens there were not a half dozen people to be seen in them, but ere long a crowd of both sexes and of almost every grade in the social scale had congregated. Numerous juveniles amused themselves and others by sailing small boats in the large fountain basin, and great was the laughter and merriment when two vessels came into collision, or when one was so unfortunate as to be rolled over on its beam ends by a gust of wind and the falling water. To enjoy greater quiet we retired from the crowd, into the grove of trees at the west end of the gardens. But our reveries here were soon very un-

ceremoniously interrupted by a huge, masculine looking woman with a large white French cap on her head, demanding ten *centimes* from each of us for the use of the chairs on which we sat. The spirit of the Norseman was roused by what he had at first thought to be an imposition, and he was cogitating whether it was right on principle to submit to this petty exaction; but the amazon, with an angry frown, and fierce lightning flashes of her ebon eyes, and a not very polite or agreeable flourish of her herculean arm, intimated that she would call a *gendarme* to her assistance if he did not speedily comply. The scene was extremely ludicrous and afforded me a hearty laugh. At length he submitted with many apologies on my assuring him that she was acting honestly as a similar fee was exacted for the use of a chair in Hyde Park, London.

We left the Imperial Gardens, shortly after the above mentioned incident, and crossed the *Place de la Concorde* to the *Champs Elysées*. This magnificent avenue, extending like an umbrageous cathedral aisle for upwards of two thousand yards, was so densely crowded that we advanced with no little difficulty. Splendid carriages of every description, filled with the fair, the lovely and the beautiful, who seemed to be the very personification of politeness and happiness, rolled noiselessly along the asphaltic pavements away to the Bois de Boulogne, to skirt its picturesque lakes, and wander through its spacious and shady avenues. Loungers and promenaders, men, women and children, were apparently enjoying themselves to their hearts' content, whether by taking part in games of chance, or looking at grotesque Punch and Judy exhibitions, or watching and wondering at the marvellous feats of jugglers and mountebanks, or sipping their favourite *absinthe* or *café noir*. The children also amused themselves by riding in small carriages drawn by two, four or six goats, or by mounting the gaily painted steeds of "roundabouts," and flourishing miniature sabres as they charged in rapid revolutions with all "the pomp and circumstance of war" rising up before their young minds. Nimble, athletic Zouaves in picturesque costume; *sergents de ville* and *gendarmes*, imposing-looking fellows with cocked hats and rapiers, moved quietly through the gay crowds, enjoying themselves, but all the while watching with eagle eye the movements of suspicious characters. It was exceedingly interesting to stroll among the little knots of both sexes, and study the many different phases of human nature which they exhibited. Here a little company were convers-

ng about something so ludicrous that they laughed till tears ran down their cheeks; while near by, in strange contrast with them, stood two or three with downcast, sorrowful countenances, as if almost overwhelmed by some loss or disappointment. Another group were eagerly engaged in discussion, and were giving almost tangible expression to their ideas by their gestures; while, alone, moved impatiently about a man with dark sinister expression, as if he were meditating some fiendish purpose, and determining that his victim—whether himself or somebody else—should soon be exposed in the *Morgue* to the gaze of heartless thousands. The majority however, was as brimfull of happiness as the butterfly that sports in the summer's sunbeams. But what a Sunday scene! I could scarcely believe that it was indeed Sunday, and not some great fête day. It furnishes us with an index of the loose religious or rather non-religious opinions which vast numbers of the Parisians must hold. Banish God from the world, and men will give loose rein to all the impulses of their lower nature. If revelation so called be fiction; if virtue and vice are only conventional terms; and not eternal realities; if we are only

“ Such stuff

As dreams are made of, and our little life  
Is rounded with ”

an everlasting sleep,—let us, while we live, gratify the lusts and passions of our nature, and crush out its latent aspirations after moral beauty and goodness.

But we were soon weary of gazing on even that fascinating spectacle, and we were glad to seek relief within the walls of an Episcopal Chapel, a plain, unpretentious edifice in which a small but respectable looking congregation of English residents and strangers had already collected. There were only a very few French present. The Rev. Mr. Gurney, an extreme High Churchman, as we very soon perceived, officiated. He read some parts of the Liturgy very impressively, while he repeated other portions of it, especially the prayer for the Imperial family of France, in a rollicking and irreverential way. He gave a brief, plain exposition of a passage of Scripture. Some of his ideas were exceedingly good, though not developed or enforced in the way most calculated to tell upon his audience. He made one or two flourishes with his argumentative club at the heads of Dissenters, but when he raised it sufficiently high to bring it down upon them with crushing effect, his logical powers in some unaccountable way became suddenly paralyzed, and the formidable weapon fell upon his own

pate to his manifest chagrin and our no small amusement. It is, generally speaking, right that we should not laugh at calamities; but when our opponent suffers from the ponderous blow which he had intended to deal unmercifully upon us, I think that even although the sympathising and forgiving elements entered largely into our nature, we should enjoy a quiet chuckle at his expense. At least so we felt on the break down of Mr. Gurney. And I have no doubt he must have felt that afternoon that it is sometimes dangerous for a man to meddle with things which he knows little or nothing about. But notwithstanding the titillation produced by his polemical catastrophe, and notwithstanding that we march nearer to the standard of Calvin than he would approve, we felt it quite refreshing to join with fellow Christians in worshipping God in that city almost wholly given up to idolatry.

In the evening we attended the congregational service which was held in a back-room with an entrance from Rue Royale, close by the Madeleine. What a contrast between the two places of worship!—the former a plain, unadorned room, the latter a most voluptuous temple, surpassing in size, and vieing in beauty and magnificence with the Parthenon of Athens, of which it is a copy. The congregation numbered about a hundred. The clergyman soon arrived and commenced by reading a hymn. He began to lead the singing also, but my friend, who was a beautiful singer, soon relieved him of this duty, in which kind office he was heartily assisted by myself. He prayed with extreme fervency and earnestness, just as you would expect a man to do in a city of so much open vice and disregard for the sanctity of Divine institutions. His text was Ps. xviii, 30, “ The Word of the Lord is tried.” It was a grand and appropriate theme to discuss in any place, but it was especially appropriate in that very city in which Revelation had been tried by the subtle analysis of Renan, Voltaire, and Rousseau, who had pronounced it to be but a charm

“ Such as lurks

In some wild poet when he works

Without a conscience, and an aim.”

But others, whose name is legion, men of the mightiest grasp of intellect, have flung the Bible, shapeless and rugged as it may seem to be, into the furnace of their genius, and have shown it again flowing out in the purity and brightness of molten gold, not leaving the slightest residuum of dross behind to point a caviller's single shaft. And the transcendent excellence of revelation has been tested in the



far more delicate crucible of the experience of sixty generations of believers, who have with unfaltering voice proclaimed it to be not of the earth, earthy, but as real and imperishable as the eternal mind from which it emanated. Yes, the Word of God is to the believer a treasure tried and true, and for it he has cheerfully borne the persecutions of a Nero and a Domitian, the excruciating torments of the inquisition, the horrid butcheries of St. Bartholomew, and the fires of Smithfield, and its comforting power amid those trials have been to him more cogent proof of its Divine origin than that furnished by all the logic of the schools, and has enabled him in the agony of dissolution to sing undying strains which shall wake the echoes of heaven through all time. His discourse was very excellent, and was delivered with a nervous earnestness amid breathless silence. After the benediction was pronounced, there was a short prayer-meeting for which we remained, and in which we took part; and many were the fervent petitions offered up to God that the Parisians, who still dwelt in the darkness of superstition and ungodliness might speedily be translated into the kingdom of his dear Son. After all the profanation and vice which we had witnessed during the day we felt it good to be there. We knew that the heart of every one present was filled with love to Jesus; otherwise he or she would have preferred to be in the midst of the attractive scenes upon the Boulevards.

I went once more to see the Champs-Élysées, and took my stand against the famous obelisk of Luxor in the centre of the Place Concorde. Starlight and the last timid tremblings of eve were now blending in the upper air and draping the deep-toned azure with a motionless and dreamy, silvery haze. There in the silent and deep peace of that saintly autumn night I gazed upon those eyes in the face of heaven through which the angels look down upon the sorrow-stricken fields of earth, and whose contemplation leads us by "easy steps upwards to the sandals of God." But if there was a glory visible in the heavens above, there was a spectacle altogether unique upon the earth beneath. On the right hand and left of the illimitable cathedral aisle stretched a line of brilliant gas light slightly curved and regular, while between these lines innumerable coloured lights of every hue moved hither and thither, crossed and intercrossed. One could not see the dimmest outline or hear the faintest sound of the carriages to which those mystic lights were attached; and it required no great stretch of imagination to fancy that they were a legion

of spirits flitting about to execute some evil purpose. Ah reader! what a sigh of woe stole upon my ear as I looked back through the vista of three score years and ten, and saw the victims of that mad revolution, some of them "fair women and brave men," dragged pale, trembling, cursing, despairing, to be guillotined on the very spot on which I was at that moment standing. They, like their descendants, had violated the most sacred laws of God, and the deepest and holiest deliverances of their moral consciences; but God in vindication of His righteous laws and their own perverted nature brought down upon them destruction, swift, terrible, and complete. The present and the past thus became, to my mind, linked together by a fatal and mysterious affinity; and the train of thought shooting beyond the limits of the present into the future was at length too painful to endure, and I started away in horror from a spot having such gloomy associations.

In the brilliantly illuminated hedge-like enclosures fronting several *cafés* that stood in the deep recesses of this avenue, musical concerts were taking place. A number of professional singers occupied an elegant and beautifully decorated pavilion, and sang in turn to a large audience of both sexes within, who were at the same time enjoying their favourite beverage, and to a large throng without, who, on tip-toe or bended knee, peered wistfully through loopholes among the leaves. The Boulevards, too, were brilliantly lighted up, and their numberless *cafés*, *salons* and billiard rooms, with wide open doors and casements, were crowded to overflowing; while ranged along the pavements were little stands around which sat men and women playing cards and dominoes. Everything was calculated to exercise a weird and fascinating power over a foreigner's mind; and at last I began almost to doubt the evidence of my senses, and to think that all I saw and heard was but the wild and wavering phantasmagoria of a dream; yet it was no panorama of the dreamland, but an actual vision in the heart of France. Alas, fair France! Are not such scenes of Sabbath revelry in thy beauteous marble capital but the prelude to a drama whose last acts may be written on the page of time with thy children's blood? We fear they are. If so, then, although, as Carlyle has said

"Tis a thrifless thing to be sad, sad, who can but feel  
"Tears from the depths of some divine despair  
Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes."

as he thinks of the days of sorrow that must come to thee.

D. R.

Martintown. Glengarry.

## Notices and Reviews.

PORTRAITS OF BRITISH AMERICANS. By W. NOTMAN, with Biographical Sketches. Edited by FENNINGS TAYLOR. Montreal, 1865.

There are times in the history of a nation when we are called upon, as it were, to take stock of our acquirements and to take a breathing space to look back to what has been done and forward to what lies before us. We seem to be in the midst of such a time now, when men's minds are agitated with vague notions of change and when feelings of restlessness and uneasiness prevail. Before entering upon a new phase of our history, whatever that may be, it will be interesting to see who are the men who, hitherto, have been moulding and directing public opinion. Perceiving this Mr. Notman has chosen the present as the most suitable occasion for gathering up the threads of history and for making the first contribution to the formation of a National Portrait Gallery, conjoining with himself in this work Mr. Fennings Taylor,

of the Legislative Council, a gentleman both from his attainments and position, admirably qualified for the task. The first number of the new work is now before us.

Of Mr. Notman's skill it would be superfluous to say anything. His fame is now European. Five portraits are contained in this number: Viscount Monck, The Lord Bishop of Montreal, Honourable J. A. McDonald, Honourable S. L. Tilley and Honourable Sir Louis Lafontaine. The biographies are short but interesting, written with great discrimination and in a pleasing style. We can heartily recommend the Portraits of British Americans, and believe the work will have a large sale. The type, paper, and appearance of the publication are such as to do credit to Mr. Lovell. Those amongst us who have information regarding our eminent men are invited by the publisher, in a note prefixed to the work, to furnish anything that it may be interesting to the public to know.

## The Churches and their Missions.

SCOTLAND. — The Glasgow Sabbath-school Association, in connection with the Church of Scotland, report the number of Sabbath-schools under their care to be 135, teachers 1648, scholars attending, 13,199, being an increase during the year of nine schools, sixteen teachers, and 169 scholars. The scholars' missionary collections, as far as reported, were £108.16.9. By this instrumentality 9'9 Bibles, and 91,325 tracts and periodicals had been circulated. The teachers had contributed the sum of £20 to a mission station in Shetland, and had supported a mission station in Gorbals, Glasgow.

The General Assembly's report in 1851 gave the number of scholars in Scotland as 76,232. Last year the number was 134,776, being an increase in thirteen years of 60,000 scholars.

The Glasgow Elders' Wives' and Daughters' Association for promoting female education in the destitute districts of Scotland report that, last year, they had received subscriptions amounting to £230. The labours of the Association have been chiefly directed to training in the Home the orphan and destitute daughters of the honest poor as domestic servants. Since the opening of the Home thirty-two girls, whose ages have varied from eleven to seventeen years, have been admitted. Their conduct has been

highly satisfactory. Ten have been sent to situations, the accounts received from all, with one exception, have been gratifying beyond expectation. The Matron and inmates of the Home were taken to the sea-side for a month in summer, and the effect of the change, both on body and mind, is described as most gratifying. A clothing society, furnishing clothing at a slightly reduced rate, has been established in connection with the Association. About forty females meet every Tuesday evening. After receiving instalments for the articles, they all sit down to sew or knit, and an interesting or useful book is read by the lady who presides. The meetings are opened and closed with prayer and praise.

Very satisfactory accounts have been received from the Jewish Mission which appears to be doing a good work.

The Rev. Norman McLeod, Convener of the India Mission, has been making a tour through Forfarshire and St. Andrews, and has had much pleasure in seeing the effect produced on the meetings which he addressed. He makes an earnest appeal to the Church to come forward in support of this important work.

"An Appeal on behalf of the Endowment Scheme of the Church of Scotland" has been

published. It is taken from the publications and letters of the late Rev. Professor Robertson. We have not yet seen this work, but we are sure its circulation here would be of great service and would do much to second the efforts of the Committee of our Home Mission, which takes up an analogous position to that occupied by the Endowment Committee in Scotland.

Three Colonial students, in the Edinburgh Divinity Hall, have, this year, carried off between them, eight of the principal prizes. The first of the three is McDonnell, who distinguished himself very highly at Kingston, Canada West, and last year at Glasgow University. He is the son of one of our ministers in Canada, and is to be licensed, this year, in Scotland. He carried off three prizes—the first in his year's divinity, the second in Biblical criticism, and the third in the Hepburn competition. Next comes Charles M. Grant, a Pictou man, brother of the minister of St. Matthew's, Halifax, who has also carried off three high prizes,—the second in his year's divinity, the first for the Church History Essay, and the second for a series of four essays. And lastly, Neil McNish, from Toronto University, has taken the first in Hebrew, and the third in junior divinity.

The Glasgow prizes have not been announced yet, but we are sure that our students there will sustain their old reputation. We have heard that D. Gordon, A.M., of Pictou, has taken the Presbytery prize of £10, and a competition bursary of £20 stg. We cannot help feeling proud that our young men abroad show themselves so well able to hold their own against all comers. God grant them a safe return to our shores!

FRANCE.—It must be sorrowfully admitted that our Protestant Churches in France are passing through a crisis which is without a parallel in former times. During the reigns of Louis XIII., Louis XIV., and Louis XV., our Fathers, the old Huguenots, had to struggle against the persecutions of the Romanists. They had sometimes to sacrifice their goods and persons. But they were at least united among themselves; they encouraged and strengthened one another; and if they suffered much, they had great strength and abundant consolation in their fraternal unity.

Now, our position is quite different. Our most active enemies are in our own bosom; they even fill the places of pastors; they are labouring to demolish our holy citadel, by allying themselves with Freethinkers, Deists, Pantheists, and even Atheists, as well as with republicans and demagogues. They are constantly invoking the great words liberty and progress, in order to secure the placing of every kind of doctrinal teaching upon the same level, and the irresponsibility or omnipotence of pastors. How are these attacks of a new kind to be surmounted? The question is a solemn one, and the future alone can answer it.

The Prince Louis Lucien Napoleon Bonaparte has been engaged in superintending the translation of the Bible into the French Basque language by Captain J. Duvoisin, who has been

nominated member of the Legion of Honour. It cost the Captain six years of close labour. The Euskara language is thus fixed in its orthography, which fixing alone has been a work of years. The same gentlemen are engaged in making a Spanish Basque version, or Gupuscoa. The various other dialects already possess versions of several books of the Bible lately edited.

I have heard on unquestionable authority that the following singular device is commonly resorted to for the conversion of English girls at the boarding-schools here. It consists in presenting a locket in which a miraculous medal of the Immaculate Conception, concealed by the lock of hair, is so soldered as to be perfectly invisible. The unconscious wearer cannot fail to feel the magic effect of this hidden treasure. I have not heard whether it has ever produced the desired effect.

ITALY.—Garibaldi puts in another strong word against the priests in a letter to the people of Palermo, to whom he says: "You have the right to demand, once for all, that an end be put to all these dark dens (seminaries and cloisters) of a false religion, where conspiracies against the country and the human conscience are hatched; where nature, which is life, is condemned to sterility; where love is profaned; where paradise is sold in handbreadths in exchange for vast and rich earthly possessions; and where ignorance is preached as a doctrine, though it has been the mother of misery and despair, the old curses of the world. Remember that of all the religious corporations, the most numerous, the most powerful, the most hurtful is that of the priests." The Pope, too, is involved in difficulties about the renewed farce of martyr-canonization, which is in contemplation for this summer, as the Minister of Holland in Rome protests against any honour being shown to the so-called martyrs in question, whom he asserts to have been soldiers of the Duke of Alva, and slain in the War of Independence by the army of the prince of Orange; while the Russian ambassador equally threatens to resent, as an insult to the reigning dynasty, the beatification of the Archbishop of Polock.

The course of religious truth makes progress, though it too has its difficulties to contend with. The people, everywhere but in the country districts, appear to be alienated from the priests; but they are not thereby drawn to the Gospel. How can they, when the Gospel is unknown to them; when they, and their fathers before them, for centuries, have been taught that there is no middle course between Popery and infidelity; and when the teachers of a purer doctrine cannot refrain from quarrelling among themselves? Our correspondent informs us that an English lady, an advocate of the Plymouth brotherhood, has taken to slander the Waldenses. The latter have found a champion in Father Gavazzi; and he, in his turn, denounces non-Italian teachers of religion as intruders. With such elements of discord before him, it must be owned that an Italian convert must be sadly perplexed in his own conduct. The English church built at Naples, on ground presented by Garibaldi, has been

opened by Dr. Trower, Bishop of Gibraltar. On the clergyman appointed to officiate there will rest much responsibility, as from his teaching the Neapolitans will probably form their opinion of English Protestantism.

Much enthusiasm among the people generally has been felt and shown at the report of the Minister of Public Instruction, on primary education; and the evident conclusion he points to, though he does not express it, viz., that instruction should be gratuitous and obligatory. There are still 881,800 children between seven and thirteen who are not taught to read; there are still forty per cent. who leave school in ignorance. In 1862, one-third of the men of twenty years of age, when called to sign their names on the conscription list, were not able to do so. And twenty-eight per cent. of married men, and forty-three per cent. of married women, were not able to sign the wedding register. Here again the religious question comes in. Protestant children are admitted much later to the communion than the Catholics, consequently more time being given to their instruction, they are far better readers and writers; and "the religious duty obligatory upon every Protestant assiduously to read the Bible, gives great superiority in elementary learning to Protestant nations over the Catholic."

BOHEMIA.—For the present there are some very urgent wants which occupy the whole attention of our people. One of them is the forming of new congregations and erecting places of worship. Most of the old buildings having been erected in haste and under highly unfavourable circumstances, they begin to be found in an insufficient or even decaying condition. In some places the Protestants have been as yet unable to provide for themselves chapels and pastors. Great efforts have been made. In the course of the last three years two new reformed congregations have been formed, and the building of five places of worship undertaken. A still greater activity has existed in the establishment of schools. Till recently, the opening of a Protestant school was a matter of considerable difficulty, and most of the children had to receive instruction in Roman Catholic institutions. To the thirty reformed primary schools formerly in existence, thirteen have been added in the course of the last three years, while several others are erecting. This is most encouraging, for in our circumstances real sacrifices must often be made to attain the result.

SWEDEN.—In the course of the present summer will occur the Jubilee of the Swedish Bible Society, and the Committee are preparing to celebrate it in a suitable manner. Among other things, they propose to publish a set of select approved tracts on the Bible and its authority, and to invite compositions from all quarters. The report of the Gothenburg Bible Society for 1863 is now published, and has prefixed to it a speech delivered at its annual meeting by the bishop. The speech contains a very able defence of the Sabbath.

TURKEY.—Two Mohammedans have become Christians in Damascus, and one of them has

been brought to Beyrout in chains, and is now confined in the barracks here, exposed to insult and suffering. Chains are on his neck, and he will be probably be speedily put out of the way. No one is allowed to see him. It reminds one of the old days of Pagan Rome in her persecution and hatred of Christians. These cases of converted Moslems are multiplying all over the East. There are forty in one part of this empire inquiring in secret.

CHINA.—The baptism of fourteen Chinese converts is reported by the missionaries of the English Presbyterian Church—five at Baypay (all men), and nine (but one of whom was a female) at Khi-boey. Of these last, the missionary, the Rev. W. S. Swanson, writes that not only have they given evidence of their sincerity by a long course of consistent conduct, but what is more convincing still, almost every one has suffered, either in person or estate, for the name of Christ. Two of them were not long ago shamefully beaten because they refused to contribute the smallest sum for idolatrous purposes.

#### THE JUVENILE MISSION.

Our Juvenile Mission is about to close another year of great interest and extending usefulness. The sum contributed by our children is about \$700, but this affords small evidence of the good which is being accomplished. The youth of our Sabbath-schools are thus receiving systematic training in the work of Missionary enterprise, their sympathies being enlisted and their minds instructed by the intelligence which is so fully conveyed. In the duty of Christian liberality, they are also receiving practical instruction, and the zeal with which the Sabbath schools collect and contribute should stimulate many in the Church from whom better things might be expected.

Of the good which is being wrought in India by means of Female Education, many proofs might be given. The ladies of our Scottish Church have long laboured for this cause, and their example has more recently been followed by a society in the States, one of whose missionaries,—Miss Brittan, is now in charge of our Calcutta orphanage during Miss Hebron's absence.

The following story and statement will interest our readers.

Dr. Henry Martyn Scudder, in a recent address before the Woman's Missionary Society, portrayed the actual present condition of women in India, even those of wealth and rank. He quoted from the Hindoo Shasters, or sacred law, written eight hundred years before Christ, the following unalterable statutes concerning women:

"Women have no business with the texts of the Veda," or sacred book; "thus is the law fully settled: having therefore no evidence of law, and no knowledge of expiatory texts, sinful women must be as foul as falsehood itself, and this is a fixed rule."

"By a girl, or by a young woman, or by a

woman advanced in years, nothing must be done, even in her own dwelling-place, according to her mere pleasure."

"No sacrifice is allowed to women apart from their husbands, no religious rite, no fasting: as far only as a wife honours her lord, so far is she exalted in heaven."

"A husband, however devoid of good qualities, must constantly be revered as a god by a virtuous wife. She who slights not her lord, but keeps her mind, speech, and body devoted to him, attains his heavenly mansion."

These extracts contain the very letter of the law with regard to the women of India. As explained by Dr. Scudder, they declare that woman has no individuality; but in childhood she exists in her father, and in later years through her husband. There is consequently no occasion for her being taught anything, or receiving any ideas. Her husband must think, read, believe for her. At his death her existence ceases: or if she has any hopes for the future, they are based upon her husband. It is this belief that has so long caused the Suttee, or the practice of burning wives upon the funeral pile of their husbands; and is the explanation of the present terrible condition of widows in India, where millions, married in childhood by the act of their parents, are widowed in their youth; and, denied the suttee by the power of British military authority, live a wretched existence of shame, reproach, and persecution on earth, with no brighter hope for the future than that after death they must continue upon the earth in the form of some vile animal.

Dr. Scudder referred to the work of the Woman's Missionary Society in the Zenanas, or inner apartments for females, in Calcutta. An American lady, Miss Brittan, is at work there, reaching directly the secluded women of that city. Within a few years past Zenana schools have sprung into existence, by means of which English and American ladies can enter the women's apartments of the houses of wealthy native gentlemen, and impart the instruction which is eagerly sought. The results of these unostentatious labours are very encouraging, and show clearly that there are hidden souls hungering and thirsting for the truth.

Dr. Scudder intimated that female elevation and education is to be the great missionary work of this age. The native gentlemen of the cities in India are highly educated, many of them being able to quote such writers as Milton or Bacon with ease and elegance. They seek an English education as a stepping stone to power and influence; and as their minds expand under the influence of able authors, they begin to desire the instruction of their daughters and wives. It is not an easy task to break through the sacred customs of ages that this good end may be accomplished, and it is just here that God in his wisdom has pointed to the establishment of private Zenana schools as a solution of the question, How can the women of India ever be reached?

The experience of Miss Brittan alone proves that these schools are successful, and it only remains for the women of this free Christian land to provide the means for supporting and multiplying them. Is it not enough to stimulate

their labours of love and faith, to contemplate such a dark picture of the state in which millions of heathen women live, as the one sketched by Dr. Scudder.

*The Journal of Miss Brittan, the lady sent to the Zenanas of Calcutta by the Woman's Union Missionary Society.*

My most interesting pupil is called "Beautiful Star," and as she is the eldest son's wife, she has a position of great influence. Her father-in-law is very wealthy, and very proud of his daughter-in-law, who not only is pretty and lovely in character, but quite accomplished, as she already reads Sanscrit, Bengali and Hindostanee, and is now learning English.

She is reading "Peep of Day" with me, and when I was explaining the meaning of *dear*, "Oh, yes!" she said: "Dear father, dear mother, dear husband, dear child;" then laying her hand affectionately on mine, she added, "Dear teacher." She is very anxious I should come oftener to teach her, for she tells me she cannot believe in her idols, and longs to know about the Christian's God. While explaining to her the word "*love*," she looked and pointed upwards, saying, "God is love." I cannot tell you how I felt when I heard her say that, and on coming out, I said to my interpreter, "Where did she hear that sentence?" "Why you told it to her," was the answer. "Oh! I think not," I said; "I do not remember it," was the reply. I went home deeply solemnized at my fearful responsibility. Here is an immortal soul hungering for the bread of life, too intelligent to put any confidence in her dumb idols, and yet feeling the need of an anchor to rest her soul upon, and my lips, perhaps, the only ones from which she will ever hear the Gospel message.

Another morning, while reading in "Peep of Day," Beautiful Star stopped suddenly and said, "I can understand about God, but I cannot about Jesus Christ; are there *two* gods?" I tried to explain in a simple way the doctrine of the Trinity, when her face brightened, and she exclaimed, "Now, I can understand! now I can believe about Jesus!"

Some time afterward, while reading in the same book, I remarked, "God the Son, Jesus Christ, was with the Father when they created the world." "Yes," she replied, "God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost—one God and one Creator." Since I have tried to explain the doctrine of the Trinity, she seems to like to dwell upon it, and whenever I mention one person of the Godhead, she always brings in the other two. She tells me that she prays to God the father, to Jesus Christ his Son, and to the Holy Ghost, for she knows that the idols cannot hear her.

I find Beautiful Star improves astonishingly in English, she is so greedy of knowledge. One day I saw a large book lying on her table, which, to my surprise, I discovered was Paley's Theology in English. Who would have expected to find it in such a place?

She seems very anxious to learn about Jesus and His religion. At one time she had been very ill with brain fever. When I saw her, I asked whether in her illness she had been enabled to pray to God? "Oh, yes!" said she,

"and God is very kind and good." I then told her I was going to bring her a Bengali testament. "Then," she replied, "I shall learn all about Jesus, how much He loves poor men, and how much He loves me."

Some time after she told me that her husband had bought her a Bengali Bible, which they both read, praying to the God of the Bible every night and morning. "Your husband?" I asked, in astonishment. "Yes," she replied: "My husband does not pray to the Bengali gods, nor does my father-in-law. Though they are not Christians, they believe in the Christian God; and my husband first told me of these things." I then spoke of several Christian duties, keeping of the Sabbath, &c. "Ah!" said she, "Christian ladies can go to church, but Bengali ladies cannot. On Sunday I do not work, but I go to my room and read about and pray to God all day." I spoke then of baptism, which subject I wish her to present to her husband. She told me, that if her husband became a Christian he would be very badly treated. I simply set before her that we must endure all for Christ's sake. She is very anxious that I should teach her to sing that she may praise God as Christians do.

At another time when Beautiful Star had been again ill with fever, I asked her if she could still pray to God; she quickly answered, "Oh, yes, God is very good. I read in the Bible, that if I die, I shall go to heaven where Jesus tells me there is no pain, no sorrow." "Yes," said I, "if you love Jesus you will go there." She pressed my hand earnestly, and answered, "All men are bad, but Jesus Christ, God's Son, died for them. I am loving him very much." A minute after, she looked up and said, "I have no father, no mother, nor sister, nor brother—all dead, but my heavenly Father never dies." She made me sing for her, "There is a happy land," and tried to join with me in singing it. I should grieve very much if she were called away, but I do, indeed, believe her name is written in the Lamb's book of life.

After her recovery, I took one of my friends to see her, who sang many hymns for her. She inquired if we could not purchase her a piano, as she longed to play on one, and her husband was willing to give her money to purchase it. As she sat on the couch beside me, she put her arms around me, laid her head on my shoulder, and said, "I love you so much, and Jesus so very much, for He is so kind in giving me such good friends." Has she not been taught of the Spirit to know the Giver of all things?

Once I told Beautiful Star that an aged Christian lady had sent her love to her, and hoped she might hear that she was a child of God. The tears started to her eyes: "Tell her," she said, "that it makes me so happy to have her think of me; if I never see her in this world, I hope I will meet her in heaven."

She wished me to teach her a prayer in English, and when I began the Lord's prayer, and stopped at its first words, to say: "You see the Saviour does not teach us to say *my* but *our* Father," she said, eagerly, "Yes, *our* Father, yours, mine, all Christian's, Englishman's, Bengalian's, Chinaman's, Blackman's—all *our* Father." This dear one's knowledge of divine things seems to me wonderful; surely she is taught of the Spirit.

To the kind friends who have now read, for the first time, and we trust, been interested in the touching story of Beautiful Star, we would offer a word of explanation concerning the Society under whose auspices Miss Brittan is labouring in the Zenanas of Calcutta.

The Woman's Union Missionary Society, formed four years ago, is a union organization of ladies, representing six evangelical denominations. Its object is to send out single ladies, who, being free from domestic duties, may devote their whole time to the instruction and conversion of heathen women. It is well known that the religion of heathen nations enforces as one of its fundamental doctrines, that all women must be kept in extreme degradation and ignorance. This naturally engendering the grossest superstition in their object, darkened minds, makes them the greatest obstacle against which the general missionary contends in his efforts for the spread of Christianity. Again, the higher classes of women are kept, by law, secluded in the inner apartments of Eastern houses, called *Zenanas*, where the idleness and monotony of their existence render life a weary blank.

Through the efforts of two noble British ladies, living in Calcutta, whose hearts were roused to great plans by the misery surrounding them, an opening for Christian teachers has been made to these sad gloomy homes. Miss Brittan, one of the Missionaries of our Society, is now laboring in eight or ten of these *Zenanas*, which contain over one hundred and twenty pupils, with bright, intelligent minds, eager for instruction.

Dear readers, amid the light and comfort of your own happy homes, can you not spare something for that sisterhood in the far East, a region, truthfully styled by the Prophet "the land of darkness and shadow of death?"

To those who are prone to deny the claims of Foreign Missions, we would recall the fact, that as Gentiles, we too, might for ever have been denied our glorious privileges, had not some loving heart pointed our sin-laden ancestors to Jesus and His Cross.

Firmly do we uphold "Home Missions" in their widest sense, but we only ask, that while giving largely to the wretched and faltering in our prosperous land, one tithe may be spared for those homes whose gloom can only be dispelled by the "Lamp of Life."

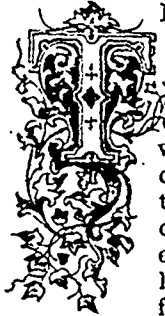


## Articles Selected.

## THE CHILD OF THE STORM.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

I.



THE Prussian province of Silesia is divided into two nearly equal parts by the Oder, which runs through it from south to north, and forms its highway of traffic and travel. No two countries could be more dissimilar than the lands on either side of that great river. From the eastern bank they stretch away, low, flat, and sandy, to the frontiers of Poland. They are little cultivated, thinly inhabited, and chiefly by people of Polish origin, so that it is called the Polish side. From the western bank the ground rises high and bold till it meets the Glatz mountains, which tower peak above peak to the borders of Bohemia. All along the course of the Oder there are small but thriving towns busy with the manufacture of linen and woollen cloth. In the inland valleys farms are cultivated and populous villages stand. The mountains are rich in salt-mines which have been worked for ages, jewels are found in their rocks, and on their sides lie wide green wastes of pasture land, where shepherds tend flocks of the hardy Silesian sheep. The cloth-workers in the towns, the farmers and villagers in the valleys, the mines beneath, and the shepherds upon the hills, all are people of German look and language, and that quarter is called the German side. The winters come earlier and linger later there than in the low, flat country. But the Glatz people are proud of their mountains, of the various branches of industry they have inherited from elder generations, of their German descent, and of their Lutheran Bible, which they say the whole power of Austria when it ruled over them in persecuting times, could not banish out of the Glatz.

There was none in all the mountains more honestly proud of these primitive distinctions, than Hans Netter, the shepherd of Nettersfeld. Hans was not a man given to boasting, but all the country knew that his general intelligence and clear understanding made him a sort of judge and arbitrator among the people of the hills, that a more trusty and skilful shepherd could not be found, and that his lord, Count Hornsberg, left to him the entire care and management of the immense flocks which were reckoned the best of that nobleman's possessions. The Count had been engaged in state affairs from his youth, serving the Prussian king as minister at home or ambassador abroad. Those public duties left him little time for looking after his family estate, which consisted chiefly of extensive tracts of pasture land in the Glatz. But Hans Netter was at once his steward and shepherd. He collected the dues owing to his lord by the mountain farmers, managed the sheep to the best advantage, gathered in the wool at shear-

ing time, prepared, packed, and sold it to the dealers in Breslau, the capital of the province, always depositing the money with the Count's banker there, who said he knew nobody that kept such clear accounts.

In all the towns on the German side of the Oder, the shepherd was known, for in all their markets he bought and sold sheep for his master. His travels extended even to the border towns of Bohemia and Moravia, and sometimes as far as Saxony or Brandenburg. But he never crossed to the Polish side of the Oder; it was the one thing in which Hans had not his own way, for such was the Count's dislike of the Polish people, that he would not suffer a sheep to come on his pastures from among them. Hans knew the sheep were not very good in that quarter, and the prohibition did not disturb him. Moreover, he was a loyal man and would obey his lord in anything which did not concern principle or conscience, though he could not guess the cause of that deep rooted prejudice. Had the honest shepherd ever ventured to Berlin, or heard the gossip of its court circle, he might have learned that Count Hornsberg in his youth had courted a lady of great beauty, of great fortune, and a distant relation of his own who, nevertheless, rejected him, and married a Polish nobleman. The great minister would not have acknowledged the like in public; but great men can have very small ways. He visited that early disappointment privately on the whole Polish race, and would not allow his shepherd to buy hoof or horn on their side of the Oder.

That was nothing to Hans, the Count was a good master to him. All his forefathers had served the noble line, for the Netters were as old in the Glatz as the Hornsbergs. They had given a name to Nettersfeld, a green mountain dell, open to the south, but sheltered by steep rocks on its other side. Violets bloomed, and trees budded there when the snow lay deep on all the rest of Silesia, and the wild rose never faded till winter came back to the hills. In its warmest hollow stood the shepherd's cottage, long and low, with thick walls and a substantial roof, for the mountain storms were strong; and behind it the shepherd's extensive fold with warm housing for the young lambs, and snug kennels for the faithful dogs, that helped to guide the flock by day, and guard it from wolf and fox by night. It was as solitary a home as one could find in all the mountain country. There was no human habitation within a German mile of it, and that is nearly seven English. Around lay the wide and silent pastures, and far above, the towering peaks with morning and evening flushing their eternal snows. Sometimes in the summer, a country trader who had lost his way among the hills, or a shepherd in search of a stray sheep, would come that way. But in the long winter of the Glatz, nobody had business or inclination to venture over rocks and torrents to Nettersfeld. Yet in that lonely cottage

there were comfort and contentment. If the Netters had no neighbours to converse with, they were kindly and social among themselves. The world's strife was far from them, as well as its news and fashions. The allowance Hans had out of flock and pasture was sufficient to keep not only himself, his good wife Johan, and their two boys, Fritz and Martin, in what the mountain people thought a well-to-do way, but also left him something to lay by for time of need, or to spare in charity when he chanced to find want on his travels through village or town.

Moreover, the Netters had among them the blessing which maketh rich and addeth no sorrow. The shepherd and his family had chosen to follow the Good Shepherd in their simple and solitary life on the hills. They were Protestants of the old Silesian church whose confession dates a hundred years before the Reformation, when persecuted Hussites fled from Bohemia to preach their faith in the Glatz. They had no books but the Bible, an ancient hymn-book, and a more ancient catechism; but these were sufficient for their learning. The nearest church was a long way off, they could reach it only at times in the summer season, but their Sabbaths were spent in rest and thankfulness on the mountain side, and the voice of praise and prayer went up from their lonely cottage, forming a link between it and heaven. In that small household the bond of family love was perfect. Husband and wife, parent and child, lived together in that unity of which the Psalmist says, behold how good a thing it is. The mountain air kept them strong and vigorous, the sheep kept them busy and active, they had little to fear and nothing to regret. Sometimes Johan would wish she had a girl to be her help and companion in household duties, as the boys were to Hans in the matters of the fold, "but He who sent us boys only, knew what was the best for us," the good woman would say, "and His will be done."

In the midst of this pious and peaceful life, a certain Michaelmas came round which promised an early winter to the mountains. Hoar frost whitened the pastures in the early mornings, the autumnal flowers faded and fell away before their time, the less hardy shrubs lost their leaves, and swans and wild geese rose from the mountain lakes, and flew southward. Moreover, there was news of strife and trouble abroad. Traders from the towns mentioned reports from the Polish side of the Oder, which said the old kingdom, as they called Poland, was up in arms once more against Russia. When the like happened, the Silesians knew that their eastern borders were apt to be disturbed, and for fear of mischances in the low country if he waited till times got worse, Hans Netter resolved to set out directly on his annual journey to Breslau, to sell that year's wool, and leave the money safe with Count Hornsberg's banker. Johan sometimes accompanied her husband on the expedition, for her only sister lived in Breslau. Besides, she had a quantity of fine woollen yarn, her own spinning, to sell, and household goods to buy, for which a man's skill was not sufficient; so it was settled that the father and mother should go, and leave home and sheep to the care of Fritz and Martin.

The former was nearly twelve, and the latter was nearly ten; but they were both tall and strong for their years, of good courage and of good sense like all the Netters, and well accustomed to take care of the flock with the help of their four mountain dogs. Accordingly, the wool was packed in the capacious old-fashioned waggon, drawn by a team of strong and sure-footed oxen well accustomed to the mountain roads, for many a similar journey had they taken. There were also provisions, and requisites for cooking and sleeping at the lonely post-houses; it was slow travelling in the mountain country, and they did not expect to reach Breslau for a week. Lastly, Johan, in her stout travelling-dress of home-made blue cloth, with her grandmother's silver buttons on to look smart among her fine friends in the city, took her seat among the wool packs, while Hans, in a suit of the same substantial blue, and staff in hand, walked beside the waggon to guide it and the oxen, and thus they were to ride and walk by turns. The boys walked with them half way down the pasture land, got their last commands and blessings, watched the waggon till it was lost to their sight on the steep and winding road, and then ran back to the sheep.

They were to be left to themselves for nearly a month. Between the sale of the wool, and the seeing of their friends, the elder Netters did not reckon on getting back sooner. But Fritz and Martin were brave, hardy boys, and loving brothers; their father had trained them well in the duties of shepherd life; there was no danger to be feared on the mountains, and no difficulty in managing the flock in that calm autumn season. So they led the sheep out to pasture and in to fold, managed domestic matters for themselves like active shepherd boys, missed their father and mother, especially by the evening fire, prayed for their safety, and counted the days till their return.

## II.

Three weeks had passed in this fashion, and all went well with the boys and the flock. But the signs of an early and severe winter were on the increase, the night frost grew harder and keener, the north wind began to sweep over the mountains, the upland pastures grew too cold for the lambs, and Fritz and Martin began to wish that their father and mother might get home before the first snow-fall, which they knew was coming. It came sooner than they expected, and with greater violence. One day in the beginning of the fourth week was so unusually cold and stormy, that the young shepherds gathered home their flock early in the afternoon, retired into the cottage themselves, made the door fast, heaped the hearth with faggots, and sat down by the cheerful blaze. There they talked and played together till the daylight failed and the night came on. But with the night came a fearful tempest; the wind blew as it can only blow in the Glatz, in blasts that seemed to shake the ancient rocks around Nettersfeld, and with the blast came such clouds of snow, that when Fritz and Martin crept out to see that all was well about the fold for the night, they were glad to run back and shut themselves fast in



the cottage. Its thick walls and solid roof had weathered many a mountain storm, and were like to weather this one, though every blast made the timbers creak and the windows clatter. But it was of their father and mother that the boys were thinking. What if they were on their homeward way, and that storm had overtaken them on the mountain road, miles from any place of shelter? There were tales enough among the upland shepherds and the valley farmers of travellers who had been swept down precipices, or buried in snow-drifts, and never found till the winter was over. The poor children could not go to bed for those terrible thoughts; their only hope was that father and mother had not yet left Breslau, where they had so much to do; but every blast that thundered through the rocks and shook the cottage increased their terrors, till Fritz, who was the oldest and the wisest, said, though the tears were in his eyes:

"Come, Martin, let us read the forty-sixth psalm, as our father did when the storm was at its worst last Christmas Eve."

He took the Bible down as he spoke; Martin crept close to his brother's side; and the poor lonely shepherd boys, trembling for the lives of their parents in that fearful night, read and gathered strength from that same strain of triumphant faith, which cheered Martin Luther on his perilous way to the Diet of Worms: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble: therefore will we not fear," and so on.

They had finished reading, and knelt down to pray. The first petition was for their parents; but while the simple, earnest words were yet on their lips the loud barking of the sheep-dogs startled them. There was a sound of feet outside, a hurried knocking at the door, and a voice crying, piteously but reverently, "For God's sake, let us in from the storm!"

Fritz and Martin had the bolts drawn in an instant, and in rushed a man and a woman all covered with snow, and seemingly half frozen. As the fire-light flashed on their faces, the boys saw it was not their father and mother, but two strangers, with looks and dresses unlike those of the mountain people. The man carried a bundle on his back; the woman had a smaller one firmly clasped to her bosom, and when she sat down they saw it was a child well wrapt up, and fast asleep.

The duties of hospitality are best understood and practised by the people of wild and dangerous countries. The Netters were famous for them over all the mountains, and Fritz and Martin lost no time in welcoming the travellers with ready and active kindness, shaking the snow off their clothes, setting seats for them in the warmest corners, and making hot a flagon of the strongest beer to take the cold out of their bones. But the strangers looked round them anxiously for a minute or so, and the man said, "Is this Hans Netter's house?"

"That it is," said Fritz: "But Hans Netter, our father, is not here. He and our mother are gone to Breslau; and when you knocked, we thought it was they come back. But you are as welcome to us as they would have made you."

"God be praised, said the man and woman

in a breath, then, as if seeing that something more was needful, they added, "that we and our poor child have found shelter in the house of so honest a man?"

The pair spoke with an accent as foreign as their looks; and when the strong beer had taken the cold out, and they sat down to supper with the boys, their story was frankly told. They were poor people from the Polish side of the Oder, a husband and wife, with their only child, crossing the Glatz into Bohemia, where they had rich relations, who might do something for them; but the storm had overtaken them at some distance from Nettersfeld, and they must have perished if Providence had not directed them to the cottage door.

Many a similar tale had the Netters heard from poor travellers, but few from the Polish side ever crossed the mountains. Though their countries border, the Poles and Germans have not a good agreement, nor a good opinion of each other; but, notwithstanding his lord's prejudice, which would not let him cross the Oder to buy or sell, the shepherd had taught his boys that people were not to be disliked because their language and customs differed from their own. "We are all brothers," the wise and pious man would say, "of the same dust, and children of the same Father: there are good and bad in every race, and there lies the only real difference." The travellers of that terrible night seemed honest and sensible people, though poor, and with a look in their faces which told even to the shepherd boys that they had seen trouble. The dark hair of both was sprinkled with grey, it seemed before the time, for they were not old; and, though they spoke nothing of themselves or their history after the first statement, they had grievous accounts of Russian doings in the old kingdom of Poland, which they said were told them by men who had escaped over the frontier, and were known to be true speakers. Fritz and Martin listened with flashing eyes and aching hearts to these shocking tales of villages burned, of men slaughtered, and families driven away to exile in the far Siberia, till in the fervour and simplicity of their youth, the boys wished that they were only men and soldiers to fight for the Poles.

This sympathy with their oppressed brethren made the travellers and them the best of friends. They had leisure to talk now, for the storm had spent its fury, and was slowly abating; moreover, a great burthen was taken off the boys' minds by the travellers assuring them that their father and mother were in no danger. They could not have left Breslau so soon, the man was certain of that. He had been a herdsman on his own side of the Oder, and often in the city on similar errands. His wife was equally clear that all was well with them; they would stay till the storm was over, and then come home at their leisure. Fritz and Martin rested on that hopeful reckoning, and as the wind went down in long moaning blasts, the acquaintance grew closer and the talk more friendly. They learned that the man was called Osked, and the woman Emild. The latter had kept the child in her arms all the time with most of the wraps about it; but when at last the little one woke up, the boys

were delighted to see a beautiful little girl, somewhere in her fourth year, with a fair face that looked less foreign than those of the man and woman, soft brown eyes, and curly brown hair. The little stranger seemed terribly afraid of them at first, would not move from her mother's knee, and kept hiding her face; but gradually she grew reconciled, and almost familiar. The Netters were kindly boys, and not given to mischief; besides, the child was something new in their cottage, and they couldn't help saying how much their mother would be pleased with such a pretty little girl. That seemed to please the man and woman wonderfully. They were evidently fond and proud of the child, its clothes were of a far better quality than theirs, it seemed better kept and cared for than poor people's children; but the pair would look sadly on the little one at times when they thought the boys did not observe them, and speak to each other in Polish. That was the only language the child knew; and as the fear wore off, she chattered away to Fritz and Martin about their tame owl, their cat, and other curiosities of the cottage, the woman acting as interpreter, and filling up every pause with the praises of her little Kamilind, as she called the child.

At last, when the storm had subsided, and all were tired, they said their prayers together at the cottage fireside, and went to rest, the travellers taking the place of the absent father and mother, and the night passed as nights were wont to pass in the safe and solitary home of Nettersfeld. The boys were up at the first dawn of morning to see about the weather and the sheep. They found the snow deep, all the Glatz hill and valley were white and glistening; but the storm was over, and a thaw had set in which promised to be rapid, for mild weather is apt to succeed those early snow-falls in the mountain country. They found the fold safe too, but were some time in seeing that all the flock were well, and finding food and water for them, as they could not turn them out to the snow-covered pastures. The morning was far advanced when Fritz and Martin got back to the cottage, and they were rather surprised to hear or see nothing of the travellers. At first they thought their guests might be sleeping off the fatigue of the previous day; but Martin remarked that the door of the bed-room was partly open, and being curious, Martin peeped in. What was his astonishment to see the bed empty of all but the child! It lay there warmly covered, and fast asleep, but the man and woman were gone. He ran to tell his brother, and Fritz could not believe it till he saw the empty room and the sleeping child. They searched all round the cottage,—the man and woman were not to be seen; but there were footprints in the snow, which they had not before perceived, leading from its door away down the pastures, and down the winding road by which their father and mother had gone. They followed those foot-prints for some distance. They climbed the nearest heights, and strained their eyes; but no farther trace of the man and woman could they see.

Fritz and Martin ran back to the cottage, not knowing what to think, but that those poor honest travellers, as they called themselves

had stolen away through the deep snow, leaving behind their only and infant child, to whom they seemed so kind and loving. Kamilind slept on, unconscious of being forsaken by father and mother, and left among strangers, whose language she knew not. But, on closer examination, the boys found by her side a bundle of her own clothes, and bound up with it a sealed letter addressed to the worthy shepherd Hans Netter. Letters were solemn things to Fritz and Martin; they had never known their father to get any but three in all their lives, and these regarded the deaths of near relations; so they laid that letter, closed as it was, on the shelf beside the Bible, to await his return, and took into consideration how they should take care of the child. It was too young to be left alone in the cottage, too young to go over the hill pastures with them and the sheep, and they agreed that one should always stay by the little one while the other looked after the flock till their father and mother came home.

The arrangement had scarce been made when little Kamilind woke up, and a hard time the good boys had trying to divert her from crying for Oskel and Emild. These names were the only words they could understand of all her lamentations. It was a strange way to speak of her parents, but it might be Polish fashion. They got her pacified at last with the help of some eagles' feathers, a bit of rock spar, and a piece of a mountain honeycomb. It is the great advantage of life's early morning that people are easily pleased then, whatever they may be in after time; moreover, the very young very soon forget. The feathers, the spar, and such like novelties, helped little Kamilind to get over the loss of her parents. The shepherd boys were gentle and patient with her: she learned to ride on their backs, and sit on their knees chattering away in Polish, and holding out her small hand for everything that took her fancy.

The snow melted, and heavy rain came down, swelling the mountain streams to torrents, and flooding the valleys. After the rain came genial weather, the west wind blew, and the sun shone; it was as if summer had turned back to look her last upon the hills. The sheep went out again to pasture, and Fritz went with them, while Martin stayed to mind the child. She had played herself out, and fallen asleep on his knee at the cottage door, when the evening was falling calm and red, and his brother was coming home with the sheep; but Martin's ear caught the sound of distant bells upon the mountain road, and some time after saw the waggon and the oxen, and with his father at the head of the foremost, his mother seated among the packs and parcels.

It was a joyful sight, after all their fears, and the strange chance of that stormy night. Fritz saw it too, as he came over the pasture land followed by his flock and dogs, and in a few minutes the shepherd was saying, "Thank the Lord of all goodness we are safe at home again," and the mother was clasping her boys.

Then came Fritz and Martin's tale of the poor travellers and the child. It had been hastily laid in bed, and slept through all the bustle. The shepherd and his wife went in to see it,

and agreed that it did not look like a Polish child, and the father and mother must have been hard-hearted to leave such a little one behind them. "But let us see what the letter says," said Hans, as he broke the seal and seated himself, for reading was not a business he could do rapidly. The letter was brief, and in good German:—

"Honest and trusty shepherd, the child whom we have left in your house is not ours, but the orphan of a noble, unfortunate house, stripped of everything, and in danger of death from those who have seized her inheritance. For the sake of Him whom the shepherds saw laid in the manger, take her, and bring her up as your own daughter; and if you are not rewarded in this world, we pray that you may be in the world to come."

"It is the hand of Providence, husband," said Johan. "We have no girl of our own, and enough to provide for her. Is not the child welcome?"

"She is welcome," said Hans; "and doubtless you are right, wife. Providence has sent her to us in a strange way, as it seems, but not the less for a blessing, I hope. We will take her for our own daughter, and never talk of how she came into our cottage; it would make the girl feel like an orphan all her days. But being so young, and hearing nothing of the like, she will forget that she ever had home or friends but ours and us, and grow up as well and happy in the shepherd's hut, maybe, as she would have done in the noble house of her fathers."

So the orphan child was taken into that honest family and her future days provided for, while she lay fast asleep in the cottage-bed, knowing nothing about it. The same providence that carved out her lot, is doing the like for us all, young and old, with as little of our own hand in the matter. When she saw the elder Netters next morning, she clapped her little hands for joy, and called them Osked and Emild. They were not very like her first friends to other eyes; but it is the character rather than the cut of the face that childhood sees. Hans and Johan had the same honest, kindly look, and the little stranger took to them accordingly. Before that illusion wore off, she had become perfectly at home with the Netters; rode on the shepherd's knee, played with his long beard, and picked up the German word Vater for him, instead of Osked. The shepherd's wife was her mother too; and good Johan well deserved the name; for being motherly by nature, and having no girl of her own, she took the forsaken orphan to her heart from the first; and Kamilind in turn loved her better than all the rest of the family. By-and-by it was brother Fritz and brother Martin. The Polish words slipped away from the infant tongue and memory, and German ones were caught up in their stead. By the end of the first winter, she could lisp a German prayer at Johan's knee, and repeat a verse or two of the Netters' evening-hymn. Of her earlier home and earlier friends, nothing could be gathered from the child's recollections: they had grown faint by the time she had learned the German tongue, and all that remained in her memory was a vague dream-like impression that she had once

lived in a great house, with many people, and a beautiful lady who was kind to her. The Netters made a point of letting that vague recollection sleep: it could throw no light on her history, and might trouble the little one. Faithfully and wisely did they keep to their first arrangement, to let her hear nothing about her coming among them. Nobody spoke of it; and, by degrees, nobody thought of it. The boys called her their sister; the parents called her their daughter. The nearest neighbours were far off, and rarely visited the cottage; when any one of them did chance to come and find Johan teaching her little girl, or met Hans scouring over the pasture-land with a child on his back, they would say, "Neighbour, we did not know you had a daughter," and the good people would answer, "But you see we have."

### III.

The winters and the summers passed peacefully and pleasantly as they had ever done at Nettersfeld. The solitary shepherd's family went on from year to year with their honest works and cares, with their Sabbath duties, and blameless lives. Fritz and Martin grew from boyhood to vigorous youth, Hans and Johan got springlings of gray in their hair, and their daughter, Kamilind, grew from a small, foreign-looking child, to be one of the most beautiful girls in the mountain country. Reared in the fresh, free air of the upland pastures, untrammelled by fashion, unspoiled by vanity and idleness, the two great spoilers of girls in general, she was fair to look upon and pleasant to meet. Her fine active figure, her modest, graceful carriage, rosy face, and glossy hair, were the praise of all the shepherds, and might have been the pride of the Netters, but that their minds were set on better things. Though well pleased to see Kamilind grow up so fair and comely, they were more thankful that she was fair within, a child of grace as well as a child of beauty. She had profited by kindly, pious teaching received in her mountain home. Frank, gentle, and affectionate by nature, the honest ways, the humble faith, and Christian practice of the Netters, took an early hold on her mind, and moulded her growing life. She loved them as her parents and her brothers, and they loved her as a daughter and a sister. "Our Kamilind" was the talk and pride of them all, Johan's great help in household affairs, the shepherd's assistant in his preparations for journeys to the low country, in his tired home-comings, and in his weighty concerns at sheep-shearing times.

They kept her birthday on the day in which she had come to the cottage with Osked and Emild, through that fearful snow-storm. It was twelve years ago when the day came round again with the Michaelmas time, the Netters said their Kamilind was just sixteen, it was as near as the good people could reckon, and the birthday was to be celebrated as usual by a family feast. The Netters' two nearest neighbours, mountain shepherds like themselves, were invited with their entire households, and might be looked for in the evening when their flocks were folded, for unlike the season of Kamilind's arrival, the summer lingered late and long

upon the hills, and old people said they had not seen such Michaelmas weather since their youth. There were great preparations in the cottage as the afternoon wore on. Johan was busy with all manner of mountain good things; like a true German housewife, cookery was her strong point. The boys, as she still called them, were gathering home the lambs from the high pastures, and Hans, having brought in the ewes to be milked, sat smoking on the settle, while Kamilind, pail in hand, went out to the milking.

The old pair talked pleasantly and thankfully between the puffs of Hans' pipe and the clatter of Johan's pots and pans, on the prospects of their family. How Fritz was like to marry one neighbour's daughter, and Martin another, and live beside them and Nettersfeld; what a good portion they had saved up for Kamilind, and what a good husband they would expect for her. "Our Lord bless the child," said Hans, in conclusion. He seldom spoke of her without a blessing, whether in or out of his sight. She was far out of it now, milking away in the shadow of the great rocks on the other side of the dell, and singing to herself a sweet old mountain song she had learned among the Netters. The ewes stood round as innocent and harmless as the shepherd girl. Every one of them knew Kamilind, and came at her bidding. She was accustomed to milk them all alone, and thought herself so, for the silence of a bright and breezeless afternoon lay on the hills. But as she turned her head to call the last ewe, Kamilind's voice failed her with perfect surprise, for leaning against a rock hard by she saw a tall, handsome young man, in the garb of a hunter, with a rifle on his shoulder and a bag of game by his side. He smiled at her amazement, but bade her good day in a frank and courteous manner, and asked her if she would give him a drink of milk for the day was warm and he had walked far. "In welcome, sir," said Kamilind, recovering her composure, and speaking in her simple, kindly fashion, take as much as you please;" and she held up the frothing pail. The thirsty hunter took a long, deep draught, and looked more thanks than he spoke.

"You must be hungry as well as dry, sir," said Kamilind: "do go to yonder cottage, and my mother will give you bread and cheese."

"I'll stay till you have milked the last of your ewes, and help you home with that heavy pail," said the hunter, seating himself on the grass, and no persuasion could make him go. There he sat, and asked Kamilind a great many questions—what was the name of the place? what was her father's name? had she lived long there? had she any brothers or sisters? The girl answered his inquiries frankly, she had nothing to conceal, and no suspicion of strangers. When the milking was done he helped her home with her pail. The shepherd and his wife received the weary hunter kindly, spread a good meal before him, and afterwards got into friendly chat. The stranger seemed as frank and courteous to them as he had seemed to Kamilind, said he came from the low country, and was a hunter by choice, told Hans the news, pressed his bag of game upon Johan, and praised everything she set before

him. The Netters in their turn took a great liking to their casual guest, and as the sun was wearing low, and he far from another shelter, they pressed him to stay for the birthday feast, and lodge for the night in their cottage.

The stranger accepted their invitation with evident pleasure, and to cement the friendship, told them his name was Herman Berger. By-and-by Fritz and Martin came in, the invited shepherds and their families followed, and the feast was held merrily, but wisely, with a blessing asked before, and a thanksgiving after. The hunter pleased everybody with his good-natured ways and his great knowledge of the world beyond the mountains, but they all remarked that he made himself most pleasing to Kamilind, which was doubtless natural, it being her own birthday, and she the queen of the feast. When it was over, and the shepherds gone, he knelt with the Netters at their evening prayer, and slept by their cottage fire, where the strangers' bed was always made in that rustic but hospitable house. In the morning he went his way, with many thanks on his part, and many kind invitations to come again on theirs, and Kamilind saw him from the cottage window, stopping and looking back time after time, till he turned out of the dell.

All that autumn, and far into the winter, Herman the hunter was in the mountain country, and often calling at the Netters' cottage. Sometimes he came with news of the sheep markets for Hans, sometimes with presents of game to Johan. Sometimes he helped Fritz and Martin to gather home the sheep when they were far scattered and stormy weather was coming on, but still more frequently he stood leaning against the rock till Kamilind came out to milk the ewes, talked with her all the time, and helped her home with her pail. All the Netters thought him a sober, honest lad, but they thought it strange that he never told them more of himself, his home, or his friends in the low country. They noticed, too, that his schooling was better and his talk above a hunter's degree; he had been far abroad, and seen fine sights in the great cities of Germany, which they scarcely knew by name. But ever as he came and went, his first and his last look was for Kamilind; to sit by her side as she turned the spinning-wheel or plied the knitting-pins, in the long evenings when he had come late and was asked to stay—to tell her the wonders he had seen and heard of in his travels, and what fine things and places were in the low country—seemed the greatest pleasure of his lonely life. Alone Herman was in all his comings and goings, no friend, no companion was ever known to be with him. The shepherds on the hills knew him, so did most of the valley people, all gave the same report of his good nature and good manners, but none of them could tell whence he came, or who were his parents. Herman was close and secret on those subjects to a degree that did not please his frank, open-hearted friends in Nettersfeld; but when they made direct inquiries, the young man looked so sad and troubled, that they concluded he must have some serious and sorrowful reason for his silence. So the Netters gave up questioning, and when the rigours of winter made

hunting on the mountains no longer possible, Herman went his way home to the low country, asking them all, and especially Kamilind, not to forget him, and saying he would come back again with the spring.

## IV.

The Netters did not forget Herman in the dark and stormy months that kept travellers at home and shut the mountain neighbours from each other: the courteous, good-humoured, gentle stranger who had come among them with so much news and cheer, was often talked of at their fireside and remembered in their family prayers. None remembered him better than the shepherd's daughter, though she spoke least of Herman; but her brothers said she had never watched so anxiously for the first buds of the mountain-ash, or wished so earnestly for the spring. Before it was fairly come, Hans had to take a journey to the low country on sheep-buying business. He got good weather and good news too. In the first market-town, who should chance to meet him but a trusty servant of Count Hornsberg, whom Hans knew well, for many a message had he brought up to Nettersfeld.

"You will have leave to cross the Oder now," he said. "My master the Count has gained a great estate 'on the Polish side; it belonged to a relation of his, who married a Pole, a nobleman of the old kingdom; he had a great estate too, but it lay over the frontier, and the poor gentleman was one of those that rose against the Russian government some twelve years ago. He was killed in one of the battles, and his lady died soon after—some say of grief, and some of a decline. They left no heirs, though they had seven children; every one of them died young; and a Russian Count got hold of their estates in the confusion of the time. My master was the next of kin, and would not let his relation's lands go in that fashion: but it is hard to get justice out of a Russian. He has carried on a lawsuit for twelve years, and won it at last: the Silesian lands are his, and will make him a wealthy nobleman. He deserves it, Hans; as you and I know, the Count is a good master, and his son will be the same after him. The young Count is a good boy now studying hard at the Breslau university. Between ourselves, his father keeps him too close there, wanting to make him such a learned man. However, you will cross the Oder now, Hans, and the Count will tell you all about it himself, for he is coming to see his new estate, and will take a run up to the Glatz."

Hans went home with that intelligence, rejoiced over it with his family, and published it among the mountain tenantry. All were glad to hear of Count Hornsberg's prosperity, for a kindly and considerate lord had he been to them. His coming to the hills was looked for as a great event—the Count had not been there for fifteen years. But Hans Netter made no preparations against it; he was no eye servant; his master might have come any day, summer or winter, without warning, and found the flocks equally safe and cared for. Besides, Hans had another concern on his mind. With the first swallow, back came

Herman the Hunter. Kamilind found him leaning against the accustomed rock one sunny morning when she went out to her milking; and from that day he kept coming and going about Nettersfeld as before.

"He is a good lad, husband, with civil manners and better learning than ours," said Johan, as the parent pair talked together in private. "But we know nothing of his home or kin; and I fear he is winning away the heart of our Kamilind. She is good and true as ever a daughter was; our Lord be praised for the grace he has given her. But it behoves us to know who this stranger is, that so seeks her company; and if there be sin or shame about his family, he shall not have our daughter."

"I fear there is, wife, I fear there is. The lad looks so hard-pressed by any question on the point, as if he could not tell the truth and would not tell a falsehood. It is a pity too," said Hans; "he is a brave boy for this world, and seems to have an outlook for the better one. Do you know, wife, there are times when he reminds me of Count Hornsberg. But I will speak to him plainly,—it is a father's duty, and I have promised to be a father to Kamilind. May our Father above direct the child and us!"

Hans was making up his mind to take the young man aside and commence his inquiry one afternoon in the same week. A sudden storm of wind and hail such as often darkens the April day in the mountain pastures, had driven sheep and shepherds into shelter, and Herman had come with Fritz and Martin to the cottage. They had heaped the hearth with blazing faggots, saying winter was come to visit the Glatz again, and they would give him a welcome. The shepherd sat with his unlighted pipe in hand at one side of the fire, his good wife sat spinning hard by, Fritz and Martin were in front of it, mending their sheep-hooks, while at the other corner, Kamilind sat knitting, and close by her side sat Herman the hunter. The hail rattled against the windows and the wind roared through the dell, but suddenly the sound of horse's hoofs approached the door.

"It is a traveller overtaken by the storm," said Hans, as he ran to open it. The next moment the family heard him cry "Welcome, my noble lord!" and in stepped Count Hornsberg. The first person on whom his eye lighted was the hunter; and, skilled as he was in the tricks of courts and cabinets, the Count stood stock-still with amazement as he exclaimed,

"Herman, my son, how is it that I find you here?"

Herman seemed too much confounded to make any reply, and the whole family gazed on him and the Count in silent astonishment. Hans found words first, but they were brief and simple.

"My Lord, if this young man be your son, we know nothing of it, or he should not have come here without your knowledge."

"It is true, father," said Herman, bracing himself up to the task, yet looking both ashamed and sad. "It is true; this honest shepherd and his family knew nothing of me, but that I was a hunter from the low country. I came to the hills last vacation time, being weary of college life. Father, I am not fit for

learning, though you think me so. I was tired of books and professors, of towns and of town-bred people, and came up to the wild tree mountains. There I chanced to get acquainted with the worthy family who keep your sheep, and from them I learned better things than ever the university taught me."

"Ah Herman," said the Count, with a faint smile, "young people are always getting good in places unknown to their elders; but I am sure you learned no evil from the Netters, and I do not blame them for your coming here."

"Indeed you need not, my noble lord," said Johan, determined that no suspicion should rest on her house. "We had no notice that he was your son or anything so far above us, but took him for an honest lad coming to court our daughter Kamiliind."

"However you were mistaken in the lad, dame, there was probably ground for the second part of your opinion." And the Count looked earnestly and sadly on the girl, who was trying hard to knit, and growing white and red by turns. "I wish," he continued, "that Herman's future bride may look as good and as fair; but a shepherd's daughter is no match for my only son. Herman, I insist that you and this young girl shake hands, and part for ever, before me and her parents. Honest shepherd, what say you to your daughter?"

"My Kamiliind knows the command of God, and will not help a son to disobey his father. Give the young Count your hand, child. I am sorry, for your sake and for his, that he ever came here; but He that sent the trial can bring a blessing out of it. Bid him farewell like a brave good girl, and come to your mother and me."

As Hans ceased speaking, Kamiliind rose, stretched out her hand and said firmly, though the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Farewell! Count Herman. Obey your noble father; for, with God's help, I will obey mine: and every blessing attend you!"

Herman hesitated, as if he knew not what to do; but at that moment a knock which the occupied family had not heard, was followed by a push at the outer door; being but slightly latched, it flew open, and a man and woman, humbly clad, and wet from the hail-storm, made their way into the cottage, saying "Good day to all in this house! Is the noble Count Hornsberg here?"

"I am here. What is your business with me, my good people?" said the Count.

"Please your nobility," said the man, with a low bow, "we are poor tenants on your Polish estate, and have followed you all this way to ask justice for our foster-child. She is an orphan, young and friendless. First, a stranger, and secondly, a kinsman has taken her inheritance. Justice, my noble lord,—justice for the fatherless!"

"If your tale be true, I will see your foster-child put in possession of her own. But why did you not come to me when I was in your country?" said Count Hornsberg.

"Because the orphan for whom we plead is here, my lord," said the woman, pointing to where Kamiliind stood between the shepherd and his wife. "There she stands, the Countess Kamiliind Olinski, your own cousin's daughter,

whom this honest couple have called theirs for twelve years. When her father was killed, fighting against the Russians, and her mother lay dying of grief and sickness, she called me and my husband to her bedside. He was her steward, and I had nursed her children, six, whom the Lord took to himself in infancy, and this last and fairest whom he has preserved through so many perils. The dying lady told us—what time proved to be true—that the Russian Count who had seized her husband's estate in the old kingdom, would take her Silesian lands also; for he had been heard to say that neither Germans nor German laws should stand in his way. She had no friends and no servants in whom she could confide, but us. She thought your nobility would do nothing for her child, because of an old quarrel; but she knew the worth of your trusty shepherd; and putting the little one into my arms, she charged us both as we were Christians and true Poles, if ever we heard of the Russians coming to take possession, to carry her child secretly to the Glatz and leave her in the care of Hans Netter, but in such a manner that her birth and parentage should never be known. It was her belief that the child's life would not be safe, if the Russian knew where to find the rightful heiress of the lands he coveted. We believing the same, have kept the secret these twelve years; but now that your nobility has won the lands, we know that you will not keep them from the orphan. These honest people can tell how the child came into their cottage; these young men, who were boys then, will know us to be Oskel and Emild; and my husband has papers which will prove our story true."

"It is proved already, to my mind," said the Count. "The likeness of my lost kinswoman is in her daughter's face. Hans Netter, you have been a father to this girl, but she was never your child."

"Never, my lord, except in true affection;" and the shepherd, his wife, and his sons, gave their testimony to the truth of the woman's tale.

"Come here, Herman," said Count Hornsberg when they had finished, "and take your cousin by the hand. Henceforth I bind myself to be her guardian, to see that she gets an education suitable to her birth, to endow her with her mother's lands, and, if possible, to reclaim her father's estate from that usurping Russian. Then, if you and she be of the same mind as you were, when the one was called a hunter and the other a shepherd's daughter, take my blessing, and be Count and Countess of the Hornsberg line."

"Oh, my lord, you are too good—too generous to me," said Kamiliind. "But do not take me away from those who have been my father, mother, and brothers."

"You will come back and see them often, my girl. The Netters are friends that no rank should make one ashamed of; and if Hans is willing to come down to the low country, I will make him steward of your mother's estate."

"Many thanks, my noble lord," said Hans, as he wiped the tears of joy out of his eyes; "but Oskel there, is fitter for the business, and he and his wife have proved themselves right trusty. Besides, with your leave, I will live

and die a shepherd, as all my fathers did; it is an honourable calling. Our Lord takes that name to himself. David was a shepherd before he became a king; and I doubt not that he found the sheep more easy to manage than the people of Israel. I and mine will remain in Nettersfeld; Kamilind will come to see us and the green mountain pastures, every summer-time: and we will love and pray for her still, though the world calls her a countess."

While he spoke, the last of the storm-clouds cleared away, and broad bright sunshine flashed into the cottage, lighting up the group of happy faces around its hearth and casting its splendour on the shepherd's grey hair.

"It is even so," continued Hans, "that the Lord work his wonders, bringing sunshine out of the tempest and good out of evil, as we have seen this day. Oh! my dear daughter Kamilind, whatever learning you may get in court or city, never lose the lesson of trust in Him which your own history most plainly teaches; for though now the heiress of sunshine, you were once the Child of the Storm."

#### A QUESTION CONSIDERED.



WHICH quality gives most power to man—a vivid imagination, a ready apprehension, or a retentive memory?"

The faculty of memory may be considered as threefold; first the power of remembering what we have to do in the affairs of every day life; secondly, the power of remembering what we read in books; and thirdly the power of recalling our past lives.

And these three faculties appear to be so distinct from each other, that it is seldom that we find them all developed in the same person: and it is even possible for one to be lost or impaired by age or sickness, while another continues unclouded. The first quality as opposed to absence of mind, which is generally looked upon as the particular failing of the learned, is, of course, most developed in the uneducated. We expect our servants to execute our orders at the appointed time, without requiring to be continually reminded of them; while we are quite content that they should forget, as they must do in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the geography and history which it is considered so important that they should learn at school. And great as may be our admiration for the faculty that enables some persons to repeat long passages out of a book they have only once read, perhaps, in this practical nineteenth-century world of ours, most of us would prefer for ourselves to have such a memory as should secure us against ever forgetting to write a letter, keep an appointment, or return a borrowed book at the right time. But in the hurried lives so many of us lead now-a-days, this power is so rare, that, to excuse ourselves for not possessing it, we are apt to underrate it and to speak as if it argued a certain triviality of mind to be able to remember any but the most important affairs of life.

The second faculty we mentioned, that of remembering what we read in books, is invaluable to all of us in childhood, allowing to its happy possessor many a half hour's play, which must be devoted by his less fortunate companions to the weary task of learning lessons by heart. In afterlife, this faculty may be better dispensed with by the general mass of mankind. Provided that we can discuss the novel, the poem, review, or pamphlet, that every one is reading at the present time, we are seldom likely to be catechised as to how much we remember of that which equally occupied the public attention three months ago. But to those who wish to attain any eminence in life, a good memory for what they have read and learnt is indispensable. Especially is this the case with authors and public speakers. Even where there exists that rare gift, the power of extempore speaking, how much happy effect may be given by a well chosen and accurately repeated quotation; and where this power is wanting, how well does memory often supply it—so much so, that it may be doubted whether the greater part of that which we call extempore speaking or preaching is really more than an effort of memory.

The third faculty, that of recalling our own lives, is certainly less universally useful than either of the others, though it may often afford infinite pleasure to the aged and infirm, who when shut out from an active part in the world, may spend many happy hours in living brighter days of their life over again in memory: and it is to the exercise of this faculty that we owe all the interesting autobiographies that ever were written. A great man's account of himself must be far more interesting than anything that another person, however familiar with his life and conversation, can say about him.

Who, for instance, ever read Leckhart's "Life of Scott," deeply interesting as the whole book is, without regretting that the charming Ashestiel fragment of autobiography is so short—that the poet had not carried on his memoirs of early days to a later period of his life?

On the whole, then, it may be said that memory, in whatever form it is developed is so valuable a possession, that those who have it in any degree should cultivate it to the utmost: and that those who are so unfortunate as to be almost destitute of it (*quite* destitute no one can be whose brain is not diseased), should think of their deficiency as they would of any defect of hearing or eyesight, and endeavour to improve whatever amount of it they may possess. Let them remember that nothing great has ever been done in the world in which this power of memory has not been called into play. Perhaps it may be thought that if it is valuable in writing or in speaking, the art of painting at least, is independent of it. But can an artist hope that a rainbow, or a breaking wave, or a floating cloud, will stand still for him to represent them? Could Turner have given us any of those wonderful effects of sunset, or shower, or sea-storm, which we admire on the walls of our National Gallery, without the help of memory? Any one who has tried to draw a cloud will find that the form has changed before he could mix the colours on his palette. Even the rough sketches from which Turner afterwards painted his great pictures could not have

been completed before the passing shower had been swept away, before the wind or the glory had faded from the cloud.

Memory is a powerful and indispensable machinery to all who desire to achieve anything great in life; but after all, it is mere machinery, and it is the possibility of its being used and only for trivial purposes, by trivial minds, that causes it to be so often undervalued. We may be able to repeat long passages of poetry by heart, we may have an accurate memory for dates and facts of history, without ever applying our knowledge to any useful purpose. We may be able to recall to our mental vision many a glorious sunset, many a grand storm cloud, but memory will never give us the power to paint them as Turner has done. We may be able clearly and distinctly to recall every accident of our childhood, but which of us could work by our recollections to such an autobiography as that fragment of Sir Walter Scott's?

But if memory is too often undervalued, perhaps on the other hand, we are apt almost to overrate a readiness of apprehension: for if we do not possess it ourselves, we can all of us appreciate it in our neighbours. Who does not know the pleasure of telling a story to some one that never fails to see the point—to laugh at the right moment? or of sharing our feelings with a friend whose ready sympathy may be won by a word almost a look? And who does not value common sense, tact, and judgment which may all be included in this one quality of a ready apprehension, of all those we are considering the one most likely to win general popularity for its possessor? Nor is it only in practical life that it will be found useful. If the power of discriminating character is indispensable to all whose life is spent in dealings with their fellow-men—to the statesman, the clergyman, the school master—it is at least no less so to the historian, the poet, and the novelist. Faithfulness in depicting character is what constitutes the great charm of all writing whether professedly fictitious or historical. It is this merit in novel or poem, which above all others, makes up delight in reading it over again, when the plot or the language, interesting or beautiful as these may be, are grown familiar to us: and it is through this power of ready apprehension in the writer that the striking points in the character he describes are seized upon, and made interesting and delightful to the reader. Memory may give fluency to the orator's language and enable him to have quotations and illustrations at command: but the quick answer, the ready retort, and, above all, the power of argument, must be the result of this gift of a ready apprehension. Memory again may help the artist to reproduce that fleeting expression of tenderness and rapture, or indignation, that he saw for one moment on the countenance he was painting; or that gleam of light that fell for an instant on the dark landscape, that transient glow in the evening sky; and many persons might remember these expressions, or effects of light and shade, if they were pointed out to them: but does one person in a hundred observe such things for themselves, and not only see them with the outward eye (for most people will be struck by a gleam of sunlight or a change of

countenance), but enter into and apprehend their beauty and their force?

To remember faithfully what we have once seen or known is good and useful; to understand what we see, and to enter into the thoughts of others, is a higher gift; but there is yet a greater power bestowed on man, the power of conceiving the unseen. Without this gift the lower powers of remembering and appreciating what we see and hear, could never produce any great work of art. Did Shakespeare know and converse with Hamlet, Macbeth, Iago? Did Mendelssohn hear the shouts of the persecutors, or witness the dying calmness of the first martyr? Did Handel hear the hallelujahs of the redeemed, or the voice of the trumpet? Did Raphael behold the face of the Divine Child, in which, as it looks upon us from the glorious picture of the Madonna di San Sisto, we seem to read all the history of His love, and of man's rejection of that love? Familiar to us all are the beautiful words of Revelation: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock;" but to Holman Hunt they suggested the picture, which he alone of living men could have conceived and executed—the Light of the World. And this power of a vivid imagination is often most developed in those who are shut out from communion with the world of sense, as Beethoven was deaf to the perfect harmony of sounds, by which he delighted the ears of others, and Milton sang in darkness of Light ineffable.

To others again who possess their outward senses unimpaired, all that is perceived by them is suggestive of greater things unseen. It is related of Andrew Crosse, the celebrated electrician that when a child of four years old, he was looking at a beautiful sunset, and being asked, "What he thought it was like?" he answered, "The kingdom of heaven opened to all believers." To a lower class of mind, the crimson and gold of the evening sky is only suggestive of a continuance of fine weather.

But great gifts bring with them great responsibilities and great dangers: to this witness the irregular lives of too many of those who have possessed the most vivid imagination, which like God's gifts, if not regulated by His Law, and used in His service, may be made a powerful engine of Satan to our ruin. But this is not always so: the highest intellects, the noblest imaginations have been made instruments of God's glory: and when we think of Raphael, Dante, Milton, Mendelssohn, it is as those whose voice has been filled with His praise that they might sing of His glory and honour all the day long.

Memory may be cultivated; nay, it may almost be acquired; our powers of apprehension may be enlarged: imagination alone is a power born with those on whom it is bestowed, and where it is wanting, no diligence can supply it. Let those who have it, use it well. It is a great gift, a rare gift: we place it highest of the three qualities we have been considering, but like every human faculty, it is limited: and let those who have it, and those who are destitute of it, remember, with humility and thankfulness, that there are things which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, but which the dullest, the most unlearned, the most unimaginative, may