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THE PRESBYTERIAN.

NOVEMBER, 1866.



LETTER from the Con-
vener of the Sabbath
School Committee will be
found in this number, which
is deserving of serious con-
sideration. The efforts made
by the Sabbath scholars to
extend to India the bless-
ings of the Gospel are worthy
of all praise. It is matter
of congratulation that by means of the In-
dian Orphanage so many children have been
supported—have received a good education
to prepare them for their duties in this life,
and, higher and more important considera-
tion, have been trained to a knowledge of
the great truths by which alone men can
be saved. The importance of this work
can scarcely be over-rated. These young
people, thus trained and indoctrinated from
their infancy with Christian principles, can
go amongst their own countrymen with the
advantage of speaking their language, and
being able to withstand the effects of a
climate, which too often tells with deadly
effect upon European Missionaries. It is
true, the iron barrier of *caste* rises up to
interpose obstacles unknown in other coun-
tries, but even that is at last yielding be-
fore the advance of new ideas, and the
changes begun by the stopping of the *suttees*
or burning of widows on their husbands'
funeral pile, and by the breaking up of the
frightful association of Thugs, a band of
armed murderers, who put men to death as
an act of devotion to the blood thirsty god-
dess, in whose existence they believed, and
whom they served, will not stop until the
Gospel has free course. This we believe;
and would not, therefore, willingly see one
farthing less contributed to the support of
every measure by which the Word of God
and the influence of Christianity can be
extended to India, or to any quarter of the
globe. On the contrary, we would gladly
see, not only the amount from the children

increased ten-fold, and the hearty co-oper-
ation of *all* the scholars would do this with-
out much strain upon their resources, but
we would also desire to see a living and
active interest manifested in the Church at
large in Missionary work. Yet, important
as are the claims of foreign missions, there
are fields nearer home which cannot be
neglected without entailing upon the Church
a heavy responsibility. There are wants
to be supplied among our own countrymen,
not alone among the backwoods where the
settlers are few in number and poor in
resources. Their necessities cannot be
overlooked without casting upon us the
shame and reproach of sitting idly down,
folding our hands, and asking practically,
if not in words, "Am I my brother's
keeper." There are also old settlements,
where competence, if not wealth, has been
gained, but where the long-continued want
of Bible teaching and stated ordinances of
worship has taken away all desire for them—
where long deprivation of the bread of life
has taken away the sense of hunger for it—
as we are told sometimes happens in the
physical man, whose sense of pain from
want of food becomes dulled the longer he
continues without it. Then there is the
French Canadian Mission, miserably sup-
ported, and languishing in a state which is
a disgrace to us as a Church of Christ.
There are other claims to which we need
not now more particularly refer. The
letter of Mr. Inglis speaks for itself, and
will doubtless be carefully read and pon-
dered. The object he proposes is one
which commends itself to the warm sym-
pathies of all who know the state of the
country, and the poverty prevailing in many
localities, where the strongest desire is felt
for the establishment of religious services.
No place, however poor, would require, as
Mr. Inglis would lead us to infer, to have
the whole cost of the building of a Church
defrayed. In the districts most urgently
requiring help, timber is abundant—the

men are all well accustomed to the use of the axe—and a large share of the rough work of preparing the frame, hewing the timber, drawing logs to the mill and back in the shape of lumber, to the site of the church, would invariably be done by those who expected to become members of the congregation, and even, as we have seen in not a few cases, by neighbours who had no very great sense of religion themselves, but who from a kind motive would help those whom they saw anxious to help themselves. The amount raised, as contemplated by Mr. Inglis, would thus afford assistance to more than one church, and might assist to decide some who were in doubt, from not seeing how the whole expense was to be met, to make up their minds to the erection of a place of worship.

What, however, we would more especially draw attention to now, is the confirmation afforded by this proposal to the views expressed in our last number of the benefits of organization, and the large sums that could be raised with little individual exertion. The sum of five cents in the half year, less than a cent every month, would amount to a very respectable contribution in the aggregate. Out of the number, how many would feel it a sacrifice to give a cent once every four or five weeks? Yet this small amount would exceed the whole sum contributed to the French mission, including the maintenance of the day-school, would fall very little short of the congregational collections made for the Widows' and Orphans' Fund, and would be nearly four times as much as is sent by all the charges of our Church to the committee for assisting, by bursaries, the education of young and promising students in training for the work of the ministry. One cent in every five weeks from each Sabbath-scholar, placed in comparison with the efforts, or rather the no effort, made by the whole Church, might well shame us into doing something to remove the stigma which may well and justly rest upon us. Is this failure to do more a symptom of an apathy proceeding from a decay of spiritual life, or does it merely arise from the want of the subject being properly brought under the notice of the members and adherents of the Church? If the latter, then it will only be necessary to direct their attention to the disease, and its remedy to effect a cure. If the former, other and deeper sources of healing must be sought for, before the evil can be cured.

It is not a mere matter of pounds, shillings and pence on which we would enlarge. Money is only a means to an end, the highest which man can have in view. To attain this end, the man who feels convinced of its importance, would not consider even a heavy personal sacrifice too much to make. By wise management on the part of congregations, no such personal sacrifices need be made. A small sum from each to assist in carrying on the work laid upon the Church, would be sufficient to relieve the minds of the members of the Committees on the present schemes, from much and anxious thought as to the insufficiency of their resources to meet the claims urged upon them, and would enable them to calculate, with something like reasonable certainty, the probable income for the year. Arrangements could then be made, without the constant fear that the funds would be inadequate to fulfill the engagements entered upon—the French mission could be put on a footing commensurate to the magnitude of the field to be entered upon, and which has, as yet, been scarcely touched—assistance might be extended to those who are struggling to educate themselves for the ministry; and there are several at this moment to whom help of this kind would be all important, and the loss of whose future services would be a serious injury, not to our Church alone, but to the country: all the schemes, in a word, would experience a change of the most welcome character. All these benefits, and many more yet undreamed of, could be produced and continued, if a proper system of organization were adopted—if each congregation were awakened to a sense of the just claims the Church at large had upon it—and if every individual felt that his offering, however small, was swelling up the fountain from which might flow blessings innumerable to his own country, and to the world at large.

By the "*Home and Foreign Record of the Church of Scotland*," it will be seen that the question of association is exciting some attention there as well as here. The remarks on the circulation of the *Record* apply with equal force to the *Presbyterian*.

A correspondent from Greenock writes to us in connection with the article on Parochial Associations, and sends printed reports of parochial associations in the two principal churches in that town. Great good has been done, according to the writer, by means of these associations; and it is impossible to glance at the

reports, and the missionary and parochial labours they detail, without recognising this. We heartily agree with him, that "a third of our churches might do likewise." He dwells also upon the necessity of increasing the circulation of the *Record*. "I would like," he says, "to see a fifth of our people subscribers." One of the great uses to which the parochial association might be turned is the regular and increasing distribution of the *Record*. It will be found that, both in the U. P. and the Free Churches, it is only by a stated congregational agency that the comparatively large circulation of their *Records* is secured.

The following communication appears in the *Montreal Witness*. It is a confirmation of the views which we have several times laid before our readers:—

LOWER CANADA.

IMMIGRATION VS. EMIGRATION.

For ten years there has been little or no immigration of either Catholics or Protestants from any foreign country into any part of Lower Canada; but there has been during all that time a continuous emigration from it, chiefly of enterprising young men and women, to the United States of America. Indeed great numbers of the most liberal and enterprising of the *habitans* of French Lower Canada have been constantly leaving.

CAUSES OF NON-IMMIGRATION.

Catholic Frenchmen (except for their country's good) will not emigrate to a country wherein an ultramontane priesthood have for some two hundred years exercised a rule so despotic that it has dwarfed in almost every respect, except increase of numbers, *one of the best of peoples*. The remnants of the aristocratic families left in Lower Canada have partly escaped this deterioration, but the masses have been impoverished by the task-masters who lord it over them in a way from which their native land has been freed for nearly eighty years. And few British and other non-Catholics will come to settle in a country, sevenths of whose population they know to be enslaved by a Romish priesthood.

The "civil" power of unlimited taxation for ecclesiastical purposes, in which the priest and his fabrique are supported by the whole force of the British Empire; as ever and anon beggaring new parishes, and affording instances of oppression, from which, at present, no redress can be had even in a British court of law,—a power that the hierarchy do not possess in most Catholic countries. Add to these grievances the fact that some five-sevenths of all the public revenues for the encouragement of education are given for the support of schools which are neither more nor less than nurseries of the Church of Rome, and that a priest-party controls the Legislature of the country, whose spendthrift financiering has brought nearly to bankruptcy a Province which should have been one of the most economically-governed countries in the world.

Again, it is well known that by the proposed Confederation the whole of Lower Canada is to be handed over to the unchecked control of this same hierarchical despotism; that Lower Canada will not in all probability be represented in the Confederate Ministry by a single English-speaking Protestant Minister of the Crown; that the Confederated Parliament will as surely be controlled by the political priest-party as that the political slave-party of the South controlled by a like proportion of votes, the Federal Congress for over fifty years. These are some of the causes of the non-immigration to Lower Canada, and the continuous emigration therefrom to the United States.

Nor dare the so-called Minister of Agriculture (?) and Emigration (?) take one vigorous step effectually to promote the immigration of British or non-Catholics, or even of French Catholics from abroad, into the Eastern Townships of Lower Canada, for if he did he well knows that ere twenty-four hours thereafter the political guillotine of the Bishop and Pope-consulting Prime-Minister of all the Canadas would be applied.

BRITISH AMERICAN.

A few gentlemen in Montreal, in order to have the arguments for the Union of Presbyterians in Canada put forward in a readable form, and in moderate compass, have offered a prize of \$200 for the best essay on the subject. All the essays to be sent in for adjudication not later than the first of April next, and the high standing of the judges, who are to award the prize, gives ample security that a just decision will be given. The one which receives the prize is to become the property of the Committee, and must not exceed forty pages demy octavo, in long primer type. Rev. Dr. Cook, Quebec; Rev. Dr. Taylor, Rev. Mr. McVicar, Montreal; Alexander Morris, M.P.P., Perth, C.W.; and F. W. Torrance, Barrister, Montreal, have consented to act as judges. The subject is thus given:—

"The Union of the Presbyterians in Canada, with special reference to the advantages and practicability of such a Union, and the best method of bringing it about."

"CLERICAL RECORD."

Principal Snodgrass, in behalf of the publisher of the Presbyterian Historical Almanac, desires us again to intimate to the ministers of our Church, that he is taking charge of the returns to inquiries distributed in June last, with the view of preparing materials for a complete "Clerical Record" of the Church in Canada. The almanac in which the record will appear is devoted to the presentation of the past and

present history of the Presbyterian Church throughout the world, but especially on the continent of America. "Its object, scope, and prospective influence, is Presbyterianism." Though not a paying, it is a pet enterprise of the publisher, who gives his spare hours to it, simply because he is

a Presbyterian, and heartily desires the well-being of the Presbyterian Church. It seems as though it should be a privilege to ministers to encourage so useful and important a periodical. The service at present solicited, namely, the giving of information, cannot cause much trouble.

News of our Church.

PRESBYTERY OF QUEBEC.—This Presbytery met on the 17th ulto. The Rev. Joseph Evans was elected moderator for next year. The principal business before the court was the Eastern Township Mission. The Rev. T. G. Smith, of Melbourne, the Rev. Joseph Evans, of Sherbrooke, and Mr. John Bennet, Missionary, gave full reports which were felt by the Presbytery to be highly satisfactory, and gave cause for thankfulness at the progress made in this important field of missionary labour. The Presbytery felt that in consequence of the late dreadful calamity that had befallen the city of Quebec, it would be impossible to raise the annual amount necessary to sustain this mission, and the Rev. Mr. Smith, of Melbourne, was authorised to proceed to Scotland, and to lay the case of the Eastern Townships before the Colonial Committee, and to urge their claims on the Church at large.

INDUCTION AT OWEN SOUND.—The Presbytery of Guelph met at Owen's Sound for the purpose of inducting the Rev. Duncan Morrison, into Knox's Church there. A very impressive sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. McLean of Paisley, from 1 Timothy 1, ii. "The glorious gospel of the blessed God." The minister was addressed, in suitable terms, by the Rev. John Hogg, and the people by the Rev. Alexander Streaton, on their respective duties. A very attentive audience was present at the service, and from Mr. Morrison's known ability and piety, the Presbytery and the Church expect great things. It is one of the finest of our western stations, and as the people display an excellent spirit, there can be no doubt that this infant Church will prove a centre of light to the entire neighbourhood. The town of Owen Sound contains nearly three thousand inhabitants, and in connection with Derbart, a station seven miles distant, will in a short time possess two flourishing congregations.

ORDINATION OF ELDERS.—At the village of Glencoe, Messrs. Kenneth McLean, David Dobie and Daniel Cameron, were duly set apart, by the Rev. Mr. Rannie, of Chatham, C.W., to be Elders. After the ordination service, the rev. gentleman, in brief but most suitable and solemn addresses to the newly ordained Elders and the Glencoe congregation, reminded them of the obligations arising out of their new relations, exhorting each faithfully to discharge the duties of the office.

PRESENTATION.—The following address together with purse containing \$110.25cts., was presented to the Rev. D. Morrison, Brockville, on the evening of Tuesday, September 25th, 1866.

At a public meeting of the Congregation of Saint John's Church, Brockville, C.W., held on the evening of September 24th, 1866, the following address was proposed and carried by vote.

To the Reverend Duncan Morrison, Minister of Saint John's Church, Brockville, C.W.

Reverend Sir,—We the Members and adherents of this Church, desire to approach you on the event of your translation from this charge to another sphere of ministerial labour, and to convey to you the high esteem with which we have always regarded your christian character, and moral worth, and to express to you the appreciation we have had of you as our pastor, and for the untiring zeal with which you have always applied yourself to the duties of your charge, and for the great interest you have continued to take in our spiritual and temporal welfare.

We desire also to express to you our sympathy with yourself and your interesting family, in the journey you are about to take, and we trust that God will long spare you and them, and bless you all with a sense of His favour and presence, and our prayer is that the Lord of the Vineyard, will largely bless you in your new field of labour, and honour your work by the bringing of many souls to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus.

COL. MACDOUGALL,
Chairman.

Signed on behalf of }
the Congregation by } JOHN WRIGHT.

Secretary.

MR. MORRISON'S REPLY.—I am much moved and even surprised with this generous gift and feeling address.

These kindly sentiments which you have been pleased to express respecting my sojourn among you, are touching and full of comfort. I can only thank you both on my own account, and that of my family, assuring you that I will carry the remembrance of this, and all your other tokens of kindness and affection which we have received at your hands, to the new sphere of labour to which I am called, as a sweet and sacred consolation.

I have to beg of you to convey my thanks to

the Congregation for this noble gift and this precious address, which you have put into my hands.

My prayer to Almighty God is, that He may soon send you a pastor after His own heart, and that your conversation be as it becometh the Gospel of Christ, that whether I come and see you, or else be absent, I may bear of your affairs, that ye stand fast in one spirit, with one mind, striving together for the faith of the Gospel. To

COL. MACDOUGALL, *Chairman.*

JOHN WRIGHT, *Secretary.*

PRESENTATION.—The Rev. Charles Campbell, St. Andrew's Church, Niagara, was waited on one day, last week, by two members of his Congregation, who were on the eve of leaving to prosecute their business elsewhere, and who presented him with the handsome sum of \$84, being the balance of salary due him, after deducting his contribution to the Temporalities Board. Such an instance of liberality is worthy of record as an example to the members of our Church, and we have great pleasure, therefore, in chronicling this act of beneficence on the part of the two members of this Congregation, which has always been noted for its interest in the welfare of its ministers.

THE LATE REV. JOHN McMURCHY, MINISTER OF ELDON.

The following are the closing remarks of a funeral sermon preached by the Rev. Mr. Muir, Lindsay, on the death of the Rev. Mr. McMurchy. A biographical notice of the deceased will, we trust, appear in our next. It is now being prepared by a member of the Presbytery of Toronto, who has been unable to get it ready in time for this month.

“And now to draw my discourse to a conclusion, I think it is due to myself—it is due to many before me who knew and loved the deceased for years, it is due to the memory of the deceased who has been called so unexpectedly away, that I should say a few words on his character. In doing so I shall not use the language of unqualified panegyric, but shall endeavour to speak the words of truth and soberness. The venerable pastor was not sinless; but so far as parental example and a liberal education could influence he might be said to have known the Holy Scriptures from a child. His talents were not of the highest order, but God endowed him with a clear intellect and a sound judgment. His mind was ever loyal to duty and law. His knowledge of the world was extensive, and his observations on men and manners, matured by long experience, were charitable and accurate. He had a quick sense of right and wrong, of politeness and rudeness, which rendered his advice of great value in cases of perplexing casuistry. In the opinion of competent judges he was a most respectable preacher both in English and Gaelic. His was liberality without extravagance, dignity without pride, learning without pedantry, and religion without ostentation. He had a word of counsel for the young, and of consolation for the old. “He rejoiced with them that did rejoice, and wept with them that

wept.” He indulged in no morbid views of the world, because he ever took the sunny side of human life. Disappointment never soured him and honour never made him affected or self-conceited. His was a character in which there met and coalesced in a beautiful whole, the courtesy of the gentleman and the humility of the Christian. Like the country of which we read, that there are no poisonous reptiles in it, his heart furnished no haunt for malice to point her sting, and gave no place for envy to protrude her fang. His genial nature was not made to provoke hostility, while his large and sympathetic heart, magnet like, attracted a wide circle of warm friends and well-wishers around him. He was a man of great sincerity and integrity of life. You could entrust him with any secret, and could rely upon his discretion. His prudence never shaded into the gloom of low policy and self seeking, and his counsel was never lost in the tangled valley of cunning or subtlety.

His character was transparent, like one of the crystalline fountains of his native Scottish Highlands. No adept in adulation, he would neither flatter nor be flattered. Slow in deliberation, his mind was not easily changed when once he had decided what principles he would embrace. He was never “tossed about with every wind of doctrine.” He loved his Church with a tenacity which evil report could not diminish, nor good report increase. To some this might appear bigotry, but to others who knew him, it was nothing more than the beautiful efflorescence of a warm and enlightened attachment to the Church of his fathers. Such too was his humility that he never assumed the manners of a Diotrefes, or tried to lord it over God's heritage. Although he might have obtained a larger stipend in another corner of his Master's vineyard, yet he was never carried away by the golden dreams of pecuniary promotion, nor intoxicated by the fumes of worldly ambition. I believe it was his desire—a desire, alas! now granted—to live and die amongst his warm hearted countrymen in Eldon. In every aspect in which we view him, in every relation in which he was placed, we see the beauty of straightforward integrity and the gentle kindness of self-denying goodness. May he “though dead, yet speak” to us.

The Rev. Mr. McMurchy who, when he died, had nearly reached the allotted three score years and ten, was a native of Argyllshire, Scotland. He came to this country about the year 1840 was appointed to Eldon in 1842, and was elected Moderator of our Synod in 1859. He died suddenly of heart disease on the morning of the 22nd September, and his death has been deeply deplored by a large circle of friends in the Upper and Lower Province. He leaves a wide and eight children.

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY.

OPENING OF THE SESSION AND INAUGURATION OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.—A meeting was held in the Convocation Hall of the University of Queen's College, on Wednesday afternoon, the 3rd ultimo,

for the purpose of formally opening the classes for the session in the Faculties of Arts and Medicine. Since last year a change of considerable importance has taken place in the organization of the Medical department, it being now specially incorporated under the title of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, Kingston, with special powers conferred upon the corporation for the purpose of granting licenses and fellowships to practitioners of medicine. The Medical department, under its new name, is affiliated with the University, and is distinct only in having a regulating power of its own. It was perhaps the desire felt by the public to learn something of the nature of this change, and also the growing interest which is being taken by the people of Kingston in the affairs and success of the Arts department, that led to a very full and highly respectable audience being present at this meeting. There was a good attendance of students, and the hall was filled with visitors, both ladies and gentlemen.

The Very Rev. Dr. Snodgrass, Principal, occupied the chair, and had seated on his right and left the Professors in the several Faculties of Arts, Medicine and Theology, nearly the whole of whom were present.

After prayer, the Principal said:

This meeting begins the twenty-fifth session of Queen's College. Instead of taking upon myself the task of always giving the formal address which established custom appropriately connects with such occasions, by way of securing that varied interest which results from the expression of thoughts by different persons, I have adopted the plan of sharing the duty with my colleagues in the professorial work of the University, and after a few minutes I shall call upon the learned gentlemen appointed to speak to you at the present time. These minutes I propose to occupy by advertising briefly to some topics, a reference to which by me will not, I think, be considered out of place, if it be not expected.

In a very little while the age of this institution will be one quarter of a century. Although the oldest of the kind, save one, in this part of the world, the term of its existence is not long enough to carry it much beyond the stage of infancy, yet sufficiently long, it may be thought, to afford some test of its utility in dispensing the benefits of a liberal education. Possibly all the hopes cherished with reference to it by its early friends and supporters have not been realized, yet it may be truly said that within its own proper sphere it has played no mean part in the history of the country. As it is yet the period of youth with us, it becomes us all to remember and follow the admonition so frequently addressed to men in the spring-time of their days, to wit, that theirs is that precious season in the proper improvement of which lies all that constitutes a right preparation for an honourable and distinguished manhood. While instructors must bear a special responsibility in giving obedience to this law, their success ever depends, in a great measure, upon the co-operative diligence of their students; for it is by the manner in which the latter fit themselves for the duties of public life, and in which they dis-

charge these duties in their several vocations, that the institution in which they have been trained receives credit among men. I therefore earnestly solicit of those who propose to join old classes this session, a constant and dutiful remembrance of this principle, as one of many legitimate incentives to perseverance and fidelity.

Since the close of last session, a change has been effected in the Medical department of the University—a change in the success of which I feel both much interest and much confidence. Hitherto the Medical Faculty, in respect of its relationship and all the arrangements found to be necessary for its maintenance, has been a part, an important part, of the University, considered as whole. Its affairs, embracing the appointment of officers and sundry regulations of a general character, have been under the management of the Board of Trustees. Now, the Medical Faculty has been discontinued as to its teaching department, it being in contemplation to exercise only those powers which the University possesses by Royal Charter, for the two-fold purpose of admitting Matriculants in Medicine to the rank of undergraduates, and of conferring degrees upon such Matriculants as shall be found, on the completion of the prescribed course of study, to be entitled to receive them. A majority of the members of the Faculty as formally existing, and other professional gentlemen associated with them, have, by an Act of Parliament obtained during the last session of the Legislature, been incorporated under the name of "The Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons of Kingston," with power to manage their own affairs, and award to deserving students certain marks of distinction, including the very important one of a license to practice surgery, but not including the degree of Doctor of Medicine. This new College, upon an application made by its Corporation, and after negotiations resulting satisfactorily in a well understood arrangement of terms, has been affiliated with the University. In virtue of this affiliation all students attending the Royal College, having matriculated in former years as Students of Medicine in the Medical Faculty of Queen's College, will rank as matriculants or undergraduates of the University, provided they have been registered, or so soon as they shall be registered in the University register; and hereafter all students in actual attendance at the Royal College shall, upon passing a matriculation examination appointed by the Senate, and upon enrolment in the register of Queen's University, be admitted to the same rank, and all such matriculants, upon certification that they have duly attended to the various requirements connected with the curriculum in Medicine, shall be admissible as candidates for the degree of Doctor of Medicine. And, farther, in virtue of this affiliation, the Senate of the University will co-operate, willingly and considerably I am sure, with the Royal College, in at once promoting the interests of the medical students, and in securing those general and particular qualifications which the practice of so important and responsible a profession as that of Medicine demands at their hands.

Upon a consideration of this change, which I have thought it well to describe with some minuteness, it will be seen that, while it is important in its nature, and probably also, I should say, in its consequences, it does not to any essential degree affect the present or prospective standing of intending graduates. The alliance which has been formed between the College and the University will connect, by uninterrupted succession, the past history of medical education at Kingston with the present arrangements for its continuance: the names which shall hereafter appear upon the list of graduates shall be in no respect more distinguishable from those which now compose it than the latter are from one another; while the fact that students will, for a time at least, meet in the same class-rooms to pursue the same studies as before, will be a visible manifestation of this identity, as well as a proof of the mutual accord with which the new arrangement has been effected, and an expression of the harmony which all parties concerned in that arrangement desire to prevail.

With regard to the grounds upon which the Board of Trustees has acceded to the discontinuance of the Medical Faculty and the affiliation of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, they may, I believe, be correctly stated in the following words:—First, a growing conviction of the impracticability of reconciling the requirements of the Royal Charter in respect of Medical Professorships with the selection, in a community so limited as this, of a sufficient number of professional gentlemen willing to accept of unsalaried professorships in conformity with these requirements; and second, a deepening persuasion that some more immediate and interested control, than a corporation constituted as that of Queen's College is, can possibly exercise, is needed in order to secure as fully as is desirable those advantages which may be reasonably expected from the establishment of a medical college at Kingston. In both these feelings I share very largely, and while the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, this day entering upon its educational career, must be accepted solely as the result of negotiations conducted by the members of its corporation, before the formation of it was thought of, I did not fail to express my sentiments to that effect.

Without dwelling further than is necessary upon this subject, I feel that I cannot better close my reference to it, than by repeating, as I sincerely do, the earnest hope which the Trustees have caused to be recorded in the minutes of their proceedings, and also to be communicated to the corporation of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, namely, that the College may be eminently prosperous and successful, and that the affiliation which has been formed may be lasting, useful and honourable.

The last session of the Legislature, remarkable for some peculiar measures, distinguished itself by the extraordinary addition it made to the number of Universities established in Upper Canada. The number of institutions having power to confer degrees has been increased by three, so that there are now no fewer than

seven. This state of things may be accepted as a legitimate consequence of the recognition of the claims of denominationalism to be regarded as a controlling power in the erection of Universities, a principle which, when once a government proceeds to act upon it, can have no check, until the number of denominations be represented, except the demand, which it is to be hoped our government will do its utmost to enforce, that those institutions upon which University powers are conferred shall be both willing and able to assume their proper responsibility, and take their proper part in the higher education of the country. Of course we have no right to complain if the principle upon which we ourselves exist be fairly applied in calling other bodies into existence; but in a matter of such vital moment as the conferring of University honours, it need not surprise us if it do appear, by the application of the principle which at present governs the granting of University powers, that we easily reach an extreme from which it is most desirable to recede. Without entering upon any of these arguments which might prove that an extreme has been actually reached, the number and proximity of our Upper Canadian Universities are of themselves sufficient grounds on which to express the hope that those who are capable of taking a leading part in the matter and of carrying it to a successful issue, will speedily combine to secure the establishment of one University Board or Council charged with the duty of fixing a common compulsory standard of qualification for the reception of degrees, and of framing suitable regulations for the awarding of them.

In conclusion, I heartily welcome both those students who are about to resume their studies here and those who propose to enter our class-rooms for the first time, and earnestly pray that the session upon which we are entering may be a happy and successful one, alike for the teachers and the taught.

The Rev. Professor Mowat, M.A., then delivered an academic address on the advantages of classical and mathematical studies. It was an argumentative and eloquent discourse on the value of these branches of learning, and abounded with information likely to be of value to the parents and others charged with the education of youth. As entering fully into question of higher education, now so prominent in Canada, this discourse was of public interest.

Dr. Dickson, President of the Medical Council, and President of the Faculty of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, next addressed the audience, dwelling at length upon the formation of the Royal College, the provisions of the Medical Act of Upper Canada, the arrangements for the session, and the duties of medical students.

AWARD OF SCHOLARSHIPS.—The Matriculation examinations having closed, the Principal announced, on the 9th ultimo, the award of scholarships, as determined by the result of these examinations, to be as follows:—

(The names of the scholarships are printed in Italics.)

Mowat, special competition in Arithmetic, value one year's interest on \$800 in mortgage, to—George L. B. Fraser, Kingston.

Kingston Presbytery, close, sixty dollars, to Joseph Gandier, Rawdon.

Campbell, open, eighty dollars, Mark Rogers Rowse, Bath.

Watkins, open, eighty dollars, Thomas McGuire, Kingston.

Hardy, close, fifty dollars, Percival H. Edmison, Peterborough.

Hardy, open, fifty dollars, James Montgomery, Newboro.

Leitch Memorial, open, seventy dollars, Alexander H. Ireland, Kingston.

Trustees, open, forty dollars, Robert Crawford, Kingston.

Faculty, open, sixty-five dollars, James Burgess, Kingston.

Toronto, close, forty-two dollars, Peter S. Livingston, Dawn Mills.

Synod, close, forty-five dollars, William Malloy, Vaughan.

Foundation, open, forty dollars, William H. Fuller, Kingston.

Kingston, open, sixty dollars, James A. McDowall, Kingston.

Aberdeen, close, about thirty-four dollars, Alexander Nicholson, Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island.

St. Paul's Church (Montreal), No. 1, close, sixty dollars, Robert Campbell, Brockville.

Of these Mr. Fraser and Mr. McDowall, Mr. T. McGuire and Mr. M. Rowse, had each the honour of gaining two scholarships, though the rules of the University do not admit of their holding more than one.

NEW SCHOLARSHIP.—Edward H. Hardy, Esq., of the city of Kingston, has founded a scholarship in connection with the Faculty of Arts, of the annual value of fifty dollars. The same gentleman founded a scholarship last year, of the same value, for the special benefit of a student in Arts having the ministry in view. Mr. Hardy, with exemplary liberality, has enhanced the interest of his second foundation, by making the scholarship open to all students, irrespective of their particular intentions in life, and of their ecclesiastical connection. The scholarship is to be in connection with the first year of the curriculum in Arts.

DONATIONS TO THE LIBRARY.—A Friend, Montreal, 142 vols., and a lot of pamphlets; J. R., Montreal, 8 vols.; Professor Mackerras, 17 vols.; Joseph M. Wilson, publisher, Philadelphia, 1 vol.; New York State Lunatic Asylum, 23 annual reports.

DONATIONS TO QUEEN'S COLLEGE MUSEUM.

On behalf of the Trustees, I beg to acknowledge the following donations to the museum, which have been received since last acknowledgment:

From the Very Rev. Dr. Snodgrass—Specimen of bitter-spar, and fossil from Niagara Falls, also three Fenian cartridges from Ridgeway.

From Mr. George Bell, jun., Clifton—two silver and eighteen copper coins.

From James Croil, Esq.—Fresh water shells from superficial deposits at Niagara Falls; Devonian fossils from Widder, C.W., and a daybook of historical interest, dated 1790, and referred to on page 145 of Mr. Croil's "Dundas."

ROBERT BELL,
Professory of Chemistry, &c.
Queen's College, Oct. 16th, 1866.

THE PRESBYTERY OF PICTOU.

The ordinary quarterly meeting of the Pictou Presbytery was held in St. Andrew's Church, Pictou, on the 5th ultimo. The Rev. Mr. Goodwill was unanimously elected Moderator for the current year.

The delegation sent to Cape Breton having returned, and being present, were called upon to report. They stated that they had fulfilled their appointments, and gave a very interesting and gratifying account of their labours on the Islands, also of the present state of the Church there, and especially of the section of it at Plaister Cove, at present small and struggling, but promising at no far distant day to be strong and self-sustaining.

The Rev. Mr. Brodie, also gave interesting details of the state of the Church in his mission field.

It was agreed that Mr. Brodie be instructed to give in a report of his labours during his missionaryship in Cape Breton.

The Rev. Mr. McGregor stated that he had received £5 for Dalhousie College, and £2 for the Lay Association, from the Rev. John Gunn, Broad Cove Intervale.

There was received and read a letter from the Rev. Daniel McCurdy, demitting the pastoral charge of Folly Mountain and Wallace River congregation, owing to indifferent health and increasing debility.

It was agreed that the letter of demission be allowed to lie on the table meanwhile.

The Presbytery then adjourned.

ARRIVAL OF MISSIONARIS.

The Rev. Messrs. Gordon, Fraser and Grant, three young gentlemen who have just completed a collegiate curriculum as Theological students in connection with the Church of Scotland, returned to this, their native province, the week before last. The first Sabbath after their arrival was passed in Halifax, where they officiated in St. Andrew's and St. Matthew's Churches with much acceptance. They are all natives of this county and have each of them secured distinguished honors in the Universities of Scotland. They will for some time officiate as missionaries throughout the extensive and inviting field which awaits their labours in this province, and where their advent will be cheerfully hailed. The Rev. Mr. Gordon preached on Sabbath last in St. Andrew's Church, in this town, to a crowded audience, who assembled to hear their talented and accomplished fellow-townsmen.—*Colonial Standard of 25th.*

PRESBYTERY OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

In the absence of the Clerk, Dr. Inglis was appointed, *pro tem*.

Messrs. Duncan and Stewart reported that they had severally fulfilled their appointments at Clyde River, and were much encouraged by a large attendance. The Presbytery were gratified to find that at this station a suitable building is now so far advanced as to be fit for public services, and that it is clear of debt.

Mr. Stewart reported that a Presbyterial visitation was made by several members of Presbytery to Georgetown, for the purpose of conferring with the congregation there, in regard to their spiritual and temporal affairs.

The appointment of Mr. McWilliam by the Colonial Committee for three years was about to expire, and it was agreed that Georgetown, conjointly with Cardigan, would give £120 currency per annum, with the addition of a fine manse. The Presbytery were much pleased with the success that had marked the labours of Mr. McWilliam, with the increased attendance on ordinances, and the flourishing state of the congregation generally.

The Presbytery are very desirous that a permanent connection should be formed, as soon as convenient, between Mr. McWilliam and the Georgetown congregation, and recommend that this subject be brought immediately under the consideration of that congregation with a view to his early induction.

Correspondence.

THE UNION QUESTION.

To the Editor of the Presbyterian.



IR,—It appears to me that your correspondent, speaking in name of the laymen of our Church, goes much farther than facts warrant him in doing. He states in his letter, which appeared in your last number, that a majority of the laymen are in favour of the proposal for a junction of the two Presbyterian bodies with our Church, while really the *prima facie* evidence is opposed to such a belief. Whatever may be the views entertained on this subject, among those with whom "A Layman" comes in contact, there is little doubt that the vote at the last Synod represents, even more favourably for the Union party, than is really the case, the proportion between those who oppose and those who advocate the unwise course of merging our Church into a Mutual Improvement Society, formed of such heterogeneous materials as those of which the new mixture would be composed.

This being the case, the considerations I ventured to lay before your readers last month ought to have some weight, and will no doubt have their due influence with all except those with one idea, who see something great as the result of a grand scheme, in the carrying out of which all obstacles and difficulties are entirely overlooked. This is not the way thoughtful and earnest men regard an import-

ant proposition. They turn the matter over—view it on all its sides—consider its different bearings—the danger arising on this side—the evils to be apprehended on that. They take an account of the profit and loss—sum up the debit and credit sides—see what their expenses are to be as well as the profits to be drawn from the affair in hand. It may be possible to grow tropical fruits in Lower Canada, but will it pay? The heart-burnings, the disputes, the dissensions, the breaking up of congregations, the weakening of the Church, the alienation of friends, will be a heavy cost for the purchase of a Union, whose benefit is so very problematical, and which will be one more in name than in reality.

For disguise it as they may, the friends of this union cannot conceal from themselves that the late junction in the Province between the Free and the United Presbyterian bodies was only brought about by leaving many questions in abeyance, keeping some out of sight, and classing others under the convenient name of open questions. The maxim "agree to differ," does very well in some relations of life, but in a close and intimate connection, such as is here proposed, it is surely dangerous ground to go upon. But, in reality, I have seen as yet no real tangible argument, why this union should be effected. I have read declamations about the duty of brotherly love, the great ends to be achieved, vaguely and dimly shadowed forth, but so impalpable as to elude the hand stretched forth to grasp them. In "A Layman's" letter, we are told that because one great British North American Confederacy is to be

established, we are bound to have a grand confederation of the Presbyterian Churches, co-extensive with it. To my mind the argument is most unhappy one. Lower Canadians know well, who have thought deeply on the subject, that this grand scheme, also recommended by the venerable and ever to be respected nonsense, when applied indiscriminately, of "Union is Strength," will have as its chief effect, the crushing down of British Canadians under the hoof of the Roman priests, and will establish a reign of ignorance and intolerance, and the confiscation of the property of those who will be called upon to share in the great strength produced by this union—the first fruits being the enactment of the long-contemplated scheme of spoliation known as the Squatter's Act.

Where there is a sincere desire to form an alliance between two high contracting powers, there is generally seen some evidence of a disposition to act fairly and even generously by each other. I have seen no such disposition on the part of the Canada Presbyterian Church. On the contrary, by word and deed they have tried to render our Church contemptible, and have assailed her usefulness in every quarter where they had an opportunity, satisfied if they damaged her without doing any good to atone for the evil wrought. Take, for instance, the case of Sherbrooke, to which you and your correspondents called attention some time ago. Here was a charge forsaken and entirely neglected for more than ten years, acknowledged to have been so by Mr. McVicar, the absurdity of whose reply to your strictures you so ably demonstrated. Our Church took up this neglected district, sent a missionary there whose efforts were almost rendered abortive, by an ill-natured attempt to set up a rival by the other body. In due time, as the *Presbyterian* shows, an ordained minister was placed over the people, a neat structure erected and a congregation formed, gradually attracting to it all the Presbyterians to be found there, besides bringing in others who had up till that time, been living regardless of any Church. As the letter signed "A Peripatetic Scot," and which I have now before me, showed, there is full employment in surrounding districts for more than one missionary, without interfering with this particular locality. Here was a fitting occasion to show the effect of this new born brotherly love, so suddenly awakened and so ferocious in its desire. Perhaps, it is true, the love was so deep that the Canada Presbyterian Church blushed to own it, resembling possibly

the hidden affection described in the Irish song.

" 'Tis all very well to dissemble your love,
But why did you kick me down stairs?"

Nothing having been said of the Sherbrooke Church, for some time, except an incidental notice or two which showed it was doing its work earnestly and well, I had ceased to think of it. But taking up the "Home and Foreign Record of the Canada Presbyterian Church," for September, I happened to turn over its pages idly, until my eye rested upon this proof of the earnest, warm and heartfelt desire, on the part of the Canada Presbyterian Church for a close and intimate union. I quote in full the minute of what took place in the Presbytery of that Church in Montreal, in reference to this subject.

Dr. Irvine reported that the Committee of which he was Convener had visited Sherbrooke, according to appointment; that they had organized the congregation at Sherbrooke and Lennoxville, and dispensed the Communion at Sherbrooke, and that a site for a Church had been selected. The report was received, and the thanks of the Presbytery conveyed to the Committee for their diligence.

With all due deference to "Union" and "A Layman," it really appears to me that here is no very strong wish shown to be united to the Erastians. Probably, however, the devoted adherent, eulogised by Mr. McVicar, mortgaged his farm, as he promised, and the Committee did not wish to disappoint him, and so like the highlandman's ancestor, who flourished during the days of Noah, and refused to be indebted to any man, "he got a boat o' his nain;" for assuredly there are few besides this devoted adherent to attend this new Church, for which a site has been selected, except they are drawn away from the congregation of our Church, unless the state of affairs has very much changed in Sherbrooke, which I visited some years ago. I have mentioned this case, as I find a pretty plain history of it scattered through the pages of the *Presbyterian*, and can therefore take my information from authentic sources. But as there are always two sides to everything it may be that the Canada Presbyterian Church is so anxious to annex us, that they are trying if they cannot drive us into union by annoyance, as we do not seem inclined to come willingly. These attacks may be from ecclesiastical Fenians, and Sherbrooke the Campo Bello, Lime Ridge, or Pigeon Hill, on which the flag of the new confederation is to be planted. The worst of it is, that having stolen our flag already, they will scarcely know what to do to mark their victory, when they have overcome us with their hard knocks.

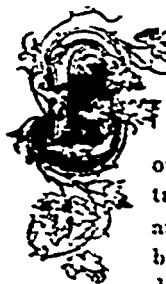
My letter has drawn to an unconscionable length, but I cannot forbear to ask you whether it is true that an Essay is really wanted on the subject of Union and its advantages, for which \$200 will be given. There are the names of adjudicators given, a shorter name might have done, the terms, conditions, and size of the Essay, all set forth with due gravity. But until I am assured it is a real advertisement, by a certificate in the *Presbyterian*, whose word I always believe, I must remain in doubt as to its authenticity, and I should not like to be made a fool of, if I sent in an Essay (which would be sure of the prize,) and found that on the first of April, 1867, I had been turned into a gowk on "gowk's day."

Yours respectfully,

AN ELDER.

SABBATH SCHOOL CONTRIBUTIONS.

To the Editor of the *Presbyterian*.



IR.—As near as can be ascertained, there are twelve thousand children attending the different Sabbath-schools of our Church. Some of these contribute to the support of missionary operations in foreign lands, but by far the larger part of them do not. Upon this latter fact, I do

not wish so much to comment, as upon another brought out by the returns in my possession as convener of the Sabbath-school committee, viz., that nothing, or at least, almost nothing is done by any of our sabbath-school children for our own church, the Presbyterian Church of Canada, in connection with the Church of Scotland. Now, without in the remotest degree wishing to speak disparagingly of foreign missionary effort, I would suggest, that if in after years we

are to have a healthy and working church, we should embrace the earliest opportunity of training to take an interest in, and to do something for it, those upon whom it will then be dependent. Of the various ways in which this might be done, I would suggest that which, it appears to me, would most readily lead to the desired result, viz., that, every year, our twelve thousand sabbath-school children, should be asked to contribute a sum sufficient for the erection of a church, in a destitute locality in their own country. This suggestion may at first appear to your readers, impracticable, but let it be considered. Five cents, and surely this is no extravagant sum, given twice a year by each of twelve thousand children will, if I have not miscalculated, amount to three hundred pounds, and three hundred pounds together with such supplementary assistance as might reasonably be looked for, from those more immediately interested, would be amply sufficient to give effect to the suggestion which I have indicated.

It then, being thus shown, I hope, to be practicable, I shall only further, to avoid a share of the stricturing, which you have of late been freely administering to your correspondents as to their "want of brevity," add, that if agreed to, it would have the advantage of being one, without interfering with the working of any existing scheme, which would lead to incalculable good, and in which the interest of the children could be easily excited and kept up, the pages of their magazine too, would, I am sure, be thrown open for the insertion of the many things of importance which would arise in the course of its development.

Intending again to revert to the subject, I am in mean time.

Yours respectfully,

W. MAXWELL INGLIS.

The Manse, Kingston, Sept 24th, 1866.

The Churches and their Missions.

SYNOD OF ABERDEEN.

This Synod met in the West Parish Church on Tuesday—the Rev. James Peter, New Deer, Moderator. The retiring Moderator preached from 2d Corinthians, v. 17.

Dr. Hisset, in an eloquent speech, introduced the Rev. Mr. Charteris, of Glasgow, and the Hon Major Baillie, as a deputation from the Endowment Committee appointed by last Assembly.

Mr. Charteris, in his introductory remarks,

referred in feeling terms to the founder of the Endowment Scheme—the late Dr. Robertson. When the subscriptions were taken, Group No. 5 promised to give £40,000; but, instead of that, their collections amounted to £32,000, £2000 of which was reported as lost or irrecoverable, leaving a considerable balance to be made up. The Synod of Aberdeen had promised £12,645; of that sum, £8731 had been collected, leaving £4418 to be paid, and which was anxiously expected by the Committee. The rev. gentleman went on to speak of the advantages of

such a Society. The Committee had two applications for endowment; the one was Holborn Chapel in Aberdeen, and the other was in Grantown. They had been asked to give a grant of £2000, and there was only £1700 in the coffers of the Committee to pay it. He concluded by entreating the members of the Synod to endeavour to promote the interests of the Society, and expressing the hope that the collections would be liberal on its behalf.

Major Baillie, in a few remarks, spoke to the same effect as Mr. Charteris. He was of opinion that the work should not be done by the clergymen, but that the whole of the collecting should be done by the laymen.

Rev. Dr. Pirrie moved, and Dr. McPherson seconded, a resolution to the effect that the thanks of the Synod be conveyed to the deputation for their addresses. Agreed.

After a lengthy discussion it was agreed, on the motion of Dr. Pirrie, to appoint Committees in the different Presbyteries to report to Synods, and thence to the whole group, as to the success of the collections in the various districts.

PRESBYTERY OF EDINBURGH.

At the monthly meeting of the Presbytery of Edinburgh, Mr. Stewart, Liberton, as the oldest member of the Presbytery present, hoped he should not be considered as intruding unbecomingly on the Presbytery if he ventured to call attention to the melancholy loss which the Church of Scotland, the congregation of the High Church, and the friends of Dr. McLetchie had sustained, by the removal from among them of their kind-hearted brother and friend. It was a loss to be deeply deplored at any time, but especially at this eventful crisis in the history of the Church, when so many masters in Israel had fallen. Dr. McLetchie, it was well known, was a minister of sincere, unaffected piety, a learned divine, an accomplished scholar, and an eloquent and impressive preacher. During his long sufferings there never was a murmur heard to escape his lips: he was ever patient, submissive, and resigned to the will of his heavenly Father: and on a late occasion he said to a dear friend, at a time when he was sorely afflicted—"My cup of suffering has been mingled with many mercies, for which I feel thankful to my heavenly Father, who doeth all things well." It was impossible for them to think of these things without being led to adopt the language of the prophet, and to pray it might be said of each of them as it could justly be said of their departed friend, "Mark the perfect and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

Other members of Presbytery expressed their sympathy with the congregation and friends of the deceased and his death was ordered to be recorded in the minutes.

Mr. Stevenson read the answers to the reasons of dissent of Mr. R. Wallace and Mr. Finlay Mathieson against the decision of the Presbytery on Wednesday, June 27, 1866, appointing a committee to enquire into the state of public worship in Old Greyfriars, and rejecting a motion to conduct the inquiry in public conference with Dr. Lee, by means of written

queries previously fixed. We omit the reasons, as they may be gathered from the following answers:

"1. The first reason is entirely groundless, inasmuch as the procedure complained of, viz. inquiry by means of a committee—accords with the law of the Church, and with the uniform practice of this Presbytery, even in the most weighty and the most delicate cases, and hitherto has been found to be most convenient. Moreover, the Presbytery were shut up to the appointment of a committee; for the original proposal was a motion for a committee to inquire and to report: and although this motion was disallowed, it is well-known that on appeal the Synod reversed this judgment and that the General Assembly, when this latter judgment was complained against, dismissed the complaint, and practically made the original motion for a committee the judgment of the Presbytery.

"2. The second reason of dissent contains a glaring *non sequitur*. The committee appointed to inquire and report has received no instructions as to the manner in which it shall conduct the inquiry, and is therefore at perfect liberty to proceed either 'by written queries previously fixed,' or 'by colloquial and extemporaneous investigation,' as may be judged most expedient. By their decision the Presbytery have only declared that they prefer having the inquiry conducted by a committee.

"3. The ground of the third reason is an alleged defect in the composition of the committee. It appears that the two reverend dissentients consider it to be a defect in this committee that it is not composed of men who have expressed the 'most decided views on either side of the questions involved' and that the ends of truth, good order, and peace would be more effectually secured if they were entrusted to the care of men who are pledged by their public acts, and expressed sentiments to maintain the most extreme views on the opposite sides of the questions which may be raised by the inquiry. The names of the committee, it is believed, afford sufficient guarantee that the matters remitted to them will receive their most earnest attention, and will be dealt with both with Christian faithfulness and Christian charity."

Mr. Stevenson verbally reported that in the summer months it had been found impossible, in the absence of so many people from town, to do much in the way of promoting the endowment of the churches deprived of stipend, but he had been in communication with several persons of wealth and influence from whom he hoped in due time to receive liberal contributions, and he trusted that now something would be done in the direction proposed.

There was no other public business of interest.

SCOTLAND.—PRESBYTERY OF Ayr.—At a recent meeting of the Presbytery of Ayr, a report was given in by the Rev. William Ker, Stair, of sums collected within the bounds for the Schemes of the Church during the past financial year, and also included contributions

for educational, charitable, and other religious objects. The report is a very satisfactory one; it exhibits an increase in the number of contributing congregations, a large increase over the sum remitted last year, and an increase in the numbers of increasing congregations. During the past year the plan of collecting by cards has been adopted in some parishes, and in each case the effort has been attended with success, in one case it is remarked "the collections are more than doubled."

From a view of the whole, we have reason to thank God and take courage; and of this we are confident, that the more we do as a Church for Christ, just the more will we be blessed by Him who is "Head over all things to the Church." We should "provoke one another to love and to good works." It is suggested (in the report) that clergymen and elders should do more towards promoting the circulation of the 'Missionary Record' among their congregations, as a means of increasing the Church's interest in missionary and philanthropic objects.

I. MISSIONARY OBJECTS.

1st, As to the six Schemes :

For the Education Scheme there is an increase of £24 14s., and over 1863 of upwards of £45. For the India Mission an increase of £4, and over 1863 of upwards of £42. For the Home Mission an increase of £14 8s. 3d., and over the previous year of £44. For the Colonial Mission an increase of £20 10s. 2d., and over 1864 of £25. For the Jews, an increase of £2 8s., and over the previous year about £22. For the Endowment Scheme an increase of £10 8s. 4d., and over 1863 an increase of upwards of £50.

This gives a total increase over the whole Presbytery of £77 8s. 3d., and over 1863 of nearly £170 sterling. No fewer than 21 parishes and 5 chapels exhibit an increase.

2nd. For the Provincial Endowment Scheme £90 12s.

3d. Objects recommended by Assembly £141 0s. 5d.

Sums have been bequeathed to the Schemes to the amount of £453 12s. 6d.

II. PAROCHIAL OBJECTS.

For the support of Missionaries,.....	£462	4	6
For Tract or Bible Societies,.....	18	17	3
For Educational purposes,.....	239	7	3
For Congregational objects,.....	167	16	7
For Sabbath-schools,.....	99	13	2

Total,.....£987 18 9

III. CHARITABLE COLLECTIONS.

Coals, &c., for Poor,.....	£419	16	6
Local and other objects,.....	160	8	0

Total,.....£580 4 6

The above sums may be classified thus—viz.,

I. Missionary objects.....	£1412	4	3
II. Parochial do.,.....	987	18	9
III. Charitable do.,.....	580	4	6

Total,.....£2980 7 6

These sums are exclusive, in most cases, of

ordinary church-door collections, and also of money, clothing, and coals handed to ministers by heritors and others for distribution among the poor.

CHURCH OF SCOTLAND HOME MISSION.—

From the circular intitating the collection for Home Mission of the Church of Scotland, we find that during the past year the Committee have made grants to 56 chapels and 42 mission stations, attended by 23,149 worshippers, and having in connection with them 10,675 communicants. A population of not less than 10,000 is thus dependent on the Home mission for the regular administration of divine ordinances. The grants actually paid during the last financial year, for the support of these unendowed places of worship and mission stations, amounted to £3367 7s. 5d.; and it is satisfactory to add that these grants have been the means of calling forth local contributions, during the last year, amounting to upwards of £6101, being an average of £79 5s. from each chapel, and of £39 10s. from each mission station.

Under the Church Extension Branch of the Scheme, the Committee have been enabled, out of their General Fund, to make building grants to fourteen very necessitous localities, besides one other out of a special legacy appropriated to church extension in the Highlands, and it is encouraging to state that these fifteen grants, amounting in all to £1900, will secure the erection of buildings, free of debt, at a total cost to their promoters of £12,145. The population of the districts for which these chapels have been provided numbers 21,946.

The Committee have much satisfaction in farther announcing the progressive advancement of their operations in that recently instituted branch of their Scheme, which aims at the great work of Home Evangelisation among those masses of the people, in large and populous parishes, and mining and manufacturing districts, who are living in total neglect of religious ordinances. During the past year twelve grants under this department have been made, to the amount of £350, providing, in each case, for large and lapsed masses of our population; and the Committee anticipate, during the year, a considerable increase of claims on this branch of their funds.

A recent addition of much interest has been made to the field of their operations, in those united parishes in the Highlands in which the ministers are required to preach on alternate Sabbaths in churches widely apart. During the past year eight grants have been voted, amounting to £315, with the view of providing in such united parishes for the more regular administration of divine ordinances, and there is every reason to believe that this branch of the Committee's work will ere long be largely extended.

The entire revenue of last year was £5046, of which the sum of £4349 came from congregational collections—a larger sum by several hundred pounds than has ever been drawn from this source. The entire expenditure for the past year was £6338, the balance over income having been provided for from a surplus of the

previous year. Although the Committee's revenue has been steadily increasing, yet such are the growing claims upon the Scheme, and the opening up of its sphere of action, a still more liberal support is needed.

The Committee obtained last year very interesting statistics as to the sums raised in the Church for Home Missionary purposes, independently of the Committee's funds. Out of 1330 congregations, returns were made by only 788; but it appeared that in these the sum of £49,734 was raised for Home Missions. It will give some idea of the rate at which the Church is extending her borders at home, to mention that the sum of £15,424 was obtained for church building in 34 parishes, by voluntary contributions,—£13,000 of this sum being in addition to the £12,000 spent in the building of churches assisted by the Committee.

THE ORGAN IN PARK CHURCH, GLASGOW.—On Tuesday evening the organ erected in Park Church, Glasgow (Rev. Mr. Charteris'), was inaugurated by a service of sacred music. The organ, said to be the largest in any church in Scotland, consists of four parts—namely, the great, choir, swell, and pedal organs. No one entering the church (says the *Glasgow Herald*) can fail to be agreeably struck with the appearance of the massive and elegant instrument, which occupies a roomy gallery behind the pulpit, where accommodation is also provided for the choristers. The style of decoration adopted is remarkably chaste and quiet, the pipes being ornamented with gilding and a moderate amount of colouring. The instrument has 42 stops, of which six are couplers, and there are six composition pedals. The different stops have been carefully voiced, having regard to the acoustics of the building: and the reed stops may be specially referred to for their rich, melodious tone, and the open diapasons for their delicacy and softness. We congratulate the congregation of Park Church in possessing an instrument of such power and sweetness, and the builders upon the commendable manner in which their work has been accomplished.

SCOTCH CHURCH, NEW BROMPTON, CHATHAM, ENGLAND.—The foundation-stone of this church was laid on the 15th of July by Sir John Heron Maxwell, Bart., under the most auspicious circumstances. In the morning, sailors from the Wellesley decorated the platform and adjoining streets with numerous flags, and, by the time the spectators began to arrive, everything had an animated appearance.

After prayer, praise, and the reading of Scripture, Captain Mackay gave a brief sketch of the origin of the church, and presented Sir John Heron Maxwell with a trowel, bearing a suitable inscription. Sir John then proceeded in the usual way to lay the stone, mentioning that, as an office-bearer of the Church of Scotland, he had much pleasure in being present on the occasion.

Part of the 122d Psalm having been sung, Dr. Cumming next delivered an eloquent and appropriate address on several of the vital questions of the day.

The building is now going on rapidly to-

wards completion, and it is hoped that, by the time it is opened, it may be free from debt—though, to insure such a consummation, about £250 will be still required.

Some of those who have assisted in this undertaking have already been removed by death; among them, a young Engineer officer (Lieutenant Menzies, son of the Rev. Dr. Menzies, of Hoddam), who was most energetic and successful in collecting subscriptions, and who proved himself a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

In reference to the attendance at the General Assembly's Institution at Bombay, Mr. Forbes says:

"At this date there are," he says, "318 pupils in attendance, every one of whom pays a monthly fee: and the amount realised from school fees last month was £12 9s. 9d."

DEATH OF THE REV. DR. McLETCHE.—The death of the Rev. James McLetchie, D.D., one of the ministers of the High Church, took place at his house, Regent Terrace, on Tuesday evening, after a severe and protracted illness. Dr. McLetchie is the fifth minister who has been removed by death from the Presbytery of Edinburgh within the past few months, and was the last of the three city ministers whose charges, under the Act of 1860, are not to be filled up. He was a native of Maybole, and received his early education at the parish school of Dalrymple. After going through the usual course of study, at the University of Glasgow, in which he greatly distinguished himself, Dr. McLetchie was appointed to the church of Larkhall, in the Presbytery of Hamilton. He was shortly afterwards transferred to the parish church of Gartsherrie, where he laboured with so much acceptance that his congregation, on his leaving for St Thomas's Church, Leith, presented him with 200 volumes of books, which formed the nucleus of the extensive and valuable library which he has left. From Leith he was called to College Parish Church, Glasgow, where he remained for several years. In 1844, he was appointed to the High Church, Edinburgh, as colleague to the Rev. Dr. Arnot. Dr. McLetchie was an ardent student of the classics, and as a linguist he was excelled by few. His style of preaching was noted for purity of style and vigor of logic; it was in a sense too good to be popular. For several years past, however, he has seldom preached, owing to the delicate state of his health, and the duties of his charge have latterly been performed by the Rev. Mr. McBride, as ordained assistant. His weak health also prevented him from taking part in the public business of the Church, but he was held in the greatest respect by his co-presbyters for his thorough manliness and honesty. Dr. McLetchie was sixty-four years of age, and was unmarried.

DEATH OF REV. DR. MACBETH, LONDON.—The Church has lost one of the most energetic of its representatives in London by the death of the Rev. Dr. Macbeth, on 8th September last. He had been for many years the minister of the Scotch Church in Halkin Street, Belgrave Square. No one who knew Dr. Macbeth in

health, or who remembers his appearances in the General Assembly as a member of the annual deputation from the Synod in England, can fail to feel great regret at his loss to the Church. An admiring pupil and warm friend of the late Dr. James Robertson, he had something of his remarkable energy and turn for organisation. He was ardently devoted to the interests of the Church, till failing health left him without strength or hopefulness. His labours in behalf of the Scotch Church in London deserve grateful acknowledgment; his early death is deeply to be lamented.

DEATH OF DR. EDGAR.

The Rev. John Edgar, D.D., L.L.D., died in Dublin, Ireland, on Sabbath, August 26th. For the last twelve months he had been in poor health; but the malady of which he died only showed itself in a decided form early in the spring of the present year. His disease was polypos of the windpipe, upon which a heart affection supervened, which was finally the cause of his death.

Dr. Edgar's first place of ministry was Belfast. While there he became Professor of Theology in the Assembly's Academical Institution, an office which he held in that Institute, and in the Assembly's College, for more than forty years, and was a preacher of acknowledged ability.

He anticipated Father Matthew in the attempt to stem the tide of intemperance, and founded many temperance societies in Ireland. He was mainly instrumental in establishing the Ulster Female Penitentiary for abandoned women, and took a prominent part in staying the sword of famine and pestilence in 1848. His appeals to England, Scotland and America were most successful.

The great work of his life was the extension of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, especially by Home Missionary work in the Roman Catholic districts—in Donegal, Galway, Kerry, Cork, etc., where the new Presbyterian churches all owe their existence to his energy. In all, at least fifty churches were established through his agency; and in Belfast alone, fully seven or eight.

The last public act of his life, almost, was to aid in establishing a Presbyterian Orphan Society. He once filled the office of Moderator to the General Assembly.

In national concerns he was a man of liberal principles, advocating Catholic emancipation and that system of national education which bids fair to place Ireland in the foremost rank of intelligent nations. In the discussions which led to the suppression of the slave trade, he took a prominent part.

His remains were conveyed from Dublin to Belfast on Wednesday, the 29th, and were accompanied to their resting-place by a funeral cortege of great extent and marked character. The professors of Magee and Belfast Colleges, clergy from twenty Presbyteries of the Presbyterian Church, and a large number from the Establishment and from the various bodies of Protestant dissenters, were present to do the last honors to one dear to every Irish Protestant. The services at the grave were conducted

by Rev. John H. Moore, of Elmswood, pastor of the church which he attended; by Rev. Dr. Wilson, of Limerick, Moderator of the General Assembly, and Rev. D. Murphy. His age was sixty-nine years.

BRITAIN.—It is reported that steps are at last to be taken to bring to a judicial decision the question whether the practice of the ultra-ritualists in the Church are in accordance with the formularies of our Protestant Establishment. The clergymen of St. Alban's, Holborn; St. Margaret's Oxford-street; Christchurch, Clapham; and several others, will be proceeded against. It is matter of regret that the Bishop of London has abandoned his expressed intention to take action in the matter: but since that is so, all true friends of the Church will rejoice that the controversy is not to be allowed to stop, and that it will be determined, once for all, whether or not the Reformation effected any reform in the Church of England.

There has been great excitement among the Roman Catholic population of Dublin on the return from Italy of Archbishop Cullen as a full-blown Cardinal—the only dignitary of that eminence which the Romish Church in the sister island has ever given to Christendom. It was at first proposed that Dr. Cullen's entrance into Dublin should be by public procession; but wiser counsels prevailed, and a regard for the public peace induced that proposal to be abandoned. The ceremony was therefore confined to a semi-public reception or levée, which the Cardinal held at the College of the Holy Cross, a large but unfinished building situated about two miles out of the city. There Cardinal Cullen sat in state, and received deputations from various bodies, clerical and semi-clerical, who presented congratulatory addresses. A noticeable feature in the proceedings was the reply of the Cardinal, who, fresh from Rome, took a most desponding view of the fortunes of the Papacy.

FRANCE.—A curious controversy has recently taken place between a well-known political writer, M. Adolphe Gueroult, chief editor of the journal entitled *L'Opinion Nationale*, and a priest, who has not disclosed his name. M. Gueroult had said that Protestantism renders nations more strong, more prosperous, more capable of expansion; whilst Romanism is to them a source of weakness, of humiliation, and of ruin: and he quoted, as an argument and illustration in favour of his position, the brilliant triumph of Prussia over Austria.

Our anonymous priest was outraged at this proposition: and, in a letter addressed to M. Gueroult, he inquired if differences of doctrinal opinions could produce such effects. "Is the doctrinal system of Oxford," he asked, "better adapted to form good soldiers, or skilful manufacturers, or intelligent agriculturists, than are the articles of faith taught by the Roman Catholic Church?" M. Gueroult has easily replied to this objection. He has, with as much force as sagacity, established the point that what especially produces the superiority of Protestants over Romanists, is the exercise of the right of private judgment; which develop

individuality, strengthens and augments the mental faculties, favours personal exertion, opens the way for progress, and consequently gives to any people a power of action and of expansion which the Romanists can never equal. A man who does not think for himself, who commits to a priest the direction of his understanding, his conscience, his will, his whole soul, is he not, from that circumstance, liable to fall into a state of complete inertia?—whilst the man who enjoys and uses his religious liberty possesses the elements best adapted for every kind of work, and for its improvement to perfection, in such sort that he becomes very superior to the Romanist, not only in domestic and social matters, but even upon the field of battle.

The anonymous priest has not again essayed to refute the reasoning of M. Gueroult. In fact, it is easy to prove, in France itself, in every district in which a Protestant population exists side by side with Roman Catholics, that the followers of the Reformation are, in general, more enlightened, more industrious, more persevering in their undertakings, and better circumstanced in a pecuniary point of view. I could instance a hundred towns and cities in France in which the Protestant minority possesses much more influence and wealth than the Romanist majority.

Great depression now prevails amongst the Ultramontanes, the Jesuits, the priests—in a word, amongst the votaries of the clerical party. They strive, doubtless, to evince feelings of confidence; they have not discontinued their haughty language; and when an opportunity occurs, they remain faithful to their old habit of heaping bitter invectives upon the adversaries of the Papacy. But they begin to feel, notwithstanding these factitious appearances, that their authority is declining, and that they are losing, from day to day, some portion of that despotic power which they have exercised over the public mind.

The Popish clergy reckon much upon the votes of the country people; but, on that ground also, their hopes are often deceived. I will content myself with relating a single example of this.

They went from house to house, from family to family, to solicit votes for the man whom they preferred to all the other candidates; and the influence of the confessional was not forgotten.

Some weeks since, the inhabitants of a canton situated in the ancient province of *Brittany*, in which the people are very ignorant, were called to elect a representative to the Legislative Chamber. The members of the clerical party had chosen the *Count de Falloux* for their candidate. Curés, priests, and monks, neglected no means to obtain the victory.

But M. de Falloux was patronised by the Romish clergy; he professes opinions borrowed from the Ultramontane school. This was enough! The vote of the people has declared against him. The lesson is a hard one; but it may teach Jesuits that their reign is past.

It would be interesting and perhaps novel to your readers to hear of the many ingenious modes of bringing blessing to body and soul at

once in the various Protestant institutions in France. Let one suffice as an example at present. Some years ago, as a watering-place, *Beuzeval* (*Calvados*) was unknown; the very road from *Dives* along the shore to the beautiful valley had not been taken from the waves. A gentleman, a converted Roman Catholic, settled there, and invited a few Christian friends. The quiet retreat tempted others, until it has become a Christian watering-place, where families are secure from the inroads of fashion, noise, and folly. Worship, conducted by various pastors who go thither in turn, was attended by ever-increasing numbers, and a goodly building was erected on the shore, one of our prettiest churches on the coast. Next was built a large house, called the *Maison Evangélique*, to accommodate Christians and their families wearied with the year's toil in the Lord's work, or in other ways needing the refreshment of the sea; they bring their own linen, but are lodged and boarded for the wonderfully small sum of two francs a day. A Christian lady superintends the household, and between fifty and sixty sit down thrice daily in the hall to substantial meals and genial converse, and gather morning and evening around the Word of God, read by the promoter of the Work. Under the same roof is "Alfred's Family" (so named from the infant son of the promoter), open to six little girls and six little boys, children of needy parents, or orphans, who want the bracing of sea air. These receive a suitable education, permanently, as a family rather than a school, from a worthy Christian couple. The genial influence and refreshment of spirit visibly apparent, and frankly acknowledged by the inmates of these establishments, are great. *Châlets* and other houses are grouping around, and every year larger numbers avail themselves of the quiet Protestant colony.

POPULATION AND RELIGIOUS DENOMINATIONS IN NEW ZEALAND.—According to census returns for 1864, just published, the total European population was 172,158, showing an increase since 1861 of 73,137.

The native population has not been estimated since 1861. It was then about 55,336.

The proportion among religious denominations is as follows:—

Episcopalians.....	42.47	per cent.
Presbyterians.....	24.43	"
Roman Catholics.....	12.49	"
Wesleyan Methodists.....	7.26	"
Congregationalists.....	2.14	"
Baptists.....	1.97	"
Lutherans.....	1.05	"
Hebrews.....	.56	"

AUSTRALIA.—The new missionary ship *John Williams* reached Adelaide on May 3, after a voyage of ninety-four days from this country. Having tested her powers of sailing and endurance, her commander speaks with natural pride of his vessel in both respects.

A CHURCH ORGANISATION A NECESSITY.—We refer to the importance of organising, at the earliest practicable period, an actual Christian society in the scene of our missionary operations, in contradistinction to a mere visiting and preaching agency. The latter is good in its

own place, but is, from its very nature, inadequate to meet the full exigencies of the case. What those forlorn multitudes want is not merely the Gospel, but the Church—not a healing message only, but a holy society. It is not enough to give them the children's bread; we must provide for them a home. We must not only arouse and arm for the strife, but unfurl for them a banner, and join them to a company of brothers, with whom, shoulder to shoulder and heart to heart, they may fight life's battle together. From the first, Christianity has been a social religion, and has owed, under God, its attractive and moulding power, mighty over the hearts of men, as much to its fellowship as its message of love. The Church introduces them to a family of brothers; she furnishes a home to those who have no other home on earth, and who scarcely know even the name. Christian brotherhood takes the place and compensates the lack of common human brotherhood. The Church gathers together and welds anew the broken links of the world. In her bosom the lonely find company, the weak support, the desponding hope, the languid incitement, the mourning sympathy, the timid have every encouragement, impulse, and strength. To thousands and thousands she is the only light in darkness, the only point of union amid disorganisation and anarchy, the one organising, vivifying, new-creating power amid universal dissolution and corruption. How momentous, then, amid scenes like these, and in all our missionary operations, that the principle should, at the earliest possible moment, be called into action. If we are to do any permanent and extensive good in the field—if we are not to lose, to an enormous extent, the fruit of the good we are actually enabled to do—we must make it our business not only to evangelise but to organise. We must not only make converts, but found churches. The few and scattered embers of good which, by God's grace, may have been kindled, must not be left to lie amid mire and dirt on the cold, wet ground, but gathered into glowing heaps, and fanned into living flame ere they sink down to die.

SWITZERLAND.—It is our painful duty to announce the death, at Lausanne, on the 31st of July, of Don Manuel Matamoras, in the thirty-first year of his age. The following letter from M. Duprez, pastor at Lausanne, gives some details of this sad event;—

"At the brink of the grave, Pastor Bridel, in a touching address, related the events of the latter part of the life of the deceased—a life so short, and yet so replete with incident. Converted in 1859, as the result of a sermon which he heard at Gibraltar, Matamoras was thrown into prison the next year. He had, as we know, to suffer in every possible way, in the dungeons of that unhappy country, which, in the middle of the nineteenth century, would revive the mediæval age and its intolerance. His deliverance was due, under God, to the efforts of the Evangelical Alliance, and of the noble deputation presided over by M. Adrien Naville. But the prison doors opened only to banish Matamoras to a foreign land, far from that Spanish country which he loved so tenderly, and was never to behold again.

"Broken in his constitution by his trials and privations, our brother, nevertheless, relaxed nothing of his zeal. It seemed that, in proportion as his powers declined, his craving for activity increased. After several visits to the South, necessitated by his state of ill health, Matamoras returned, in the early spring, to Switzerland. He had at Lausanne several devoted friends. Hundreds of persons heard him, at the end of May, with lively interest, address the Synod of Morges, on the evangelization of Spain. On the 3rd July he also engaged in prayer in a numerous assembly of his friends; but already, at this moment, the marks of death were visible upon his worn features. For a fortnight his end was daily expected. Our friend knew it. He bade an affecting farewell to that little group of Spaniards, to whom he was as a father, and who constantly surrounded him. If he did not desire to depart with that ardour which is sometimes witnessed, neither did he fear to bid adieu to earth. 'What sentence will you engrave upon my tomb?' said he one day to those who surrounded him. After some moments' reflection, he replied, 'For me to live is Christ, and . . . But he could not finish; his strength failed him. 'To die is gain,' added his nearest friend. 'That is it, that is it,' replied the dying man.

"Yes, death to him was gain. Persecuted for his faith, misjudged, on many occasions, even by Christians, always a sufferer, he experienced many trials calculated to rend a sensitive heart. But now he has entered into the rest of the people of God, and it is no longer in the power of men to close upon the exile the gates of his own true country."

INDIA.—In connexion with the Madura mission of the American Board, there are 159 village congregations, comprising more than 6,000 persons. Last year, in the itinerating work among the heathen, 1,209 villages were visited, and near 60,000 persons addressed with the Gospel message during the year; 46 persons were added to the churches by profession. Among the native pastors is one who has been ordained over a church, most of whose members were, ten years ago, benighted heathen and worshippers of devils, and whose church edifice stands upon the very site of an ancient heathen temple.

The Chota Nagpore mission reports the baptism, last year, of 1,994 adults and children. The Christian community now numbers 7,828 souls. Some recent deaths have occurred, but in them all the assurance of salvation through Christ's death has been most comforting.

The Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society have succeeded in establishing a training institution in Madras for native medical missionaries. It was opened by the Bishop, the Rev. Clifford Bell, and many missionaries of other churches. It contains fourteen students, and has made a favourable beginning. These students are from many different parts of India, and are instructed in English, chemistry, and materia medica. Of course, to these is added a thoroughly Christian training.

ITALY.—With much interest I have been perusing of late the various clauses of the bill,

which has just obtained the royal signature, for the suppression of religious corporations—that is, monasteries and nunneries—throughout Italy, and which is to take effect at latest in December next. A good deal of sentimental nonsense is being now penned, especially by foreigners residing in this country, with regard to the hardships of the poor monks. I have seen several effusions of this nature, dated from convents which for several years past have been in the worst odour for harbouring deserters from the army, and pouring their treasures at the feet of Italy's oppressors. You will be glad to know that all the inmates of these doomed religious houses are suitably pensioned, according to their circumstances of birth, wealth, age, &c., and that any nun will be allowed to remain who wishes to do so, the Government only reserving the right to give them rooms in the building, and not the whole building, and to transfer them to another abode, when their number in any house decreases to six. All the MSS., pictures, statues, and other objects of picturesque interest, are to be preserved in the communal museums of the locality.

Several famous monasteries, such as those of Monte Cassino, Certosa, Monreale, and five or six others, with all their artistic and literary treasures, are to be spared. The whole of these buildings, with the church property attached, is seized by the State. One-fourth of the income therefrom derived is handed over to the different communities of the country, for the maintenance of public worship, the increase of the stipends of the poorer clergy and, above all, the extension of education among the people, and works of general utility. The buildings vacated by the monks and nuns are to be given up for educational and military purposes, the churches in connection with them, with all their appurtenances, being maintained intact. Commissions are appointed, and annual Parliamentary reports are to be made with regard to the management of this huge fund, the right application of which will be of immense benefit to Italy.

This bill, of which I have noted a few leading particulars, is drawn up with exceeding ability: and from the severity of its tone against trickery, it is evident that the authors of it anticipate every form of duplicity and evasion of the law. No heavier blow has ever been dealt against Rome than this, and yet the public mind was ripe and ready for the measure, which has long been promised and much discussed. The best test that monasteries have served their day, and that the public sympathy is in no danger of running in favour of the dispossessed jolly friars, was given in the publication of such a measure as this during the recent heavy struggle against Austria without and Papal plots within the country.

Every newspaper that comes to hand here now contains the story of the marriage of some priest, so popular has become the law relieving the clergy of the disabilities of the celibacy.

SYRIA.—The Rev. S. Jessup gives some account of a tour which he was making through a portion of the Tripoli field. At Sheik Mohammed, he found that "a few are secretly studying the truth, but dare not let it be

known." At Bano, the school contained nearly fifty pupils, and he was informed that a hundred or more boys would attend if the accommodations were sufficient, but the room was full. "Enemies of the school declared that the children were becoming Protestants, 'fer,' said they, 'the boys don't smoke, they don't curse, and they spend most of their time reading the Testament and Protestant books.'" Mr. Jessup was greatly pleased with the progress of the pupils, but immediately after his visit the school was almost wholly broken up by the "thunders of excommunication" from the Bishop of Akkar, and he learned that the Protestants were suffering much from persecution; but the teacher wrote that they rejoiced in being "counted worthy to suffer shame for His name." On his way from Safeta to Hums he stopped at the celebrated Convent of St. George. Here three monks, who appeared to be sincere inquirers after the truth, came, one after the other, to seek an interview with him.

From the Palestine Church mission, the Rev. F. A. Klein reports, as a pleasing sign of life in the Jerusalem native congregation, the formation of a Missionary Association, having for its object the spread of the Gospel among their countrymen. This was the result of an application to the mission for spiritual instruction from Ayn Karen (St. Jean), about an hour and a half from Jerusalem—a stronghold of Roman Catholicism and Moslem darkness, hitherto entirely shut up from the light of the Gospel. The Arab congregation at Jerusalem enthusiastically adopted the proposal of the missionary to form an association for the spread of the Gospel among their fellow-countrymen: all the members present pledged themselves to pay a regular monthly subscription, and it was resolved that a school should be opened at Ayn Karen.

CHINA.—Gross and violent persecution, which commenced some time since at Kiolai, in the Khi-boey region, extended, more recently, to Bay-pay. Two of the members of the English Presbyterian mission church at the latter place were seized on a false accusation, chained, stripped, and beaten, and afterwards dragged some thirty miles from their native village, and thrust into a gaol with criminals. It was not till after repeated applications to the authorities that the missionaries, Messrs. Swanson and Douglas, succeeded in obtaining their release. Their efforts would probably have been ineffectual, but for the intervention of the British consul at Amoy. "We attached the highest importance to these cases," writes Mr. Swanson, "because we found that the enemies of the Gospel, emboldened by the fact that no punishment was inflicted on those who attacked the Christians, were rising over the whole region, and giving indications of future trouble. Matters for some had been coming to a crisis, and we were put to a struggle for existence." While these troubles have lasted there has been another remarkable increase in the number of inquirers at Bay-pay, and at all the other stations of the English Presbyterian mission "there seems to be a quickening going on."

SCOTCH VOLUNTARYISM AND THE UNION QUESTION.

(From the Scotsman.)

N the great seething cauldron of words about the ecclesiastical "Union Question," the brief and simple resolution proposed by Dr. Davidson, at the United Presbyterian Presbytery, last Tuesday, ought to act like a handful of some powerful chemical thrown into a turbulent mixture, calming, clarifying, and precipitating. The proposal is simply that "the whole question of the magistrate's power in religion ought to be made an open question, or a matter of forbearance." This, we must not be so modest as conceal, is the term of union which we have been respectfully suggesting all along, as the easiest, the fairest, and the most honest, if there was to be a union at all. Of course, we were and are concerned only with this one point, the only point involving political considerations: and it is pleasant to observe that at last it is about, if not to be settled satisfactorily, at least to be discussed with something like simplicity and directness. There may, among the friends of religious liberty, seem room for objection and cause for regret in a proposal that a Church which holds or once held in its fullest development the fundamental principle of religious liberty should make that principle of so little account as to find in it no obstacle to an incorporating union with a Church which holds the opposite principle. There is much weight in that: but there are at least two other considerations by way of counter-balance. First, it would be great gain to the cause of Christian peace as well as freedom to get Churches to unite on the ground that this or that question—especially a question of undeniable magnitude—is to be treated as a matter on which people may differ, and yet be members of one Church. When so great a question as the present is, so to speak, made little of, some small questions now made much of must be relegated to their proper position; and a Church constituted on such a basis will be apt to keep in countenance instead of continually taunting other Churches within which differences are tolerated and freedom flourishes. In the second place, it is, after all, a choice of evils—a choice between the United Presbyterians keeping their own principles while uniting with brethren of other principles, and paring their own principles down till all flesh and substance are gone, and only enough left to furnish the Gibsons of these and after days with a bone of contention.

Some people hold, not altogether without warrant, that, in the division and conflict of Churches, there is safety for religious freedom—divide and govern—the more the Churches are divided, with the more ease will fair-play and freedom be maintained. But this view, though not a false one, fails to take in the whole facts. There are, even in a merely political view, evils as well as benefits in the practice of making matters more or less small

causes of ecclesiastical separation. It promotes bigotry, and raises competition in fanaticism; and though different schools of fanatics may not unite in action against other people, the general result is to produce a state of religious or rather ecclesiastical feeling inimical to the spirit of toleration and forbearance. In Scotland, where the Presbyterian or national religion is represented by three, four or five separate Churches, the principle of religious freedom is not so well understood nor its sentiment so strong and pervading as in England, where the Episcopalian or national religion is represented by only one Church, composed of sections differing much more widely from one another than the separated Presbyterian Churches of Scotland. The good effects of diversities of opinion seems to be as attainable when the diversities are comprised within one Church, as when each diversity has a Church to itself. The Church of England is, at least in these days, practically restrained from any thing like offensive warfare by the great divisions within her own camp; and an unendowed Church divided within herself would in like manner be quite as little apt as several separate Churches to act as one body against its neighbours or against any valuable principle or public interest. There have also to be taken into account the softening and liberalising effects of an ecclesiastical union formed on the basis of "agreeing to differ." On people engaged in forming or afterwards living under such a union, the question is sure to intrude itself, "If we find it good to forbear on this question, why not on some other questions, which are neither more important nor more clear?" And will they not be apt also to question themselves why, when they have agreed to differ amicably among themselves, they should continue to differ so very unamicably from their neighbours about matters of no greater importance? Why, they will begin to ask, should we quarrel with those when we unite with these? Some of the modes in which this feeling might be expected to operate are interesting to contemplate in anticipation. For instance, there is in Edinburgh at present a kind of Voluntaryism gone mad (though of some of the maddest of the people infected it may be said, as of Goldsmith's dog, that they have "gone mad to serve their private ends"), which takes the shape of a "conscientious" refusal to pay the slender remnant of a tax to the municipality which has come in place of a tax several times greater formerly paid to the Established Clergy. Of course, those who so act now could act so no longer after they had formed a union on the principle of forbearance—and quite as much indeed after they had formed a union on the plan of paring down their principle—with those who hold it lawful not only to pay but to be paid. These are but a few among many considerations—not to be entered upon here, in view of the much speaking elsewhere—that lead to the conclusion that there are advantages in such a union as that which has been so long and so conspicuously on the *lipis*, and especially in a union formed on the basis of treating differences neither by renunciation nor concealment, but by acknowledgment and forbearance.

The case for a union on that basis seems much stronger and more pleasant to contemplate after glancing at the ugliness of the alternative. The alternative hitherto in great favour, though also in great difficulties, has been to pretend an agreement where there is a difference, by means of manipulation of phrases—clipping, quibbling, and double meanings. On Friday, Dr. Harper seemed to think he had smoothed difficulties by speaking of both Churches as taking “the Word as the rule of Civil Government in its relation to the Church.” But then the difficulty comes that the two Churches read that rule in opposite ways—so that the Rev. Dr.’s statement comes to nothing, if not to something worse. Again—“From the Word the magistrate learns that the Kingdom of Christ is not of this world.” But the Free Church admits just as readily as the United Presbyterian that the Word so teaches, and yet the difference as to both principle and practice remains as great as ever; and almost all civil magistrates, in all ages and countries, professing to accept the same teaching, have not the less acted on the principles and practices which the United Presbyterian Church repudiates and condemns. Dr. Harper is also clear that if civil governments would only take the Bible as their directory, “the Church would be left to her self-government and self-support.” Only if all people interpreted the directory as Dr. Harper does, and not as it has been interpreted through all ages by almost all civil governments and almost all Churches, and by the Free Church at this moment. In defence of the clause in the resolutions of the Joint Committee to the effect that the magistrate is bound, within certain or rather uncertain limits, to “further the interests of the Church,” Dr. Harper asked—“Does not the magistrate further the interests of religion when he protects the religious liberties of the people, when he respects the independence of the Church, and when he recommends religion by his example?” True—but that is not everything nor the chief thing that is meant. The clause has

two meanings—one for Dr. Harper, the other for Dr. Buchanan. One divine, by a dexterous winking of his winking eye, does not see a certain thing in the clause, and the other divine sees nothing else, or at least that thing above all things. Surely, instead of all this hard winking and artificial blindness, it would be better to take Dr. Davidson’s advice, and look honestly in the face the fact that there are differences, and yet that there may be union.

The length to which the paring down process has already been carried, is now exhibited by no less official and infallible an authority than Dr. Buchanan. Of late years, and especially of late months, we have had painfully frequent occasion to remark that Voluntaryism in Scotland had been reduced to the single point of endowment—that at least the clerical portion of our Scotch Voluntaryies had brought themselves to the conclusion that a man’s conscience, rights, or freedom could be injured in no other way than by an invasion of his pocket. Almost every time that we have ventured even a hint to that effect, we have called forth enraged denials. But what said Dr. Buchanan, the chief negotiator of the proposed Union, on the last occasion on which he spoke? “I am thoroughly convinced,” he said, “that the closer we come to one another, the more certainly will it appear that the difference on this head of the programme narrows itself to the one point of setting up by civil statute, and endowing out of the national funds, a civil establishment of religion.” Is this true? If it is, why were we abused for saying it? If it is not, why is Dr. Buchanan applauded for saying it? Nobody who has been attending to the matter these few years past can doubt that it is true, or doubt that, being true, Scotch Voluntaryism, carved and shaped by its present friends, is no longer a thing of such value and dimensions as to justify great solicitude regarding its future, or as need render it a substantial difficulty in the way of any desirable object.

Articles Selected.

THE UNKNOWN BENEFACTOR.

1.



It was the 13th of August, 18**, and New York teemed with strangers from the neighbouring towns and even from those at a distance. It was a great feast. Some large building, I really forget which, was to be opened for public purposes. At all events, every American felt a deep interest in the building, and all who were fond of a splendid dinner, superb fire works, and similar public amusements, were in the great city this day, and all seemed gay and cheerful as flags waved and festoons hung from the houses.

But perhaps some of my readers may here look at me with an expression of doubt, and ask: But wasn’t there in the crowd a beggar, or a widow, or an orphan, or a man prosecuted by a hard creditor, or somebody whose soul was in distress?

“Yes,” I answer, “there were, alas! plenty of them, but they did not come forward so prominently as to attract notice. They kept behind in back streets or narrow lanes. A young man, for instance, was standing at the corner of an alley, clad in scanty fustian jacket and trousers nearly past mending. He seemed to take no notice of the merriment and splendour that surrounded him. He kept his eyes bent on the pavement, and really looked as sad as though he had been standing in a lonely wilderness without any one to help him. If you had observed him more narrowly you

would have noticed that traces of happier days were visible in his countenance and attitude. His features betokened intellect and talent, his whole demeanour bespoke a fashionable and refined education. There was nothing vulgar about him, notwithstanding his mean dress; perhaps rather a little too much of pride and self-complacency, and that sort of light-mindedness which does not look much to consequences, preferring to enjoy, undisturbed, the pleasures of the present. In the most peculiar way I came to learn his history, and I found that he was then reaping the bitter fruits of that pride and light-mindedness. He was the son of a well-to-do merchant, who, some years before, had permitted him to cross to Europe. Instead, however, of praising the Creator in the works of his hands, he had dishonoured Him by misusing his blessings. Like the prodigal son, he had squandered all his money in foolish company and extravagant pleasures, leaving an alarming amount of debt behind; and with empty purse and darkened conscience he had hastened back to his own country. But though like the prodigal son in his debauchery and misery, he was very unlike him in one thing, he was neither humble nor contrite. His father, who was a hard and severe man, on finding that he refused to acknowledge the sinfulness of his conduct, resolved to put him in a house of correction. To avoid this punishment, he had fled from his native town, and come to New York, hoping to make a livelihood by drawing and painting, having a natural talent for this branch of art. But talent, however great, will never make a great man if unaccompanied by study and perseverance; you may be a genius by birth, but if you are too lazy to put on the yoke of training and discipline in your youth, you will always run on the low line of mediocrity. Now such a twilight-genius was our young friend. A connoisseur would have said that his drawings were too good to light a candle with, but not good enough for framing. Thus, while he went down in one respect he had risen in another; for from the pleasant parlour which he at first occupied on the ground floor of a respectable house, he had climbed into a miserable little attic in a dingy street.

His position was very deplorable. The only way left open to him was to place himself at the corner of a street and to wait upon everybody's orders, since nobody had engaged him.

"Is this drawing your own production?" said a young man to him, as he held out a paper on which a fight between a wolf and a traveller was represented. The scene was a Swiss one, and worked out with remarkable truth to nature.

"It is," answered the painter. "It is the last drawing I sold—about a fortnight ago, I think."

"Is your name David Burnlime, as written here?"

"It is."

"Would you mind stepping over to the hotel yonder; a lady there desires to speak with you?"

Not many minutes elapsed before David found himself in the presence of the lady. She was sitting in a magnificently furnished drawing room, which reminded him of other days. She appeared to be between thirty and forty, very handsome and dignified in her looks and carriage.

"Was it you who sold this drawing to the landlord of the hotel?" asked the lady.

"I don't know whether I sold it to him, but I sold it to some one."

"So it is you who are the painter of it?" asked the lady as she looked intently in his face.

"Yes, ma'am. Here are some other pieces of mine, somewhat akin to that one," he answered, pointing at the one the lady was holding in her hand.

She looked at the drawings, and having compared them with the "Wolf Fight," returned them to him.

"You are in no very favourable circumstances, I am sorry to find," she continued, casting a compassionate glance on the young man's dress. "I guess you have once been in better circumstances?"

"My father was a wealthy merchant at * * *," replied David, "but fortune turned her back upon him, and he died some months ago."

"So your present misfortune is not your own fault?" asked the lady in a matter-of-fact tone. The young man made no answer, but fixed his eyes on the floor. The lady looked at him with an expression of surprise and admiration. A young man blushing at the thought of his own faults is a beautiful sight, and rightly a cause of surprise; for it is too rare a sight.

"You seem not quite sure about the matter," resumed the lady after a pause, in a voice of concern.

"On the contrary, ma'am, I am too sure that all my present misery is solely my own work. To tell the truth, ma'am, I have lived as a fool, and wasted my fortune, and I am now reaping the fruits of my own sowing," replied David, sorrowfully.

Tears gathered in the eyes of the young man, who with quivering lip kept his eyes bent down, and turned his cap in his hands. He could not, therefore, have observed that the lady's blue eyes filled with tears also.

"Is there no one to help you?" asked the lady.

"No one, ma'am. I am poor and friendless."

"Have you no friend in heaven, then?"

David was silent.

"Do you know the friend that sticketh closer than a brother?" asked the lady.

"Who is he?" asked David.

"Do you know Jesus, the Son of God and the Saviour of sinners?" said the lady.

"I often heard of Him," answered David, after a pause. "But I never cared about religion, ma'am, and I am afraid things have gone too far for me to be interested in it now."

"Jesus Christ came into this world to save sinners, and for no other purpose," answered the lady. "Will you give me your address?"

David wrote it on a slip of paper. The lady gave him a dollar for a small drawing, and having bidden him good-bye, he left.

II.

"Is this Mr. David Burnlime's?" asked a porter, who had climbed up several stairs of a house in one of the back streets of New York, and was now standing panting on the landing-place.

"One stair further," answered a voice.

"That fellow must surely live in the moon," murmured the porter, slowly dragging up his perspiring body. At length he knocked at a door. It was opened by David in person.

"Is this Mr. Burnlime's?" asked the porter again.

"It is."

"Is your master in?" asked the porter.

"My name is David Burnlime," replied David. "What is your pleasure?"

"Beg your pardon," continued the porter. "Your cab is down-stairs, sir, and this is a note for you."

David read: "Mr. David Burnlime will oblige an unknown friend by removing to Mrs. Coleman's lodgings, where a cab, sent at his disposal, will take him. As to rent and other expenses all is provided for, and will be arranged henceforth to his convenience."

"And this is a box for you," continued the porter.

"Who sent you?" asked David, with some surprise.

"Mrs. Coleman, of Wall Street, sir. I believe it was Mr. Coleman himself who came up to me and asked me to fetch a cab, and drive along here."

"Wait a minute," said David, leaving the door ajar, and repairing to his room, where he opened the box. It contained a new suit of clothes as well as hat and boots. The hat, unfortunately, was too small, but there were two pairs of boots, and one pair was luckily large enough. David was dressed in his new attire in a few moments. He put what things he had into the box, asked the porter to take it down, and was soon in the cab.

Mrs. Coleman received him with every token of respect. She was a lively, talkative little woman, and as she led him up the staircase she said—

"I have to show you the two rooms, sir, which a gentleman hired for you yesterday. I hope they will be to your taste, sir. They are recently furnished, and got up after the present style, sir. And as to attendance, I trust you will have no complaints on that score. These rooms were occupied by a gentleman for three years and a half, sir, till he left for New Orleans. but when he went away he said to me, 'Mrs. Coleman,' says he, 'whenever I return to New York I must have these rooms.' Says I: 'Thank you, sir; much obliged. So you are contented with me?' Says he: 'Of course, of course, ma'am, e'se I should not have stayed so long with you.' I only mention this, sir, that you—"

But just at this point they reached the door of the sitting-room, and Mrs. Coleman, on throwing it open, at once found another channel through which the stream of her loquacity might run freely.

"Now, sir, this is your sitting-room. Isn't it a nice room? There aren't three other such

rooms in this street to be got at such a price. Only look out, sir. You couldn't have a finer view in this quarter of the town. And a cool parlour it is. You don't have the sun at your windows until four."

While Mrs. Coleman went on in this way David stood in the middle of the beautiful room, quite astonished. Its furniture was at once tasteful and comfortable. A fine mahogany book-case, filled with the productions of the best authors, stood at the left wall, and a sofa, covered with flowered damask, was placed opposite, and on it lay a neatly-bound Bible. The bedroom was quite in keeping.

David could scarce believe his eyes as he looked round.

"Pray, ma'am, did you know the gentleman who rented these lodgings for me?"

"I really can't tell you, sir," replied Mrs. Coleman. "I never saw him before, to my knowledge, and he did not give me his name. He was a person of your size, I should think, but a little older and stouter. He had a blue coat and blue trousers. A very nice person, sir, and no doubt a gentleman of considerable property. But—it is too bad—I really should not forget to give you the parcel which the gentleman left for you. Sit down a moment, sir, and I will bring it up."

In a trice Mrs. Coleman was back with the parcel, and having reverently retired, our friend was at leisure to examine its contents. It contained two rolls, each of forty dollars, with a slip of paper, on which was written—

"Mr. David Burnlime will oblige his friend by accepting this trifle. Every month the same sum will be at his disposal. May God guide him in a good way, and enrich him with better treasures than silver or gold."

The reader will scarcely be able to picture to himself the amazement with which our young friend looked at this note, at the rolls of money, and again at the well-furnished room in which he was sitting. He now lost himself in guessing and conjecturing to whom he could be indebted for all these privileges. He thought of the lady whom he had gone to speak to at the hotel; and after many fruitless excursions in the field of possibilities and probabilities, he concluded that she must be the person, since no other person had ever shown him so much kindness and sympathy. But then he could not conceive what could have induced her to help him with such liberality and munificence. But he was forced to give over guessing, and began to make himself comfortable in his new residence. He examined the books in the book-case, and marked those which he fancied he would specially like to peruse. That same afternoon he proceeded to a colourist's shop, and bought everything required for his studies. Thus he was soon established, and wrought happily at his art.

Now it happened that just then there was a great exhibition of drawings and paintings in New York, and nothing was more natural than that David should often spend an hour or two there. There was one picture which especially excited admiration. It was "The Crucifixion," by an artist of fame. David might have been found sitting for hours before that masterpiece

admiring it, studying its graceful grouping, the wonderfully truthful drawing, and the strange depths of colour and play of light and shade. One day being absorbed in the enjoyment of this picture, an intelligent-looking young man about his own age sat down beside him. They soon fell into conversation as to the composition, disposition, and effect of the picture, and Mr. Dobson showed beyond doubt that he was a connoisseur. After having interchanged their opinions about the excellencies; and defects of the picture, Mr. Dobson observed that human nature must have fallen very low when it could so outrage and disfigure the innocent person of Christ.

"Certainly," answered David; "it was an outrage that will always leave an ineffaceable stain upon the page of human history. People must surely have been very bad and blind in those dark ages. I, at least, should have taken care not to have co-operated, or even been present, if I had lived then."

"I have no knowledge of your heart," replied Mr. Dobson; "nor can I tell what you might do or not do if put in such a position as that of Caiaphas, or Herod, or Pilate; but as to my own heart, I must confess that I do not find it much better than their's."

"Tush, tush!" rejoined David with an incredulous smile, "do not tell me such a story as that my dear sir. You cannot be in earnest in that."

"Quite in earnest," replied Mr. Dobson in a serious voice, and looking David in the face with an expression that left not the slightest doubt as to the earnestness of his confession.

"But you don't mean to say that I am sitting next to a murderer?" quoth David, contracting his brow sharply as he looked at his companion.

"If you so understand that word as to suppose that I really have committed a murder, or am about to commit it, I am thankful to say that that disgraceful title does not apply to me. But if you only look at the natural condition of my heart, and ask me what it might come to if in such circumstances as the murderers of Christ were in, I find no ground in myself to give you a guarantee that their crime would be wholly impossible to me. Their wickedness was only the natural development of that evil principle which I find dwells in my heart as well as in theirs. Where the evil principle exists in the heart, everything is there present which is required to make one a murderer if only circumstances co-operate to develop that principle to its full extent."

"And what is that evil principle?" asked David, feeling that there was really some logic in the stranger's remarks.

"That principle is selfishness," answered Mr. Dobson. "If you look at matters in their true light, you will find that selfishness—love of one's own self above everything—was the root of all the evil committed on Calvary. Be assured, neither Caiaphas, nor Herod, nor Pilate would have done the slightest harm to Jesus, had He obeyed and pleased them as they desired. Selfishness is a principle which I find in the hearts of all who have made themselves conspicuous on the stage of life. And I find it in my own heart. Whenever any one crosses

my desires, plans, or interests, the very first motion of my heart is the desire that that person may be removed out of my way by some means or other, and I perceive that if some matter important enough were at stake, and if circumstances concurred to stir up my passions I should need the assistance of a stronger power than my own, not only to help me to desist from the attempt to do that person harm but to enter upon the question how to do that person good, and to assist him in promoting his welfare, even at the expense of my own comfort or profit, if required."

"I see, I see," replied David. "To tell the truth, I find that the same sort of thing is in my own heart. But, then, mind this is human nature."

"Of course it is," rejoined Mr. Dobson; "but it proves at the same time that human nature is very bad, a nature of haters and murderers indeed."

"Come, now, not altogether that!" exclaimed David. "There are many kind hearts, and many kind and noble deeds are done which show that man's is also the nature of love and benevolence."

"It is often difficult to ascertain whether those kind and noble deeds have proceeded from human nature itself, or from some higher power under whose influence it acted. But as far as my knowledge goes, I have always found that human nature, left to its own impulse, never does kind or noble deeds, except in order to please and gratify itself, and that that same nature immediately turns unkind and revengeful if its cherished self ceases to be indulged. In other words, human virtue is mostly but the effect of that same principle of selfishness which at Calvary manifested itself in awful murder."

"But, my dear sir," returned David, "human nature is so created. We cannot help it. Would it not be quite unnatural and absurd to try to please everybody except ourselves? We should not only fail, but become a laughing-stock to everybody."

"I don't agree with you there," replied Mr. Dobson, "nor do I agree that pleasing everybody is the only choice left if we resolve to abstain from pleasing ourselves. There is a third course for us."

"And what is that third?" asked David in a voice of curiosity.

"Pleasing God," answered Mr. Dobson. "I believe that God, when he created human nature, imbued it with pure love to Himself, and a desire to please Him, and I believe that our nature turned bad, and has been so from the moment it ceased to desire to please God, and began to please itself. But, my dear sir," continued Mr. Dobson, rising, "I am sorry an engagement compels me to break off this interesting conversation. Perhaps some future opportunity—"

"Pray could you not honour me with a visit?" asked David. "I should be delighted to see you again. I live in Wall Street, at Mrs. Coleman's."

"Thank you. I will have pleasure in calling upon you."

"Please come and take breakfast with me to-morrow morning at eight."

"Thank you. I live in your neighbourhood."

The two painters thus took leave of each other, and this meeting was the beginning of a most intimate and friendly intercourse, as the reader will learn from the next chapter.

III.

"Mrs. Coleman," said David one morning to his garrulous landlady, "Mr. Dobson is to dine with me to-day. So you will be kind enough to set dinner for two."

"Very well, sir. A nice man Mr. Dobson, sir, and a true friend of the Bible. He knows all that is in it, I'm sure, from the first to the last page. He kept standing in the passage the other day, and we got into a bit of a talk, and he told me a great many nice things. I am sorry I cannot keep it all in my head. My memory is like a shrimp, sir. But it was all from Scripture, just as though he had been the minister himself."

David smiled.

After his landlady had left, David fell into a fit of musing, for that morning the regular packet containing the dollars had been placed on the table, and Mrs. Coleman, in her usual talkative way, had told David that the gentleman who left it was always dressed in blue. "I cannot possibly make out who that Blue Gentleman can be," he said to himself. "He seems to be a friend of the Bible, and this circumstance gives me all the more ground to conclude that his kindness to me proceeds, not from selfishness, but from the true principle—love to God. Oh, how much evil would have been prevented had I but known the Word of God sooner!"

A knock at the door was heard, and Mr. Dobson entered. Soon the landlady brought up their dinner, and the two friends sat down to their meal.

"Well," said Mr. Dobson, "have you fixed upon a subject for your picture? I have got my plan ready, and I believe I have managed it pretty well. I have put Elijah on the right and the priests of Baal on the left. The people, of course, are in the background, and Ahab, in his chariot, is close to Elijah. I am only waiting for that engraving of Mount Carmel which the missionary promised me. But for that I should have commenced already."

"You are a successful fellow," replied David. "I have not yet been able to light on anything like it. I began reading the Bible from Genesis, and came as far as Joshua: but, to tell the plain truth, I forgot all about my picture while reading. The subjects were so interesting that I kept reading on and on. I say, if what we read of in that book all really happened, why it is most wonderful."

"Certainly," replied Mr. Dobson. "It would be a poor Bible if it only served to give us subjects for painting. For my part at least, I would not exchange the Bible for all the pictures in the world. It is a collection of the finest drawings from the Greatest of all Masters, and they are all from real life too. That all those stories are true and have really happened is quite a settled thing with me."

"I think so too," answered David. "But what I was going to say is, that there was

always one suggestion rising in my mind while reading, something like this:—Those men you are reading about certainly must have lived quite differently from us; Enoch and Noe walked with God, for instance, and Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob held such intimate communion with God as I never had with my own father, let alone with God whom I have never seen. And so I thought: If that is required for being saved and going to heaven, I shall never arrive at that happy place, for my life is quite different from the lives of those men."

"But your life is not so very bad," replied Mr. Dobson, with a kind smile, indicative of a desire to protect his friend from his own accusations. "You never go into illicit company, and your conduct is as regular and orderly as can be desired. What more could be required of you?"

"True," replied David; "but no wonder. Time was when I enjoyed the world and its pleasures to their full extent, and I emptied its alluring cup to the bottom. But it brought me to poverty and misery. I have learnt that evil-doing deprives one of the comforts of life, of the favour of men, and of the opportunity of accomplishing one's own purposes. Thus even self-interest has taught me to clip my wings and to keep within the pale of order and temperance. But that's something quite different from 'walking with God,' isn't it?"

"It is," answered Mr. Dobson. "One may outwardly maintain very orderly and irreproachable conduct, and yet be inwardly a bad man. But such a bad person, I should think, you are not; for I have always found you a kind-hearted, liberal, and obliging friend, one who would not harm a fly, let alone a man. Besides, you are a professed admirer of the beautiful and the good; you are willing to promote all philanthropic and Christian objects."

While Mr. Dobson was speaking in this way, David stared at him with astonishment.

"What in all the world is the matter with you? he asked at length. "Are you now setting another string to your harp? Have you not asserted over and over again that there is no good in man, and that we are all of us great sinners before God?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Dobson, with an expression of earnestness, blended, however, with a smile. "But you always used to assert that man was not so bad as I wanted to make you believe. So I arrived at the conclusion that perhaps you might be an exception to the rule, and were not so bad as I or anybody else."

"What! An exception!" exclaimed David. "Dear me, John, if any one is bad, it is me. I have learnt that from the Bible, and know it as well as that with a black colour one cannot paint a white figure."

"But how is that?" asked Mr. Dobson, drily, at the same time taking an orange which he began to peel with an air of concern—as if the whole attention of his mind were directed to the fruit.

"Well," replied David, "as I told you already, I find I do not walk with God. My heart is constantly engaged in pursuits which leave me neither time nor disposition to give my thoughts and affections to the Invisible One."

"Indeed?" answered Mr. Dobson. "I am quite surprised at what you say. Don't you see that now you agree with what you were once always disputing?"

"I do," replied David; but I find the Bible has settled the matter between you and me. Yet, to tell you the truth, I disputed more to arrive at than to defend a firm conviction. I shall never forget our first conversation at the exhibition, as we sat before 'The Crucifixion.' What you then said about man's depravity and selfishness struck me forcibly. I never could get rid of the feeling of anxiety it caused me. But the Bible has shown me that walking with God in peace and love has been realised by many men subject to like passions as we are, and I could not help arriving at the discovery that I was like them in every respect except in one thing—that very walking with God. So I concluded that you must be right in asserting that my heart was entirely bad, since I refused to walk with such an amiable, holy and adorable God."

"I am glad to find your eyes are opened to this important truth," said Mr. Dobson, in a voice of serious concern. "This will enable you to put your foot on a firm rock. You rightly observed that by nature we walk not with God. This is the source of all our miseries. Our souls' affections are drawn towards the creature, towards our own selves, in one word, towards everything which is not God. The end of such a way, my dear David, cannot but be utterly pernicious both to body and soul. What are those to do in heaven who, during all their life, never manifested an earnest desire to be with God?"

"You are right," replied David: "and I cannot help confessing that since that truth became clear to my mind, I have felt very anxious about the future condition of my soul. We must die, and the matter must be settled before that awful moment arrives."

"Certainly," replied Mr. Dobson. "That's why I so often told you that we must have a new heart if we desire to have true peace here below, and salvation for the future."

"I see it now," resumed David; "and, therefore, I will henceforth work to obtain another heart, and to become a new man. I will, from this time, read the Bible more zealously. Mrs. Coleman has requested me every evening to read a chapter with her and her husband, and I will henceforth do it. And then I will pray more frequently, and attend public worship more regularly. Now, what do you say to that? Don't you think that will do?"

"Well, I think you may as well try," replied Mr. Dobson. "At any rate, nothing will be lost by the experiment, and he is to be praised who earnestly takes to heart the salvation of his soul."

"So it appears to me," remarked David; "and I have now made up my mind not to allow myself to rest till I have worked it out."

"Try, try," answered Mr. Dobson, "and I cordially wish you God-speed. You certainly cannot work for a better object, if the thing you aim at is to be got by working at all."

"What do you mean?" asked David, attentively.

Nothing particular," replied Mr. Dobson.

"I was only going to say that sometimes we discover that we have spent a great deal of money and labour for what we might have got in an easier and cheaper way. But often we must go through the troublesome process just to arrive at that discovery."

"Yes, that is quite true," said David. "But," continued he, looking at the time-piece, "it is time for us to go now, lest we be too late for the boat."

The two friends thereupon put on their hats, and went out.

IV.

David faithfully carried his plans into execution. He had worship regularly with his landlady and her husband, on which occasions he read prayers from a book, since he felt he lacked both talent and courage to conduct their devotion by improvised addresses to the object of their adoration.

One evening, as usual, he read a chapter, but the subject made an unusual impression upon his mind. It was the seventh of Luke, where that beautiful story is told of the sinful woman who bathed Christ's feet with her tears, at the house of Simon, the Pharisee, and found the remission of her sins at the feet of a merciful Redeemer. The reading being finished, David for a while looked down in silence. Then casting another look into the chapter he said—

"Indeed, I feel it is true. That woman, with all her sins, must have loved the Lord better than the Pharisee."

"True," added Mrs. Coleman. "You are quite right, sir. She showed great love towards our good Lord. She must have been a very good woman."

"Well, I don't know," said her husband. "she was a great sinner at any rate, and must have been guilty of a great many wicked deeds."

"That may be," replied Mrs. Coleman; "but she was changed from what she had been, for she loved Jesus, and that's true goodness, after all, I should think. What do you say to that, Mr. Burnlime?"

"I should think so," answered David; "but I cannot help marvelling that Simon did not at least arrive at the same degree of love, since he had made much greater progress in virtue and piety than she had."

"Indeed that's very strange," said Mr. Coleman. "But here I remember a short conversation I had the other day with the Nice Gentleman, bearing upon this very subject."

"With the Nice Gentleman?" said David, in a voice of curiosity, "what was it?"

"Why, sir, he happened to meet me in the passage just on my evening home from my work. 'Ah! Mr. Coleman,' says he, in his usual kind voice, 'how are you getting on? Is there peace and joy outside and inside?'—'Thank you, sir,' says I: 'outside there is, thank God, but inside things might be better.'—'What's the matter?' asked he. 'Why, sir,' says I, 'we are growing four weeks older every month, you see, and one can't help sometimes thinking of one's end, and I am afraid mine won't be as I should like.'—'Have you committed any crime, robbed your neighbour, or killed a man?' asks he. 'God forbid! no, sir,' says I; 'I never was

brought up for that sort of thing, and I dare say I am an irreproachable person as to my conduct in society; but, to tell the truth, I always was so deeply engaged in business that I seldom had leisure for reading, or worshipping, or attending service, except on Sabbath, when, of course, everybody goes to church, and I am finding now that I know too little about religion to appear before the eternal Judge. And I have often tried to make up for the neglect by double diligence now, but I cannot manage it, I am sorry to say. I never can find the required time, and if, sometimes, a moment turns up, I find I am little disposed, either from drowsiness or fatigue. Meanwhile time creeps on and on, and I am afraid death will some day fall upon me out of a hidden corner, and find me quite unprepared to start.—'Why, Mr. Coleman,' says he, 'you will find time and disposition and everything required, if only you love Jesus with all the love of your soul.'—'Exactly so, sir,' says I: 'but that's the very thing I feel I am lacking.'—'Well,' says he, 'perhaps you are too virtuous and irreproachable for that?'—'But my dear sir,' says I, 'you don't mean to advise me to turn a robber and a murderer in order to arrive at loving Jesus?'—'Certainly not,' says he: 'sinning is not the way to go to Jesus. But virtue and piety practised without Jesus may erect a barrier to keep you away from him. It appears to me, Mr. Coleman,' says he, 'that you have began working before loving. That will never do. Love may teach us working, but working will never make us loving.' I felt that there was truth in what he said, and so, after some consideration, I asked, 'But how then, sir, am I to arrive at loving?'—'Well, Mr. Coleman,' says he: 'you know Jesus is a Saviour?'—'Yes, sir,' says I.—'Well, then,' says he, 'only saved ones can love Him. You may learn that from the seventh of Luke.' And so he kindly nodded to me and went away."

The landlord's story did not fail to make a deep impression upon David's heart. No sooner did he find himself alone than he began musing over the Blue Gentleman's remarks. 'Working without Christ keeps away from Christ,' he said to himself: "I never thought of that before. If that is true, I have been only throwing up a barrier between Christ and me all the time. And it must be true, for that saying struck me forcibly, 'Love leads to work, but work never leads to love.' And then that other saying, 'Only saved ones can love the Saviour.' How simple a truth, and yet I never thought of it before. A babe might understand it—a babe! Indeed the Lord himself says, 'Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of God.' And again, 'He thanked his Father that He had hid these things from the wise and the prudent, and revealed them unto the babes.' Oh! surely, I must become a babe still. I certainly am still spending a deal of time and labour for that which satisfieth not."

He became deeply absorbed in thought. The whole of his past life passed before his mind's eye: and with special prominence appeared his shameful conduct during his stay in Switzerland. Tears came to his eyes, and he dared

not lift them up to God. "What is the use of all my worshipping, praying, and reading," he exclaimed, "while such an immense debt is remaining against me unpaid."

The next day his friend Mr. Dobson entered the room. Three months had elapsed since their last conversation, Mr. Dobson had been on a visit to his brother-in-law at Philadelphia.

"And now tell me," said Mr. Dobson, after the usual mutual inquiries were answered, "how have you succeeded with your experiment? Are you walking with God now?"

"Alas! don't speak of that," replied David, in a sad tone of voice; "things have become worse and worse. I have become much more miserable and wretched than I ever was before. *Me walking with God!* You would not put that question, John, if you knew what a great sinner I am. Sit down and listen to me, and I will tell you my history. You have no conception of the boundless debt that is standing against me before God."

David thereupon told his friend the story of his life, without concealing anything. Mr. Dobson listened with the greatest sympathy, but David could not help marvelling that his friend manifested no surprise at the extravagances which were being brought under his notice.

"Such a sinner I am," thus he concluded. "Could you ever have supposed yourself in the presence of such a monster?"

"I am not at all surprised at what you have just told me," replied Mr. Dobson, "I know all about it before. And besides, I always knew that there can be scarcely any difference between your heart and mine by nature."

"You knew all about my history?" said David, in a voice of great surprise. "How can that be? Did you meet with any of my family?"

"I did not," answered Mr. Dobson, with a smile.

"How, then, could you know about it?" asked David urgently. "Did people in this town speak to you about me?"

"No, never," replied Mr. Dobson, "I knew all about you before I came to New York, and before I saw you at the exhibition."

"What! Did you, indeed? How is that? Did people at Philadelphia tell you about me?"

"Yes, they did," answered Mr. Dobson, still smiling, "but please don't put any more questions just now. I have to make a request which I am sure you will not refuse to grant. I want to take your likeness. Will you sit?"

"My likeness? What is it for?"

"Why, I want to have it; you know I have often requested you to give me the opportunity, and you must give it me now."

"Very well, I have no objection, if you promise me that you will allow me to take yours afterwards."

"Of course."

Soon the painting apparatus was produced, and David was set under his friend's keen looks.

"But you look rather sad to-day," said Mr. Dobson; "you must cheer up a little, I won't paint your face with that melancholy expression."

"How can I be cheerful now?" asked David,

sadly. "I would rather say with David: 'There is no rest in my bones because of my sin, for my iniquities are gone over my head, as a heavy burden: they are too heavy for me.'"

"What edition of the Bible do you have?" asked Mr. Dobson, as he held his pencil before David's face in the act of measuring its proportions.

"The usual one of the Bible Society's," replied David.

"Of course there are lots of names in the Bible," said Mr. Dobson: "I cannot recollect all of them; but I do not remember to have met with the name of David Burnlime either: in the Old or New Testament, so that your edition is different from mine, since you have been reading that Christ had come into the world to save all sinners, except, perhaps, David Burnlime."

"I did not read that in mine either," rejoined David. "but such a *great* sinner—such a *very great* sinner as I am, John!"

"Suppose all the sinners together, as an army," replied Mr. Dobson: "whom do you think to be their chief?"

"Perhaps it is me," answered David, sadly.

"That cannot be," observed Mr. Dobson, quickly, "for Paul the Apostle says: 'I am chief.' Yet he declares that Jesus Christ came into the world to save him. Now if that is true, there is a chance for you, I should think."

"May God grant it!" sighed David.

"My dear friend," said Mr. Dobson, "you are making a classification of the sinners, and so does God, but yours is quite different from his. You divide them into *great* and *small* ones. The Lord divides them into *believing* and *unbelieving* ones. And this is the only true and correct division. We are all of us *great* sinners: there is not a single *small* one amongst us. But some of us believe in Christ, and others do not believe in Him. Now to which of these parties do you belong?"

David was silent.

"David," resumed Mr. Dobson after a little space, "you seem to confound two things which you ought to keep sharply separate, lest you become like a man staggering in the dark. You confound *feeling* and *faith*. You *feel* that you are a *great* sinner, and you try in the same way to *feel* that Christ is your Saviour. But that is not God's way. While you are *feeling* the one He requires of you to *believe* the other. Your perception of your sinfulness rests upon your own experiences, upon your own testimony about yourself. But your perception of your salvation can never rest upon that ground. It must rest upon the word which God speaks to you, upon his testimony about Christ. While your feeling shrinks back at the idea that you will have to bear all the punishment which a just Judge would have to inflict on account of your transgressions, that word of God says exultingly: "Christ was wounded for your transgressions. He was bruised for your iniquities. The chastisement of your peace was upon Him. While your feeling in utter despair bewails your impotence of ever delivering yourself of the tyranny of your sins and of walking with God, that word comes with the gladdening assurance: 'Christ will cleanse you:

Christ will make you free: Christ will make you holy.' Now, here are two testimonies; the one of yourself crying: 'It cannot be done! It is too great!' and the other of God, crying: 'I have done it already, and I am doing it now, and I will do it unto eternity! Tell me, my dear friend, which of these ought you to believe, yourself or God, who alone is true!

"I see, I see," sighed David. "The fault lies wholly with me. But oh! John, you don't know the stubbornness of my heart. It constantly refuses to be moulded into such a shape as is seemly for a sinner who is to approach the divine Saviour."

"Ah, there now," replied Mr. Dobson, taking another pencil from the sheaf in his left hand: "that's the old story again. Your deceitful heart tells you that it is not yet ready to appear before Christ. You are too naked to present yourself to that high heavenly King: you must first look out for some suitable piece of garment. You are too dirty still; you must first wash yourself a little. As yet you are not contrite enough, not meek enough, not amiable and heavenly-minded enough. So you keep away from Jesus till you have gone through that process of self-preparation, self-cleansing, and self-perfection which I assure you you never will get through. But your enemy is very well pleased with that proceeding. He only wants you not to go to Christ, no matter what may be the cause of your staying away; whether indifference, or stiffneckedness, or fear, or despair, or timidity: it is all the same to him, if only you keep where you are, and do not move towards the Saviour. It is a sad thing, indeed, David, that you should cause so much pleasure to Satan, and so much grief to Christ, who loves you so unspeakably, and who so urgently invites you to give yourself to Him now, just as you are."

These words of Mr. Dobson had such an affecting impression upon David's heart that he melted into tears. It was not possible now to continue the sitting. Mr. Dobson put back his case into a corner, and taking his seat next to his friend on the sofa, continued to console him with the Gospel. He pointed to the infinite love of Christ. That day was a great day in the young man's history. Mr. Dobson did not leave him till he saw him rejoicing in the unspeakable gift of God. David now experienced the truth of that saying of the Blue Gentleman: "Only saved ones can love the Saviour."

One evening David was sitting in Mr. Dobson's room, engaged in a conversation with his friend. The next day was David's birthday.

"By-the-by," said David, "you never showed me my likeness: can't you show it to me now?"

"Not yet," replied Mr. Dobson with a smile. "Perhaps to-morrow."

"Oh, I see," said David, merrily. "of course: you want me to see how I look on my twenty-eight birthday."

"A little older than you were looking on your eighteenth," said Mr. Dobson.

"At any rate, I think I shall spend my twenty-eighth in better condition both as to body and soul than my eighteenth," observed

David. "What a difference between now and then! How shall I meet my God to thank Him for his unspeakable mercy! Ten years ago there was but one step between me and death; only a little more and I had been devoured by a wolf. But God had no delight in my death, He knew that I was without a Saviour for my soul, so He plucked me a brand from the burning."

"How was that?" asked Mr. Dobson.

"I was in Switzerland," replied David, "rambling on the heights of the Berner Alps. Just as I was about to descend into a valley I heard a voice shouting for help. I turned round a jutting piece of rock and saw a man wrestling with a wolf. He was lying on his back, and the beast was standing over him, and just about to bite off his head. I was quickly at the spot, and, with my sporting knife, inflicted a terrible wound in the animal's back. It let go its prey, and, turning upon me, lodged its paws, the left on my right thigh and the right on my left arm. While the beast, having thus got a prop on my person, raised itself to bury its teeth in my neck, I had an opportunity of ripping up its body with my knife; so that it fell backward with a terrific howl, and lay dead. The wounds I had got were more painful than dangerous. Turning to the person whom I thought the beast had killed, I found to my joy that he was only in a faint. I had some brandy and water in my canteen, and after a little sprinkling and rubbing I succeeded in bringing him to consciousness. It appeared now that his wounds were little more than slight scratches; they were not even so deep as mine. Of course he was unable to express all his gratitude, and asked for my name, and urgently invited me to follow him to the neighbouring village, where his wife and child were residing. I declined, however, and he could not prevail upon me even to promise to pay him a visit. I was afraid of my creditors, for I had spent two or three months there, indulging in every kind of debauchery. So I look leave of him, and never saw him again."

"What is his name?" asked Mr. Dobson.

"I really forget," said David. "I think it was Fletcher, or Meacher, or something like that."

"Was it Stretcher?" asked Mr. Dobson.

"Yes, that's the name. Do you know him?"

"Yes, I often see him. He lives in Philadelphia, and is well acquainted with my brother-in-law. He has often told his friends the story of the wolf."

"So it was he who told you about me before you came to New York."

"Yes, and he also told me that when he returned home from this dangerous struggle, he at once called together all his family and friends to hold a prayer meeting to thank God for his deliverance. There were a great many people of the Lord in that village, and when he told them his story and mentioned your name, there was a general expression of distress and amazement, and he learnt that you were known there as a young man of extravagant and irre-

gular habits. He then proposed that the meeting should not only return thanks to God for his deliverance, but also offer up fervent prayers for your soul's salvation. This was unanimously agreed to, and many earnest prayers were offered up for you by several persons present. The next day Mr. Stretcher invited all your creditors to give him a call, and paid all your debts; so you see he did what he could for you."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed David. "I never knew it. I have often wondered that applications for payment never came in to my father; but I thought it was owing to the people not knowing my address. And where is Mr. Fletcher—I mean Mr. Stretcher—now? Is he in Philadelphia? I must see him and tell him that his and his friends' prayers are heard. The next time you pay a visit to Philadelphia, I must go with you, John."

"Very well," said Mr. Dobson; "Mr. Stretcher will be exceedingly glad to see you, I am sure, especially now that he may receive you as a brother in the Lord."

The next morning David rose at his usual hour. "This is my birthday," he said to himself; "and the first birthday in my new life." He knelt down in his bed-room and breathed out his gratitude before the throne of his God and Saviour.

Then he proceeded to his sitting-room, but no sooner had he opened its door than he stood as though nailed to the floor. A beautiful picture in a gold frame, and supported on two easels, was in the middle of the room. It was a Swiss landscape, one of the figures, bearing a faithful likeness of himself, was engaged in a fearful struggle with a wolf, while another person lay on the ground apparently dead. He could scarcely believe his own eyes.

"Oh, that's John's!" exclaimed he joyfully as he advanced towards the picture.

"Yes, it's mine!" cried a merry voice behind him, "God bless you, dear David, on your birthday!"

David turned away in tears, and speechless fell on his friend's bosom. Then, recovering himself, he lifted up his eyes and saw a lady and a gentleman standing by, with smiling faces and wet eyes.

"Mr. and Mrs. Stretcher—my brother-in-law and sister," said Dobson, introducing the strangers.

"Is it possible!" exclaimed David.

"We are not quite strangers to each other," said the lady, giving her hand to David.

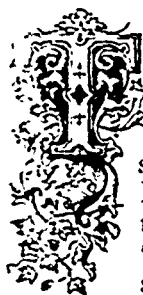
"Oh!" exclaimed David, clasping his hands in mingled joy and surprise, for he recognised the purchaser of his Swiss drawing.

"My beloved friend and brother," said Mr. Stretcher, taking both David's hands in his. Let us thank and praise the Lord. He once saved my life through you, and has enabled me to contribute a little towards saving your soul."

Sabbath Readings.

MUSINGS ON THE SEASHORE.

“Mourn on, mourn on, O solitary sea!
 I love to hear thy moan.
 The world's mixed cries attuned to melody
 In thy undying tone;
 Lo, on the yielding sand I lie alone,
 And the white cliffs around me draw their
 screen,
 And part me from the world. Let me disown
 For one short hour its pleasure and its spleen
 And wrapt in dreamy thought, some peaceful
 moments glean.”



THE tide is coming in; the waves are big enough to be called waves, yet they break upon the shelving shore from a perfectly calm sea. How could it but be calm, on this July day, pre-eminently a “blue-day,” with the hot air shimmering and trembling over the smooth fields where the hay was, and over the bending leaves and rising ears of the wheat? A steady glare of heat watches over the whole land—there is no escaping, no evading it; the fields and trees are kept close to their work; the taskmaster sun is in real earnest to-day. But I have escaped his imperious sway, and have stolen down to the beach, where nothing can grow, and where there is always something of a cool air. And the long lines of waves rise and fall at my feet, curving and breaking in endless succession; line after line sent forward by the stern mandate of General Ocean, to die each in his turn upon the impregnable rampart of the land. Ever since the third day of creation has this assault been protracted, now by craft, now with the thunder of artillery and the violence of the storm; although it be really so hopeless that the balance of things remains almost as it was at the beginning. If the armies of the sea have made a breach here, fresh earthworks have been thrown up in another place by its stubborn antagonist, and the interminable strife remains equal still.

But the solemn sea forbids longer trifling; and its oppressive vastness, and melancholy murmur, and mysterious whisper of ever born and ever dying waves, own, surely, some grave meaning.

“The earnest sea,
 Which strives to gain an utterance on the shore,
 But ne'er can shape unto the listening hills
 The lore it gathered in its awful age—”

it seems to demand an interpreter. Let it be my mood to disentangle some of its utterances. Let me employ this hour of thought upon the lonely shore, in guessing at the meaning of the voice of the long lines which ever bow to the ground before me with eastern salaam, and then retire, having delivered their message.

“The sea approaches, with its weary heart
 Mourning unquietly;
 An earnest grief, too tranquil to depart,
 Speaks in that troubled sigh;
 Yet the glad waves sweep onward merrily,
 For hope from them conceals the warning
 tone,
 Gaily they rush toward the shore—to die.
 All their bright spray upon the bare sand
 thrown,
 How soon they learn their part in that old
 ceaseless moan!”

Yes, this worn stale lesson shall be the first that the waves shall teach us—the vanity and disappointment of human aspirations, and early hopes and dreams; glad and gleeful and bright and energetic they come on, twinkling with a myriad laugh, line behind line, eager ridge chasing eager ridge; all setting towards the cold sullen shore of the unsympathetic earth. O, the clear pure curve, and the unsullied transparency; and the glancing crest of feathers and diamonds, and the rainbow tints as at last the longed-for shore is reached, and the eager plunge made! O the disillusion, the broken enchantment, the check, the change, the fall, when the white glittering spray lies there, lost and sullied and broken, upon the defiling earth; and the wave—amazed, daunted, shattered, quickly changing from over-hope to over-despair—flees back with a wild cry to the great Sea. Another and another and another, the warning is not taken; it is true that earth scattered this bright hope, this strong purpose, this brave design, this gleaming ambition; it is true that the yellow sands have been busy, ever since the Fall, inviting and then defeating the eager waves; receiving, marring, and sucking in the trembling snowy spray, the rainbow-tinged bubble dreams that the heart lavished upon them; and changing joyous onsets into moaning retreats. Yet who will expect the young heart to believe in the destiny of all its earth-dreams, so long as, within it, the tide is coming up? You almost smile, though with no scorn, to hear that momentary despairing sigh. For you stand on a point

from which you can see a seemingly exhaustless and endless array of ever-new schemes, hopes, and fancies, and purposes, and ambitions and dreams, line still chasing line, towards that magic disenchanting shore. Those behind cry "Forward!" Vain for those before to cry "Back!" Yea, themselves soon pick up their broken forces, and swell the energy and join in the advance of the crested lines that chase one another to the shore.

This, then, is to me the first lesson of the waves coming in. Human aspirations and dreams, advancing gay in youth, awhile seeming to make some progress; but learning at high tide that they have but been conquering barren tracts of unprofitable sand. Then yielding ground inch by inch, losing their grasp of the world and relinquishing the very lust thereof; and spoiled, and stained, and marred, and with a very heart moan, sinking to low ebb as life turns. Was not this Solomon's story? Wave after wave dancing to the shore, curve after curve bursting eagerly upon it, scheme after scheme, toil after toil, pleasure after pleasure, hope after hope, ambition after ambition, dream after dream; the eye is bewildered and dizzied with the ceaseless motion, the steady endless advance of the gay and crested waters—"Whatsoever mine eyes desired I kept not from them, I withheld not my heart from any joy: for my heart rejoiced in all my labour." It was gladdening, exhilarating, exciting to see the flashing battalions of earthward plans, and earthward dreams, pressing each close upon each, to the inexorable, impassive line of rocks or sand—what matter that here one shattered with a crash against a cruel blunt crag, and fled with a scream, and that another left its light and beauty trembling and sinking into the sand, while itself slunk back with a hollow sigh; what matter these scattered and insignificant experiences of the vanity of things mundane, while there was yet a whole rising tide of wildly eager waters, coming in fast, fast, exhaustless, infinite, flashing and gleaming and dancing in the sun? On, gaily on, and what if some die? Are there not myriads to follow? Why heed the waste, amid youth's profusion?

But a pause comes over all the glad onset: a stagnant time, a period of neither advance nor retreat; the tide is at the full. You mark no change for a while either way: then at last an edge of wet sand begins to border the line of dying spray.

Broadening and broadening; but it was quite enough that it had once begun. The tide has turned. Here is "the cheek, the change, the pall." An eager strife, a wild race, an impetuous advance, a profuse and uncalculating spending all youth's energies, and purposes, and powers, and aspirations, an excited, resistless march. And with what result? An unprofitable and transitory conquest of a narrow track of barren sand.

Oh draw off, draw off your broken forces, defeated in that they were victorious! disappointed by the very fact of attainment; steal back with that heart-sigh of "Vanity, vanity, vanity: all is vanity,"—back into the deep sea again! Leaving, it is true, the colour, and the light, and the gladness, and the purity: the crested spray, the diamond drops, the rainbow gleam; all lying wrecked and sucked in by the hungry shore. Leaving the spoils of youth, yet glad anyhow to get away; for what can equal the bitterness of that moment when the tide, long sluggish, begins at last to turn?

"Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labour that I had laboured to do; and behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun."

"The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun."

"Is there anything whereof it may be said, See, this is new? It hath been already of old time, which was before us."

And so hark to the moan of the waves as they draw off, when the tide has turned, and the disenchantment has come, sigh after sigh, moan upon moan, in the weary and desolate retreat. "Vanity of vanities: all is vanity." Yes; and further on, a more bitter wail, as it passes back over some spot where some of the gayest morning hopes were spilt: "I have seen all the works that are done under the sun, and, behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit." Lower and lower yet, with yet duller and heavier moan: "What hath man of all his labour, and of the vexation of his heart, wherein he hath laboured under the sun? For all his days are sorrows, and his travail grief; yea, his heart taketh not rest in the night. This is also vanity." And now an almost fierce and angry cry: "Therefore I hated life; because the work that is wrought under the sun is grievous unto me, for all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

And what then? Is this the end of all?

Is there no hope for the wailing tide ; no redemption for the scattered spray ?

I have seen what has seemed to me a sweet and touching answer to this question. Over the desolate sands a quiet mist has been drawn, while the sea moaned far away down at low tide. And I seemed thus taught how even earth's wrecks may be repaired, and earth's ruin turned into gain. Better to give to God the fresh sparkle and the first eager and joyous onset of life. But if not, and if the waves must set towards some earth shore, until they are broken, sullied, and wrecked there, see what the rising mist teaches. Let them remember themselves, and at last come homeward, leaving the stain and the defilement behind. So merciful is God, that the very ruins and disappointments of earth are all messages of his patient love to us. If we will not turn at first to him, he will let us break our hearts upon the shore of earth, content if but at last our hopes and aspirations will rise in a pure repentant mist from their first overthrow and ruin, and wait beside the gate of heaven, touched now with the clear moonlight of peace, and expecting the rich sunburst of glory hereafter. The very disappointments and dissatisfactions of earth may thus rise, spiritualized and purified, to God at last.

This, no doubt, is the intention of the disappointments and inadequacies of earth, upon which the heart, in the time of the coming in of the tide, spends so much of its powers, and against which it bursts and dies down into cries and sighings. This is the intention,—an intention, alas! too often unfulfilled. For if God is saying, "Turn, my children, from earth's pursuits, excitements, and enterprises, to heavenly aspirations, letting your heart and mind, like rising mist from broken waves, ascend, instead of dwelling in tears on the bare sands that were never worth the winning,—ascend thither, whither he who loved you is gone before, and continually dwell with him, in the place called Fair Havens, where the waves of this troublesome world have ceased their restless, eager quest, and are lulled into a peace beyond all understanding"—if God thus invites us, by the very sign of our broken, retiring waves, there is another voice, commonly heard, and too often heeded,—a voice counselling hardness, repining, rebellion: a moan of sullenness, of hardness, of despair, of defiance,—a voice that whispers, "Curse

God and die," rather than. "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." The voice, oh let us be assured, of folly, not of wisdom; of our enemy, and not of a friend.

The waves are still tumbling upon the shore; with scarce perceptible progress they have advanced really a broad piece since I took my station here. Ever gathering their forces in long parallels, ever bending and falling, and seething back in long sheets of white foam, seemingly ever repulsed, but really ever advancing, they recall to my mind an idea of great beauty and truth that I have somewhere met with, though where I cannot recall. It compared the earnest, humble Christian's progress in holiness to this coming in of the tide. The healthy Christian life will always be advancing; there must ever be a progression in holiness. Stagnant water is deteriorating water; it does not remain the same as when it ceased to flow. And this oft-repeated truth will come saddest home to the more earnest, who are therefore the more humble. There ought to be, there *must* be an advance, if the water be a living sea, and not a stagnant pool. But dare we hope that there is any such progress, such steady, continuous advance in our own Christian life? Alas! we look sadly back at it and see long lines of earnest endeavours, at least of passionate yearnings after better things, after perfection, after the beauty of holiness, after Christ-like consistency; they came in, and come in still, bright perhaps, and intent, and resolved;—and lo! how they trip and fall as they reach the shore of trial, and slide back, losing all the ground again! Ever advancing, only to recede: ever rising, but to fall; ever trying, yet still baffled; only able to weep over their own weakness, and to sigh ever with a depression that men call a morbid pain. New yearnings at every special time of solemn self-examination; new resolves, driven on by the breath of prayers; new endeavours; and, after all, old failures! How the waves come in, earnest, but impotent, each running up the little way on the shore that its predecessor had attained, and giving ground again, to be succeeded by another as weak. But sometimes, amid all this history of failures, which may well keep us humble, there is another analogy with the rising tide besides that of its endless endeavours and endless failings. There is, as with the waters, *an advance upon the whole*, though they seem to keep much the same point, and to be doing little

but ceaselessly recede and fail. You might mark, were you a watching angel, how this point is reached, and that passed; and how, though (and better for them here and now) the sighing waters perceive it not, each day's expiring and almost despairing, but still earnest and prayerful efforts, have increased a little upon the shore to-day, and deepened and secured yesterday's work. And quiet earnestness seems recommended by this thought: for have we not seen some impetuous waves come dashing in, as though to take the shore at one rush? And it is these most commonly which, meeting resistance steady and sustained, and feeling the strength which excitement had lent dying out from them; it is these impatient spirits that then lose heart most deeply, and sink back farther, and sometimes fall away with a shrill and bitter cry, and lose themselves in the deep, too dismayed to return; rather, too little really in earnest to face the necessity of the daily, hourly strife,—the inch by inch advance, the little by little, the day of small things.

If we are in earnest really, and steadfastly, quietly striving, with unyielding watch and instant prayer, and faithful use of every means of grace, then we may hope, amid that which seems sometimes scarce anything but a sad history of failures, that there is yet *advance upon the whole*.

But now I remember that there is, in appearance, and to the unpractised or uncareful beholder, little difference between the tide that is advancing and that which is going down. Still the endless hurry of flocking waves, still the appearance of life and purpose, still the advance and retreat upon the shore,—and what is the difference? If there are many, many broken, defeated and baffled endeavours, why so there were when the tide was rising. Ay, but there we found advance.—here we find retrogression—*upon the whole*. Alas! how great is the danger that is subtle and unseen; and in a spiritual falling back, it is the very slightness and imperceptibility of the loss of ground that makes the case so perilous. They have given over their watchfulness, their close observation of marks; the breath of prayer has fallen to a stillness; the waves seem to gleam and ripple and rustle as of old, and how shall the unearnest heart and the unwatchful eye ever know that *the tide is going down*?—so gradual, so stealthy, with such slight difference from day to day. Many causes there are of this failure and decline, many

subtle enemies, that is to say, to diligent watchfulness and continual prayer. "Much trading, or much toiling for advancement, or much popularity, or much intercourse in the usages and engagements of society, or the giving up of much time to the refinements of a soft life,—these, and many like snares, steal away the quick powers of the heart, and leave us estranged from God." "How awfully do people deceive themselves in this matter! We hear them saying, 'It does me no harm to go into the world. I come away, and can go into my room and pray as usual.' Oh, surest sign of a heart half laid asleep! You are not aware of the change, *because it has passed upon you*. Once, in days of livelier faith, you would have wept over the indcouthness of your present prayers, and joined them to the confession of your other backslidings; but now your heart is not more earnest than your prayers, and there is no index to mark the decline. Even they that lament the loss of their former earnestness do not half know the real measure of their loss. The growth of a duller feeling has the power of masking itself. Little by little it creeps on, marked by no great changes." And yet you would start, had you an angel's point of view, to see how wide a strip of former advance is relinquished now. The treacherous sands suck in the wet line, and it ever seems just before you,—just a narrow band such as always edges the advancing and retiring waters, whether at ebb or flow. And how great does this danger then appear to be! how deadly the craft of an enemy too subtle ever to startle us!—how needful to watch for that retrogression which can hardly be perceived! Little by little we advance, and commonly little by little we decline. Even a great fall, it has been pointed out,—one which seemed a sudden catastrophe, unheralded by any warnings,—what a long, gradual process of "retirement neglected and hurried prayers" had been long preparing secretly for this. But now a saint, men think,—and on a sudden a notorious sinner! But they know not how long, how secretly, how imperceptibly and undetected, how surely and how fatally *the tide had been going down*.

Enough of these desultory musings. Let us pause awhile in silence, contemplating the mighty Sea as a whole, of things upon this earth our greatest emblem,—an emblem grand, oppressive in its vastness,—of Eternity and Infinity.